

It is now to the month 24 years since penning *God's Lines of Authority*, which addressed issues within the little Baptist church where we attended at the time. This was the first paper God had me write to address a specific issue that was leading to the destruction of His people. That paper was followed immediately by *Spiritual Eunuchs*. The former dealt with men in their proper roles, the latter where men had gone astray from Biblical principles.

The underlying messages within the sixty-odd papers written over the last twenty-four years are about one overall theme, the Godly male as defined by the Bible, the imminent destruction and warnings about same, and the cause/effect of our actions. As I have re-read these, I am taken aback by the fervor and energy they express. Now I am 66, having written what I was to write; the focus of my fervor is changing; to what I do not know.

There is often the thought of my days of writing being over. Many times the Most High emphatically told His watchmen to “stop praying for this people.” Bubba, when that happens, *this people* are toast. Horror and terror don't even come close to what will ensue. I dread to even broach the idea in my mind, yet, there it is again.

Today's pen seems to be readied by a statement made to me by a close brother in Kentucky, repeating a comment from a state trooper who said that the Interstates have become one giant sewer pipe. Through these travel every imaginable dreg of society and manifestation of evil, passing within feet of unsuspecting *good* people. Very few notice.

As the musing continues, there is an awareness of how this phenomenon extends into all realms of our country's daily life.

Most of us live our lives based on and/or ruled by how things used to be in our formative years. These include, but are not limited to, the prevailing ruling spirit of the region, family traditions, family emotions, and family viewpoints. Nothing could be more dangerous or errant unless the same is based on the Word.

We also go about our daily lives as if everyone thinks and acts as we do, with the same reasons and motives. Thus we are shocked upon reading about the atrocities around us, being cursed by a driver in a small pickup, or by being run off the Interstate by a drug-crazed teenage girl.

The glasses through which we *see* things and situations are not only obsolete, they are deceptive; we see what we want to see. Conversely, we do not see what we do not want to see. I recently had my corporation rendered null and void because two numbers in my street address were reversed, and the State sent me notices of required forms which I never received. I wanted to *see* the right address on my 1040 forms; I failed to catch it.

Even in the simple, superficial realm such as health, few want to face reality (or more succinctly, give up their habits or change their culture). Within the last five to ten years MSG, aspartame, high fructose corn syrup, deadly preservatives (to enhance shelf life=greed), chlorine, fluorine, *ad nauseum*, have been added to our food and drink, and are rapidly killing us and our children, or at the very least, reducing our ability to reproduce. Extraordinary body fat buildup, electrolyte destruction, joint disease and nerve disorders of all types rack our bodies. Yet mention in the most casual way any of the above and the resistance flares. (“Don’t say anything to me; I *love my* diet soda...”)

My wife had a close friend who recently was dying of massive tumors of uterine cancer. Huge fat rolls drooped off her body as she lay in her death bed. As my wife and I visited her there, she and her husband were eating gummy bears by the carton, all the while invoking the Name of Jesus to heal her.

Why the selective sight? Why the blindness?

Why the anger when anyone mentions even the possibility of danger ahead?

Why the incredible, vehement reactions to admission of the smallest, most innocent mistake?

All the above is in the physical realm of diet, etc. Violations and harm done within the realm of the soul are several orders of magnitude greater than diet. The spiritual dimension is in yet another realm far off-scale to the first two.

But I digress; this paper is about observations in the rear view mirror. The view is overwhelmingly cluttered with elements of the *Grapes of Wrath* and other human flotsam. The mirror is crowded with death, disease and destruction. One would be hard-pressed to see anything positive at all. (What you *don't see* is the ol' boy who exited at the preceding off-ramp to avoid trouble, or the Okie who got out of Twin Tower #2, right before the second plane hit. A voice on the public announcement system had said everything was safe.....right.)

It has been some sixty years since World War II, and right at two hundred years since education was displaced from the home to the schoolhouse. We now have a majority of children who have split homes, with little or no input as to whom the Most High might be; even less are the odds that any of the children are exposed to father-taught Scripture.

So what do I *see* having occurred over the last “24” years? In a very crude way (crude may not be socially acceptable, but the LORD already has more facts than we do) it boils down to essentially the things about which He has prompted me to write; **the dissolution and erasure of the Godly male.** Sequentially, both wives and the potential Holy Seed wither in rocky and shallow soil.

I see the *large majority* of otherwise decent men becoming increasingly simple (weak, gullible, silent, effeminate, unwary and careless). The Voice of the Neuter dominates the schools and airways. Their demeanor has become one that is submissive, keeping the money flowing, and being little more than a sperm bank. The Word has been relegated to the back 40, as men prefer the *pastor* to feed their families spiritual food.

Most young men, because the Word has little if any part of their lives, have no clue as to what happened to them. Their loins are being crushed, rendering them into spiritual eunuchs.

As my wife has perceived, the majority of the 60 million abortions in this country were to have been the first-born, one-half of them males. Many of the rest were second-borns, again one-half males. Thus a great number of male leaders (the ones who see to it that things are done the right way) were snuffed out before birth. Equally, many second-born male servant-types (the ones who get things done) were wiped out. Result? We have a society with two of its three parts missing.

We are skewed toward the sensitive, creative, musicians, artists, and inventors. The erasures of the first- and second-born have left a vacuum of authority figures, power, common sense and effective energy. The stabilizing effects of the two missing parts are starkly lacking. We are now disproportionately influenced by wounded male and female power freaks. In substantial measure, these are now running this country into aimless wandering. Without Godly Order and Godly discipline, emotional and wounded spirits are the rule of the day, waterless clouds yielding no rain, issuing forth confusion, tumult, hard feelings and chaos.

Equally, due to the vacuum of the stabilizing first-borns, specifically fathers, leadership has been perverted. Other aberrations have begun to appear. One of those is the behavior of females. Many women who have physical attributes (both young and old) are using same to derail men, one way or another. An astounding percentage of mature females either are trying to get, or already have, the testicles of their males in their purses. These females resent and despise a Godly male, and will do whatever they can to tear him down, render him ineffective and/or neuter him. These tactics range from out-and-out seduction, poisoning the minds of gullible wives of the Godly male, and/or control in any form. What drives them? Simple: they cannot stand not having the testicles of males, Godly or otherwise, in their purses. In other words, they desire to control the men in their lives with their feminine emotions and thinking.

Without the guidance of a careful father, young girls are doing nothing more than mimicking the older; it's just they have little understanding of the impact of their silliness. Ten years from now they will have reaped what they have sown. Most will have been ravaged by some animal, and they will be in tears, their lives a shamble, all because Papa did nothing. Why? Either he had become an animal himself or his testicles were in his wife's purse. Bye-bye Godly Seed.

My anger rises as otherwise brilliant fathers allow their daughters to roam about with their teats exposed to every stiff prick in sight. My dismay finds no respite to watch a friend lapse from his fatherly duties by failing to teach his kids about the Most High; instead, his time is consumed by sports. What's next? None of the above can conceive of a train wreck involving their idolized kids, but the same is not only possible, it is probable without the umbrella of the Word of the Most High. My gut tells me Sodom times 100 is upon us, and females are about to lose it all, not even being desired by males in the most animalistic ways. What will become of the males? Read your Bible.

What do I *see* coming to pass? Read Isaiah 2, Isaiah 3, and Isaiah 4. If the Most High cannot have His Seed reproducing, He is going to burn the pile. As any farmer knows, there is nothing that can be done with a bad crop but to get rid of it.

The woods console me momentarily, not from the unregenerate, but from so-called *Christian* friends and family who are destroying not only their bodies, but their seed as well. The tyranny of the immediate, more often than not dictated by forces other than the Almighty, drains their energies one hour at a time. The hours turn into days, the days into weeks, the weeks into months, thence into years. One *day* passes, 24 years; their seed is out of the nest and grown up. Their daughters are ravaged, their sons/daughters are at best neuters, and at worst homosexuals; their families are divorced, fragmented, disjointed, in turmoil and torment. Some will bury their 28 year old sons because of AIDS. (Being a Baptist deacon somehow won't cut a man any slack...)

The lucky mothers will get to see their 25-year old sons at the Huntsville prison, doing twenty, instead of carrying flowers to their graves, and talking to a black granite slab.

The sun is now rising through the West Texas truck stop window. I hold back my tears, the corners of my mouth hang down, sadness grabs me. Oh, LORD, how long? How long, O LORD?

“Until the cities lie waste, without inhabitant, and houses without men, and the land is utterly desolate...”

6:00 A.M.  
June 7, 2009

The Seed of the Unknown

Postscript:

Now that we have cleared the mirror, as it were, what do I *see* in the ashes?

Embedded within all those 60-odd papers were a number of *good* men with whom I had spent many an hour in sweet fellowship and deep conversations. As unemotional as I am, I did love each of them. Out of the twenty or so men with whom I had sweet converse, and/or were sent to them with a warning, two have repented, of which one was three-time suicidal; four have died prematurely in cesspools; four are shipwrecks and their families as well; the rest have fallen off the radar screen and no longer talk to me. As I write, two have returned to converse with me; the journey continues. It is no coincidence that there were 2 of 20, or 1 of 10. This ratio is repeated numerous times throughout the Bible, highlighting the Sovereignty and Severity of the Almighty.

I have been told there was a heated debate about the slipping away of education within the home into the public sector around the turn of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. Matthew Henry was one of those vehemently defending the need of the father/mother being the ones to *home school* their children. Now we have come full circle; the Public School experiment has become a colossal failure. Ninety percent of our kids from kindergarten through college are in large measure derelicts in all three senses of the word, floundering in a mess called the secular, progressive, liberal world. (Read *wicked* as the Hebrew defines it.) The same is true for our *Christian* education via the Sunday School. They get just enough teaching to inoculate them (i.e., they think they have understanding of the Bible). Many young people do not develop full faith and trust in God, through Christ and the continuous work of the Holy Spirit, to have a life long commitment to Him.

But, as the Almighty would have it, ten percent do arise out of the ashes of conventional wisdom, which is itself wrong ninety percent of the time. Home-schooled children now approximate, or will do so, ten percent of the total. All this to make a point again, that the Grace of the Most High still is saving ten percent of those whom He chooses, those who will respond affirmatively to His call.

As an example of grace, I am reminded of an incident when our youngest son was seventeen, playing soccer in the Dallas Classic league. My wife drove him to the game in the morning, as I was already near the area with work on a drilling rig. We finished the game; he drove my wife's car home and she rode with me. He was less than five minutes ahead of us. Somewhere on the interstate we topped a hill overlooking a long stretch of road ahead of us. About a mile ahead was a wreck that had just occurred, with radiator steam still roiling out of the wrecked vehicles.

A wave of dread drifted across both of us, as we knew the wreck had occurred in about the time span of the lead time of our son. Neither of us said a word, but came upon the wreck, hoping against hope we did not see a white Caprice. There were two-three cars at the scene other than the Lincoln that had careened across the median and hit a van head-on. The driver of the van had been crushed between the steering wheel and his seat, in a space about the size of cracker box. He was dead, blood spilled everywhere. His face was grotesquely twisted and squeezed through the steering wheel. Since it was obvious one of the other two-three cars had called 911, we eased through the mess and drove home, silent.

When we arrived home, I asked our son if he had seen a wreck on I-20. He replied he had, with a noticeably subdued tone. Sensing a moment to make a point, I asked him what he had seen. He replied that he had seen a flash out of the peripheral view of his left eye, and immediately looked in the rear view mirror in time to see the head-on collision. Keep in mind the van was 100 feet behind him and he was going 70 mph; that's about a second!

I quietly asked him if he had gained any insight into all that, and he replied he had. Somehow that was all that needed to be said.

This story seems to illustrate a point in that our son was still alive only by the margin of a second. Who held that second in his hand? Who saw to it that my own life has been spared by margins of only a few inches, or a few seconds when I was clicking door handles at 90 miles an hour on a narrow rural Kentucky road?

The ninety percent portion of the mirror's field of view containing destruction is at times overwhelming; it obscures the good, and deflects the mind in negative ways. Warnings are as necessary as praises, but we are not to forget Who reigns and Who chooses. The following are examples of the latter.

Who delivered these?

The three-time suicidal called me after two years of silence. He was proud to tell me he was dry. He now teaches the Word in southern Arkansas.

A woman in her 60s who had been betrayed by her husband is now at peace.

A young man of 25 recently called me, wanting to talk about rearing his family.

Yesterday I *happened* upon another young man, a friend of our oldest son, who has turned, is now tithing, paying his taxes, has thrown the TV out the door, is reading the Word daily, praying with his wife, studying how to rear children, and is happy.

A friend of our youngest, after 10 years in life's bar ditch, is getting his life together. Our son is helping him.

A man recently called me after 10 years of estrangement. We had been very close, with times of sweet converse. He now has repented and preparing to leave Babylon.

And, He has delivered me.....

June 14, 2009

A Son of Issachar, a father of sons of Zadok.