

## DANDELIONS

This morning's walk emitted some rather strange sensations. Though it is the first of April, there was enough coolness in the air that allowed me to see my breath. As I sat on the dock, the condensation was rising off the water in hundreds of plumes in every shape imaginable. It struck me that there were millions of molecules of water evaporating; as these hit the cooler air above, they condensed into a mist. The water was always evaporating-it's just that the cooler air made those molecules visible. So it must be, I surmised, in the spiritual realm.

I go to the pond to try to hear from the Heavenlies. This morning there was a cacophony of sounds, some "positive," some "negative." The coolness of the air restricted any vertical dissipation of sound, and held it down, as it were. You could hear a locomotive's horn some 10-12 miles to the north; a rancher's bellowing for his cows 2-3 miles to the south; the rip-rip-rip of a spring frog across the pond; birds of every ilk singing their own songs. The back-up "beep-beep" of a dozer from a quarry to the north eventually shut down. In all this, it obviously was very hard to "hear" anything.

Nonetheless, on the way down to the pond, I noticed some dandelions that had survived spraying. Their ilk arrived by some mode three years ago, and so quickly reproduced that they now formed a dense mat on the ground, pushing everything out by emitting a poison that will not allow the coastal grass or anything else to grow. They truly have been a mutation of the worst type. Now these dandelions represent to me the current inundation of evil in the United States, ranging all the way from the public schools, to Washington politics, to entertainment in our "churches."

As Toynbee the historian remarks, the attacks and eventual destruction of a civilization in decline usually come in a pattern of three and a half pairs; rout-rally, rout-rally, rout-rally, and a final rout. So it has been with the extermination of these diabolical dandelions. One spraying has not and will not kill them; neither will the second. As I have discovered, even the third spraying will not kill them. It requires a second spraying layer in *the same year* to eradicate them.

These dandelions develop a tuber, which, even though you kill the surface leaves, retains enough life in the tuber to put up another shoot of 6-8 stems each of which has hundreds of seeds. So one *thinks* he has killed the bastards, only to see them reappear with a vengeance after you have let your guard down. So it is with evil around us. If one thinks he is going to "kill" evil with one foray, think again. It is a constant battle.

To this presumption is this address: I *assumed* and *presumed* for the last two years that I had "killed" the dandelions; I had not. Applying this physical phenomenon to other realms, I find it is this gullibility and naïveté that will be our disaster. It has occurred to me that evil in all forms, from Hitler to Stalin to our own past versions in the White House, has had no tolerance for "good" in any form.

Indeed, the hatred for anything Godly has raised the ire of nearly every pervert and godless vessel. The level of attacks is increasing in types of expression as well as strength. Evil hates and abhors goodness. It detests any restraint at all to their demonic behavior, even if it is silent. The simple presume that we as the self-acclaimed “righteous” can “just live and let live.” Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Exposure on the TV and radio talk shows does nothing less than give the godless status, and elevates them to some level of acceptance. But, their being controversial sells. Follow the money, as they say. The conservative areas of the nation, the Red counties, are for the most part, silent; all they do is vote. Even that is about to lose its limited power to change the culture. Their silent rebuke is for the most part wasted and twisted in the wicked and biased media.

We are being invaded and dominated by the “dandelions” of wickedness. Goodness is being crowded out to the extent very soon we will no longer be allowed room to grow, but be dominated by fat loud-mouths, female and male perverts, and lying public figures also with big mouths. Low-lives and degenerates are going to be elected to the highest offices with increasing strength. When we wake up one fine day, and find that the American versions of the Solzhenitzens, the Godly, educated, gracious and scrutinizing have been whisked away to unknown places, it will be too late.

Hello Huguenots.... Hello Gulags...

April 2, 2007

One of the Sons of Issachar

Postscript, April 3, 2007.

Before dawn this morning several pieces to a puzzle seemed to come together. One, in roughly 1999-2000, there was an onslaught of yellow top flowers/weeds that infested East Texas. In 2001-2002 an odious weed called horse mints followed. The reproductive nature of these weeds defied reason and anything considered normal. In fact, at the time their behavior seemed mutant. In the fall of 2004 there appeared these dandelions of which I wrote above. In the summer of 2006 several things happened in the animal world; bluebirds were going ape in my yard, flying into windows, nearly killing themselves as they perceived their reflections in the windows to be competitors; my two geese were mating and laying eggs by the droves as late as *early August*. In the *last week of August* I noticed the bream in one of my small ponds making nests along the sides; so were the catfish, as if it were the season to reproduce.

I have observed plant life senses oncoming stress (drought, poisoned air, etc.) before the animal world does. I also sense that the animal world senses stress before humans do, or at least the great majority of humans, e.g., the tsunami of Southeast Asia. In the great tsunami of Southeast Asia no rats were found amongst the flooded areas, nor were there any elephants or other large animals.

A friend in Kentucky remarked that the pollen count from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern states was higher than at any time since they have been keeping records. What was a normal pollen count of 500; this year it is in the 5000 range. This is an indication of plant life trying to reproduce itself and prepare for a period of additional stress. (Now for those of you in Rio Linda, pollen is the residue left from the blooms of trees, particularly oaks and pine trees whenever they are trying to reproduce to create acorns and pine cones.)

I know from the various Periods of life throughout the geologic column that there have been great hiatuses (monumental, cataclysmic breaks in time of no rain or no life). In fact, the geologic periods are designated according to the disappearances of lines of life and the appearances of new lines of life.

I sense that nature is trying to tell us something, and that the physical always precedes the spiritual.

For Isaiah to come true in the sense that there will be “rivers in the desert,” there must beforehand be a desert. For there to be a desert, there must be conditions to cause a desert, e.g., drought and/or lack of rain. Isaiah also says that “the highways will lie waste, and the wayfarer cease.”

Though I anticipate the “rivers in the desert,” I must deal with the coming of the desert.

Those who have ears to hear, let them hear; those who have eyes to see, let them see.