

OVERPRINTS

“In the problems to which the Almighty sets his humble servants, things hardly ever happen the same way twice over, or if they seem to do so, there is some variant which stultifies undue generalization. *The human mind, except when guided by extraordinary genius, cannot surmount the established conclusions amid which it has been reared.*” Winston Churchill¹



The geology section of the Graduate Record Exam (GRE) contains a “puzzle” which basically is a sketch of 8-10 geological events, each superimposed upon another. The sum total of the different events appears to be a Michmash of lines and patterns overlapping one another. The puzzle is designed to test the aptitude of the graduating geology student on his or her skills at solving the chronology of the events; i.e., peeling off the most recent event from the preceding one until the oldest event is exposed. Essentially these superimposed events are overprints one upon another.

This portion of the GRE is a requisite for the job of the geologist, who desires to uncover various minerals and/or oil and gas deposits, by peeling off the individual layers of geologic events. These events include, but are not limited to, the deposition of a sandstone or limestone, erosion that cuts into an older strata, volcanic intrusion or eruption that cuts across other events, heat transfers that cause metamorphism and or other chemical/physical changes in the original rock, fracturing, folding, etc. Often some of this is exposed at the surface and is readily apparent, as was the case in the early days of geology and geologic exploration, whether for minerals or oil and gas.

In those early days of exploration for oil and gas, the shallow treasures of the deep were easily uncovered as oil seeped to the surface along faults or into water wells dug near by. Now, the secrets of the deep are thousands of feet below the surface. As regards oil/gas, the “pools” invariably are beneath beds that act as seals or traps for the migrating fluids of hydrocarbons. As the industry has evolved, those traps of oil and gas have not only become deeper, they have become more complex and subtle.

With depth, the layers of deposits or overprints have become much more numerous; additionally, the secrets are revealed by fewer and fewer data points upon which one may extract the answer to the riddle. Since the data for deeper strata is very sparse, the geologist labors under conditions that foment greater levels of deception. What appears to be one thing may in reality be quite another. Because the number of overprints of the geologic events has increased to greater and greater depths, the geologist has his mettle tried exponentially at recognizing hidden resources.

The end game is the diminution of the sheer numbers of geologists that make the cut, and usually decades of experience (having seen many variables of overprints), come into play. However, time in and of itself causes attrition. Some geologists retire, or fork off into other fields such as ground water, environmental fields, management, and so forth. As such, there are fewer and fewer geologists left with the experience to unlock the complex overprints. Ergo, the Silver Bullet *du jour*, whether it be 3-D seismic or some other semi-empty promise, reigns supreme.

As I finished writing the above, I realized within those words were precise parallels in the spiritual realm. They are repeated here in bullet form:

- a Michmash of lines and patterns.
- peeling off the most recent event from the preceding one, until the oldest, thus most accurate is exposed.
- in the early days the shallow treasures were easily uncovered. Now, the secrets are thousands of feet deep.
- the deeper one probes, the secrets are revealed by fewer and fewer data points, under conditions that foment greater levels of deception.
- what appears to be one thing may in reality be quite another.
- the ancient structures are deeply hidden.
- the end game is the diminution of the sheer numbers of seekers that make the cut.
- there are fewer and fewer left with the years of experience required to unlock the complex overprints.
- the community of seekers has devolved into a club of sheep expending their energies on less and less risky ventures.
- there are fewer and fewer seekers who are capable or courageous enough to plumb the depths required for high returns.
- the majority of seekers follow the lower expectations of conventional thinking.
- the riches of the deep are left untouched. (As a side note, there is a passage in the *Revelation* where Jesus emphasizes the characteristics of those who will never make it to heaven. Cowards are listed in the midst of that group.)

Again, as an insert, what is it that drives a person to inquire in the first place?

Why would one sit by the window at dawn?

Or wait for hours on a stump, in the rain, cold, or that which is much more draining, silence?

What is it that makes us seekers? Or in the alternative, not questioning at all?

What is it that removes our questioning nature and relegates us to the death of a pew?

Why do we indeed prefer to listen to someone else's opinion rather than find one for ourselves?

Why do the majority of people prefer to listen rather than study?

Why are we content with the status quo, when it can easily be proven it is wrong 75% of the time?

For whatever reason, the following is real. I trust there will be life to it.

I have learned to dedicate the pre-dawn hours to silence, in an effort to "hear" from the Almighty, should there be on occasion an answer to a current spiritual question. In the alternative, there are often geologic dilemmas I am studying, to which there are no apparent answers. Often during these pre-dawn hours, a layer or overprint is removed and understanding is made clear as these complex and obscure geologic problems. These insights reveal some of the hidden structures or the positions of strata beneath the surface, often at great depths. As stated earlier, the deeper one probes into the mysteries of the deep, the less factual evidence there is from which to draw the proper conclusion. Obviously this is true whether in inventing a light bulb, a steam engine, a cotton gin, planetary configurations, nebulae, the development of species, or the origin of a supernova. All of nature contains a myriad of deeper and deeper secrets, each under multiple layers of overprints.

When a pre-dawn experience reveals what theretofore had been hidden, tremendous joy and exhilaration ensues. However, that joy and excitement is often short-lived when the idea meets with one's peers. That encounter with one's peers is curious. There is a spectrum of responses, including total denunciation, contempt, jealousy, embarrassment, arrogance, and fear; rarely is there acceptance. But then again, why should we expect anything different?

In an attempt to understand these responses, an analysis was made on significant oil/gas discoveries in East Texas found in the last 25 years. The results were surprising; of the 12 significant fields discovered, the following aspects were salient:

1. 80% were found by out-of-town folks. (Conventional knowledge, e.g., tradition, is wrong most of the time.)
2. 75% were found by, or under the direction of, first-generation explorationists. (Conclusion? –the Pioneers get it right; the Establishment rarely does.)
3. 75% were found by drilling in the right place for the wrong reason. (This eliminates the “know-it-alls”; moreover, “time and chance happen to us all.”)
4. Nearly all of the discoveries were without precedent. (‘nuff said.)
5. 85% were stratigraphic traps as opposed to structural traps or underground “domes.” (There goes conventional thinking again.)

To illustrate the intellectual boxes in which we find ourselves, there is an anecdote worth telling. My tent-making requires I go out to the marketplace and “sell” my ideas. My idea was to drill a horizontal well to drain reserves of gas still left in a reservoir. The model used to portray the concept was a well drilled by Occidental Petroleum in one of the drained Pettit oolite bars in Panola County, Texas.

This particular oolite bar occurred at about 7000', covered roughly 5000 acres, had 25 feet of porosity, but had been effectively drained by numerous wells within the field. All the wells had bottom-hole pressures of less than 300 pounds, and gas volumes of 10,000 feet of gas per day (10 mcfpd). Essentially all the wells in the field had reached an uneconomical stage, and plugging them was eminent.

This was before horizontal wells were in vogue; nonetheless Occidental decided to step outside the box as it were, and see if there might be un-drained reserves between the wells. So they engineered a horizontal well to parallel an existing well, and drill horizontal up to 3500 feet, if conditions allowed. To make a long story short, the well produced so much gas while drilling it almost killed several people. It eventually produced its legal allowable. By the time I received the information, and used the data to sell my idea, the well had produced an additional billion cubic feet. This from a well that was about to be abandoned!

So I presented this data, with all the official charts, published decline curves, printouts, etc., to an investor to drill my idea. The investor was in his middle 60s, and had been a very high level petroleum engineer for a major company overseas. As I presented my concept, his response was, “You can't do that.” Dumbfounded, I asked him why I could not do what? He replied, “You can't do that.” “Do what?” I asked. “You can't produce that kind of volume of gas from a well that is depleted down to under 300 pounds.” I replied, “Occidental just did it; here is the data, the facts.” He said, “You can't do that.” By this time I'm a little befuddled. His response was the last thing I had expected. So after about three or four rounds of saying “They just did it, here is the data,” and its retort, “You can't do that,” I gave up and left. The conversation was over.

His mind was closed. As at the beginning, he “*could not surmount the established conclusions amid which he had been reared.*” Needless to say, the “*extraordinary genius*” was woefully missing. As my 97-year old mother says, “You can’t cure stupid.”

It needs to be understood that the secrets of the deep, whether geological or spiritual, are what they are; it is the view we have of them that is flawed. The first glance, or initial perception, is different for different folk. However, it does not alter the immutability of the secret. We are the ones needing to see more clearly.

Socrates met with much of the same closed-minded orthodoxy. His method of analysis scrutinized everything, even those concepts sacrosanct to the Powers That Be at the time. As his fame as a thinker waxed popular, his probing questions brushed up against the sacred cows of the day. The end result was that they required he be put to death. Honor-bound as he was, Socrates instead reversed the tables on them and volunteered to take hemlock himself. So it was the Socratic method of analysis was born. Plato and others of his students carried his ideas forward. American thought patterns of analysis reflect Socrates today (rare as they are).

Socrates’ method of scrutiny of the “Issues of Man” is seldom employed. Few indeed are those who examine why we are a part of certain groups, do certain things, or behave certain ways. Now I am not addressing why your Momma cut 4 inches off the end of a ham to cook it. The focus here is on those issues with longer term effects, particularly the eternal ones.

More often than not, our mistakes stem from tradition and the effects of our rearing. One cannot raise cattle on 6 inches of rain per year, nor predominantly eat fried foods without the gall bladder failing, nor eat much pork without the heart plugging, nor run a tractor very long without checking the oil. So we see logic and facts operate to distinguish foolishness, but only to the degree to which they are employed. Few of us rarely go beyond our experience and traditions and examine why we do them. Hence, what is perfectly acceptable by one is stupidity to another.

There must be some standard by which things are judged and scrutinized. For the sake of simplicity, let us use the two most accepted, facts and logic. The one pertinent to the spiritual realm is the Bible used by Protestants that is based on sound translation, and not one which has been doctored to go with the whims of changing doctrine, in order to be politically correct, or sound good to the modern ear.

The same Bible (or logic) we use to ridicule and denounce Islam is the same Bible that is self-condemning. A *deadly amount* of what is loosely termed “Christianity” in its varied forms will not stand scrutiny. While we throw stones at Islam’s idea of 72 virgins, our own houses are made of glass. The primary practices upon which nearly all of modern “Christianity” currently stands are traditions, no more spiritually worthy of practice than those of the Scribes and Pharisees. For all their efforts to keep these religious traditions, Jesus soundly denounced and rebuked all of them as being white-washed sepulchers. In other words, their all important traditions trumped God’s Word, leaving their souls and their religion essentially dead.

So whose word will we choose, Momma's or those of Jesus? Whose name and character will we espouse, the TV evangelist or Jesus? Which pattern of worship and assembly will we choose, the Seven Hills of Rome, or Jesus? To which tune shall we dance, to that from a performer on a stage, or the *Song of Songs*?

What is astounding is the level and perfection to which these secular and religious institutions put up a good front. Hewlett-Packard's "integrity," Social Security's use of the words "social" and "security," and Ford's "tough" are expressions of each organization putting its best foot forward. Secret fraternal organizations hide behind the premier leaders of the community, and emphasize good works so the public eye will see and perceive that image as the reality of the group. Icons, logos, and slogans display positive faces and impressions. Some are valid, some are oxymorons. Though we *say* we cannot judge a book by its cover, we do it all the time. What is accepted as "Christianity" today is no different. Buildings, doctrinal boundaries, clerical and layman dress, flags, lights, camera and entertainers, even choreography, all project positive images. These images are designed to appeal to the soulful realm of man's affections and to elicit warm and fuzzy feelings. What they really accomplish is to entertain our exhausted minds numbed from work, raising children, and life in general. This scenario requires little or no thinking or meditation, much less a quiet time to encounter Him.

Yet the character, name and authority of Jesus belies all the above, as do the tenets revealed by the Word (Logos) of God. Can we with the slightest degree of moral honesty defend the current expression of "Christianity," or confess there is no life in it? Can we truly imagine Jesus standing where these so-called "leaders" stand, or in the least conjure up the White-haired Warrior on a 10-foot plasma screen? More pointedly, do you really think we would act as we do every Sunday if Jesus were present?

Please, spare me; placebos that cover the absence of the Holy Spirit don't work anymore... The Emperor does **not** have on any clothes.

CYCLES AND MEGACYCLES

There are two time lines pertinent to the discussion here: one is the end of the current mega-cycle, the Industrial Revolution, which began approximately 500 years ago with the printing press (1450), Columbus's discovery of a new land (1492), and the Protestant Reformation (1517). The first was the vehicle by which the other two could develop, the second provided a frontier for expansion unparalleled in human history, and the third was a releasing of tremendous spiritual energy. In essence, the printing press was the embryo of the Information Age in which we find ourselves commencing with vigor. The computer chip and the Web have begun the next 500-year cycle.

The second pertinent mega-cycle occurred approximately 2000 years ago with the birth of Christ.

Both megacycles have something in common; they are the sum of a number of overprints. From the time of Jesus to the Reformation beginning in 1517, there are approximately 1500 years. For discussion's sake, let us assume an overprint is essentially a generation, or 20-25 years. Further, let us assume each generation has a different outlook on things than did their fathers. The first 1500 years divided by 20 (youth married earlier then) yields 75 generations, or put another way, 75 overprints. The Dark Ages more than likely was fairly stagnant, and each new generation probably did not change very much.

Let us reduce that number by a 1/3, leaving us with 50 or so overprints from the first century Christians, until Luther pinned the 95 theses on the door of All Saints Church in 1517.

Those theses challenged the scriptural apostasy of the Catholic Church and commenced the Protestant Reformation. As are *all* changes in regimes/500 year cycles, bloody indeed it was. The current *faux pax* of Christianity, with its artless, gullible and naïve population has obliterated the bloody aspect. This lapse in our memory of important historical events will cost many people their lives.

From the Protestant Reformation until now we have had another 500 years; divided by 25 leaves us with 20 generations, or 20 overprints. There have been 20 generations with different ideas of what Christianity is, and how Christianity is to be expressed. Since 1517 we have many more than 20 denominations, and even within those denominations there are a multitude of expressions. My, how we have waxed... Did Jesus *really* have flags and a band in mind for His body? Makeup and styled hair on His priests? Ah, come on...

However, and this is a big “*however*,” we need to keep in mind that these last 20 overprints are modifications of the Reformation. Though a major doctrinal reversal took place then, the lines of distinction between “Catholic” and “Protestant” are today very blurred. At the time, Luther’s 95 theses presented severe challenges to the established religious hierarchy of the day. For all its bloody violence and religious makeover, the Reformation still did not peel off all the overprints of the previous 1500 years. The “high places” were never removed. Study for yourselves; a book that delves into this is Frank Viola’s *Pagan Christianity*.

So, how far removed from the original model of a relationship with Jesus do we find ourselves? I have no idea. I do know however, that we will *never* encounter His Presence between the Pop Tarts and Imus in the Morning, *nor* see Him at the end of the day when our power freak boss has had numerous swipes at our sanity, and we are physically and emotionally drained. We *will not* encounter His Presence looking at 10 foot plasma screens of a man masquerading as a Preacher on a Shakespearean stage. How can the Body function when all you see are the blackheads on the neck of the unknown person seated in front of you?

In religious circles, most things remain the same when challenges to the System occur; “Well, we’ve always done things this way.” Under this mental umbrella there is no room for spiritual growth, much less for one that seeks the true Presence of Jesus. In fact He is not missed, for all the activity precludes one having time to think. Things are good, warm and fuzzy. We have grown accustomed to our traditional form of religion. While we know it is lacking in substance, there seems to be nothing to take its place. We do not *hear* His words (because we are rarely still) that these are the last days, and that perilous times will come. We are bogged down in our own overprints of organization, choreography, micro-managing and union specialization.

Our senses are accustomed to entertainment, a part of the Information Age, with its information overload. Split-second images and sensual commercials are designed to obliterate our analytical processes, and waft away any semblance of discernment. The faster the train the more blurred the vision. Jesus who? Our Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil waxes tall and luxuriant; our Tree of Life is stunted, stultified and in need of a stint. Proverbs 1:20-33 falls on deaf ears numbed by the latest mantra led by the emcee in our lifeless congregation. But what, me leave?

“You can’t do that,” said the Man in the Box...

“You can’t do that,” said the Man in the Box...

“You can’t do that,” said the Man in the Box... And so we await the Sword....

Organizations are like rivers; there are three stages in their development, youth, maturity and old age. They start out flowing freely, leaping the cataracts. As geologic time progresses and leveling of the mountains occurs, the rivers slow down. With age, the rivers that were once fresh and cold become slower and slower. With a decrease in flow velocity, they become shallower and muddier. As they get muddier, they begin to meander and become entrenched in what is called a flood plain. Only occasionally do they get out of their banks, and even then are confined to the flood plain, itself full of mud.

The denominations of the Protestant Reformation, the derelicts of the Industrial Revolution, and by extension their offspring, began, developed and aged the same way. What once was young, vibrant, fresh, considerate of employees, full of the Spirit and the Presence, has now become overweight, bloated, lethargic, irrelevant, and most of all, lifeless. Corruption at the core is beginning to be manifest in nearly all of these Industrial Revolution artifacts. Ford, GM, GE et. al., are crumbling, as are many other dinosaurs of the Industrial Revolution. Their religious counterparts Catholicism, its offspring Protestantism, and in turn, the offspring cults and denominations of Protestantism, are seeing the fruits of old age. (Facts? -look for yourself. A reading of the daily news will disclose the sordid facts.)

Even as we write, the “dregs” of society are leaving the Old Country and headed for the modern-day version of the Mayflower. Some will be tried sorely, some will perish, but a few will make it to the New Land. Some are being pressed out of their familiar surroundings like so many tiddly-winks; some are being removed violently by expropriation of their property (“eminent domain”); some by drought, some the loss of their property through treachery from “famous” and “upstanding” organizations (“National Conservancy”), some by economic pressures, and finally some by a true fear of God.

The ability to see outside the box crosses all lines of social demarcation. Age, race, IQ, social status, level of education, cultural background, gender, or heritage do not set the requisites to being able to “see” or “hear.”

Recently I had to go to an old East Texas warehouse to look for some well data. The warehouse was on a small county road, behind a rusted hurricane fence. There was a shop, old racks of rusted oil well pipe, worn-out tools of every description, junk everywhere, and piles of pine lumber. As I searched the warehouse for the data, I heard an old pickup outside. A black man in his fifties came in and started a conversation. Larry was his name, with a kind spirit; as he talked about general things, my back had begun to hurt from standing on the cement floor. He noticed I was hurting and remarked he had back problems also, showing me his black nylon brace.

As we talked, he related the time when he was on a well site south of there, and how it had rained so hard. As it was raining, he said, he fell down because of his bad back, and could not get up. He had realized his helplessness, down in the mud in the rain. From that experience, he said, he learned humility, and his own limitations. “In fact,” he said, “whenever I have pain of any kind, I know God loves me. He chastens me when I need it; therefore I know I am his child.” Wow! –*understanding?*

IMAGES AND DECEPTION

Mental sharpness and spiritual acuity are kept vibrant and alive via the pruning of pain, deprivation and chastening. Few accept discipline; even fewer “see” its value while in its throes. We tend to waste our sorrows and pervert the pruning by falling for the “victim” claptrap, or wallowing in self-pity. Even worse, childish “Christians” pervert the discipline by blaming the “Devil.” Expulsion from our familiar surroundings and comfort zones is rarely received with praise, nor do we see it as a blessing with the clarity of hindsight. To admit we would have been ruined had we stayed is an alien thought indeed. As stated before, human nature tends to fly the plane into the mountain rather than jump into the darkness. We tend to float peacefully over the falls to our death rather than bail out into the cold water. It is very calm and peaceful in the backwaters of the bays; the speed, roiling and turbulence of the riptide going through San Luis Pass is too violent, too risky to bail out, but where are we headed?

Lest I be accused of mixing metaphors and subverting similes, these two require a bit more light. The comfort of the plane’s cockpit is the positive image projected; the *facts* that the altimeter gauge is rotating counterclockwise and the attitude gyro is upside down, seems to escape our perception. Hello, mountain...

The tranquility of the backwaters of the bay is the positive image projected by nature, with its glassy waters, light winds, and seagulls. What are ignored are the *facts* of dead fish floating on the shoreline, and the stench of rotting organic matter. “All the voyages of life are bound up in the shallows, and in miseries.” Likewise, the gentle rocking of the canoe belies the increasing speed of the current, and the roar of the waterfalls. Ah, but the canoe is so dry...

These positive images and sensations are the overprints that deceive us. Big discount stores forever project a positive image of low, low prices, but fail to inform us of the bullying of their vendors, and buying preferences given to homosexuals. The same is true of secret fraternal societies. The “good ole boy” image is projected, but the ungodly perversions of marriage and justice are kept under wraps, as are the effects of curses borne by their families as a result of their blood oaths. No less damaging is the attending of church goers where apostasy reigns silently. The facts remain that disease and cancer are far above the norm in their circles, and adultery is swept under the proverbial religious rug.

Surely, surely, we’re not participating in another’s sins and judgments just by hanging around!

As it turns out, these overprints are little more than each generation’s version of a positive image. And so traditions are born and perpetuated, whether pompous clerical garb, authoritative staff members, or Babylonian stages, lights, cameras, and videos. These positive images camouflage the spiriting of Nazi war criminals to safe havens, slavery, torture, adultery with the youth director’s wife, and most heinous of all, the absence of the Presence of a Holy God.

So here we sit, 500 or 2000 years later, depending how you count, in the midst of a regime change, and on the eve of bloodshed and assorted forms of violence. Each will be adapted to the times and deceit of the masses, until it is too late. Scrutiny, logic and the true pursuit of Jesus no longer will be options when the compound door slams behind you, the hypodermic pierces your arm, or the yellow cloud rolls across the meadow. Consider yourselves warned.

The Sword of Islam is drawn and flashing, ready to put the careless, obese, senile, mentally enslaved and indulgent out of their misery. The Bear and the Dragon may even participate.

The Famine of the Presence of Jesus in our so-called “sanctuaries” leaves our souls gaunt and starved.

The Pestilence of Genetic Engineering and Designer Viruses are flowing through the streets as we speak.

The Beasts are beginning to roam freely. Pedophiles are ruining young boys for life under the auspices of religion, mothers killing their own children, teenagers eradicating “inferior species,” and men are raping fourteen month old girls. Bestiality knows no bounds, nor does the smell of blood. It is a “New Thing” happening as we write; no longer are the Four Sore Acts occurring in tandem, they are simultaneous this time around. “A *new* thing I will do,” saith the LORD. “New” ain’t always nice, folks!

“There is a Tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads to Fortune; omitted, all the voyages of life are bound up in the shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea we find ourselves afloat; and we must take the current when it serves, or lose forever our ventures.” Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*.

Too late is too late; gravity and time are immutable.

It never ceases to amaze me how normally sane and educated men and women can be so incredibly sharp and proficient in their individual fields of endeavor, and be such numbskulls in things of the Bible and of the Spirit. It’s like their brains go into neutral the moment they step into a “church” building, and accept the swinging of a censer, the tinkling of a bell, the reading of a “menu,” 200 watt amps, lights, camera, and entertainers, as all being Biblical or spiritual! What in Heaven’s name has any of the above got to do with the Son of the Most High, who is all and everything?

Years ago at a local Church of God (when it was truly that), a young man stood up in the back of the congregation and spoke out clearly: “Your bread is stale and your water is stagnant; if you do not repent, I will come and remove your candlestick.” The place was hushed, but only for a short while. Two older women, in tandem, stood up and “prophesied”: “Oh my little children; would that you knew how I love you, and want to bless you,” and on and on. They sickened me to my stomach. I knew immediately how true the first was, and how false the second two were. But no one challenged them, and I had no authority to do so. The dilution of the first true message held, and the screech owls live on to speak again.

Years ago I began to read Madame Guyon’s, *The Depths of Jesus Christ*. About one chapter into the little paperback, I began to be utterly ashamed, and put the book down. Since then, it has occurred to me the conditions under which she could pen those words. You see, she was in a dungeon, dark, filthy, and without any of the trappings associated with normal life. All the veneers, all the overprints that man had created to divert one’s attention from the real Presence of Jesus, had been stripped away. No censers, no bells, no stage, no lights, no cameras, no menus, no anything; only the Presence of Jesus was hers.

“The high places shall be made low, and that which is high shall be abased.” Madame Guyon, John on Patmos, Daniel as a slave, et al, were abased; yet, yet, they saw things in the Heavenlies so high as to defy imagination, even a “creative imagination.”

So after 20 generations, 20 overprints, we have come to so many veneered layers that everything looks the same. Any vision of Him is blurred, commingled, adulterated, and has become “ecumenical.” What once were extremely distinguishing, blood-letting differences between the Catholic and the Protestants are now cross-bred once again. In fact, we have become half-breeds with just about everything.

The distinguishing characteristic addressed herein is the supremacy of the Presence of Jesus, the indwelling Holy Spirit, and the absence of anything that is of Man. Any meeting, gathering, coming together of the “firstborn” in “His name,” that has anyone or anything receiving attention, accolades, praise, or recognition other than Jesus, is of the Pit of Hell itself. Whatever is exalted in the hearts and eyes of man is not of Him; never was, never will be.

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

Now the Bible is very clear as to what will happen when Jesus is displaced as the true Head, His Word is contemned, or He is forgotten. Neither my “beef” nor His “beef” is with the sheep, except when they should know better. What is said about Sanbellat is said about those responsible for the apostasy of the sheep; ***-it is the elders, the leaders, the shepherds, the princes, the chief men who are at fault, who make Israel to sin...***

More pointedly, it is those who divert the sheep away from Jesus who will pay, and pay dearly. It is those who usurp the rightful place of Jesus as the Head who will feel the rod of His wrath. It is those who allow their feet to be kissed, who receive attention, accolades, praise, and recognition of any kind who will face Him with whom we all have to do. He will consume like fire consumes a moth all the usurpers and supplanters of worship due only Him. These silly actors who have succumbed to the aphrodisiacs of the microphone, lights, cameras, and elevated stages will be struck dead behind the pulpits. It is only when the fear of God is present that men learn righteousness.

It will not matter how much gold is woven into your robe, nor the level of *vibrato* in your voice, nor the power of your amplifiers, nor the amount of silver in your hair. If you are between the sheep and Jesus, you are as a whore, who deprives her Husband of her allegiance, passions, intimacy, respect, and His rightful attention. There are no stages, positional differences, partitions, nor surrogates between the shepherd and the sheep, much less whores.

All the trappings and overprints of the Babylonian “church,” whether Catholic, Protestant or cult, will dissolve like so much chalk in battery acid. Woe, woe, woe unto the usurpers.

One of the Sons of Issachar October 8, 2006

¹ Winston Churchill, The Gathering Storm (Houghton Mifflin Company: Boston, Massachusetts, 1948).
Page 476.