

Chapter Four

The Seal

Am I [Paul] not free? Am I not an apostle? Have I not seen Jesus our Lord? Are not you my workmanship in the Lord? If to others I am not an apostle, at least I am to you, for you are the seal of my apostleship in the Lord. (1 Cor 9:1–2)

1.

The seal of the fisherman with the wasp-waist Langley spinning reels were their stories about the Depression, a decade unlike any other America had ever experienced or so they contended. Most of them didn't have a job, but had to make a job for themselves however they could which was probably why that decade was remembered so vividly when they were again without work and could fish all day.

Will America again see a decade like the 1930s? Will depression again grip not just the United States but the world? The prophets of gloom [splinters of the former Worldwide Church of God] are sure that the present economic crisis will escalate into another depression from which the United States and Britain will not emerge as sovereign nations, their prophetic expectations coming from misreading endtime (i.e., end of the age) prophecies about the people of Israel, assigning Arab or Islam nationality as the prophesied *king of the South* to Persian Gulf oil producing states and European nationality as the prophesied *king of the North* to the core nations of Western Europe, with war between these two *kings* leaving Britain and the United States as enslaved peoples needing liberated by Christ upon His return ... these prophets of gloom forgot the lesson of the Depression if they ever knew it: the United States exported the Depression to the rest of the world, which is why the U.S. gold reserves swelled greatly during these years. And the United States is again exporting depression to the world.

When iniquity was found in an anointed cherub (Ezek 28:15), that iniquity or unrighteousness didn't begin at that moment but was "discovered" or manifest so as to be visible ... since time can be written as a mathematical function of gravity, time and the passage of time is part of the creation or part of what has been made by the Logos [ὁ λόγος], who was God [θεὸς] and who was with the God [τὸν θεόν] in the beginning (John 1:1–3). Time doesn't exist in the dimension or realm of the house of God, where iniquity was found in an anointed cherub. The "moment" never changes. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow are the constant "present." Therefore what-was coexists with what-is, as what-will-be must coexist with what-is: change is restricted to what can coexist with what exists. Unrighteousness cannot coexist with righteousness as life cannot coexist with

death. The perception of life in this realm is underlain by the certainty of death; thus life in this realm is not truly life, for death will eventually overwhelm life, leaving the living entity dead.

The older men of 1959 with their wasp-waist Langley spinning reels have all died, but some of their Langley reels continue on, still functioning properly even though they suffer from boat rash. I know, for I have a couple of 860s and three 870s. And I now tell the stories these lifeless reels would if they could, stories about being made in America ... yes, I am made in America, the product of the stories told by those fishermen who lived through the Depression, men who didn't trust the Government but who were willing to fight and die for it.

There is a line in a letter my dad wrote to his hometown newspaper while he was in Sicily that has intrigued me—his letter was published in the Wednesday, August 11, 1943, edition of the *Bluffton News-Banner* (Bluffton, Indiana):

We might think things are tough in the States, and that we are being mistreated, and at times falsely led, but until one sees the once well-to-do people on the streets begging for food, because they have had nothing to eat for days, then, and then only, can we realize just how fortunate we of the United States are. Can any one of you, with a good home and substantial income, picture yourself standing on the street in ragged clothes asking someone for a slice of bread or can of beans, or maybe a can of milk for a baby?
(<http://homerkizer.org/12-22-04C.html>)

What did Dad mean when he wrote, “at times falsely led,” considering that his letter was subject to censorship? Do we today think we as Americans are falsely led? I think the resounding answer would be, Yes! Either we were being falsely led by ex-President Bush, or are now being falsely led by President Obama. Regardless, *we might think things are tough in the States, and that we are being mistreated, and at times falsely led, but until one sees the once well-to-do people on the streets begging for food, because they have had nothing to eat for days, then, and then only, can we realize just how fortunate we of the United States are.*

Do we have to see Americans on the street begging for food before we as a nation realize that the present economic crisis isn't the worst thing since the Great Depression? And the answer is, yes, we do.

In 1981, I attended the *Midnight Sun Writers' Conference* on University of Alaska Fairbanks' campus. Robert Stone, author of *Dog Soldiers*, was there. Stone is politically liberal; his credentials as a social liberal are impressive. But one evening in the twilight of midnight that far North, the cluster of graduate students gathered around Stone was incensed with him because he suggested that if multi-national corporations wanted to run the world that we should let them for the veneer of civilization was exceedingly thin, that it took very little to pierce that veneer and for anarchy to reign. These graduate students did not and could not understand what Stone had seen in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. They couldn't *hear* what he was saying, for they could not imagine themselves begging for food; they couldn't imagine anything worse than Ronald Reagan as President.

The veneer of civilization is as thin as the surface tension that floats a needle in a bowl of water.

The stories told about the Depression took hunger for granted, but not begging. Men worked at whatever they could do. Grandpa gave Dad a new Ford truck for his 1932 high school graduation present: I saw one picture of the truck, the picture from the Bluffton newspaper. Dad's truck was with four others as they waited to haul lime donated by a sugar plant for some charitable project. From the picture, I couldn't tell if the truck was a two-ton or a five. It wasn't large by present trucking standards, but it made Dad a living until at least 1938, when he went to Oregon at the invitation of the Francis brothers with whom he went to high school. He was still in Oregon when he was drafted in 1941.

But in those middle years of the decade, Dad hauled grain and hay from Indiana into the South where he loaded logs crosswise and brought them back to Indiana, selling them to a local mill. Dan Gentis, who would go on to farm large acreages in and around Bluffton, Indiana, would go with him on some of these trips, and on at least one occasion, by playing deaf mutes, they took advantage of a waitress' indiscretion ... those were the good times that existed in the midst of widespread poverty within the nation.

There will not be any *good times* in the midst of the poverty to come.

Because Dad listed Keystone, Indiana, as his hometown, he was discharged from the Army the last day of July 1945 from a military base in southern Indiana ... it took Dad until February 1956 to return to Oregon. He didn't live long enough to see what would become of his effort to make a better life for his children than he had.

2.

Along North Bank Road, between Highway 18 and Red Bridge lay Rose Lodge Grade School, a three room school with a tiny gym in an outbuilding. First through third grades were in one room, fourth through sixth grades were in a second, seventh and eighth grades in the third—and the graduating 1959 eighth grade class would be the school's last ... there were twelve in that graduating class; I was one of the twelve. So was Mike O'Malley, who would spend years in Alaska although I never ran him to him there.

Mike and his sister Marie, also in that eight grade class, lived downstream near Rose Lodge Park. They lived close enough that Mike and I often fished together during the fall of 1960. Usually Ben fished with us. On weekends, Mike's older brother Dan would spend part of one day with us, but Dan had a job, car, wife, and responsibilities; plus, he regularly fished the Big Nestucca (he had graduated to bigger waters). So of the local kids, it was Mike, Ben, and I who landed Chinook under Red Bridge—and we were beginning to spread our efforts upstream and downstream. Mike liked the Ladder Hole, about a mile closer to where he lived, and I liked the Garden Hole behind where Percy Calkins lived (Percy was also one of the twelve). But Ben caught more than either Mike or I in the first hole below Red Bridge.

Steelhead began showing in the middle reaches of the Salmon River in early November 1960 ... the following weekend, the river swollen from nearly a month of rain, Mike and I found Ben fishing the fast water between Red Bridge and the hole below the Bridge hole. Although he had only been fishing for a few minutes, Ben already had a fourteen pound steelhead ... we didn't notice the fellow standing on the bridge watching us.

Mike went above Ben, I went below. Almost immediately, both Mike and Ben were into good fish that ran downstream, forcing me to wait to make a cast.

Mike's fish was smaller than Ben's; plus Ben's rod was too mushy to really work a fish (this was the same rod he used to lasso the big Chinook hen). So Mike landed his first. Ben was still fighting his when Mike was into a second fish ... I had yet to make a cast.

When Ben landed his second steelhead, another fourteen pounder, I cast upstream, a little near to where Mike was fighting his fish. My eggs stopped. I hit hard to set the hook, and nothing—for about a heartbeat. Then the river exploded. The fish raced downstream past me, tail-walked all the way across the river, then jumped one time after another as it fought its way upstream against the current and my line. The steelhead was about sixteen pounds, and by the time I landed it, both Mike and Ben had their two fish limits: they were ready to go home so they could come back later when new faces were under the bridge.

I thought about not going with them, but by now I had noticed the fellow standing on top of the bridge just watching. We weren't illegal (at least not until Mike or Ben caught another steelhead), but I didn't like being watched. Mike also had noticed the fellow. So we double checked the distance between our lead and our hooks, then headed up to the road, walking our bikes, Ben and Mike with a steelhead on each side of their handlebars, Mike's fish above twelve pounds each, Ben's a little under and a little over fourteen pounds, mine the largest but a single.

By the time we got to Red Bridge, the fellow was gone.

We walked our bikes past the Grade School and onto the sidewalk of the concrete bridge across Slick Rock Creek—traffic slowed as drivers gawked at the bigger-than-average, bright fish.

Just before we were off the bridge, one driver stopped to ask a question, but before he could say anything, a car rear-ended him ... Ben involuntarily looked away; earlier in the year, he had seen a woman killed in a Corvair crash, her feet cut off and left in her shoes inside the crumpled frontend, a memory (along with many from Vietnam) he has since “forgotten.”

The two drivers got out to talk about what happened, and Mike, Ben, and I got out of there: we hurried as fast as we could up Slick Rock Creek Road to where we lived in the former Seventh Day Adventist church. Mom gave Mike a ride home

In the following Thursday's edition of the *Portland Oregonian's* Outdoor Section, a bylined article talked about the Salmon River—and about steelhead being so easy to catch at the bridge hole even kids could catch them ... there was no room under Red Bridge or even near the bridge for us to fish the following two weekends.

There was no room for the old men with their wasp-waist Langley spinning reels under the bridge. Where they went I don't know. Perhaps down to the Siletz, fishing the "boar," or maybe down to the Alsea, a river too far away for me to fish—wherever they went they were sure to catch bright ironheads. I fished the stretch between Cedar Tree and the Ladder Hole without much success. Ben had a little success fishing Slick Rock Creek across the road from the grade school. But for the most part, the attention the newspaper article brought to Salmon River harmed us.

For a few years in the early 1980s, I made my living as an outdoor writer ... whenever I wrote about an area, a lake, or a river I would remember the crowds the one article in the *Oregonian* brought to Salmon River. I became reluctant to name those places where I fished. I wrote, instead, about places where I didn't expect to return, such as Paxson Lake. I don't think I ever wrote about the Olds River on Kodiak Island, and I know I never wrote about Roslyn Creek, where I could take a bright silver (coho) from September through December whenever I needed one ... before I left Kodiak beaver had begun to dam Roslyn Creek, turning its upper reaches into meadows and introducing silt into spawning gravel. Maybe the small stream isn't as productive as it was, for everything changes.

On Kodiak, the foot-thick layer of volcanic ash from the eruption of Katmai could still be found in the 1980s, but the ash was buried under three feet of organic topsoil on the east side of the island.

I can now name steams I didn't want to share, for it is doubtful I will ever return to Kodiak, not that I wouldn't like to be there.

What I write about today is typological exegesis, an uninteresting subject to those who have not yet received a second breath of life, an uninteresting subject to even those who are newly born of spirit.

The early Church took understanding from Scripture through typology, with the things and events of the Old Testament foreshadowing the things of Christ. But the Apostle Paul writes that the visible things of this world reveal the invisible things of God, a realization that Jonathon Edwards explored in his typology journals. Although the flickering tongue of a serpent tempting (drawing near) a bird might be a representation of how Satan tempts a person, it is the human growth process that functions as the visible copy and shadow of the invisible spiritual growth process of sons of God, born of spirit, that is most interesting to me ... a human being doesn't shuffle around as a chimpanzee does, but physically walks upright before man and God, with *walking upright* serving as a metaphorical phrase from righteousness.

A human infant isn't born able to walk upright; a human baby isn't like a fawn or a lamb or a colt, able to stand and run within a few hours of birth. Rather, human infants require an extended period of nourishing by parents as they begin a maturation process that sees a separation made on the eighth day between who is of Israel and who is not ... on the eighth day an Israelite male is circumcised.

There are no biologically female sons of God, for biological gender pertains to the flesh: all sons of God are as the angels are in that they neither marry nor are

given in marriage to reproduce offspring. Born again sons of God are not today reproducing themselves. Only the Father has the ability or the authority to give life to what is dead—the Son will give “life” (John 5:21) to disciples whom the Father has previously made alive by causing the perishable tents of flesh in which these disciples dwell to put on immortality. Thus, glorified sons of God will have two “parents,” the Father who gave a living human being a second breath of life [πνεῦμα θεοῦ] as a human father deposits semen in a woman to bring forth his offspring or seed ... the woman in this case is the *Logos* or *Yah* who made all things (John 1:3), including the first Adam, then entered His creation as the man Jesus of Nazareth to become the firstborn Son of the many sons of God that will be brought to glory. It is this same Jesus who will, when judgments are revealed—all judgments have been given to Him—cause mortal flesh to put on immortality. And glorified disciples will bear to the now glorified Jesus the same or similar relationship as the *Logos* [ὁ λόγος] who was God [θεὸς] in the beginning bore to the God [τὸν θεόν], with case gender in Greek visibly showing the separateness of the *Logos* and the Most High, with these two, as if married (Gen 2:24), forming one God as Adam and Eve were one flesh. And this is what’s revealed when the unpronounced Tetragrammaton *YHWH* is deconstructed.

The transliterated icon *Elohim* [אֱלֹהִים] is the regular plural of *Eloah* [אֱלֹהַ], a linguistic icon composed of the Hebrew word for God, *El*, as in *El Shaddai*, translated as “God Almighty” (Gen 17:1), and the recognized radical for breath, */ah/*. Thus, *Elohim* is (*El* + breath) + (*El* + breath) an indeterminable number of times, with the “determiner” found in the Tetragrammaton *YHWH*, which deconstructs to */YH/* or *Yah* + */WH/*. And the poet David recognized that *Yah* was to this natural world what *YHWH* was to the spiritual or heavenly realm; for David places *Yah* in the natural or physical position of his poetic thought-couplets in his latter psalms, such as in Ps 146:1, 148:1, and 148:1 where he writes, “Praise *Yah*” in the first presentation (or natural presentation) of the thought and then writes, “Praise *YHWH*,” pronounced as *Adonai*, in the second (or spiritual) presentation of the thought.

The mystical *key of David* is understanding Hebrew poetry, built on thought-couplets (or two presentations of the same thought), which have the first presentation of a idea being farther away than the second presentation of the same idea; thus poetic movement is from far to near, community to individual, outside to inside, hand to heart, darkness to light, physical to spiritual. The Apostle Paul expresses this concept when he wrote that the visible things of this world reveal the invisible things of God; so Paul had and used the *key of David* to unlock the mysteries of God.

A human infant doesn’t ask to be born, nor does a son of God ask to be born anew. Birth happens. The in-the-womb incubation process of a human infant might be comparable to the life a human being has prior to being born of spirit, but bringing sons of God to glory has an additional step that makes the spiritual birth process analogous to the birth of a butterfly ... for a butterfly all growth occurs in the worm or larval stage, with human death now comparable to the chrysalis stage in which a metamorphosis occurs so that when the butterfly

emerges from its chrysalis (or a human being is resurrected from the grave) it does not look like its caterpillar. In the timeless heavenly realm, all change must co-exist with what is. Radical change of the type seen in human physical maturation is thus not possible; so the growth of a son of God must occur here on earth where change is not only possible by mandated by the decay of one moment into the next moment.

Therefore, a born of spirit son of God grows as a worm that doesn't die; it grows in grace and knowledge, with human physical size serving as a metaphor for spiritual size—this is not to say that the human being who is seven feet tall will be spiritually larger than Jesus now is, for Jesus appeared as an average Jew of His day. Nothing is said about Him being a head taller than everyone else. The significance is that every human being when reaching puberty is larger than when born. Growth has occurred. In some children, growth occurs earlier than in others. When I started high school, I was twelve years old, six feet tall and two hundred five pounds. I was as strong as most men, but I was not yet as tough (i.e., I didn't have their endurance).

Too often when using human maturation as an analogy for spiritual maturation, circumcision of a Hebrew male on the eighth day is compared to baptism, but baptism always equates to death, not inclusion into Israel. A Gentile wishing to become a Jewish proselyte in the 1st-Century would be circumcised (circumcision equates to death, with outward circumcision being analogous to circumcision of the heart) and would be baptized and would offer a gift at the temple. Baptism was to signify the death of the former person, a Gentile. Circumcision is the inclusionary ritual that makes a person an Israelite. Nothing has changed other than in this era only, the circumcision that matters and the only circumcision necessary is of the heart. In the Millennium, physical circumcision will return as a necessary ritual or ordinance; it returns because Israel will no longer be under grace.

As the penis of an Israelite male infant was cleansed with wine or alcohol before being circumcised, the heart of a spiritual heart must be cleansed by faith (i.e., by a journey of faith) before it will be spiritually circumcised. The physical journey of faith made by the patriarch Abraham becomes shadow and copy of the spiritual journey of faith every son of God must take to cleanse his heart so that it can be circumcised (Rom 4:12).

With his father Terah, Abraham left the land of the Chaldeans and journeyed to the land that would be called Haran, which is Assyria, the North Country, representing *death* as Egypt represents *sin*. Typologically, Abraham is baptized when he goes with his father to Haran, where his father will remain and die. Abraham was *baptized* as Israel was *baptized* when the nation crossed the Sea of Reeds and as the children of Israel were *baptized* when this mixed nation of circumcised and uncircumcised Israelites crossed the Jordan on dry land.

The entirety of the world was baptized into death (the reason why life spans dropped sharply) in the days of Noah when water covered the surface of the earth; thus the chiral image of this baptism is to walk on dry land through water, with walking on dry land representing Israel (Israelites) as living arks of the

covenant made with Noah by which the eight lived, these *eight* serving as the shadow of Christ Jesus and the angels to the seven churches, with the seven pair of clean animals serving as the shadow of the seven churches and the single pair of unclean animals serving as the shadow of those who come from spiritual Esau.

Until a newly born son of God makes a journey of faith from the kingdom of Babylon [the kingdom of this world] to a metaphorical River Jordan, crosses, and enters into God's rest [Sabbath observance — from Ps 95:10–11; Heb 3:16–4:11], this son of God is not spiritually circumcised. And if this son of God never enters into Sabbath observance, this son of God remains separated from Israel as a person of the nations was separated from physical Israel—and if not a part of Israel, the person is not part of the household of God. The only thing this less-than-eight-day-old Israelite has going for himself is that judgment is not yet on the person.

The visible Christian Church practices spiritual infanticide in that it slays infant sons of God by teaching these infants to return to sin ... to break one commandment is to break the commandments (James 2:10), and to return the person to disobedience.

A harsh indictment of Christendom? Perhaps, but a true and faithful indictment that cannot be avoided.

The task that Jesus placed upon His first disciples was to be fishers of men, which amounts to getting as many infant sons of God from Babylon and into spiritual Judea as possible, with Sabbath observance the recognizable marker for when a new son of God has completed a journey of faith long enough to cleanse the heart. This doesn't mean, however, that this son of God has yet arrived in heavenly Jerusalem. It only means that this son of God has entered into God's rest. Whether this son of God journeys to Jerusalem depends in whether this son will keep the annual Sabbaths.

The question remains: did I fish as a preteen as a shadow of being called to fish for men?

3.

In 1958, Floyd Tatman was principal and teacher for seventh and eighth grades at Rose Lodge; his wife taught grades one through three. Although he never said, he must have known that the graduating class of 1959 would be the school's last ... Dad died in January 1958. I was in fifth grade in a combined fifth-sixth grade class at Boring, Oregon, a sawmill town on the southeast side of Portland. I had been both the largest student and at the top of my class since I entered grade school, so it wasn't surprising that I did sixth and seventh grade work while in fifth grade.

When Dad died, Mom was without money or vocation. She believed that she should go to college and get a degree; she was certainly intelligent enough to excel in college, and she was no older than many students I have taught in university classes. So she moved us—I was the oldest of five—to Monmouth, Oregon, where she enrolled in Oregon College of Education ... I started sixth grade at Monmouth.

Sometime in October, I got into an altercation with eight other boys. They didn't want me to play basketball with them; I was too tall.

Being an angry young man—the anger usually unfocused and not an obstacle—I took the ball away from the eight fellows and began to shoot baskets by myself. They came to get the ball back ... the teacher supervising recess activities stood ten feet away and watched without intervening. They jumped me, and one by one, I hurt them until most of them were on the ground. All of them were bleeding. None of them wanted to fight, and my anger was focused on that teacher who hadn't intervened (during the early course of the fight, I had two and three fellows on my back while I hurt the one in front of me until he couldn't continue). Only intellect checking that anger kept me from confronting the teacher.

The sixth-grade home room teacher didn't know what to do so she had me go to the cafeteria and wait.

I don't know what was said in the classroom; I never returned to sixth grade. The principal came into the cafeteria with a handful of tests and asked if I would take them. I did, and I went into seventh grade.

Going to college and trying to raise five children was too much for Mom. By the end of October, Mom bought a cabin on Salmon River, sold the house in Monmouth, and I was in seventh grade at Rose Lodge.

Tatman had already moved two intelligent seventh graders, Marie O'Malley and Pam Paul, into eighth grade ... before the school year was over, he also moved me into eighth grade, and he wrote on my report card that he didn't know if I was in the right grade yet. So the year I began sixth grade, I graduated from eighth grade. There were only two students still in seventh grade at the end of the year.

Does physical maturation form the shadow and copy of spiritual maturation?

We hadn't been living in the cabin on Salmon River for a month when a Catholic priest stopped by and said he had a couple fishing poles he would like to give Ben and me. The poles were trout rods, mine solid glass—I don't remember what Ben's rod was. I already had the flyrod I had purchased from the secondhand store in Boring, so I now had two rods but not much of anything for a reel.

Ben and I watched one fellow land a salmon under the bridge over Salmon River there by Widow Creek, but we were really pretty much on our own. We had to learn to fish by trial and error. We knew there were seasons, but I don't think we knew what they were—and we certainly didn't pay any attention to them. It truly was catch something for dinner, or have pancakes sprinkled with cinnamon sugar or macaroni or white beans.

There were still a few apples hanging on uppermost branches of trees of abandoned farmsteads—I found a Northern Spy tree that was loaded—so we had applesauce. But Mom didn't buy anything that couldn't be stretched into many meals to feed many mouths. She bought fifty pound sacks of flour (in cloth sacks) at the store in Grande Ronde, so there was a lot of bread. And she seemed to think that Sandwich Spread (the mayonnaise-pickle relish condiment) between two slices of homemade bread was an adequate sandwich with which to send us

to school. So fishing was for more than fun ... my only regret is that Mom did a lousy job of cooking fish. For years after I was on my own, I wouldn't eat fish. It wasn't until I was invited to supply the trout for a fish fry on a graveyard shift in the pulpmill that I learned fish didn't have to be soggy.

Maybe it wasn't how Mom cooked fish but how often we had fish; for to this day I cannot eat a duck, what I lived on the year I attended Oregon Tech at Klamath Falls, the year I was seventeen and an emancipated minor regularly checking grocery store dumpsters for anything edible that wasn't duck.

I caught my first searun cutthroat shortly after we moved to the cabin, but neither Ben nor I caught many fish between November and April. We ate more pancakes than anything else; Mom had (I have) a very good recipe for pancakes.

I don't remember where or when I learned to tie a clinch knot or a barrel knot or to snell a hook. I knew how by spring 1959, for Ben and I fished worms in the deep (relatively so) hole under the wood bridge over Salmon River at Widow Creek ... we opened trout season early in 1959, beginning fishing as soon as the winter flooding resided; we had been catching a few trout for more than a month when, under the bridge and mostly out of sight, we were surprised by Fish and Game. Oh, Fish and Game never knew we were there; rather, the hatchery truck stopped atop the bridge, extended a hose over the side, and pumped hundreds of hungry trout into the river five days before the season officially opened ... I caught 61, Ben 59 before Mom made us quit bringing her more fish.

When is it all right to break the law?

When is it acceptable to ignore the law and do what you think is right? Every Sunday morning?

Spring 1959, twelve years old—I wasn't worried about the law. I didn't really think about whether it was right or wrong to keep a pre-migrant large enough to eat. I thought in terms of whether there was cornmeal at home in which to coat the pre-migrant Chinook before frying it. Usually there was enough for one or two fish. Ben was already beginning to bake cornmeal bread whenever we had two cups-worth on hand.

When a person is a law unto him or herself, the person usually doesn't think about being in rebellion against whatever authority is over the person—and over every person is a higher authority. The person simply doesn't respect that higher authority regardless of the logic used to justify the person's lawlessness. I was concerned about being stopped by a Fish and Game officer (Oregon employed specially trained State Troopers as Fish and Game officers), but not overly so. I was too young to need a fishing license; I knew that and I somewhat used that knowledge as a "license" to ignore fishing regulations.

What Christian doesn't know that the Sabbath is the seventh day of the week, or that the Ten Commandments are not *Ten Suggestions*? ... I treated fishing regulations as if they were *suggestions* rather than law—and most Christians treat the commandments as *suggestions* rather than as ten facets of a single law of God that forms the visible manifestation of an invisible code reducible to one word, *love*.

As a child—even as a large child—I did childish things such as ignoring game laws ... I was given a .22 rifle when I was twelve. Two years later, we began to eat venison on a regular basis.

Infant sons of God do the things that infants do—

An adult can reason with an infant, can explain why a toddler should give up his baby bottle, or not suck a thumb, or not run around without training pants or some kind of pants, but ultimately, the words are wasted and a more firm course of action becomes necessary. And so it is with infant sons of God: genuine teachers of Israel can reason with lawless disciples, can explain why relaxing even the least of the commandments will cause the person to be called least in the kingdom of heaven, but ultimately, the Father and the Son will have to intervene by delivering Israel into the hand of the man of perdition for the destruction of the flesh ...

Is lawlessness worth being bought and sold by Sin, the third horseman of the Apocalypse? Is attempting to enter into God's presence on Sunday rather than entering on the Sabbath worth the loss of salvation? And yes, once the seven endtime years of tribulation begin, transgression of the Sabbath commandment will cost a disciple his spiritual life; for God will send a strong delusion over the lawless disciple so that the disciple will believe what is false in order that the disciple will not escape condemnation (2 Thess 2:11–12).

I was returning to Dutch Harbor in 1979; I was returning after being in Anchorage to observe Sukkoth. Sitting in the seat next to me was a Japanese fish buyer (I was commercial fishing a small vessel out of Dutch) who was making his third trip from Tokyo to Unalaska in three months. It seems that a cannery couldn't pack roe according to the fish buyer's instructions; that regardless of the premium price being paid for the roe, the shipments were sloppily packed. The buyer was seething. He wanted to do more than he would ... he would again make nice with the cannery manager and again patiently show workers how the roe was to be packed. But at 13,000 feet over the Alaska Peninsula, he said, "The only cure for stupid is KILL!"

The only cure for rebellion against God is kill!

It's easy to ignore game laws, or traffic laws, or laws of any kind. It's initially hard to keep laws when no one is looking, but it becomes easier with practice and determination to do what is right. I know.

The easy grace taught by *silver Christendom* (the Christianity of the silver princes of Persia) would have infant sons of God sloppily keeping the *Ten Suggestions*, for according to this gospel of easy grace Christians are not under the law but under grace, which is true as long as Christians don't return to sin and again make themselves bondservants of Sin, the spiritual king of the South.

Ben and I have gone separate ways: Mom finally had more than she could handle. She saw no way out of the trap into which she had fallen. And in October 1963, she committed suicide ... she leaned over the muzzle of my deer rifle when I was away at college—

Ben went to live with an aunt in Reno; Ken would join him in eight months. My two sisters went to live with a cousin outside of San Jose. And I was declared

an emancipated minor, someone legally able to fend for myself ... I ate mostly fish and venison for the next decade; I ate what I harvested even after I was able to purchase what I needed. Habits are hard to break.

The problem inherent to *silver Christendom* is that habits are hard to break.

When a person under the mantle of grace practices walking uprightly before God, the person will still occasionally stumble and fall, but the person's habit is to walk uprightly. However, when a Christian treats commandments as suggestions and slouches along in disobedience, no habit of walking uprightly is acquired—and when liberated from indwelling sin and death, the Christian will, because it is his or her habit, take sin back inside him or herself without giving transgressing the law of God any more thought than I gave to when trout season began in 1959.

Ben attempts to enter into the Father's and the Son's presence on the 8th-day; he really doesn't believe that it matters when or whether a person keeps the Sabbath. He fights fires for the Forest Service; has for decades ... a fire doesn't rest on the Sabbath and he isn't about to.

The lake of fire is as far from God's presence as the 7th day is from the 8th day.

There are people in America who have known real hunger, but there are not many of them. There are not many able to "hear" what Dad wrote: *we might think things are tough in the States, and that we are being mistreated, and at times falsely led, but until one sees the once well-to-do people on the streets begging for food, because they have had nothing to eat for days, then, and then only, can we realize just how fortunate we of the United States are.*

I haven't known hunger of the sort that would cause me to beg, for I have lived where fish could be caught and game could be shot. But the promise of Scripture is that there will be neither fish nor game nor crops that can be harvested once the seven endtime years of tribulation begin, that every person either live or die by faith ... the seal of what I do is whether these seven endtime years begin with a second Passover liberation of Israel.

*

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