

THE LITTLE FOXES

This morning's awakening roused thoughts that brought grief. As I waited by the window at dawn, some clarity as to their roots came into focus. A *potpourri* of events broke into my thoughts, involving the spectrum of my little world, from the miseries of a close friend, to my own family, to the war in Israel against Hezbollah. There was the recollection of all that Winston Churchill perceived prior to WWII, and the miseries and horror that ensued. ***Tens of millions died horribly*** because men in positions of responsibility would not and did not take action to nip evil in the bud when it would have been much easier rather than do it later.

A phrase of scripture was particularly incisive; "in all meekness of wisdom..." The word *meekness* here means "unobtrusive humility, chiefly inwardly toward God; being angry for the right reason at the right time, expressed correctly, under control."

While playing dominoes with some friends last night, there arose a comment that applied to one we all knew, and whose systematic destruction we were watching. My comment was, "***The end game of all sin is death or murder.***" Five or six years ago this former friend on his evening shift got into pornography. After a steady diet of that, he now is in a murderous state, full of hate, etc. This man was formerly a pastor, helping the poor and trampled. He and his wife were on the front line. Now?—death and/or murder are imminent.

"Ah, well," you say, "He was pretending all the while." No, he was not; the fruit he and his wife bore suggest otherwise. The problem was the Little Foxes that Spoiled the Vine. There are thousands of cases that prove the statement, but salient ones are at hand, so we will use those.

II Samuel 11:1-27 recounts the episode of David's encounter with Bathsheba, and the consequences. Most of us focus in on the act of adultery and David's murder of Uriah; however, a little sentence at the beginning of this episode is the key which begs another question. It says in verse 1, "In the spring of the year, the time when kings go forth to battle, David sent Joab.... ***But David remained still in Jerusalem.***" Few connect the dots here, and fail to realize the significance of an act of carelessness, or more succinctly, one of abdication. Simply put, *if David had been doing what he was supposed to do, then all this misery, death, and generational strife most likely would never have happened.* Bathsheba became pregnant, her husband Uriah was murdered, and the Sword never left David's house. "Thou art the man," said Nathan.

Another incident illustrates the point. In the early 50s, there was a rural family consisting of a grandfather who was reared rough, but worked diligently. His wife was reared with a silver spoon, trained by such to be a controller and manipulator. They had one son, who was mollycoddled by her as a boy; as a mature male he remained under her wiles and dictates.

This son married another Christian (mentioned here to illustrate this does not preclude nor exclude misery and death), and they had two sons of their own. Because of two debilitating diseases, and the mental/emotional umbilical cord to his controlling mother, the son and his family lived across the road from his parents. The grandmother doted upon the elder of the two grandsons. She filled his little mind with her own high-minded and spoiled ways, as well as giving him tablespoons of whiskey.

Now let us fast-forward twenty years; the elder grandson reached thirty-two years of age. He was mentally a genius, and accomplished as an engineer. However, he was also an alcoholic, with incredibly severe personality disorders. Psychiatrists preyed on this and prescribed Librium in extraordinarily high dosages. One year later the grandson was dead. The whiskey and Librium didn't mix very well in his head.

Cause? –the grandfather, the husband, and by extension, the son; neither stepped in and nipped the Little Foxes in the bud. Grandma never got told, “No!”

Let's go back to the 70s; there was a family with two boys. The father was crude, but hard-working and responsible. The wife, (again by coincidence), was reared with a silver spoon in her mouth. When the two boys were very little, the husband and wife butted heads as to how the boys were going to be reared. They made a pact; the father would rear the older, and the mother would rear the younger. A modicum of *peace* therefore reigned, in the midst of fatherly abdication.

Fast-forwarding twenty-five years, we find the elder son disciplined, hard-working, a picture of manhood, upstanding in his community, with a respectable and orderly family of his own. The younger boy has a high-pitched voice, is effeminate, and teaches music; polar opposites. As one says, “The fruit doesn't fall very far from the tree.” And the mother died prematurely of MS.

There are numerous stories that illustrate the reaping of similar consequences. In homes where the roles of the parents are reversed, children often are queers or lesbians; the father often leaves early on, causing the children to hate or misunderstand God. The girls usually grow up to distrust and hate men in general. On and on the merry-go-round spins, with the fruit of death and destruction picked 20-25 years after the seeds of destruction are sown.

The end-game of sin is death or murder. It takes 20-100 years to reap the destruction of one's sins and often affects 1-4 generations. Examples of such seeds of destruction are:

the Little Foxes give whiskey to 12 year old boys. They are dead at 33

the Little Foxes abdicate. They are shamed in 30 years.

the Little Foxes are self-indulgent; they eat what tastes good. Sugar is *white death*. More ice cream, anyone? –how about some French fries?

the Little Foxes follow the path of least resistance.

the Little Foxes allow their wives to manipulate the kids, the father to abuse, and parents and in-laws to pass on their generational culture of death to the children.

the Little Foxes drive their 13-year old daughter around so she can make out in the back seat. “She’s mature for her age, you know.” Six years later she’s pregnant. Sixteen years and five kids later, she’s run out of the house. Kicked out of her house, she takes to the road as a truck driver. After ten years on the road she is dead. –was it loneliness? -or was it her daddy?
the Little Foxes don’t spend time alone with their God on an everyday basis.
the Little Foxes rarely examine the fallacies of their tradition, nor connect the dots when things go wrong. You cannot cure stupid...
the Little Foxes don’t check the oil and water in the car.
the Little Foxes pay little attention to details.
the Little Foxes don’t notice the sky, nor the ground on which they walk.
the Little Foxes allow the immediate to perpetuate inaction.
the Little Foxes take a second, long look at exposed breasts at the restaurant.
the Little Foxes fail to be at one with their spouses. Gotta look like a stud, you know...
the Little Foxes make decisions based on emotion, or worse, based on tradition.
the Little Foxes are weeds that do not receive attention.
the Little Foxes are leaks in the roof forgotten in the human pattern of seeking ease. Later, much later, the timbers rot. Oh well, we’ll just move...
the Little Foxes sway all of us from entreating our Heavenly Father to correct us and reprove us where we err; by extension,
the Little Foxes sway the young adults from *asking* their elders where they are in error, and where destruction wastes at noonday. But alas, Dad is so out of date; he’s into chemtrails, you know. Lamentations is his favorite book!
the Little Foxes would have us believe we know it all...
the Little Foxes would keep us busy; that way analytical thought never occurs. Danger then is rarely perceived. The sword arrives at their threshold unannounced, surprising all inside. The perfume of immediate relief, the aphrodisiac of emotions and the pleasure of self-indulgence all fade into irrelevancy when the surgeon’s scalpel rips open our belly. Who, me?
the Little Foxes supplant action with silence; that way no one can say it was our fault when their kid gets in jail, beats his wife, exposes her breasts on public TV, gets obese, or brings shame and misery to those around them.
the Little Foxes persuade the fathers not to be a daddy to their son, nor to train him, nor discipline him with a rod (*the* source of the child having a healthy fear of God), nor love him in proper ways, but to leave that to the mothers.

*It’s far too late when he’s 28, to find relief for your grief,
or by his grave your pain to stave;
For, you see, there are no trades, when your son is dead of AIDS.*

The Sum of the Little Foxes is cumulative.

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Ben-Issachar

