

In the Messina Strait between the southwesterly point of Italy and the island of Sicily, there occurs from time to time an extremely violent whirlpool called Charybdis. This very dangerous whirlpool is the stuff from which ancient shipping legends are made. Likewise, off the coast of Norway there occurs an even more violent and dangerous whirlpool called a *maelstrom*. The word *maelstrom* comes from two root words, *maal*, meaning “to grind,” and *stroom*, meaning “teeth.” Together the word means “to grind the teeth,” an expression of extreme grief, destruction and terror.

The *Maelstrom* is the result of two opposing currents or tides coming together, usually of more or less equal strength. When one is substantially stronger than the other, then no maelstrom develops. However, when the opposing currents are indeed as strong as they are equal, they develop into a violent, downward-sucking spiraling vortex, a roaring funnel whose noise and violence defy the imagination. Whatever chances into the confluence of the two currents becomes trapped in the giant whirlpool and carried downward to great depths and quick destruction.

Viking ships of old were in mortal fear of these *maelstroms*, and stories abound in the testimony of the horror of their power to attract and destroy. Once caught in the throes of either of the opposing currents, it was virtually hopeless to escape. However, the roar of the *maelstrom*, as well as the Charybdis, often alerted the ship Captain of old that danger was imminent. Those that discounted the incipient stage of the roar, either by indifference, carelessness, or preoccupation, paid the price.

There is another kind of whirlpool caused by opposing sea currents, called the Sargasso Sea, located in the North Atlantic, north of the West Indies. This whirlpool is different in that it is relatively calm. In fact, it is too calm, for the wooden sailing ships of old would get caught in the spiral and be unable to escape because of the calm. No wind occurred to lift the sails. Once there, usually a lingering death by starvation and thirst awaited those on the vessel. This trap was even more insidious in that there was no warning roar, nor anomalous current flow. No matter; once trapped, there was no escape from death.

For the majority of our American lives, there have been two currents, but one has been dominant in most cases. Those currents have been called various names, but for the sake of convenience, let us for the moment dub these currents of life, Good and Evil. As in the case of the sea currents (water is water), there is little to distinguish one from another if a person is far removed from the *maelstrom*. All of us know from experience that Evil is more often than not disguised as Good, so both “feel” the same. So it is with the various activities, organizations and facets of culture in which we live that make up the currents of life around us.

It is from these two similes I wish to draw a point. There are life currents that carry us along from place to place. As is the case of wind or sea currents, these life currents are virtually imperceptible. Nonetheless, we are carried along by their sheer momentum and mass.

All of our lives we in one way or another strive to be accepted. That acceptance is gained for the most part by becoming a member of some group, whether school track, motorcycle club or majorette team. As an adult, those groups change names and focus; they then become a local church, social fraternity, or racquetball squad. As a function of talent and/or looks, one often becomes a member of several at once. Having been there, I can look back on all that activity and make an observation; ***all groups, whether large or small, whether religious or secular, are dominated by a principle spirit, a characteristic expression.*** This expression and underlying spirit comprise what I call their “current.”

It is from hindsight that I see how I was carried by these *spirits* from point to point, often imperceptibly, and equally as often, against my better judgment and instincts. The majority of us would rather switch than fight, as the commercial says. Most of us will appease rather than resist. As Dennis Prager says, “Few of the masses care for anyone who dares to challenge the Bully, for several reasons. One is that the masses don’t want to stir the Bully into getting mad at them; second, the person who challenges the Bully exposes the masses of their own cowardice. Most of the masses would rather let the Bully have his way and leave them alone.” Enter the Sargasso Sea...

Again, from hindsight, I recognize a tendency of those in a group to be mesmerized to the point their hearing is impaired (what roar?), and their senses and sight are dimmed (current? what current?). This is accomplished by the group hierarchy already having their party line established. In other words, every group, **by definition**, has ready-made answers to all of the questions ever posed to them that in any way would diminish their influence. It does not matter that the answers will not bear scrutiny; they are “answers” nonetheless. These answers always, I repeat, always, put the organization in the very best light.

Once scrutiny caused this insight to reach my brain, I found that every organization I had left considered me a traitor. Now this is revealing; why would this be?

Back to the central theme of a *maelstrom*, every generation (or organization) has its own type of “current.” I have noticed over the years the changes in the “current” that accompany every generation. Additionally, I have noticed there is an element in every generation that gets worse and worse, and that within each generation there is a second, but very subservient, element that *may* become better and better. Within the context of this paper, I wish to address first the elements that are getting worse and worse.

The Son of Prosperity is Complacency. Appeasement is his mantra, Abdication his bent. The Grandson is Indulgence. Pleasure his habit, Obesity his expression, Discipline his hate. The Great-grandson is variously named Hubris, Outrage, Contempt, Insolence. The following are characteristic of the “current” of life they are in:

The use of meth, coke, unbridled sex, grunge, tattoos, no restraint; an uncaring heart is his style; giving you the finger is his/her patent answer to any comment you may make. We are there.

The Great-great grandson is named Disaster. In fact, Disaster is the footprint.

The second, but extreme minority element is the Scarlet Thread. In America, this Thread was the dominant current until Prosperity reached its shores.

Under the Godly side of the equation, there is also the Son of Prosperity. But his way is Denial of evil by choice. Home-schooling and family solidarity are his picks.

The Grandson is called Excoriated. Loneliness is his ilk, walking with the Lamb his love.

The Great-grandson is called Godly, Respectful, Fearful. Holiness is his desire, discipline his *modus operandi*. Martyrdom is oft his lot in this life.

The Great-great-grandson is called the Remnant, the Scarlet Thread. His numbers are few, but his fruit reflects the tree. He is hated, contemned and scorned by all who chose the Easy Path, or the Deceived Path. He will perpetuate the Bride.

A pictorial of late has been the Red and Blue map of political persuasion. This map has been exposing the red counties as being pro-life, pro-God, and so forth. It has been called Fly-Over Country. Its current is waning, noticeably.

The blue counties, mostly metropolitan, have been liberal, gimme-gimme-gimme zones, that have elected for the most part, wicked regimes. They are waxing stronger and stronger.

These two currents are in my mind, the issue at hand. For whatever reason, I can hear the roar of the *Maelstrom* and feel the pull of the current. As we write, there is a modicum of balance between the two currents, but I sense that the two are headed for confrontation. The two are totally incompatible, being anathema to one another. They cannot co-exist. When they butt heads, there will be a vortex of violence resulting in a *maelstrom*. Call it civil war, call it whatever you will, there will be a battle.

But I could be wrong; perhaps there will instead be a Sargasso Sea, where death is by starvation and thirst, calm to the outward eye, but death and destruction nonetheless.

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One of the Sons of Issachar