

# REREADING PROPHECY

## The Forthcoming Edition

SERIALIZED

By Homer Kizer

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### Preface

More than forty years ago, a Seventh Day Adventist pastor gave me a book that allegedly unraveled the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. I was then a twelve year old freshman in high school, and if there were ever a subject more capable of tangling the thoughts of a twelve year old, I don't know what the subject would be. At the time I was fishing and catching salmon with a True Temper baitcasting reel. For all of the backlashes I had to patiently untangle after poor casts, I never encountered anything as confused or confusing as biblical prophecy and that book. I lost interest in both. I was perfectly content knowing that someone else understood the visions of Daniel and of John; I didn't need to waste time or brain capacity keeping track of which beast went where and did what, or if this little horn was the same as that one.

I did sixth, seventh, and eighth grades in one year, and started high school early because of my size and my promise. But a lot happened since 1959, when I began high school, and the Thursday of the second full week of January 2002, when I was drafted to reread biblical prophecies, a claim I make without apologies. That promise, according to many, was squandered. I left Willamette University after a semester and a half, and transferred to Oregon Tech, where I studied Small Arms Technology (i.e., gunsmithing). Declared an emancipated minor when still sixteen (both parents were then deceased and I was in college), all I wanted was to play— and I went into business to support my play. So for nearly a decade I built rifles along the Oregon Coast, becoming a journeyman gunmaker, before relocating to Alaska, then to Idaho. And indeed, I was on a journey: for most of forty years, I hunted throughout Oregon, Alaska, Idaho. I fished many lakes, rivers, bights and coves. I fished in the Pacific, and in the Bering Sea. I fished with rod and reel; fished commercially with longline, with pots; fished to write articles about fishing; fished with experts, with novices, with children. I read about fishing, about hunting; watched television shows about fishing, about hunting; published fly patterns of my design, of my tying; and I took a fly-caught world record. And I found that the experts were as wrong as they were right.

I read *Future Shock* and *The Late Great Planet Earth*, and again, I found that the experts were as wrong as they were right. The future is always farther away than one thinks. Not as much technological progress is made as was expected even though that progress has been spectacular. Fish hooks are still hooks, and nets still nets. Global positioning and side-scan sonar help put more catch aboard vessels. But more vessels competing for the catch has translated into less fishing time per specie, thereby requiring greater diversification, greater use of Buck Rogers-type gadgets as humanity creeps forward in unexpected directions, conceiving today what was unconceivable yesterday.

The future isn't the industrial or even psychological horizon ahead of us. It is, rather, a circling back upon ourselves as if we were climbing our own DNA molecule, a helix that better resembles a stretched coil spring than the turnpike across Ohio.

I read enough history in high school to know that it had been poorly taught to me even though I had been a good student. I read until I found myself building muzzleloading rifles full time, mingling historic crafts with the cash economy. I read until I had to confront the biblical narrative of who humankind is and what is humanity's destiny. In a story I have repeated many times, midsummer 1972, while sitting around a fire with a number of fellows, one person asked what happened to Dave Oleman. Another fellow said that Oleman had gotten religion. Seated next to me, Gary Gettman, then Georgia Pacific's assistant pulpmill superintendent at Toledo, said, "You'll never know who

will fall next.” I knew. I would be next: a thought that had qualities of *thinginess*, a thought unlike any I had previously experienced, said, *You’re next, I’m next*.

I didn’t want to be religious, with all of the associated silliness inherent with the identifier. I wasn’t looking for God. I was reasonably content building rifles, fishing salmon and steelhead, and running around the Western States and British Columbia. I was in search of a geographical location that satisfied, not a philosophical or mental landscape. I hunted to be hunting, fished to be fishing. I didn’t hunt trophies to collect trophies. I took trophies when I came across them. I hunted because of an inner desire to hunt, as if my purpose for being was to hunt, to fish, to pursue, to stalk and harvest.

Periodically, I will tell the above antidote, using the word *drafted* to describe the calling. Inevitably, someone will say that I had a choice about whether to answer the calling or not. I had the same choice as I would have had if I’d receive a draft notice from my draft board. I could have, if I had received a draft notice, reported for the physical examination and induction, or I could have run for Canada. Where, though, is a mental Canada? To where can one escape when the induction notice is delivered in one’s mind? The prophet Jonah couldn’t escape his draft notice. I had no choice. And as a reluctant inductee, I spent the next three decades spiritually growing because growth was unavoidable; I spent those decades in a fellowship that has since disintegrated because it rejected revelation spring 1962. That fellowship wouldn’t write this book even though the fellowship justified its existence through its understanding of biblical prophecy.

One man— Ray Dick, a senior at Ambassador College and taking fourth year Bible as a class in 1962— carried forward the initial revelation that was rejected by the leadership of the fellowship. For four decades, he alone kept the revealed knowledge alive so that a continuation of spiritual growth would exist, a continuation begun with the Reform Movement, a continuation that came through the Seventh Day Baptists, the Adventists, the Church of God, and has now come to the Philadelphia Church. This continuation builds on the revelation that Jesus breaks the armies that surround Jerusalem in the middle of seven years of tribulation, not at the end of these years. This revelation allows typological exegesis to construct an entirely different understanding of endtime prophecies than was before possible. The revelation allows the good news that all who endure to the end shall be saved to be proclaimed, for all of humanity will become Israel three and a half years before the Messiah comes. These are Jesus’ words of patient endurance that must be preached to the world as a witness to all nations before the end of the age comes (Matt 24:13–14 & Rev 3:10).

But not all who descend from Israel belong to Israel. That was true of the circumcised nation. That is equally true of the spiritually circumcised nation. The Church as the last Eve bears two sons, then a third. When the seven years of tribulation begin, the last Eve bears a spiritual Cain and a spiritual Abel. Cain will kill Abel. So both sons die in the first half of these seven years, the first as the ransom for the second. The first son will live physically, but die spiritually when a great delusion is sent over this son; this is the son born of spiritual bondage, the son who would have been accepted if he had done well, if he had walked blameless before God. The righteous second son will die physically and live spiritually; this son is loved from the beginning. Then when the kingdom of the world becomes the kingdom of the Most High and of His Christ, the last Eve will bear a third son, who, like Seth in the natural world, will become the progenitor of humanity during Christ’s millennial reign over humanity. And of this spiritual son, all who endure shall be saved. But for three and a half years, this son will have to mentally fight just as physical Israelites had to fight to occupy the land of promise. Thus, those of this third son who endure and are baptized will receive glorified bodies upon Christ’s return. Those of this third son who endure and have not come under judgment will physically live into the Millennium, with the promise of salvation before them.

One man carried the baton for forty years. My mother-in-law first became aware of this man in 1944, when she worked with his wife in a Western Idaho onion dehydrator. The man was serving in a conscientious objector camp near Downy, Idaho, because of his Mennonite beliefs. I became aware of him thirty years later when he was then the Jerusalem office manager for the fellowship of which I had become a part. And almost another thirty years passed before I read an article he published, the article in which he presented the initial revelation that he alone had carried for so long after its rejection in 1962.

I corresponded with Ray during the spring of 2002, then personally visited with him during mid-summer. A short-lived flu-bug prevented me from staying more than a day; but we corresponded somewhat infrequently from mid-summer 2002 until his death in late summer 2004. He was aware of the work I have done since beginning to reread prophecy, a work initially given to men more intent upon building spiritual houses for themselves than for God. These men threatened to disfellowship Ray and cut him off from the Body of Christ if he went forth with the revelation given to him. I believe Ray never truly forgave himself for succumbing to those very real threats from a fellowship that has since splintered into hundreds of slivers.

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When the ancient feud between the descendants of Isaac and of Ishmael disrupted my cash flow following the Yom Kippur War in 1973, I moved North, where, after a five-year stay on the Kenai Peninsula, I migrated westward into the Aleutians. And while waiting out a blow at Dutch Harbor in 1979, I read Ken Follett's novel *Triple*.

Follett's novel was inspiration for me to start writing. Negative inspiration, actually. I threw the novel across the wheelhouse and said, *I can tell a better story than that!* I still believe I can although I don't know that I ever will. Regardless, I started writing while tied to the old submarine dock at Dutch. I figured I could write a novel in six months. A year and a half later, I finally completed *Shelikof*. Another three and a half years passed before I received a contract for it.

A traffic accident in 1984 ended up leaving me with three daughters to educate and without the financial means of doing so. University of Alaska Fairbanks (UAF) had, earlier, invited me into its graduate writing program without knowing that I didn't have an undergraduate degree. I also didn't have any undergraduate course work in English beyond freshman Composition. But I had been writing nearly full time for nine years when I loaded daughters and most of what I owned into a 1969 Ford LTD and journeyed north from Kodiak to Fairbanks fall 1988. I had been conditionally accepted into the graduate English program based on the strength of my work, and upon my G.R.E. scores. Idaho State University (ISU) would, in 1991, offer me a Doctor of Arts fellowship before I completed a first degree. ISU, however, told me that it would not give me a doctorate degree in English as my first degree, that I needed to complete my thesis for my M.F.A. in Creative Writing from UAF before completing my doctorate.

It is difficult to take oneself seriously as a writer when rejection slips outnumber publications by hundreds. I became a respected sculptor. And though I took and still take my work seriously, I quit taking myself so long ago. I can be wrong in whatever I do. That possibility doesn't upset me; it is a fact of life. Thus, in rereading the public icons of sealed and secret biblical prophecies, I have grown in understanding. I have grown beyond where I was when I wrote the first draft of this book in March 2002. I have peered, as if using typology as a periscope, into the heavenly realm to see what Jesus revealed to His friends nearly two millennia ago. I better see into this cross-dimensional realm that flesh and blood cannot enter today, fall Feast-time 2004, than I saw in 2002. Therefore, it is time to incorporate what the Spirit of God has revealed during these past two years into a new reading of prophecies, a reading that builds on the previous text.

The claim that remains most contentious of everything that I have written is that on Thursday of the second full week of January 2002, about twelve minutes after ten EST, when I pulled into the parking lot at Southeastern Illinois College where I would teach a Composition class, I was drafted to reread biblical prophecies. I literally was told in thoughts that I seemed to hear, in thoughts that again had about them the quality of being objects that it was time to reread prophecy. And what I didn't then know— nor know when I wrote the first draft of this book— was that forty years earlier to the day and to the hour, prophetic revelation had been rejected by the leading fellowship of saints at work rebuilding the spiritual temple of God in spiritual Jerusalem, a mindset not a geographic location. This rejection led to the death of that fellowship's work in the same way that the circumcised nation that left bondage to Pharaoh died in the wilderness because of its unbelief.

I reread biblical prophecy from compunction, not by choice. Yes, in 2002 I had the same choice as I had in 1972, when I didn't want to be religious, or have anything to do with a supernatural deity. But where do you run from your mind? Into an alcoholic stupor? I don't drink, never have. Into a drug-induced mental haze? I have never been involved with mind-altering drugs. The activities I did— hunting and fishing— require mental solitude. When writing, the thoughts of the mind pass

through the fingers. Same for sculpting. So where within my mind could I escape? I was predisposed to doing the task for which I was called. Considering the Lord told the prophet Jeremiah that when He set His hand to recover Israel from the north country He would send for many fishers and for many hunters (Jer 16:16), I was spiritually prepared for the task of overturning how biblical prophecies have been read since the Reformation.

Of necessity, I have used some linguistic jargon, language borrowed from the Greeks. I have tried to explain the nuances of each term I use, and explain a little about how language works. In doing so, I suspect what I have actually accomplished is to frustrate everyone— I was once asked, *How come papers presented at academic conferences make sense, except for the ones from English departments?* At the time I was teaching Formline woodcarving to Native students in University of Alaska Fairbanks' Native Arts Studio, so I shrugged my shoulders and continued adzing a fish bowl from a block of green birch. A gallery was waiting for the bowl. No one was then particularly interested in anything I had to say. So it made no difference whether I asked or answered, *Is communication really possible?*

Biblical prophecy has been a fished-out subject. What could be said was gigged or gaffed long ago, leaving those of us arriving late to cast our lines into sterile waters. That is, what could be said had been until history arrived at that generic period known as the time of the end. My argument is we entered that period in January 2002. The case for my argument is the text of this book, and the prophetic understanding that overturns all previous readings of Daniel and Revelation.

On the following pages I have tried to keep my tone respectful but light, while taking exception with the biblical *watchmen* who have God bringing national captivity upon the latter day physical descendants of the ancient houses of Israel. My instincts are to write, *There is really nothing I can do to affect a prophesied event*, but that's not true. If I can cause some readers to reread and rethink the biblical text, then perhaps some of them will seek God, believe Him unto obedience, and enter into the covenant relationship they now think they have with Him. If my reading causes someone to spend time in the text to prove me right or wrong, his or her time will be well spent.

Throughout my rereading, I refer to reader communities, the terminology borrowed from Stanley Fish. I don't like the fact that readers assign meaning to texts. When I began writing, I wanted to control even the tempo at which a reader read my compositions. I wasn't very trusting of readers. They would get what I wanted to say wrong. Yes, they would, and they have. Sometimes in *getting it wrong*, though, they have added meanings I wasn't capable of conceiving. Yet to them, the meaning was right there in the text.

The slippery nature of language makes prophecy exceedingly difficult to grasp. The tighter one squeezes, the farther away meaning flounders. The more dogmatic a person becomes about asserting *the real meaning* of the text, the more the person demonstrates that he or she doesn't understand how language works. Of all forms of language usage, prophecy is necessarily the most complex. Then to compound the problem of actual language usage, the meaning of prophecy resides in the literary texture of the passage, which is not an aspect of the inscribed text but found in hearing the voice of the speaker. Only His sheep will hear the True Shepherd's voice, so prophetic understanding is even farther restricted to an intended audience.

Yet prophecy remains the subject that interests more people than any other. A prophecy seminar is sure to fill pews.

So why are we so curious about what will happen next year or even next month. A tabloid magazine uses the advertising slogan about inquiring minds wanting to know. The slogan is true. Our psyche is constructed in such a manner that we desire to know secret things of all sorts. The more secret the better. Hopefully, I can titillate that desire to know. And if in doing so, a person repents of how he or she has been living and seeks God, then perhaps the Father has drawn a fish into and out of otherwise barren waters. Regardless, though, the good news that all of humanity will become children of God, spiritually born-from-above as one of three sons, must be proclaimed to the world.

You are today a son of God [a gender neutral phrase], who will either be rejected because of unbelief, or will enter the land of promise by faith. Salvation is as simple as hearing the words of Jesus and believing the One who sent Him (John 5:24). Understanding prophecy is equally simple.

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