



**THE  
DEITY  
GENES**

The Deity Genes

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# THE DEITY GENES

by  
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Authors Note: This novel is one of pure fiction. Characters and events described in this book are imaginary. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead) or events is purely coincidental.

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R.A.K.  
2001

**Dedicated to Judy**

# *Chapter 1*

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**P**uffing as he ran down the grassy hill, Roland Montgomery turned his head toward his 11-year-old son Devlin, and shouted, “Hurry up, boy, this thing’s about to start.”

“I’m coming, Father,” called Devlin, from the top of the hill.

“Well, come on now boy, we don’t have all day,” waved Roland.

Devlin skidded down the wet grass, slipping a few times, but never falling, and sprinted to his father’s side.

Roland grabbed the boy’s hand and nearly lifted him off of his feet while running toward the white tent that had been erected in the middle of the valley. A full moon cast long blue shadows of father and son that skimmed across a dew-soaked field of weeds. The air was crisp for a mid-September night and redolent of pine needles. Roland was a man-mountain compared to other men Devlin had met, and when Devlin looked up at his father’s face he could just as well have been looking up at Mount Everest. That’s how tall he was.

“Now I want you to listen real good tonight to Brother Thaddeus Jackson, son. Real important for you to pay attention. See, I got high hopes for you, boy. You are smarter than your brother ... if anyone’s gonna’ succeed in this family, it’s you. You understand, boy?”

“Yes, sir,” said Devlin.

“You watch every move that Brother Thaddeus makes.

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You listen to every line that man speaks 'cause he has a gift, boy. And I think you have a gift, too. But you're going to need to learn how to use that gift. You understand? You understand what I'm saying to you?"

"Yes, father."

"Good ... 'cause, your brother, he don't listen so well. He don't understand so well. But you do and I'm hoping ... oh, hell. Looks like they've already started."

A lazy wind, carrying the music of a gospel choir blew through the valley. The white tent was illuminated by strings of white Christmas lights around the perimeter of its roof and by bright candles inside. The shadows of the parishioners danced and flickered on the fluttering sides of the tent, while the joyous crowd clapped in time to the choir's hymns.

"Come on, we'll go through the back," said Roland, tightly holding his son's hand. Once inside, Devlin's eyes widened at the sight of the 200 townspeople who had come out for the revival meeting. He recognized several of his aunts, the police chief, many of his teachers, and neighbors. He'd never seen them together, all singing and rocking back-and-forth as if they were part of one giant collective mind.

An announcer's voice came over the microphone and boomed, "And now ladies and gentlemen, let's all welcome Brother Thaddeus T. Jackson." Everyone stood up and applauded. Devlin tried standing on his toes to see what was going on, but there were too many people in the way.

"Oh here, son," said Roland, who lifted his son onto his shoulders. "You ought to be able to see this now."

Thaddeus Jackson approached the pulpit with the kind of confidence Devlin had never seen in any man. The preacher strode toward the pulpit with the widest of smiles and shiniest of teeth. A gold cross on a chain bounced on his chest as he walked. Thaddeus Jackson was a handsome man who looked more like a Hollywood actor than a preacher. His skin was perfect and tan, and his

engaging black eyes seemed to make contact with virtually everyone in the room. His black hair was slicked back, with every strand in perfect place. The preacher wore a long red gown that swirled back and forth in wide arcs as he waved to his followers. Grabbing the portable microphone from the pulpit, he motioned for everyone to sit down. The room quieted and a spotlight illuminated an elderly, frail woman in a wheelchair, who was wheeled into the tent by her younger sister and parked next to the pulpit. The woman's hair shined silvery-blue in the spotlight. She looked to be 100-years-old or more and Devlin was certain that her bones would crack if anyone were to press just lightly on her limbs.

A second spotlight now illuminated Thaddeus Jackson, and for the first time Devlin heard him speak. Thaddeus's voice was that of a baritone singer and his words and sentences had a cadence that reminded Devlin of a roller coaster.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am so glad that you are here with me tonight in this holy place, and I want you all to meet someone very special. Very special to me. This is Mrs. Helen Buchanan. You came all the way from Ridgemont, Alabama, which is hundreds of miles away. Is that right, Helen?" asked Thaddeus, placing the microphone in front of the woman's face.

"Yes it is. And my sister, Mabel, drove me all the way here."

"God bless you, Mabel. Bless you, for the love of your sister is an inspiration to us all."

"Amen," said the audience in near unison.

"Now, I understand, that you, Helen Buchanan, have been paralyzed from the waist down since you had a horrible car accident twenty years ago. Is that right, Helen?"

"Yes it is."

"And what did the doctors tell you, Helen? What did they say about your prognosis?"

"Well, the doctors said that I had severed my spine and

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would never walk again.”

“And have you been confined to that wheelchair since then, Helen?”

“Yes. Yes, I have.”

“Had you let the Lord into your heart, Helen? Did you pray for healing? Did you try to chase the Devil out of your heart?”

“Well, honestly, Reverend, I wasn’t much of a God-fearin’ woman. Never went to church or anything like that, until recently.”

“Never went to church. Never worshipped God. And what made you come here tonight?”

“Why, my sister Mabel heard about you and said you was a miracle worker.”

“Oh, Helen, Helen. I’m not a miracle worker. God is the miracle worker. You see, I’m a conduit for God, that’s all. But for me to do my work, for me to practice my faith, you have got to open your heart and let God’s love in. You have got to let it pour in, Helen. And you have got to open your heart and let the Devil out. Can you do that? Are you ready, Helen? Are you ready to be anointed? Are you ready to receive God’s love? What does our congregation say?”

“Let God into your heart,” shouted a parishioner. “Praise the Lord!”

“Praise the Lord, Helen. Come, let God into your heart. Are you ready?”

“Yes, yes I am.”

Two male attendants in long red robes lifted Helen out of her wheelchair. Her legs dangled like those of a string puppet with severed strings. The organ softly played “Amazing Grace.”

Thaddeus placed his outstretched hand across the woman’s eyes and forehead. At first, she looked startled and frightened, but then closed her eyes as her entire body went as limp as boiled spaghetti.

“Open your heart up to the Lord, Helen. Feel God’s

power surge through you and chase out the Devil. Feel God's power heal you. Let him into your heart, Helen. We're all praying for you. Everyone in this room is praying for you that you may heal and walk again. God is with you now, Helen, but you've got to let him into your heart. Let him in Helen, and be saved."

The organ burst into a triumphant hymn and the two attendants suddenly walked away, but Helen did not fall. Her eyes popped open and her mouth gaped wide as she stood without support.

"Oh my, God," she shouted, placing both hands on her head. "Oh my God, I'm standing."

Devlin's heart jackhammered at the site. He'd never seen anything like it. "Father, that woman. She's standing."

"I told you son, that Thaddeus Jackson is a miracle worker."

"Come to me, Helen. That's right, walk over to me," said Thaddeus, who was now standing about ten feet from the pulpit.

"I don't know ... I don't know if I can," said Helen.

"You've let God into your heart. You've let the Lord heal you. You can do it," said Thaddeus.

At first, Helen hesitated; then she slowly moved her right foot an inch. "I'm doin' it," she said. And then she walked almost normally across the width of the tent and collapsed into Thaddeus's arms. The parishioners cheered and shouted, "Hallelujah," and "Praise the Lord."

"You see what prayer can do, Helen? Do you see what the love of God can do?"

"It's a miracle. Oh, thank you, Lord. Thank you, Reverend. I have been healed. I have been saved."

"That's amazin'," said Devlin. "Absolutely amazin'."

"You watched what he did, didn't you?" asked Roland.

"Sure did, Dad. I watched everything he did and listened to every word he said. Just like you asked me to do."

"Well, that's good, boy. Now you just keep listening and watching, 'cause the night is still young and there's

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many more that's gonna be healed tonight by Brother Thaddeus T. Jackson."

Two weeks later on a damp Saturday afternoon, Devlin was sitting at the desk of his bedroom doing his Bible studies, when his younger brother knocked on the door.

"Devlin, you gotta come downstairs, quick."

"What's wrong?"

"Rocky's been hurt."

"How?"

"Hit by a truck! Right in front of the house."

Devlin leaped off of his chair, sped down the steps, straight-armed the front screen door so hard that it slammed against the side of the house, and sprinted to the end of the driveway where his injured pet dog lay.

"Rocky," gasped Devlin, at the site of the deep tire mark that dented the dog's entire thorax. The Yellow Labrador Retriever's head was twisted to one side and his fur was matted with fresh blood. Rocky's eyes met Devlin's for a second and the dog whimpered weakly. The dog's head went limp and blood poured from its nose and mouth.

"You gotta do something," said Devlin's brother.

"Go call the vet. Call the vet," yelled Devlin.

"Okay, but I think it may be too late. Can't you use ... ,"

"Go ... go call Doc Abrams, now," shouted Devlin.

"Okay," said Devlin's brother running back into the house.

Devlin placed his hand in front of the dog's nose to see if it was breathing. Nothing. He felt for a pulse in the neck. Nothing. If only Devlin's father were there, he'd know what to do. But his father wasn't on the farm this weekend. He had left for a tractor trade show.

"Got to do what Dad said," thought Devlin. The boy placed his hand over the dog's eyes and looked up into heaven. "Let God into your heart, Rocky. Praise the Lord. Come

let God into your heart and drive out the Devil.” Devlin kept his hand steady over the dog’s head even as his hand and sleeve of his shirt became saturated with warm blood.

“Open your heart to the Lord, Rocky. Feel God’s power surge through you and chase out the Devil. Feel God’s power heal you. Let him into your heart, Rocky. We’re all praying for you. Everyone in this town is praying for you; that you may heal and live again. Everyone ... everyone is praying for you, Rocky.”

The dog remained still. Devlin kept his hand steady.

“Come on, Rocky ... come on boy. Dad said I had a gift. Said I could do this. Come on, boy. Come on, Rocky. Why aren’t you getting up? I did everything Brother Thaddeus did. Why aren’t you moving?”

Tears flooded Devlin’s eyes at the site of the dead dog. It hadn’t worked. But Devlin had seen what Thaddeus had done for all those sick people. Thaddeus cured them. He made them walk again; he cured their blindness; he made them breathe again; he cured their seizures. Devlin did and said the same things. Why wasn’t Rocky waking up? How could Devlin have failed so miserably? What had he done wrong? My God. His father would kill him when he learned what had happened. How could Devlin have failed to heal the family pet?

“No, this isn’t happening,” cried Devlin, rocking back and forth on his knees. “No,” he screamed, trying to wipe the tears that were streaming down his face, with blood soaked hands. “No, I can’t fail like this again. Must never fail again.” Devlin peered at his blood soaked hands and then glowered at the dead dog. “Wait a minute. This isn’t my fault. I did everything right. I said and did everything Thaddeus Jackson did. This isn’t my fault and I didn’t fail. It’s your fault, Rocky. You were supposed to heal. This is all your fault. You’re a stupid dog. Always have been. You’re a damned stupid dog,” and Devlin savagely kicked the dog’s head with his sneaker. “You’re a bad dog and I’m glad you’re dead. If you weren’t so stupid you wouldn’t have gotten run over in the first place. I didn’t fail. I didn’t fail, after all.”