

Chapter Five

The Book of Life

Are we beginning to commend ourselves again? Or do we need, as some do, letters of recommendation to you, or from you? You yourselves are our letter of recommendation, written on our [your] hearts, to be known and read by all. And you show that you are a letter from Christ delivered by us, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the living God, not on tablets of stone but on tablets of human hearts. (2 Cor 3:1–3)

1.

I asked Mom if she would drive me up into the Van Duzer Corridor for opening day of trout season 1961. I wanted to fish my way downstream to Fall Creek, and I thought I could in a day. From Fall Creek, it wasn't too far by road to hike home, maybe four miles. So at dawn that Saturday morning (in Oregon, seasons always seemed to open on Saturday), Mom dropped me off at Skunk Creek, where there is now a modern rest stop: Van Duzer Forest Wayside. There used to be a turnout and a State outhouse about a quarter of a mile closer to Grand Ronde, but public outhouses have gone the way of direct drive casting reels.

With a can of worms in hand, a box of hooks and a tube of split shot in my pocket, I began to fish my way downstream ... I don't care how long a map claims Salmon River is, the river is longer than it seems.

Skunk Creek can be stepped across in most places; yet both silvers and steelhead spawned in it, following it upstream until it was a trickle. I was tempted to see if cutthroat lingered in the tiny stream's pockets and shallow riffles—certainly the shallow riffles and fairly shallows holes of Salmon River within the Corridor's boundaries were filled with three and four inch long pre-migrants, but legal size trout were few and far between. I covered a lot of water, ducked a lot of overhanging alder boughs, waded actual miles of the river, but didn't catch a keeper until I was out of the Corridor and near Fall Creek ... what happened? Where did those pre-migrants go? There were so many, thousands of them. Did seals or sea lions devour them before they could return? Were they caught in a sunken gillnet in international water? Maybe orca got them, suppose? Or did the next generation die from an unidentified disease?

The prophet Isaiah wrote,

Behold, the Lord will empty the earth and make it desolate,
and he will twist its surface and scatter its inhabitants.
and it shall be, as with the people, so with the priest;
as with the slave, so with his master;

as with the maid, so with her mistress;
as with the buyer, so with the seller;
as with the lender, so with the borrower;
as with the creditor, so with the debtor.
The earth shall be utterly empty and utterly plundered;
for the Lord has spoken this word.
The earth mourns and withers;
the world languishes and withers;
the highest people of the earth languish.
The earth lies defiled
under its inhabitants;
for they have transgressed the laws,
violated the statutes,
broken the everlasting covenant. (24:1–5)

Did the Lord wipe out the pre-migrants, or did those who *transgressed the laws, violated the statutes, broke the everlasting covenant* kill what didn't deserve to die so that "a curse devours the earth, / and its inhabitants suffer for their guilt" until "few men are left" (Isa 24:6).

The promise of Scripture is that men (human beings) will be as few as pre-migrants were on that day in 1983 when I would have shown Robin Karnes the river of my youth if it had still existed.

I graduated from high school June 3rd, 1963; on June 4th I was in Reno where I would work for my aunt and uncle, cutting fabric for change aprons, riveting on snaps and buckles, monogramming hotel and motel linen. I took a trout rod with me and fished the eastern high Sierra's Walker River with my aunt and uncle one weekend. I made a couple of casts in the Willamette River while I was a student at Willamette University, Salem, in late 1963. Otherwise I didn't again wet a line until July 1965, when I discovered a ranch pond in Klamath County that was underfished by anglers and overstocked with bass—I don't think I even bought a fishing license for 1964, but I did buy a new Fenwick seven foot rod, one of the last models that used a metal ferule. It was this rod that I used for summer steelhead in the Siletz River when I resumed near-daily fishing in 1971.

What does my fishing have to do with Scripture, and why mingle theology with memories of growing up?

My physical maturation was a visible thing in this world—and the visible things of this world reveal the hidden things of God, including the spiritual maturation of disciples as sons of God. I am in this written work reduced to a text that forms the shadow and copy of an invisible epistle, not yet completed, in the heavenly Book of Life, this epistle being that of a fisherman who turned from fishing to hunting. But it is the promise that men will be few which should concern "Christians," for the scarcity of men in this world will be a visible thing that reveals the scarcity of the sons of God when judgments are revealed: Jesus said, "For many are called, but few will be chosen" (Matt 22:14). Many are born of spirit, but contrary to what silver Christendom claims, few will be glorified. Few want to be *one* with God enough to keep His statutes and commandments,

the house rules of the kingdom of heaven. For most Christians, grace gives to the Christian license to do evil that good may come—their condemnation is just, or so says Paul (Rom 3:8). And their condemnation is just, for the work of the law is love for God and love for neighbor. The person who does not keep the commandments by faith is without love, but it isn't the commandment against murder, against stealing, against lying, against adultery, against coveting to which Christians object. All of Christendom recognizes that murder or adultery comes from loving self more than neighbor. It is the commandment to enter into God's presence on the seventh day that causes the problems, for Christendom vigorously rebels against keeping the Sabbaths of God all the while attempting to take the kingdom of heaven by force, the phrase *kingdom of heaven* as used by Jesus and quoted by Matthew forming a euphemistic expression for *Christ*, the Anointed One[s].

The Law of Moses is not the Sinai covenant or even second covenant mediated by Moses (i.e., the Moab covenant), but is all of the Torah, the five books credited to Moses.

Textual criticism questions whether Moses wrote any of the five books credited to him, with critics' strongest case coming from the differing styles of the two incompatible creation accounts (i.e., incompatible if both accounts are about a physical creation) ... is not the writing style of this written work different from the style of *Philadelphia's Manual of Procedures*? Yet I will have authored both with, however, editing input from another *Philadelphian* when writing the manual.

This text will read like the essays of the first edition of *A Philadelphia Apologetic*, a work that when compared to the manual discloses how much growth has occurred in seven years. And as there was no need to apologize for being six feet tall and two hundred twenty pounds by my thirteenth birthday, there is no need to apologize for spiritual growth even if this growth causes others embarrassment. In the incident briefly related in the third section of Chapter Four about taking the basketball away from those sixth grade boys who didn't want me to play with them, I describe the physical shadow of what will happen spiritually—indirection is in play throughout this work for it isn't a basketball that I take from Christendom but the goal (basket) itself.

The prophet Zechariah wrote,

“Awake, O sword, against my shepherd,
against the man who stands next to me,”
declares the Lord of hosts.

“Strike the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered;
I will turn my hand against the little ones.

In the whole land, declares the Lord,
two thirds shall be cut off and perish,
and one third shall be left alive.

And I will put this third into the fire,
and refine them as one refines silver,
and test them as gold is tested.

They will call upon my name,
and I will answer them.
I will say, 'They are my people';
and they will say, 'The Lord is my God.'" (13:7-9)

Jesus identified Himself as the Shepherd who will be struck: Jesus said to His disciples, "You will all fall away because of me this night. For it is written, 'I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will be scattered'" (Matt 26:31) ... falling away is being scattered. Being cut off and perishing goes beyond falling away or being scattered.

Before proceeding, the concept of thought-couplets being the structural device around which Hebraic poetry is built needs to be examined in the above passage: the natural or physical presentation of the thought in the initial couplet is, *Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, against the man who stands next to me.* The spiritual presentation is what Jesus cited, *Strike the shepherd, and the sheep will be scattered.*

The second thought-couplet consists of its natural presentation—*I will turn my hand against the little ones*—and its spiritual presentation of the same thought: *two thirds shall be cut off and perish, and one third shall be left alive.*

The first and second couplets together form one larger thought-couplet which has the first couplet as the natural presentation of the thought forming the second couplet ... the Lord of Hosts (the Father, for Jesus would be the man who stood next to the Lord of Hosts) will turn His hand against the *little ones* as He brought the sword against Christ Jesus. The *little ones* are to the Lord of Hosts as Jesus was to the Lord of Hosts; the *little ones* are the Body of Christ, and if the Body then they are also *Christ*. And the Father will bring the sword against Body as He brought the sword against Jesus.

The natural presentation of the third thought-couplet is, *And I will put this third into the fire, and refine them as one refines silver, and test them as gold is tested.* The spiritual presentation is, *They will call upon my name, and I will answer them. I will say, "They are my people"; and they will say, "The Lord is my God."* And this third couplet, which is formed from two lesser couplets, is actually the spiritual presentation of the couplet formed by the first and second couplets ... the third part of humankind that will all be born of spirit when the Holy Spirit is poured out on all flesh (Joel 2:28) constitutes the largest portion of the harvest of firstfruits that began with Christ Jesus, the First of the firstfruits.

Now, do these numbers agree with other biblical prophecies?

Without making the case here, I will assert that the prophesied Tribulation is seven prophetic years (2520 days) long, with the first half (1260 days) forming the shadow and mirror image (chiral image) of the second half (another 1260 days). The middle of the Tribulation is marked by the kingdom of this world becoming the kingdom of the Father and His Christ (Rev 11:15); by the kingdom of this world being given to the Son of Man (Dan 7:13-14); by dominion over this kingdom being taken from the four kings that are the four horsemen (Dan 7:11-12); by Satan and his angels being cast from heaven (Rev 12:7-10); by the Holy Spirit being poured out on all flesh (Joel 2:28); by the split Mount of Olives

“swallowing” the armies of the man of perdition (Zech 14:3–4; Rev 12:16; Dan 9:26; Ex 15:12); by Satan coming claiming to be the Messiah and giving his usurped authority to the king of Greece (Rev 13:1–4). Satan is the second beast of Revelation chapter 13; the spiritual king of Greece is the first beast (the king of Greece is not one king but a federation of kings functioning as one king).

Within the seven years of Tribulation are three woes, with the second woe having a known beginning and a known end ... the first woe ends in Revelation 9:12. This first woe apparently begins in Revelation 8:13, when an eagle with a loud voice flew overhead and said, “Woe, woe, woe to those who dwell on the earth,” and apparently includes just the fifth Trumpet Plague. The second woe that begins with the sixth Trumpet Plague ends at the 1260 day mark, the end of the ministry of the two witnesses (Rev 11:14). The third woe, now, is the seventh Trumpet at which the kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man thereby beginning a reign that shall never end (Dan 2:44). The third woe, then, does have an effective end when Christ Jesus returns, but this woe will also include the short while (three and a half years) when Satan is loosed after the 1,000 years, which is why its end is not seen within the narrative of Revelation—

A few words need to be said about Revelation: John was in vision on the Lord’s Day, which isn’t a day of the week but the “day” at the end of the age when the kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man. Thus the vision John sees doesn’t occur at the end of the 1st-Century CE, but at the end of the age when the events of the vision are soon to occur (Rev 1:1; 22:6, 10, 12, 20). John is told not to seal the vision for “the time is near” (22:10), but the time was not near to the 1st-Century CE but to the 21st-Century. So the words of Revelation have not been understandable because the words describe attributes of, or how the entity functions in the plan of God; e.g., Christ Jesus doesn’t “appear” as a slain Lamb (see Rev 1:13–18), but He functions as one so He is described as one (Rev 5:6; 14:1–5), with the seven eyes said to be seven spirits of God, for the seven spirits function as *eyes* and the seven horns are now the seven churches.

Daniels visions were sealed and kept secret until the time of the end (Dan 12:4, 9; 8:17, 26), and despite the angel telling John not to seal the prophecy of Revelation, the prophecy was sealed by two literary tropes, the first being that the vision doesn’t occur until *the day of the Lord*, when Christ Jesus as the Lamb removes the seals of the scroll, and the second being that the things named or described are how the things function in the plan of God. The Lamb has not, as of today, removed the seals off the scroll, but because the scroll is written within and without, quite a bit of the scroll can be read because the visions of Daniel have been unsealed: we are living in the generic time of the end, that period shortly prior to the beginning of the Tribulation.

Returning now to the numbers: the sixth Trumpet Plague occurs at or near the middle of the seven endtime years of tribulation, and in this sixth Trumpet Plague a third part of humankind will be killed. The remainder of humankind will be shortly born of spirit when the Holy Spirit is poured out on all flesh; this third part of humankind will be as Seth was, in that this third part will be by birth accepted by God and will be a replacement for righteous Abel, slain by his

brother. Thus, the third part of humankind slain in the sixth Trumpet Plague functions as the *ransom* for the third part that will be shortly born of spirit as sons of God, called by God and identified by God as *His people* (Rev 18:4).

The prophet Isaiah in Hebraic poetry recorded,

But now thus says the Lord,

he who created you, O Jacob,

he who formed you, O Israel:

“Fear not, for I have redeemed you;

I have called you by name, you are mine.

When you pass through the waters, I will be with you;

and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you;

when you walk through fire you shall not be burned,

and the flame shall not consume you.

For I am the Lord your God,

the Holy One of Israel, your Savior.

I give Egypt as your ransom,

Cush and Seba in exchange for you.

Because you are precious in my eyes,

and honored, and I love you,

I give men in return for you,

peoples in exchange for your life. (43:1–4)

The natural portion of the first thought-couplet is, *he who created you, O Jacob*, with “Jacob” being the given human birth name. The spiritual portion of this first couplet is, *he who formed you, O Israel*, with “Israel” being the name Jacob received after wrestling with the Lord and prevailing (Gen 32:28).

But the first thought-couplet forms the natural portion of an expanded thought-couplet consisting of the couplet, *Fear not, for I have redeemed you*; (the natural presentation of the thought) *I have called you by name, you are mine* (the spiritual presentation), forming the spiritual portion of the expanded couplet.

Isaiah is a very good poet: he uses the two couplets of verse one as the natural portion of a doubly expanded couplet representing verses one and two, with two couplets in verse two that together form one expanded couplet that represents the spiritual portion of a thought, all of which will form the natural presentation of a yet more complicated thought-couplet in which verses three and four form the spiritual portion, with two couplets being in verse three and two couplets being in verse four ... complicated? Imagine writing this building thought-couplet that reveals that Israel’s exodus from Egypt forms the shadow and type of Israel’s future exodus from death, or the mental landscape represented by Assyria (Jer 16:14–15; 23:7–8; Isa 11:11).

As the Lord took the lives of Egyptian firstborns as the ransom for Israel’s liberation from bondage to Pharaoh, the Lord will again take the lives of firstborns not covered by the blood of the paschal Lamb of God as the ransom price of Israel’s liberation from sin and death.

When will the Lord take the lives of firstborns not covered by the blood of the Lamb of God? He will take these lives at the second Passover liberation of Israel, now a nation circumcised of heart (Rom 2:28–29), now a people who were not before a people (1 Pet 2:9–10). He takes these lives at the beginning of the seven endtime years of tribulation—and the taking of these lives forms the shadow and type of the sixth Trumpet Plague.

Approximately a third of humankind are firstborns, with very few of these firstborns covering their sins with the blood of the paschal Lamb of God, taken on the night that Jesus was betrayed (the dark portion of the 14th of Abib). As a result, approximately a third of humankind will be supernaturally slain in a very short period (between the 14th and 17th day of the second month): this means that more than two billion people will die suddenly, all of whom are firstborns who did not take the Passover sacraments.

The focus of the world will instantly be on God. Whatever was important the day before will no longer be important. Getting right with God will be the only thing of concern.

If a third of humankind dies at the beginning of the seven endtime years, these years coming upon humankind as the flood came upon the earth in the days of Noah who entered the Ark on the 10th day of the second month, the day when the Passover lamb for the second Passover was selected and penned, then two thirds of humankind will remain alive [$1 - \frac{1}{3} = \frac{2}{3}$].

But of the two-thirds of humankind left alive, a fourth is given to Death, the fourth horseman and fourth king: “And I looked, and behold, a pale horse! And its rider's name was Death, and Hades followed him. And they were given authority over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword and with famine and with pestilence and by wild beasts of the earth” (Rev 6:8). The math now is: $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{3}{4} = \frac{1}{2}$. This fourth king is dealt a death blow and his body is taken to be burned when the kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man, so except for those killed when Satan makes an image of this fourth king and makes the image speak, Death is finished for the kingdom of this world really belongs of the Son of Man even though Christ Jesus will not return for another 1260 days. But with only half of humankind remaining alive, the sixth Trumpet Plague occurs.

The math following the sixth Trumpet Plague is: $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{1}{3}$. One third of humankind will remain alive, the number the prophet Zechariah gives ... this third part of humankind equate to the ten virgins, in that they were born empowered of spirit when they received a second breath of life. They were never under grace; they never committed sins in the inter-dimensional portion of the heavenly realm. They are true spiritual virgins whereas disciples born of spirit prior to the second Passover have “covered” sins that either will or won't be given to Satan when their judgments are revealed.

But of the ten virgins, only five enter with the Bridegroom.

There are not many names written in the Book of Life; there are few.

Peters asks, “If the righteous is scarcely saved / what will become of the ungodly / and the sinner” (1 Pet 4:18).

If the Chinook run was scarcely saved in the Salmon River, what happened to the silvers (coho)? They have been placed on an endangered species list, a list headed by Sabbatarian disciples.

2.

Fall Creek is properly called the Treat River ... none of us knew Fall Creek as the Treat River, but that is the name shown on satellite maps of the next major tributary to Salmon River east of Slick Rock Creek, the name of the stream we identified by the falls that prevented salmon and steelhead from migrating into the stream's headwaters, the falls eight feet or so high and about a hundred yards upstream.

Does knowing the name of a stream give to the one knowing the name power over the stream?

There was a long slick hole in Salmon River just upstream from where Fall Creek entered. Steelhead fishermen would park at the bridge that wasn't safe to cross most of the years I was in high school, then work their way downstream to the hole. I once hiked from where we lived up Slick Rock Creek to the hole only to find a couple of fellows there fishing with Alka-Seltzer tablets, the fizz apparently able to entice steelhead with headaches to bite when Okie Drifters wouldn't.

There was an old sawmill and homestead on the bench land just across Salmon River. A graveled road went past the homestead and on up the hill, then bent sharply left, with a less traveled road crossing the creek and continuing south by southwest maybe a half mile. There used to be a homestead where the road bent left, with only the house and orchard still standing. Some of the fellows in high school would go up there to drink until one side of the bridge sagged so badly crossing the bridge with a vehicle was dangerous. After that I had the area pretty much to myself: I would come in from Slick Rock Creek, climbing the draw about where New Bridge Road (there was no "new bridge" then) intersected Slick Rock Creek Road ...it was on the old bridge over Slick Rock where I confronted a bull that didn't want me to cross. I was packing home a large otter I taken. I was tired, cold; Slick Rock was flooding, and I didn't want to hike an extra three miles around the hill to Boulder Creek.

When Dad and Mom began to farm in 1946, Dad's older brother Floyd gave him a dozen "wild" milk cows, one of which broke free when Mom was milking it and ran over me when I was really too young to remember the incident. I grew up with a fear of cows that wasn't so great the fear could be called paranoia but more of an uncomfortable feeling that caused me to avoid situations requiring close contact with cattle. But to cross Slick Rock with that otter over my shoulders I not only had to confront the bull on the bridge but had to convince the bull to give way and let me pass, and the bull wasn't intimidated by my presence.

I stood on the approach to the bridge, yelled, waved my arms, and the bull stood staring at me.

Letting the otter slide from my shoulders—it was the only one I took while in high school—I picked up a fallen limb about three inches in diameter and four feet long that had been laying on the ground long enough to be brittle. And with

the limb in hand, cocked back as if it were a baseball bat, I edged onto the bridge, yelling at the bull every inch of the way ... when close enough, I hit the bull across its ears with the limb, shattering the limb, and apparently not phasing the bull. I backed off the bridge as fast as I could, and the bull just stood where it had been standing all along.

I seriously considered hiking around the hill to Boulder Creek, but just didn't have the strength to do so.

Grabbing an alder sapling maybe four inches in diameter, I bent the alder and began cutting through it with my skinning knife, a task that took ten or more minutes, all the while the bull stood in the middle of the bridge watching me. When I finally cut through the sapling, pared away its limbs, and cut off its top, I had a pole about ten feet long that I intended to use as a club—and I again ventured onto the bridge.

The bull, seeing the pole, turned and hurried toward other cattle in the fenced pasture across Slick Rock.

I didn't throw the pole away, but carried it with me after I returned the otter to my shoulders ... the otter seemed as heavy as a spike buck (not counting its tail, its pelt stretched over five feet in length). My legs were rubbery as I crossed the pasture and hurried along the graveled road, wondering what I would have done if the bull hadn't given way.

In the years since, years in which I married at eighteen, relocated from the Oregon Coast to Alaska, took an undersize boat from Homer to Kodiak then on to Dutch Harbor without having previous sailing or commercial fishing experience, entered graduate school without an undergraduate degree, and have taken on the theological orthodoxy of Christendom—years in which I confronted fear without the luxury of behaving fearfully—that bull on the bridge is the memory that has underlain the workman-like manner with which I have passed through problems, feeling fear but not panic. The person without fear is a fool; the person stymied by fear is a coward; and neither fools nor cowards will enter the kingdom of heaven, which means that those who will be glorified firstfruits will feel fear, will confront those fears, and will set those fears behind them as they get about whatever they have to do (Rev 21:8) for fear is not of faith, and without faith no one can please God.

Once the seven endtime years of tribulation begin, every sane person will feel fear when the realization occurs that a third of humankind has perished in a day, but for the person filled with spirit and thereby liberated from previously indwelling sin, that fear will be outside the person and something that can be examined as if it were a tangible object like the bull on the bridge.

3.

About where Boulder Creek joins Slick Rock Creek, there used to be an overgrown BLM road that climbed the ridge on the northeast side of Slick Rock and crossed over to Fall Creek (Treat River) ... there was no bridge over Slick Rock where the BLM road crossed, only a ford. I waded the ford one day when thirteen—I had just acquired a Lee-Enfield, Mk4, .303 British, my first high

power rifle, and despite claims about what a great battle rifle the Lee-Enfield was, the rifle was a \$19.95 surplus dog that had been hastily machined during the War, that had a two-groove barrel and poor accuracy, but that was a legal deer rifle whereas my .22 was not. The .303 cartridge is certainly adequate for deer, its bullet heavily enough constructed that meat damage was minimal as bullets would hang-together as they passed through deer, punching quarter size holes through rib cages, breaking whatever bones hit and continuing on.

My rifle was stock military, with its short stock and heavy brass butt plate. It was not the jungle carbine, but was about as short though without the flash suppressor. It was what we could afford at the time while Ben's rifle was acquired a little later and was the "sporterized model" for \$29.95 ... the cartridge problem was simplified by both of us having .303s.

After wading the ford, I climbed the ridge via the BLM road, looking for deer, any deer, I wasn't fuzzy. A doe ate as good as a buck, and I was tired of eating salmon every day. But as I neared the top of the ridge, I slipped, fell, and jammed maybe four inches of forest duff and dirt up the muzzle of the .303's barrel, enough that I knew I had to clear the pug before I could shoot the rifle.

I found a dead limb that looked to be long enough and small enough to push the dirt from the barrel, took the bolt from the receiver, and pushed the stick into the barrel where it immediately broke off. Now I had serious problems.

I knew that I would have to use a green limb to clear the barrel, so I cut a hemlock bough that was about three feet long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

With the bolt and rifle in one hand and the hemlock bough in the other, I topped the ridge, found a log that was relatively dry upon which I could sit, and I began whittling the hemlock branch into a ramrod.

I had no sooner sat down than a doe ran up the BLM road and stopped about ten feet from me, staring right at me. If the rifle would have been serviceable, I would have shot her. But as it was, all I could do was curse at her, which I did, saying many things I would not today utter or even think (as a result, I don't remember what I said other than I cursed her).

I whittled, and the doe stood transfixed, not blinking, not moving an ear, frozen in time.

I don't know how much time passed, certainly minutes, but shortly I had the green hemlock bough looking like a ramrod, and I pushed both the dead branch and the dirt out of the barrel ... the doe was still staring at me, and I was still cursing her. But with the barrel clear, the rifle only needed a cartridge in its chamber and the bolt returned to its breech to be serviceable—the doe didn't blink when I slipped a cartridge into the chamber and twisted slightly so I could shoot without much movement.

Lee-Enfields cock on closing, and they cock with two loud metallic clicks ... on the first click, the doe spun and was gone, disappearing as if never there.

After my encounter with the doe, I continued down the BLM road. I hadn't before been to Fall Creek, didn't know how close I was, and didn't know that John Van Hying had watched the entire incident from across a draw where he too was

hunting deer ... John was roughly the age my dad would have been. He had grown up on the hilltop farmstead between Treat River and Salmon River, and as a lifelong logger, he knew the area where we then were, and knew that in the bowls between Treat River and Slick Rock, deer gathered to get out of wind storms and few hunters ever ventured into these bowls. John showed the farmstead where he grew up then gave me a lift home.

I returned to the orchard of the old Van Hyning homestead many times during the next two years. I could count on at least one good buck being in the orchard.

Not much of the older Van Hyning farmstead remained by fall 1962, when the Columbus Day storm took down its barn, constructed of hand hewn cedar timbers some sixty feet long, scattering the timbers through the bracken ferns as if they were pickup-sticks. The spring house was still there, and from the spring house I shot a deer which the high school counselor tagged. But the house had mostly collapsed, and alder seedlings had reclaimed the once cleared fields ... the work of a generation had been lost to *nature* within the lifetime of the next generation. An old-growth forest is *old growth* because the tree lives longer than the logger—all a man does is vanity, a pushing against nature that lasts until the man tires and succumbs to nature. Why is such importance placed on the futility of pushing against that which will prevail over the person? Solomon wrote that *for everything there is a season*: it is now the season to select the harvesters of the firstfruits of God, and today, these harvesters are very few in number.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1962, Ben climbed the ridge between Slick Rock and Treat River about where the New Bridge Road intersects Slick Rock Road. He found a bowl between the ridges where deer had holed up to get out of storm of the previous day, but that's a different story, one that'd cover years. However, I will say that both Ben and I took a buck out of that bowl late-afternoon after he saw more than twenty bucks there that morning. He came home, ate Thanksgiving turkey, changed guns, and didn't expect to see much as dusk settled in the grayness of a day without sunshine ... his buck was a substantially better than mine. And that was the last time we ever hunted together.

The doubling of Hebraic thought-couplets is seen without being observed in Solomon's most famous lines,

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven:

a time to be born, and a time to die;

a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted;

a time to kill, and a time to heal;

a time to break down, and a time to build up;

a time to weep, and a time to laugh;

a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;

a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

a time to seek, and a time to lose;

a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

a time to tear, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
a time to love, and a time to hate;
a time for war, and a time for peace. (Eccl 3:1–8)

Each line is a couplet, with the spiritual portion of the couplet forming the chiral image of the natural portion, and with couplets joined with other couplets to build expanded couplets. It is today the season to reveal how it is that the mysteries of God were concealed by the prophets of Israel; it is a time for every matter under the heaven to be known.

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