

EWS

For over a year now I have been progressively troubled by seemingly disparate events, each of which in their own setting would appear unrelated. This past week reading a book (No. 7) brought all these events together, roiling my blood in the process. To make sense of the conclusions which are reached herein, I would like to list those events and my reaction and sense at the time.

1. The fall of 2013: in response to an invitation by a close friend of mine I attended a four-man "bible study" at a local Deli owned by one of the four. The man who led the study was in his late 40s, very polished, good looking, obviously learned in the Scriptures. As the evening progressed, I noticed a tone that reminded me of a metronome. When asked by my friend to share what I knew about the workings of the Holy Spirit, I was cut off abruptly about four words into my sharing. Nonplussed, I stayed for a while; I noticed the leader had his eyes closed, and was reciting scripture after scripture, one after another. The sound of his recitation was like a chant, monotonous, empty of feeling. By this time I am seething at his dismissal of the Holy Spirit as our lackey (my words) and reprovved him on the spot. But I never forgot the chanting, nor its hideous sound.
2. The early spring of 2014; my wife and I attended a Latter-Rain type of gathering where several elders spoke before the group. In doing so, one in particular read a string of 10-15 scriptures, one right after the other, with little commentary. This happened twice in the two days. In both instances it was obvious this elder, by his own admission, had done zero preparation for either presentation. Both were bricks thrown at the basket, meaningless repetitions that had no anointing to them at all. Death is about the closest adjective I can use.
At the same meeting we **noticed** in much of the other leaders' words a repetition of phrases such as "Praise the LORD!"- repeated so often it began to be noticeable. Once noticed, the repetition took on a drone-like quality that irritated the emotions. We could not escape the mental disturbance.
3. The summer of 2014: my wife was in a typical gathering at a 'church' building, and was troubled by the music leaders repeating a chorus 15-20 times, over and over. This mindless repetition was driven by the drum beats, reminding her of painted savages, chanting and stomping in the dust, trying to awaken their gods.
4. Late summer of 2014: I bought a book ostensibly associating certain sicknesses with specific sins. The subject matter was related to the one which I was pursuing; I was doing customary research. A large book, I began reading it; the book's entire content consisted of two-four lines of the author's brief comments followed by an indented scriptural quote in bold type.

After 8-10 pages of this. I felt like a yo-yo on steroids. I could not handle reading regular type for five seconds, then indented bold type for a second five seconds, then back again to regular type, back to bold type in quotes. I tossed the book. I'm sure there was a great deal of truth within the covers, some of which would have been useful to me, but I could not handle the mental gyrations, and my spirit was singed like a flame in my hair.

5. The Fall of 2014; in researching secular literature for a science-related problem of the brain, I bought a rather thick book, just to glean one fairly small fraction given in the reviews. In reading the book for the parcel of info for which I was searching, I had to plow through numerous chapters, all fine print. As I was reading through material known to be old hat and data which I knew was little more than elevated, academic plagiarism, I became aware of a sense of a drone-like nature to the most erudite writing. The words became almost hypnotic in their phraseology, stupefying to the brain.

Finally I awakened to what was transpiring; -there was nothing new within the pages! At that point I turned to the back of the tome and noticed the references, and on a whim started counting them. There were over 500 !! Then I knew this "work" was nothing more than repetition of other people's work. I tossed the book, saving the single sentence that aided me.

6. Late fall 2014: I began noticing, unintentionally, a change in tone in some people's voices when they were addressing me. Most were religious (or pretended to be such). As my sense of this change was stimulated, I began to notice it more and more. My memory banks came to the fore, one of which was the sound of a mallard hen when she begins to set on her eggs. Her voice morphs, sounding choked off, weird, almost demonic, if mallards could be demonic.

This same tone change began to appear more and more as I would discuss religious topics with people. It was particularly acute when talking over the phone, as there were no visual distractions. In some telecons I began to notice (keep in mind none of this was intentional or premeditated) an abnormal tone which I can only describe as syrupy, sing-song, too smooth, with repetitious and artificial clichés. When this phenomenon happened, my memory tapes began to play and I was reminded of a scene in the *Body Snatchers*, a movie from the 50s. The scene was in a cave where a man and his wife were trying to escape from their friends who had succumbed to the Snatchers. This transformation occurred when the subject dozed for a second or so. The husband turned his head for a second and from behind him he heard his wife talk in a syrupy, surreal tone that was not her natural voice. Fear came over the husband and he fled. That is the memory, emotion and sense I began to have in some of these telecons.

7. The winter of 2014: a close friend of mine sent me a religious book by a fairly well-known author, inviting my take on such. As is always the case before reading anything, speaking over the phone or before a meeting, I would close my eyes and pray that the Holy Spirit would highlight what He wished me to see and retain, and alert me to anything He did not want me to absorb; that He would protect my mind, and steer me clear of anything harmful. ***I cannot emphasize how important this practice is to the believer, particularly you escapees.***

So I began reading the book, in neutral mentally, not thinking one way or the other. About two paragraphs into the Preface, my face got as hot as a firecracker. Something on the pages was bad news! I decided to continue past the Preface, and began reading the body of the book. As I did, my face remained hot, uncomfortably so. The words and phrases were impeccable, couched in a most erudite and polished manner. But I could not as yet put my finger on the problem.

Then I began to notice the stringing together of scriptures, but this time omitting the indented, bold type so indelibly imprinted in my warning system. Nonetheless, the stringing together began to be noticeable, and finally I put the book down, still not apprehending the source of the hot face.

Then one morning around 3:30 as I was making coffee, some things began to surface. As I sat down, I picked up my pad and began to write. The following is what came;

In recalling the seven events, a pattern emerges that is reminiscent of one which occurred in the early 1980s;

- All were white, Protestant, fairly good looking, educated, upstanding pillars of their community, honest, respected, well-intentioned men.
- Their writing, syntax, vocabulary and person were impeccable, unassailable, venerate. No drips, no runs, no errors.
- Moreover, they were all quoting scripture, or in the least saying phrases and words generally acceptable to believers. All of these things were good in and of themselves.

So why were my alarm bells sounding so loud in my heart?
What could anyone say was wrong?
What was I to do?

Then it hit me! – what did Jesus do?

1. He seldom quoted scripture and when He did, He gave attribution to the author, instead of merely repeating what someone else said. When He did so, it was to make a point, but only **a** point. He spoke words that went specifically and solely to the issue at hand, and did not try to cover the waterfront. Except when teaching large audiences, He treated every event and person as one of a kind.
2. He did not string O.T. passages end to end, one upon another. The same is true of the gospels and the letters from Paul,
3. He lambasted the scribes and Pharisees for their many words, repetition, and trying to impress others.
4. His attitude when speaking.
5. His warning about careless (unemployed) words.
6. His warning about being evildoers and their self-assertiveness.

Then my mind went to authors known for their solid and anointed writings. Some of these are A.W. Tozer, L. Ravenhill, T. Austin-Sparks, Chambers, Eckhardt, Luther, A.W. Pink and a **few** others. None of them strung passage after passage together end to end, much less promiscuously indented passages in bold type. They all said what they had to say, as simply and unobtrusively as they could. Their words had **LIFE** in them, joy, edification, encouragement and so forth. Your spirit witnessed to what they had to say, and how they said it.

These aberrations of what generally appears to be conventional have a pattern to them, both predictable as well as identifiable. As is the case with nearly all things that define evil desire, the character of events 1-7 all have the same problem—they all take a good thing and go just a little further. There are just a few too many quotes and phrases than are genuinely led by the Spirit, then multiplied into long strings until it is not only monotonous but mechanical. From being mechanical or rote, this empty repetition, both written and vocal, morphs into lifelessness perceived as a chant, which in its final form is almost hypnotic.

You say, “But these are their preferences”; to which I reply, “That’s the problem; these are **their** preferences, not Jesus’s.” The whole progression begins with going further with His Word than He intended, usually by following tradition. We carelessly mimic styles of others that are esteemed, errant or not. The critical element of *His* orders and timing is given in the O.T., “a word **in season** for him who is weary”; and two in the N.T., “to give them their food at the **proper time**.” Jesus also said, “we will give account for every **careless (unemployed) word** uttered.” Essentially this is Jesus saying, “**I** did not tell you to do that.”

Thus this progression is a very subtle deviation from His way. For the most part, this tendency to be repetitious or go a little further arises out of an affection to impress, which in turn arises out of either/both of two deep-rooted flaws. One is arrogance and pride, the other out of insecurity of **who** one is. Hence the seemingly pious trait of repeating phrases or scripture after scripture hides or camouflages both traits. For some it is carelessness or ignorance.

There is little, if anything, I could say to these 7 that would make one whit of difference, nor effect one iota of change. They are what they are, and for the most part, are well-intentioned, believing themselves to be right. As I was pondering this from the **LORD**, I was reminded of the parable of the wheat and tares. Leave them alone.



At this juncture, I really thought I had received the explanation and reasons for my disturbance from events 1-7. I was premature, for the next morning the following came in a flash;

Our physical bodies react to foreign objects and toxins in the most violent manner. We sneeze (at 200 mph) when something irritates our nasal passages. We cough as violently out of our lungs when something enters our breathing pathways. We gag out of our throats when a foreign object lodges there. Our stomach causes us to vomit when it detects a poison there. Our body reacts through our noses, mouths, lungs, stomach, taste buds and nervous reflexive system before we can mentally react. It violently gets rid of alien and toxic objects *to protect us from damage. These are basically poison and danger detection systems.*

Then it struck me around this 4:00 A.M. hour that the same was true for what we see, hear and read !! The mind has a Early Warning System (EWS) as well as the physical body, and is, or should be, equally involuntary and instinctive.

This is what was happening during the events of 1 through 7; my EWS in **my** spirit was telling me something was wrong. This EWS in you will also tell you when something is wrong, regardless of how conventional or proper things seem.

For a family, the EWS is the father; for his extended family, the elders; for the Body of Christ as a whole, the EWS are the watchmen. As with the EWS of the human body, woe unto the one who ignores or disdains either.

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