



**Matthew 7:7**  
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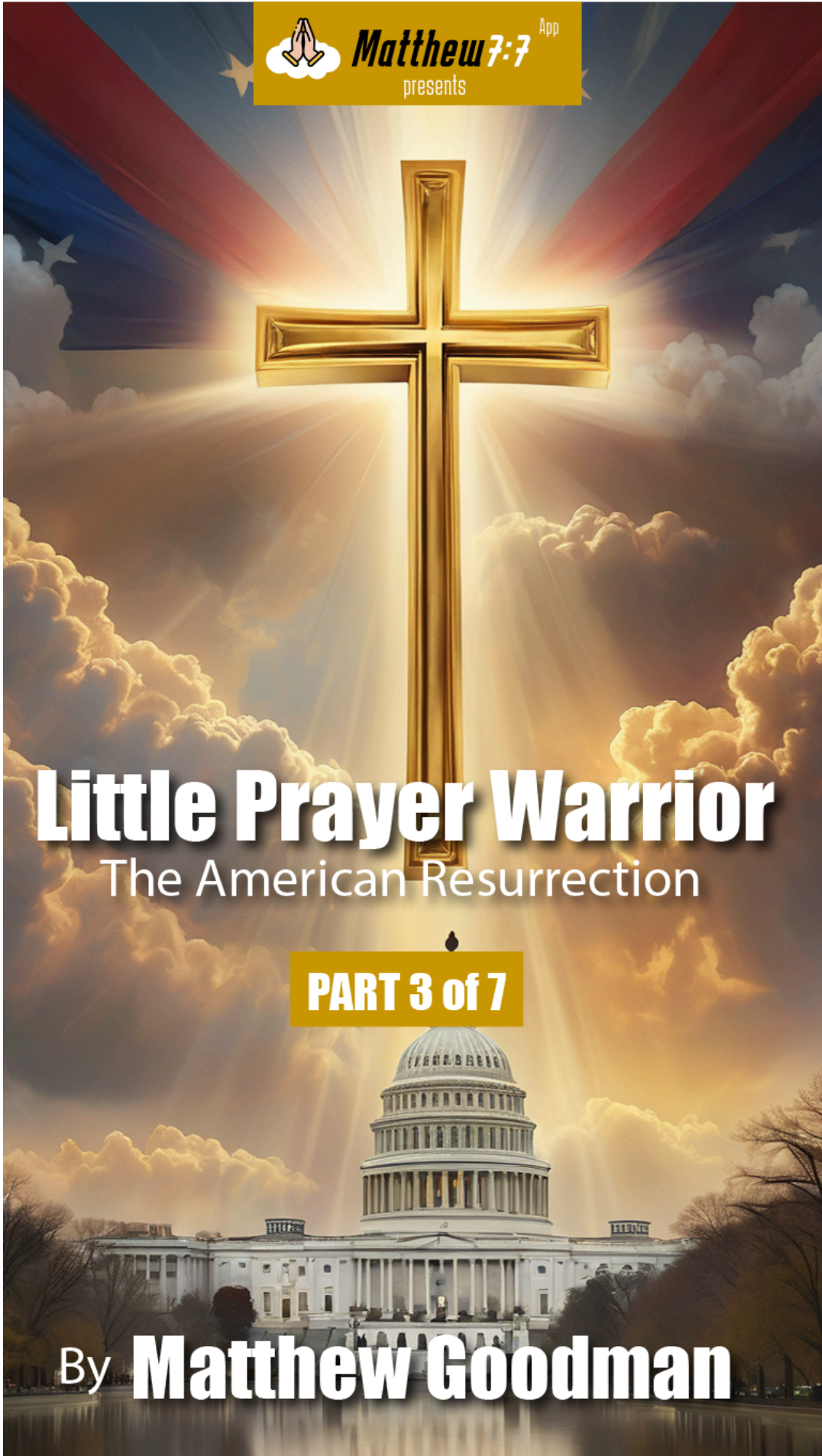


# Little Prayer Warrior

The American Resurrection

**PART 3 of 7**

By **Matthew Goodman**



# **Little Prayer Warrior: Part 3**

## *The American Resurrection*

By Matthew Goodman

***To President Trump and Barron...***

*This book is dedicated to you.*

*Our Country needs you.*



*Jesus said to her, "I am the resurrection and the life.  
The one who believes in me will live, even though they die;  
and whoever lives by believing in me will never die.  
Do you believe this?"*

**John 11:25-26**

# Table of Contents

<b>Introduction</b> from Matthew .....	6
<b>Chapter 1:</b> President Simon Spade .....	7
<b>Chapter 2:</b> A Family Psychological .....	11
<b>Chapter 3:</b> Praying for Uncle Skeptic .....	13
<b>Chapter 4:</b> Called to Serve.....	17
<b>Chapter 5:</b> On the Wings of a Prayer .....	21
<b>Chapter 6:</b> A President’s Repentance .....	25
<b>Chapter 7:</b> A Grateful Night’s Rest .....	32
<b>Chapter 8:</b> A Divine “Cabinet” Appointment .....	35
<b>Chapter 9:</b> Operation Lightquest .....	39
<b>Chapter 10:</b> A Change in Command .....	44
<b>Chapter 11:</b> Pete’s Prayer: .....	47
<b>Chapter 12:</b> Conspiring Under Darkness .....	50
<b>Chapter 13:</b> Grandma Grace’s New Job .....	53
<b>Chapter 14:</b> Re-educating America .....	56
<b>Chapter 15:</b> The Plan for an American Resurrection .....	60
<b>Chapter 16:</b> A Patriotic Sendoff .....	63
<b>Chapter 17:</b> The Kids’ Cabinet .....	65
<b>Chapter 18:</b> Angels Over the Pentagon .....	69

<b>Chapter 19:</b> Trust the Plan.....	72
<b>Chapter 20:</b> We've Got It All .....	76
<b>Chapter 21:</b> Lucifer Base .....	80
<b>Chapter 22:</b> Family Dinner at the White House .....	83
<b>Chapter 23:</b> Discovering a Jewish Prayer Warrior.....	86
<b>Chapter 24:</b> The One True Light .....	89
<b>Chapter 25:</b> Mitzvah Ministers .....	94
<b>Chapter 26:</b> Next Year in Jerusalem .....	97
<b>Chapter 27:</b> A Global Prayer Network .....	100
<b>Chapter 28:</b> A Prayer for Protection .....	103
<b>Chapter 29:</b> Warfare with Wilfork .....	106
<b>Chapter 30:</b> A Hijacking of Spirit .....	111
<b>Chapter 31:</b> Pilot Swap .....	116
<b>Chapter 32:</b> Captain Valiant Thor .....	119
<b>Chapter 33:</b> Prayer Force One .....	124
<b>Epilogue:</b> Preview of Little Prayer Warrior Part 4 .....	128

## Introduction From Matthew

Dear Reader,

### **Welcome to Little Prayer Warrior Part 3: The American Resurrection.**

In this story, I delve deeper into the spiritual crisis facing our nation—a crisis I believe amounts to a war between good and evil. Writing this book was a tour de force for me, drawing upon nearly twenty years of research to uncover the depths of the spiritual war we are in.

I am bold and direct in depicting many characters in this story. Many are based on prominent people we all know. I anticipate varied reactions because the subject matter is quite polarizing, especially in our current political climate. However, I feel strongly that this story needs to be told and shared. God and Jesus shine brightly throughout it.

For parents, I invite you to read this story with your children and have an honest conversation with them about it and what is truly happening in our country. While this story is a work of fiction, I believe elements of it are playing out in reality, and it's important that we, as families, talk about it.

For the children reading this book, please put on your Armor of God as you go to battle with your prayers. Our nation and our leaders need your prayers now more than ever. You are soldiers in this war, and I'm honored to fight and pray beside you!

With love, gratitude, and admiration In Jesus Christ's name,

Warrior Matthew

## **Chapter 1:**

“President Simon Spade”



The Oval Office of the President of the United States buzzed with passionate banter. President Spade, seated at his imposing mahogany desk, scrolled through his social media feed on his phone. On the other side of the desk, his young son Pete patiently observed his father's frustration as he read mean-spirited posts about his presidency.

"Can you believe what this loser said?" President Spade exclaimed. "He called me a buffoon, says clowns have better hairstyles than me." President Spade ran his hands through his signature combed-over hairstyle. "I think I'm gorgeous. Don't you, Petey?". President Spade puckered his lips into a coo, his signature pose.

The president's eyes twinkled with humor as he glanced at his youngest son. Born from the President's third marriage, Pete held a special place in his father's heart. Despite being his youngest child, Pete shone as the brightest light, excelling academically with an innocent charisma. He embodied that special Spade quality that had earned the president the nickname "The Ace of Spades." At just 12 years old, young Pete was already a grandmaster-level chess player— a chip off the old block, President Spade thought proudly.

President Spade looked at the Ace of Spades emblazoned in gold etching on his mahogany desk. It had become his calling card, serving as the logo for his business empire, and propelling him to the presidency of the United States. President Spade thought of himself as the Trump card that was going to bring down the whole house of cards that was the D.C. swamp.

"So what do you think, Pete? Should I respond to this post from this knucklehead? Should I call him a 'meanie'?"

Pete sighed and smiled at his presidential father, aware of his dad's penchant for polarizing statements. "I don't know Dad," he responded.

While Pete didn't entirely agree with his father's public persona, especially on his social media, he recognized his father as a caring and generous man with the best interests of the country at heart. Despite his many haters, Pete knew his Dad was the right man for the Presidency. He was beloved by so many. Most importantly, he was a great dad.

"Dad, can you cool it for just one day? Seriously, can you go one day without making national headlines on your phone?"

President Spade laughed at his quick-witted son. He acknowledged the point but fired off another tweet anyway. Pete read the hot-off-the-press post destined to create a stir.

“Dad, come on, seriously? You called that reporter a Moron from Planet Meanie... You think he’s gonna be nice to you now?”

“It’s true, isn’t it?” responded President Spade, laughing. Pete shrugged, realizing it was hopeless to get his father to listen to his social media advice.

President Spade reasoned, “You see son, the reason I trigger people is that they need to hear it, they need to be shaken out of their slumber.” He continued, “They need to see how corrupt this country has gotten, and that it’s time for some real change. There’s a method to the madness. We’re going to drain the swamp. You’ll see.”

“I get it, Dad, but couldn’t you do it with a lighter touch... You know there are lots of ways to impact change.”

President Spade looked at his son dubiously; Pete was a gentler soul than he was. Years in the cutthroat business world of New York real estate had hardened President Spade. Pete decided to open his phone and show his dad a news clip that had recently gotten his attention.

“Have you seen this, Dad? It’s really incredible...”

President Spade looked over at the phone to watch the news clip. “They’re called the Little Prayer Warriors,” said Pete. “They marched down the Vegas strip the other day, and by the end of the march, over 20,000 people had joined them in prayer.”

President Spade looked on with awe and disbelief at the little children leading thousands down the main drag of Sin City in silent prayer. He saw the spectacle at the Vegas sphere with everyone praying to Jesus, and his heavenly presence radiating outward from the sphere. “Wow,” he said, “that’s really something. You know these Christian folks are my base?”

“Dad, this is not about getting votes and likes on your tweets. These kids are impacting real change. Their prayers are working!” Pete pleaded with his father.

“I didn’t know you had become such a Christian, son?” President Spade put forth.

“Dad, you’ve always said to trust in God, to trust the plan, that a great awakening is happening. The Little Prayer Warriors are part of it! You need to meet with them!”

President Spade stared at his son in quiet contemplation for a second. Finally, he opened his mouth to speak. “Well, Sheila, my Chief of Staff actually knows this Grandpa Bob fellow. Supposedly, they go way back. You really think I should meet with them?”

“Dad, yes!! I’ve been praying myself using some of the methods that Grandpa Bob instructs – stuff like binding and loosening, putting on the Armor of God. There are real demons out there! Look at all the evil people you’re fighting in government every day! We need their help!”

President Spade agreed. He’d been fighting evil and darkness in business for decades and now he was trying to drain the swamp in DC. Anything could help right now. Why not more prayer, he thought. “Ok, I’ll look into it... I’ll let you know when a meeting is set up. In the meantime, I have to shoot out another tweet at this idiot from CNN.”

Pete smiled at his dad. He didn’t listen to everything, but at least he listened to his advice about the Little Prayer Warriors. It was a start.

## **Chapter 2:**

“A Family Psychological”

A warm glow filled the air in the cozy living room of Grandpa Bob and Grandma Grace's house. The Little Prayer Warriors and their parents gathered for a night of celebration after their nationwide tour of America. Laughter echoed through the room along with the enticing scent of spaghetti and meatballs, a well-deserved reward after intense battles to help other Little Prayer Warriors confront their parents' sins and banish the darkness.

Tonight, Grandpa Bob and Grandma Grace sensed the weight on the children's hearts, especially after a spiritual showdown in Los Angeles with Phoenix and Eve Starr, the famous movie star couple from the ThunderMan action films. The kids, still processing the experience, needed an outlet. The country was being shaken up by their prayers - the media attention had become intense – Grandpa Bob and Grandma Grace wanted to provide a space to let them air out their thoughts and feelings.

Sensitive to the children's emotions, the elders decided to initiate a "Family Psychological," a tradition born from their own experiences as parents. The purpose was clear—to discover the children's concerns, understand their lives, and assess how they coped with the trials they faced. Many of the parents in the room had never done this before and Grandpa Bob instructed them to listen very carefully.

"Children, come sit down on the couch," Grandpa Bob announced. "Grandma Grace and the rest of the parents want to talk with all of you about our recent trip, do a recap, and see how you are feeling."

Explaining the purpose of the Family Psychological, Grandpa Bob continued, "This is a chance for you to be honest with us. No judgment, no retaliation. You can share the good and the bad, especially the bad, and even tell us what you don't like about us adults so we can change and get better. I know I can be a pain in the butt sometimes!"

Laughter filled the room, releasing some tension. Nervous but willing, the Little Prayer Warriors settled in. Grandpa Bob scanned the room, "Who would like to go first? Does anyone want to volunteer?" No hands went up, revealing the group's apprehension.

Breaking the ice, Matthew spoke up, "Grandpa Bob, are ThunderMan and FireCat going to hell for all the bad things they did?"

Grandpa Bob shuddered at the memory of the celebrities confessing their sins in front of the little prayer warriors in their Beverly Hills mansion. He exchanged a look with Grandma Grace and the other parents, understanding the weight of the children's concerns.

"Children, Phoenix and Eve are going to be okay. They are human, just like you and me. They have flaws, but with our help, they are healing and have repented for their sins," Grandpa Bob assured. "That's the first step toward salvation. You helped Tommy and Skyler get their parents back."

Nick, once a skeptic, worried, "I used to mock God. Should I repent too?"

Grandpa Bob reassured him, "Yes, but don't worry. He has already forgiven you. You are a mighty Child of God and a fierce prayer warrior."

Matthew chimed in, "And you're awesome at baseball too!"

The group laughed and patted Nick on the back. As the Family Psychological continued, the children processed more emotions and feelings, recapping highlights of the trip, new friendships, the revelatory Christian concert at Red Mountain Amphitheater in Colorado, and the powerful prayer march in Las Vegas. They shared stories of the Seven Heavenly Prayers, the parents and children they helped, and updates on Damon in prison and Chris and his father, Jude, in New York. Jude had enlisted all of Wall Street to give back its profits to the new homeless rehabilitation program they had started. The parents were amazed at listening to the innermost thoughts and concerns of their children, and Grandpa Bob and Grandma Grace suggested that the parents perform their own family psychological in their homes.

Grandpa Bob and Grandma Grace smiled with tears in their eyes, witnessing the positive changes they had long prayed for. "God is good," God is good indeed," they both thought.

## **Chapter 3:**

“A Prayer for Uncle Skeptic”

After the lively gathering, the echoes of laughter lingered in the living room as Grandpa Bob and Grandma Grace began cleaning up. Empty pizza boxes were tossed, and paper plates were collected, leaving a sense of warmth from the successful party celebrating the return of the little prayer warriors.

With enthusiasm, Grandpa Bob shared more tales from the trip with Grandma Grace.

"You should've seen those movie stars beg for God's forgiveness, Grace," Grandpa Bob shared passionately. "Our prayers and the tools God has given us are working in ways you wouldn't believe!"

Concerned, Grandma Grace responded, "Sweetheart, don't you think this might be too much for the children? They're still just kids."

Looking into her eyes, Grandpa Bob, with his piercing blue gaze, asserted, "They are the key to saving this world. God has chosen them to deliver His message and that of His son, Jesus. Their light is the purest and strongest. It works best on hardened hearts and sinful adults. Come on, you know that?!"

Recognizing her husband's unyielding determination, Grandma Grace nodded silently. His strength, often as stubborn as a bull, was guided by a wisdom she had come to trust over the years. She thought to herself, "I was right about him all this time. She had been given a true man of God."

"Well, honey, if you're battling all these demons, I better call on my women's prayer group at church to pray for you even more. We women are prayer warriors too!" Grandma Grace declared with a chuckle.

Grandpa Bob chuckled in response, acknowledging Grandma Grace as the ultimate prayer warrior. After all, it was her unwavering faith that served as a beacon that guided their family through decades, especially during Grandpa Bob's battles with addiction and sin. She was also a nurse by trade, and her caring ways never ceased.

Grandma Grace then asked about Matthew and whether he was staying humble despite all the newfound notoriety. Grandpa Bob assured her that he was. The two shared a laugh over Matthew's budding crush on Jini. Grandma Grace approved, saying, "That little girl has more Jesus in her heart than all of my adult friends combined!"

She then asked Grandpa Bob if he'd heard from his brother Joe. "You mean Uncle Skeptic?" Grandpa Bob replied sarcastically with a hearty laugh.



A distinguished oncologist, Grandpa Bob's brother, Joe, was a staunch atheist, skeptical of faith and prayer, and their differences had become more public as Joe spoke out against Grandpa Bob's prayer movement. Grandpa Bob renamed him "Uncle Skeptic" because of it.

Grandpa Bob took out his phone, showing a video of Joe scoffing at the idea of God and prayer during a recent TV interview. It seemed his brother always loved the spotlight. It had been like that for years. The divide between the brothers was deep, and Grandpa Bob recognized the sin that held Joe captive—Pride.

Putting the phone away, Grandpa Bob shook his head, burdened by the sorrow of his brother's unbelief. Grandma Grace, understanding his pain, offered a prayer for Joe. Together, they knelt in surrender, recognizing that only God could turn all hearts toward Him in His perfect timing.

When the prayer was finished, Grandma Grace offered that she would clean up the rest and that Grandpa Bob should go to bed. He had a big meeting tomorrow. White House Chief of Staff and old family friend, Sheila Lightfoot, was in town to see him. Their prayer escapades had gotten the attention of the President of the United States!