

A man in a blue suit and yellow tie stands at a wooden podium in a church, addressing a congregation. A large, semi-transparent image of his face is superimposed over the scene. The church interior features stone arches, a large stained-glass window with a figure, and several crosses on the floor. The man's expression is somber.

THEY STILL GATHER  
WITHOUT YOU, LORD.

MY  
FRIENDS...

BECAUSE OF ME  
YOUR ANGEL MICHAEL.



THINGS ARE ASKED OF US. THINGS WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

LIKE ABRAHAM WE ARE ASKED TO SACRIFICE OUR ISAACS.

AND WE ASK WHY? WHY ALL THE DEATH? WHY ALL THE DESTRUCTION? WHERE COULD GOD BE IN ALL THIS?



I'VE GROOMED THESE PROPHETS.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU BUT I ASK THIS. I WRESTLE WITH THIS.



AND I WON'T LIE TO YOU. I DON'T HAVE ANY ANSWERS!



I SEE THIS GRAINY FOOTAGE EMAILED TO ME-



-A FEW SCENES OUTSIDE A DWER.

NEW SAINTS.

A PART OF ME FEELS LIKE IT SHOULD BE CELEBRATED.

BUT-

I VETTED THEIR CHURCHES.

