

A Philadelphia Apologetic

Volume Three

Homer Kizer



About the Cover Photo

Platanthera camtschatic

In 1983, I crossed Kodiak Island's Ugak Bay, climbed Gull Point, and above the island's tree line, in the domain of wind and eagles, I photographed the orchid used on the front cover of both the first and second edition of *A Philadelphia Apologetic* and on this new, sixth, multiple volume edition. I chose to use the flower on the first edition because of what "orchids" represented in Koine Greek. However, I decided to use the same photo on the second edition for an altogether different reason: the Christianity of Christ Jesus and of the early Church required a hosting mental landscape and culture. Until the single kingdom of the world becomes the kingdom of the Father and His Christ (*cf.* Rev 11:15; Dan 7:9–14), Christians cannot establish a kingdom of God here on earth. They can only, by attempting to do God's job for Him, establish another division within the single kingdom of the Adversary; they can only make themselves agents of the prince of this world. Being a *Christian* requires separating oneself from this world while still living in it and taking sustenance from it—Homer Kizer.

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Chapter Seven — *The Elect*

DOUBLE VOICED—

What is, she asked, double voiced discourse?
I'll give an example, I told my student:
One night, driving across America, somewhere
In Wyoming, I picked up a radio preacher,
A hitchhiker of sorts whose fading signal
Gave someone to argue with, someone to break
The monotony of sagebrush and moonlight.

He was telling a story: *a young woman*
Challenged me, said the New Testament
Doesn't say anything about Sabbath-keeping.
Shadows and jackrabbits caught in headlights
Leaped away as I, fiddling with the dial,
Drifted across the centerline, straight
Before me as a degree of latitude. He said,

I told her I'll show you the Sabbath
In the New Testament if you'll observe it.
Listening with twinges of interest, I stifled
A yawn. *Well*, he said, *she wouldn't take*
My deal, but I'll make that same deal with
Any of you. I knew the Scripture he would
Reference: at least I thought I did so

I reached for the dial as a coyote,
Lit suddenly by headlights, traveling,
Ears up, tail drooped, loped diagonally
Across the black asphalt. *Friends*, he said,
I want to offer you a booklet, gratis,
That'll make plain the Sabbath is the test
Commandment. I thought I recognized his voice

So this time keeping my Maverik on my side
I found a Canadian station playing country
Music--but after a song, I turned back . . .
He wasn't there. I picked up a little static,
Ended up listening to Los Angeles traffic
reports: a stalled car in the northbound lane
At Santa Monica. I really didn't care.

Volume Three

Introduction to Volume Three

Double Voiced Discourse

1.

For the Christian born into any denomination of greater Christianity, there is no wrestling with God as the patriarch Jacob wrestled with the Lord if this “Christian” continues in the faith of his or her parents. And the lack of having to wrestle with God leaves even the strong man weak in faith, and leaves the weak willingly blind and deaf, praying often to God but believing nothing except what their closed eyes can see and stopped ears can hear. Hence, most Christians, in whatever fellowship in which they placed their letter, are without spiritual understanding and have little hope of ever understanding the mysteries of God. They are spiritually the “You” of the prophet Isaiah that Jesus references (*cf.* Isa 6:9–10; Matt 13:14–15).

As opposed to the laity of Christendom that read but do not see the words on the page, academics practicing historical criticism carefully read New Testament texts and realize that the Gospels do not agree among themselves even when seemingly copied from one another. These academics, without exception, are intelligent men and women, but they are outliers within greater Christendom. In their attempts to understand Holy Writ, they inevitably attempt to do what they are not qualified to do; for spiritual understanding requires true spiritual birth, not faked *born again* experiences or degrees from accredited universities or a heart right with the Lord. And to better realize what academics strive to do, consider the analogy: if the vehicle the academic drove broke down alongside the road, the academic would have the vehicle towed to a garage where mechanics there would diagnose and repair the problem, but these same academics will not, when their faith hits an obstacle in Scripture such as Matthew’s Gospel contradicting Mark’s Gospel, have their faith towed to the Elect to be repaired and set right. Rather, academics, believing that they are experts in the field, will attempt to repair their broken down faith themselves, and will inevitably be forced to scrap their faith.

Why would academics assume they are experts on faith when their expertise is about things of this world? Faith and belief were for 1st-Century Greeks the same thing; to believe a *thing* was to have faith in the *thing*. But for endtime English speakers, this is not the case. For today, “belief” is based on evidence, on facts, on what can be measured and weighed; whereas “faith” is reserved for things that are not in evidence, not established facts, such as the existence of God. Thus, academics are usually without faith; for New Testament texts do not establish beyond doubt belief that the 1st-Century human man, Jesus the Nazarene, was *God* before His human birth. There is little evidence that Jesus even existed—there is enough secular evidence to establish that He did, but barely enough—and there is no secular evidence to establish that the *Jesus Movement* saw mass conversions in the year of His crucifixion. Rather Judea was a backwater province that was a continual source of conflict in the Roman Empire, and Jesus was a nearly invisible teacher executed for political reasons. And this is what the world factually knows about founder of the Christian faith. If Jesus had not been crucified, there would be no *Jesus Movement*; for only those things that block the light that is God cast shadows in this world. If Jesus had not taken upon Himself the sins of Israel and thus become a sinner (by borrowing the transgressions of “others”), He would have remained historically invisible. Without indwelling sin of His own, Jesus would have left no record of Himself in this world. There would be no historical *Jesus*.

Every human person fathered by the first Adam however many times removed is physically born as a son of disobedience, consigned to disobedience/sin. The person is born as the bondservant of the Adversary. And as such, the person will cast a shadow in this world and will leave some kind of a historical record of him or herself. What kind of a record of Moses would exist if he hadn’t slain the Egyptian and then fled into the land of Midian? Egyptian steles were not going to record those things that Moses did as a faithful Egyptian; for circumcision prevented Moses from every being an Egyptian even though he was reared as a member of the royal family.

Moses is historically remembered because when in the wilderness of Midian, he spoke with the Lord and was given a job to do, that of leading Israel out from Egyptian slavery.

Would Moses have received this job if he had remained a faithful Egyptian? No, he wouldn’t have. He received the calling to which he was born because Moses couldn’t long remain an Egyptian. The circumstances of his birth separated him from his peers so that he could not be reared as a Hebrew and could not remain an Egyptian. In this sense, Moses was foreknown by God long before he was called as an old man to do a work for the Lord. And preparation for the work he was called to do included learning what Egypt could teach him as well as herding sheep on the backside of nowhere for his father-in-law for forty years.

Academics practicing historical criticism know the things of Egypt, not the things of God. They know texts, but not what the texts mean or represent.

I will attempt to repair whatever has caused my vehicle to breakdown along a freeway, but I have some mechanical experience. I have held certification as a Mercury outboard technician, as an OMC technician, as a B&S small engine mechanic, as a mechanic for four imported chainsaw manufacturers. So while there is much I don't know about late model automobiles, there is also much I do know. And when a piston cracked on a trip from Fairbanks to Idaho, cracked just after crossing the Skeena River, I didn't call for a tow truck but drove the pickup on seven cylinders with the sparkplug removed from the eighth cylinder to Burns Lake, British Columbia, where a garage put a used piston in that eighth hole and replaced the bent exhaust valve. The cost was minimal, and I drove that engine for another 8,000 miles before I again had problems with it.

There are no tow trucks in the Aleutians. There is only the Coast Guard.

I tell the preceding antidote about putting a used piston from a Ford 352 engine in a 360 engine (bore is the same; stroke is different) for a reason. Too many academics practicing historical criticism know little about subjects outside their area of expertise, criticism of historical texts. Their area of expertise isn't faith, isn't spiritual understanding, isn't dual referents that have the visible things of this world revealing and preceding the invisible things of God, but rather, the texts themselves, not what the texts say to the person truly born of God. My area of expertise isn't confined to a particular subject.

There presently is on the National Geographic Channel a reality television series (*Alaska: The Last Frontier*) about the Kilcher family near Homer, Alaska, with the series attempting to portray the Kilchers as living a true wilderness lifestyle. The Kilcher homestead is up Kilcher Road, about ten miles out East End Road. It is not particularly remote. I went past the end of their long driveway daily when I fell timber out the East End Road for a couple of winters when business slowed to near nothing. And Atz Kilcher, father of the Grammy nominated singer Jewel Kilcher, as part of the reality series exemplifies the resourcefulness of those of us who lived closed to the land and without much money. As seen in the series, Atz can fix or cobble together about anything ... it is the ability to make do with whatever is on hand that characterizes the longtime homesteader; for Atz' father, Yule, as a member of Alaska's Constitutional Commission and a State Representative for the Kenai afterwards, could have moved into town and lived as most Americans live, but choose to remain a homesteader because he could. He wasn't dependent upon the trappings of America's "civilized" culture for his daily sustenance.

For the Christian born into any denomination of greater Christianity, there is no wrestling with God if this "Christian" continues in the faith of his or her parents. The lack of having to wrestle with God leaves even the strong man weak in faith, and leaves the weak willfully blind and deaf, praying often to God but believing nothing except what their closed eyes can see and stopped ears can hear. Hence, Matthew's Gospel has slipped through time without being truly read by the Christian laity.

Certainly academics practicing historical criticism read all of the Gospels and realized that the Gospels do not agree among themselves even when copied from one another.

Almost without exception, if the vehicle the academic drove broke down alongside the road, the academic would have the vehicle towed to a garage, but these same academics will not, when their faith hits an obstacle in Scripture have their faith towed the Elect to be repaired and set right; for academics would not even know where to look for a person numbered among the Elect ... because the Elect walk in this world as Jesus walked, they are as nearly invisible in this world as Jesus was.

Changing metaphors, understanding of Scripture should come as leaves on a tree. When it is the time for new growth, spiritual understanding will come by itself. It is not a thing that can be forced. Yet when logging on the Kenai, a fellow asked if I wanted to see a birch branch leaf out in January. And he held the branch over the warming fire where the falling crew was eating lunch. As the branch heated up, green leaves emerged. Although the leaves were properly shaped and appeared alive, the leaves were undersized and short-lived. They withered when the branch was removed from the flames ... they were like the spiritual understanding of Christians who demand that God do their bidding right now!

When faith is forced, it too dies prematurely. When it is overly handled, it dies of itself. When it is pressed between pages of the Bible, it becomes dry and stiff and a curio, a reminder of what was once alive.

The Christian who will endure to the end will have patiently waited until green tip appears in the spring. Then this Christian can sit up and watch the almost overnight leafing of the tree.

Christians do not have to settled for the cobbled-together faith of Protestant denominations, or the road-killed faith that stinks up university classrooms ... I'm here for any who want to have their faith repaired. Although I don't know all there is to know, I can repair faith that has been banged up by it being slammed into contradictions between New Testament texts.

*

As introduced in *A Philadelphia Apologetic* Volume One, the born of spirit Body of Christ—the Christian Church—died at the end of the 1st-Century, but the gates of Hades will not prevail over this Body. At the Second Passover liberation of Israel, the nation to be circumcised of heart, the Body will be resurrected from

death through the return of the divine breath of God [*pneuma Theou*]; through every Christian who professes that Jesus is the Christ and who believes that the Father raised Jesus from death being filled-with and empowered by the divine breath of God. Specifically, the Church ceased to be a spiritually living Body seventy years after Calvary: the last person truly born of spirit [*pneuma*] by then perished physically. However, the Body of Christ as the temple of God will be returned to life at the beginning of the seven endtime years of tribulation, and this is not even close to what Evangelical Christendom believes and teaches, but this is true ... the so far inconclusive “present” will absorb the distant and absolute “past” through the last Eve, Zion, giving birth to two *sons*, a righteous “Abel” at the Second Passover and a “Cain” two hundred twenty days later, then a third son, “Seth,” halfway through the seven endtime years that only end this present era and begin the next era of human history. This last Eve will give birth before her birth pains come upon her, and she will bring forth a nation in a day (Isa 66:7–8).

The physical body of Christ initially became the temple of God when Jesus was baptized and the divine breath of God, in the bodily form of a dove, descended upon and entered into the man Jesus (Mark 1:10). He was bodily the temple of God at the following Passover (ca 28 CE) when He drove out of Herod’s temple the moneychangers and the livestock merchants; for Herod’s temple, as glorious as it appeared, was an empty substitute for the temple of God. In Herod’s temple was no Ark of the Covenant in its Holy of Holies. The high priest of Herod’s temple was a political hack who propagated a hoax on the people of Israel every *Yom Kipporim*. Thus when Jesus said, according to John’s Gospel, “‘Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up’” (2:19), the temple of God was already the earthly body of Christ (v. 21), and the initial restoration of the temple would come three days after Israel, with the help of Roman authorities, destroyed the temple of God the Father, who dwelt in Christ Jesus since the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] descended upon and entered into the man Jesus the Nazarene. And the prince who was to come, according to Daniel’s vision, seven weeks of years after the order went out to “‘restore and build Jerusalem’” (Dan 9:25) was the glorified Christ Jesus, with the noteworthy phrase being *to build Jerusalem*, the heavenly city that will be the Bride of Christ (Rev 21:2, 9–10).

On the same day that Jesus was resurrected from death and ascended to His Father and our Father as the reality of the Wave Sheaf Offering, He also breathed on ten of His disciples (John 20:22) and created in the darkness of one long spiritual night of waiting and watching the last Eve, Zion, the “woman” who shall be saved in childbirth ... it is not many women who shall be saved in childbirth; it is only one woman whose womb is grace and who is visually symbolized in the letter Ω (*Omega*).

After Jesus told temple authorities that if they destroyed *this temple*, His body, He would raise it up in three days—the sign of Jonah—the Jews replied, “‘It has taken forty-six years to build this temple, and will you raise it up in three days’” (John 2:20) ... three additional years would pass before Jesus again cleanses the temple, thereby making forty-nine years from when the order apparently went out to restore the temple and build Jerusalem, not the earthly city that was already in existence but the heavenly city that did not exist and had never previously existed.

Earthly Jerusalem was only a shadow and type of heavenly Jerusalem, where the Apostle Paul as a master builder laid the foundation for the temple of God (1 Cor 3:10–11) decades after Calvary, and where endtime *Philadelphians* stand on the foundation Paul laid and reach upward as pillars to support its ceiling joist, roof, and capstone, the return of the glorified Jesus. And the order to restore and build Jerusalem went out at approximately the same time as when Herod instituted construction of a temple to replace the one Zerubbabel started and will complete [not a verb tense mistake].

The temple King Solomon built was a house for the God of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob; the God of living ones, not dead ones (Matt 22:32). And the man Jesus didn’t serve the God of Abraham: His God was the Father. He delivered the words of the God of dead ones whom the world, including Israel, never knew (John 17:25, also John 1:18) because even Israel was spiritually dead—and the dead know nothing (Eccl 9:5).

The preceding can pass by quickly enough that it isn’t understood. When the physical things of this world reveal and precede the spiritual things of God, the tabernacle in the wilderness functioned as the “house” in which the Lord dwelt, with this fabric house being of temporary construction as the fleshly body of a human person is temporary, the Apostle Paul’s earthly house that “clothes” the living inner self of the disciple truly born of God. King David was not permitted to build for the Lord a *permanent* house of timber and stone; for in type, David’s reign over Israel represented the glorified Christ Jesus’ reign over Israel during the Endurance, the last 1260 days before the Second Advent. King Solomon’s reign over Israel represented in type the Millennium when gold and silver have no value as precious metals. So in the break between David’s reign and Solomon’s reign over Israel is seen the return of Christ Jesus as King of kings and Lord of lords and the resurrection to glory of the firstfruits of God, with the glorified firstfruits being the living stones from which the Third Temple is constructed. Thus, born of spirit disciples (Christians in whom the glorified Christ Jesus dwells) are today the unassembled Temple of God that is the Body of Christ, the blocks of living stone that are being sculpted off-site so no sound of hammer on steel is heard on the building site.

The building of the Second Temple began as timber and stone building, again with timber and stone representing the permanency that the fabric tabernacle lacked, the permanency represented by the inner self of a human person receiving indwelling eternal life, with the inner self of the man Jesus having received the

indwelling of God the Father when the breath/spirit of God descended upon and entered into the man Jesus in the bodily form of a dove ... when disciples receive a second breath of life, the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in

the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*], their inner selves acquire the same permanency that Jesus had when He said, *Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up*. Disciples have indwelling eternal life that will be raised from death after the third day of the Genesis “P” creation account. The heavenly house that the Apostle Paul referenced (2 Cor 5:1) has the permanency of stone in relationship to the temporariness of fabric.

The temple that Solomon built for the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was physically lifeless (stone is without life of the sort that living human beings possess); the only living entities in the temple Solomon built were the Levitical priests and the sacrificial animals. But the temple that is the Body of Christ has indwelling life, with the inner self of the disciple being given eternal or everlasting life through receipt of a second breath of life. Thus, the indwelling of Christ Jesus in the form of His breath/spirit in the inner self of the disciple represents the reality of the Levitical priesthood in a temple made from timber and stone, with the indwelling of God the Father in Christ Jesus representing the reality of the Lord entering the Holy of Holies of the earthly temple.

The Elect differ from other human persons in the same way that the crafted stones of the Solomon’s temple (or Herod’s temple) differed from un-quarried stone of the granite bubble forming the mountain from which the quarried stone came. The first Adam differed from the mud bank from which the base elements used to create Adam were taken in a similar manner to how living stone differs from lifeless, un-worked stone. The dust of the earth that is not made into a living creature differs in only one way from the dust of the earth forming a living creature—this difference is the insertion of the breath of life. Likewise, the Elect differs from common humanity through the indwelling of Christ Jesus, with this difference being every bit as great as the difference between dust and living flesh.

The authority possessed by Scripture—by the Law, the Prophets, the Writings—is over the outwardly circumcised fleshly bodies of Israel, and not over the living inner self, resurrected from death through receipt of the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*], thereby transforming the person into the temple for God the Father who dwells in the inner Holy of Holies of the person. Thus the valorized past ceases to be relevant to the born of spirit Christian who will keep the Law because it is written on the heart and placed in the mind of the Christian through the indwelling of Christ Jesus as the Holy of Holies in the person’s Holy Place, the glorified inner self.

The words that the angel Gabriel delivered to the prophet Daniel disclose that seventy weeks (with the wrong gender for *weeks* being used) were decreed concerning Israel and the holy city to finish the transgression and put an end to sin, to atone for iniquity and to bring everlasting righteousness—and to seal both vision and prophet—and to anoint a most holy place (Dan 9:24). ... A person (any person) who utters words engages the past as well as the future in dialogue; for the person’s words are responses to what the person has heard, has read, or has seen performed, with these words inevitably altering the past through defining and redefining historical events and myths in the language of the present so that future speakers must interact with the present even when stepping behind it to engage earlier events and texts.

What did I just write? Understand, the authority possessed by the past—authority rooted in the person being unable to return to the past and change or modify it—ceases to exist when the past becomes the present through the person redefining the past in terms of the present, with those seemingly unalterable things, events, persons of the distant past forming merely a shadow and copy of the things of the recent past, the present, and the near future so that the visible, physical things of this world precede and reveal the invisible things of God, with the distant past having no more authority than a book has. Therefore the past can be reread and rethought as well as relived in every person truly born of spirit: the distant past is now the present, with our location in time being both as Israel was in Egypt and as Israel was when the Philistines returned the Ark of the Covenant, with the anointing of “Saul” as a the man of perdition immediately before us.

When I was falling timber out the East End Road in January and February 1977, and in January 1978, I didn’t think in terms of “the valorized past.” No, I thought in terms of Mount Augustine’s 1976 eruption and the volcanic ash the eruption had left imbedded in the bark of hybrid white spruce on the bluffs above Kachemak Bay, ash that mixed with bar oil to form a cutting compound that quickly wore away chain rivets, causing saw chain to lengthen and break in a few hours of operation. I thought in terms of how little oil I could run and still lubricate the chain; in terms of whether I should use bar oil of a higher or lower viscosity ... I made consider money those two years in saw chain sales; for everyone had problems with the ash.

When I was spiritually a child, I thought as a spiritual child. I thought in terms of being an honest and faithful businessman, and I came to realize that the degree of honesty I expected from myself wasn’t really possible when doing business in this world. Circumstances conspired against absolute honesty. All that was possible was relative honesty, and I didn’t like what *relative honesty* did to my inner self. I was too soon removed from being lawless to accept gray-area compromises within myself; so I left the Kenai and went fishing in the Aleutians.

Oh, I could easily justify the compromises, saying, “The piston you wanted has been shipped,” when I was still waiting for money enough to order it—I operated a business without credit for when I opened the shop there were only two banks on the Kenai, and one supported each of my two competitors and would not extend credit to competitors of their clients. It was only when a third bank opened a branch on the Kenai in 1978 (Alaska Bank of Commerce) that I could get business credit, but by then, I didn’t need credit. I needed a stable American dollar, which we didn’t have under the Carter administration; for I was receiving about a 5% wholesale price increase per month in the fall of 1978 on chainsaws imported from Sweden or Norway, the price increase coming from falling currency exchange rates.

When Jesus cleansed the temple approximately six months after He was baptized—and three years before He would again cleanse the temple—the words that Jesus spoke to temple authorities that had asked for a sign [the source of His authority for driving out the moneychangers] engaged the words Gabriel had uttered when the seventy years of Jeremiah’s prophecy (Jer 25:11–12; Dan 9:2) were complete (ca 609–539 BCE). The seventy weeks [the seventy *sevens*] were decreed to *seal both the vision and the prophet*, suggesting that until the seventy weeks of years were complete, the vision the angel Gabriel brought to Daniel was sealed and could not be understood by men. Nevertheless the vision was about *putting an end to sin*. And when shall an end be put to sin, an end that concerns Israel, the people of God, initially circumcised in the flesh, then circumcised of heart, then after an end has been put to sin, circumcised in the flesh and of the heart (see Ezek 44:7, 9)? An end shall be put to sin when the single kingdom of this world is delivered to the Son of Man and the harvest of firstfruits [of Israel] occurs. An end is put to sin when “many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt” (Dan 12:2).

The decreed seventy *sevens* were broken into three periods: seven weeks from when the word goes to restore and build Jerusalem to the coming of an anointed prince, then sixty-two weeks of construction in a troubled time, with these sixty-two weeks followed by the people of the prince who is to come—the prince whose end shall come via a flood—destroying the holy city and the sanctuary, and then with the destruction of the holy city followed by one week, with a significant midweek break [the flood that the earth swallows] in this week (Dan 9:25–27).

The break between the seven weeks and the sixty-two weeks is for an unspecified length of time. Likewise, the break between the sixty-two and the final week is an unspecified period. It is logical to think that these three periods are like the seventy years of Jeremiah’s prophecy, but this is not the case.

In His person, Jesus was the temple of God the Father: He was this temple from the moment the breath of the Father entered into Him. His inner self functioned as the Holy of Holies [the Most Holy Place of the earthly temple]. And once the Father in the form of His breath entered Jesus, the Father would permanently dwell in this Holy of Holies.

But to even speak of God the Father entering into the Holy of Holies that was Jesus’ inner self requires invoking the voice of Moses, of *Yah*, of Samuel, David, Solomon—of all of ancient Israel. Thus, in my words that you read today are heard the words of the distant past that has been brought into the present, with my words coming from having sorted through ancient voices to distill from them a sixty-two week of years period that saw heavenly Jerusalem, the Bride of Christ, undergoing construction during a time of trouble. This period of construction running from 1528 CE to 1962 CE, when the most visible administration of the Sabbatarian Church of God rejected divine revelation and thereby suspended construction.

One decade in the course of modern human affairs stands apart from every other decade. One decade established who the *people of the prince to come* are, this decade being the 1960s, the decade that has defined the post modern world and post industrial America. One decade gave definition to the Body of Christ. And I reached my majority during this decade.

The absolute past of the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, the Flood of Noah’s day had about it barriers that didn’t allow for reinterpretation; for rereading. The absolute past for Christendom was walled off through the monoglossia of Hebrew utterance. Rereading was not permitted: the world was created in six days. The man and the woman of the sixth day were Adam and Eve—and this is simply not the case; for what portion of the heavens and the earth have not been created when the text reads, “In the beginning, God created [filled] the heavens and the earth” (Gen 1:1). Adam was created “in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens” (Gen 2:4). Adam was created on the dark portion of Day One, and created before there was plant or herb. And the light of Day One was Christ Jesus, the unique son of the Creator of everything that has been made entering His creation to complete the creation of the God of dead ones, the God that Israel never saw and never knew because Israel was spiritually dead until the creation of the last Adam, who received the breath of life when the breath of the Father descended upon Him in the bodily form of a dove.

Academics practicing historical criticism cannot enter the absolute past where Adam knew his wife and she bore a son, Cain [birth order is reversed in the non-symmetrical mirror image]; for they cannot—due to the limitations of their craft—reread and rewrite the past so as to bring it into the present where I dwell as a son of God, foreknown and predestined and far from the perfection of Christ Jesus; where I dwell as a novelist, not my vocation of choice but the one thrust upon me when tied to the Old Sub Dock at Dutch Harbor and I

forcefully tossed Ken Follet's novel *Triple* across the cabin of the boat in December 1979. An inner compulsion caused me, who couldn't spell and couldn't type, to put paper in the portable manual typewriter aboard the boat and begin to peck out the novel titled *Shelikof*. For after reading Follet's novel, I was convinced that he had never been to sea, that he did not have the authority that comes with knowledge to write a sea chase scene.

Forty years after the sixty-two weeks of years ended (that is, 2002); forty years after the time Jerusalem was being "built again with squares [line upon line construction] and moat" (Dan 9:25) ended, with the *moat* being that no one could come to Christ unless first drawn by God the Father from this world (John 6:44, 65); forty years after I spent most of the summer on one side of San Francisco Bay or the other, I was called to reread prophecy, thus called to reread the past in the light of the future. And with this calling to reread prophecy comes the knowledge needed to repair the damaged faith of laity as well as of academics.

Without God the Father drawing the person from this world, no one can come to Christ Jesus, thereby creating about as effective of a moat as will exist. No one can enter the holy city of Jerusalem without being born of spirit [*pneuma*], without receiving a second breath of life, the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*]. No one can cross the moat that separates the physicality of this world from the supra-dimensional realm that is heaven.

The Crusades were unsuccessful attempts by Roman Christendom to keep so-called infidels from entering the earthly city of Jerusalem; to keep the perceived holy city from being trampled by the nations. But earthly Jerusalem is of no importance to circumcised-of-heart Israel. When barley ripens at earthly Jerusalem matters not a whit to when Israel keeps the Passover—and to give an earthly example of earthly Jerusalem non-importance, the first month of the sacred year is in the spring, with the paschal lamb to be selected and penned on the tenth day of this first month. No circumcised-of-heart Israelite would consider taking the Passover sacraments of bread and wine that represent the body and blood of the Passover Lamb of God at harvest time, when the grain harvest is being gathered into barns. Rather, the sacraments are taken on the dark portion of the 14th day of the first month, with the first month to begin with the first sighted new moon crescent following the spring equinox. For a person who has been born of spirit in, say, Perth Australia, this year the spring equinox occurs on or about September 22, 2012. The first month would begin on or about October 16th, and the 14th day of the first month of the sacred calendar would be Monday, October 29th. However, the number of Sabbatarian Christians who will take the Passover sacraments in the Southern Hemisphere in late October will be near zero. The language of Moses doesn't easily permit these southern Sabbatarians to reread it. The wall of tradition leaves these Sabbatarians with their sins uncovered, and with them unable to enter heavenly Jerusalem. They are, therefore, lucky that they have not been born of spirit as they claim not to be. That is correct, Sabbatarian Christians who follow the teachings of the former Worldwide Church of God openly acknowledge that they are not born of God. They claim to only be begotten, not understanding either what the word *<begotten>* represents physically or spiritually.

The walls that caused the absolute past to be as closed as a circle were breached through application of Paul's words that have the visible things of this world revealing the invisible things of God (Rom 1:20), with the physical preceding the spiritual (1 Cor 15:46). Thus, the antediluvian accounts in Genesis that functioned for Jews and Christians as "epic" functions, were, with the unsealing of Daniel's visions, morphed into novelesque narratives.

An apology is a formal defense, a formal argument for why a person believes what he or she does. And *A Philadelphia Apologetic*, now in three volumes with an open number of volumes to come, is a formal defense of me; of what I believe; of what I do and have done as well as of Sabbatarian Christianity as I practice the faith once delivered but long neglected by the greater Christian Church. I could not make this defense, however, without acknowledging a few of those many voices that challenged me during that defining decade, the 1960s, when America itself was being tested and transformed. And America was not alone: the entirety of the world was reshaped in response to happenings in the United States during the 1960s.

I was a logger, small businessman, commercial fisherman turned novelist before I was drafted to reread prophecy in 2002, and to eventually reread all of Holy Writ, including the absolute past ... ultimately, Volume Three of *APA* is about people and the present. It is about the Elect that are to bear spiritual fruit in the darkness of a world dedicated to making transactions, with the Elect being those few Christians who have been foreknown by God the Father, predestined, called, justified, and their inner selves glorified, thereby giving to these few individuals inner immortality that most of the world believe human persons innately have but with which humans are not born. *Human persons are not born with immortal souls!* Eternal life comes to a person only as the gift of God through the indwelling of Christ Jesus (Rom 6:23), the vessel able to hold in a human person the bright fire that is the glory of God (see Ezek 1:26–28) without this bright fire consuming the person.

The born-from-above disciple is the temple of God (1 Cor 3:16–17; 2 Cor 6:16), with the inner self of the person being this temple's Holy Place, and with the indwelling of Christ Jesus representing this temple's Most Holy Place, and with God the Father in the form of His breath dwelling in this Most Holy Place, thereby giving to this temple indwelling eternal life ... this seems simple enough that even a child can understand that the temple of God is here on earth, and has been whenever there is just one son of God alive who has truly been

born of spirit [*pneuma*]. Therefore, Christians who look for reconstruction of an earthly temple dedicated by the ashes of a red heifer in or near earthly Jerusalem look amiss. They are without spiritual understanding, and mostly without even physical understanding.

The Apostle Paul wrote to the saints at Corinth, reminding them that they were individually and collectively the Body of Christ (1 Cor 12:27); thus, in Paul's life could be seen what was happening collectively to the spiritual Body of Christ. So when Paul writes,

I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate. Now if I do what I do not want, I agree with the law, that it is good. So now it is no longer I who do it, but sin that dwells within me. For I know that nothing good dwells in me, that is, in my flesh. For *I have the desire to do what is right, but not the ability to carry it out*. For I do not do the good I want, but the evil I do not want is what I keep on doing. Now if I do what I do not want, it is no longer I who do it, but sin that dwells within me. So I find it to be a law that when I want to do right, evil lies close at hand. For I delight in the law of God, in my inner being, but I see in my members another law waging war against the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin that dwells in my members. (Rom 7:15–23 emphasis added)

Paul, in his person, described the state of all who were called by God in the 1st-Century, and the state of all who have since been called and who will be called prior to the Second Passover liberation of Israel. Thus, Paul gives voice to the war that wages within each Christian truly born from above: Paul inwardly heard the voice of Jesus, but he found that his fleshly body in which his newly born inner self dwelt listened to the voice of its master, Sin and Death, personified here as cosmic powers.

I am, today, defined by past voices heard; defined by the struggle that Paul didn't understand, a struggle that originated prior to either him being called by Christ Jesus on the road to Damascus or me being called in 1972. Paul wrote, "I was once alive apart from the law, but when the commandment came, sin came alive and I died" (Rom 7:9) ... how did he die? He did not die physically when he found that he coveted what was not his. He died because he could not stop himself from coveting. He realized that he was enslaved by what the Law condemned—and being enslaved by what the Law condemned meant that he was condemned by the Law while he still lived. He was *defined* by his enslavement, and condemned by what he could not stop doing.

Paul's awareness of his enslavement by sin to Sin didn't occur on the road to Damascus; didn't occur when he approved the stoning of Stephen, but occurred either shortly before or shortly after he reached his physical majority. Paul knew that he was condemned for, probably, a decade or more before he held the garments of those who hurled stones at Stephan. And Paul's zeal for the Lord that caused him to approve of the stoning—his desire to serve the Lord—also caused him to worship the Lord without knowledge, without understanding, without wisdom. Prior to when Paul was called to know the will of God, Paul was a good representation of Christian converts in the 1st-Century. This is correct. Paul would not have had to write "correcting" epistles to fellowships if these fellowships had the understanding he had after his ministry began.

The absence of knowledge, understanding, and wisdom became the defining characteristics of 1st-Century Christendom as the Body of Christ grew in numbers through the conversion of Jews who believed they were already righteous and through the adoption of uncircumcised Greeks corrupted by pagan philosophies. But as the Body grew, Death was slaying convert after convert in a manner similar to how Paul *died* when the commandment came and Sin became alive within the convert.

I wouldn't know to keep the Sabbath if I had not attempted to prove my Seventh Day Adventist stepfather wrong about Sabbath observance in the fall of 1959. My own father and mother were not Sabbatarians. In fact, neither were particularly religious. Before Dad died when I was eleven, I saw neither Dad nor Mom pray, nor attend religious services other than one Easter service at a Methodist Church not far from where we then lived at Boring, Oregon. Yet in attempting to prove my new stepfather wrong about the need to keep the Sabbath, I engaged words I had not heard before, words never previously uttered in any house I had entered. I heard words from the distant past that reached forward through time to where I studied everything I could find about the Sabbath not being binding on Christians who were to walk in this world as Jesus walked—I didn't seek out proof that Christians need to keep the Sabbath, but confirmation that Sabbath observance was not of Christ Jesus. What I found, however, is that every person who calls him or herself a Christian is under obligation to walk in this world as Jesus walked, meaning that the person is to live as an inwardly observant Jew. Sabbath observance is compulsory.

After being called, Paul in his person represented the Body of Christ. The same principle of born of God disciples individually and collectively forming the Body of Christ holds in the 21st-Century; therefore, in my person, I represent *Philadelphia*, one of seven endtime churches to whom letters were sent, a claim supported by arguments made in Volumes One and Two of *APA*, and a claim that will withstand the test of time. This now suggests that in the same decade as when the last Elijah ceased His second attempt to breathe life into the dead

Body of Christ (this second attempt ended in 1962 CE when Armstrong rejected revelation), the foundation was laid by Christ Jesus for His third and successful attempt to breathe life back into His spiritual Body, with me now building on the foundation that Paul laid for the house of God in the holy city of Jerusalem.

For most of the previous decade (2002–2012), when explicating Scripture I have written little about myself. There is more in Volumes One and Two of *APA* than in the remainder of my theological writing; for I'm not about making disciples for myself, or about advancing myself as someone a person should imitate ... a Christian should NOT model the person's life after me—and really, the person cannot replicate what I have done. The conditions that dictated what I did and thus now do no longer exist. Yet the justification for including additional autobiographical text in a formal argument for the Father and the Son soon intervening in the affairs of humankind through liberation of all Christendom from indwelling sin and death resides in examining the juxtaposition between two writers, one who came early to his craft and late to San Francisco, and one, me, who came late to my craft and early to *the City by the Bay*.

When the absolute past undergoes squaring the circle—the transformation of *beginning, first, founder, ancestor, primacy* from “valorized” temporal categories into a mutable “present” subject to *novelesque* experience, knowledge, and practice, with their accompanying parody and laughter—the unreachable and untouchable absolute past simply melts away. Whereas greater Christendom accepts the absolute past with reverence and great sobriety, the wall of separation that prevents Adam in the Garden of Eden from being reread and rethought cannot withstand penetration that comes via experience: the antediluvian world is dependent upon no one from the present being able to enter it; being able to live a thousand years or nearly so. The absolute past is dependent upon the indwelling of Sin and Death in every person; for the absolute past will not hold when none are able to kill the two witnesses for 1257 days, and then are not able to keep these two witnesses dead. Death will have lost its sting—and this will be the reality of every person who lives without taking judgment upon him or herself into the Thousand Years between the harvest of human firstfruits and the main crop harvest of humanity in the great White Throne Judgment. This will be the reality faced by teenagers in the Endurance of Jesus.

2.

When engaging the past as today's utterances redefine the past, a person such as myself is either included or excluded from common humanity, an awareness I first encountered when I walked into an Anchorage, Alaska, bookstore in, I believe, 1991, and picked up a soft cover book titled, *All You Need to Know about the 1960s*, or something close to these words.

I lived through the 1960s so I thought I knew what life was like in that defining decade (I was in my mid 40s when I entered that Anchorage bookstore) so I picked up the little book that was mostly archived newspaper photographs, that little book about *All You Need to Know* to see if I could figuratively find myself in it. I thumbed through its pages, and I saw San Francisco as it appeared five years after I spent most of the summer of 1962 there, living with first my aunt then with my married first cousin. I saw photos of riots in Los Angeles (1965) and of riots in Chicago at the Democratic Convention of 1968, riots that I only knew about through having seen television news coverage of the events when they happened, riots that pitted American against American in a battle for *law and order*, words that meant so much then but hardly anything now. I saw photos of men on the moon, the landing happening while I was in-route from Oregon to visit relatives in Indiana. But I couldn't locate myself anywhere in that *All You Need to Know* book. I didn't fit between its covers just as where I grew to maturity along the Oregon Coast was beyond the range of Soviet SS-4 nuclear-tipped missiles that were operational for a while in Cuba (October 1962). And my exclusion from *All You Need to Know* kindled a fire in 1991 that had been starved for breath long enough.

For me, the decade of the 1960s reached back to late October 1959, when I was a twelve year old high school freshman and bent upon proving my stepfather wrong about the need for a Christian to keep the Sabbath. I truly wanted to confirm what I then thought about him, that he was an uneducated hick, that Mom could have done better. But what I heard in my mind when I read silently the words of the Bible was that under the New Covenant, the Law moved from being written on two stone tablets to being written on the heart and the mind. The Law moved from hand to heart, from body to mind. What had been outside the person moved inside the person. The Law wasn't abolished for *the doers of the Law will be justified* (Rom 2:13); it was simply relocated to where it couldn't be forgotten, to where no tassels on the corners of garments were needed to make sure the people of Israel remembered to do all of the commandments (Num 15:40).

But I also heard Paul elsewhere say that the works of the Law [what hands and bodies actually do] justify no one (Gal 2:16) ... did Paul contradict Paul? And it was in parsing the word <works> that knowledge I didn't want to find was nevertheless found; for the hand and the body shall not be saved. Flesh and blood cannot enter heaven (1 Cor 15:50). Rather, the body I have, the body that will die, must be replaced by a new body so it isn't what hands and bodies do that justifies a person, but the thoughts of the mind and the desires of the heart, the figurative inside of the earthenware cup that is our fleshly body.

I make and drink boiled coffee; so I never drink the last of a cup, the dregs, which too often dry in the cup before the cup is washed—and living in coastal climates, too often mold before drying and becoming difficult to remove. So I look before pouring coffee in a cup to make sure it's clean inside. But how does a Christian examine the inside of him or herself, let alone the inside of another Christian?

Through what comes out of my mouth, or comes out of the mouth of another Christian, with the Christian's hands and body doing what the mouth discloses, I can examine the inside of the earthenware cup that is another self-identified Christian. Christ Jesus knows the heart of a Christian. I do not, except by what the Christian says and does, with the Christian who will be great in the kingdom of the heavens [plural in Greek] keeping the commandments and teaching others to do likewise (Matt 5:19). ... The *holy* are those disciples who keep the commandments and have the faith of Jesus (Rev 14:12).

Back in fall 1959, I didn't want to find what I found when I sought to prove my stepfather wrong about Sabbath observance. I didn't want to be religious. I was determined not to be ensnared by ancient myths. I even bet my stepfather that I could prove that the story of Noah's Ark was not true, the proof based upon the number of cubic feet that animals supposed to have been in the Ark would occupy. And to my dismay, only a third of the Ark would have been occupied by animals. Almost two thirds of the cubic feet available could have been used for storage of fodder and water.

Although I conceded to my stepfather that the Seventh Day Adventists were correct (Christians are to keep the Law) I felt no need for me to be religious. However, once I proved my stepfather correct I could never do what I witnessed in 1962 San Francisco, Sausalito, Fremont, Reno, that summer between my junior and senior years of high school when I journeyed south to get away from what was happening at home. Without conscious awareness, those words I would not have heard if I hadn't attempted to prove my stepfather wrong (those words of Moses, Jesus, Paul) exerted an unintended influence on me: they caused me to question the reality of, say, club life in Reno during the two weeks I was there in 1962, then the full summer of 1963 when I cut fabric, set snaps and eyelets, and ran a sewing machine for my aunt's manufacture of casino change aprons. I saw my aunt and a gay fellow with whom she went club-hopping flirt for the attention of the same fellow. My aunt hired the seventeen-year-old wife of a U.S. Forest Ranger conducting a grass-seeding research project on Mount Rose to run a sewing machine—she had married to escape from the garment district of New York City—and I wasn't sure how to handle her flirting with me. I was naïve: the braless craze had not yet reached the Oregon Coast but had reached Reno ... I once walked into a downtown streetlamp post while gawking at bouncing breasts. And I began to understand that satisfying the desires of the flesh gave no long term satisfaction at all. However, unlike that other novelist who went to San Francisco as a graduate student, I learned by analyzing the experiences of others, not by engaging in what was available.

The story of Jesus going to Egypt when an infant [very small child] also has Jesus leaving Egypt before He was tainted by sin; before He could be enslaved by Sin.

During those first few years of the 1960s, always in the back of my mind was awareness that I was not keeping the Sabbath as I played high school football on Fridays nights, with no one from my family in the stands watching. I caught many salmon and steelhead on Saturdays when my stepfather and younger siblings attended Adventist services at Oceanlake [now part of Lincoln City, Lincoln County]. And I excused working on Saturdays through the reasoned argument that the fleshly body of a person resting on the seventh day justifies no one. But what I couldn't get around was that when the desires of the heart and the thoughts of the mind are on the Father and the Son on the seventh day, the fleshly body of the person will do those things that are pleasing to God, the foremost of which is demonstrating love for God and for neighbor and brother. And demonstrating love for God will have the person striving to enter into His presence while the promise of entering into His rest still stands. Therefore, a Sabbath rest [the keeping of the little Sabbath] remains for the people of God (Heb 4:9). So it was through a conscious refusal to submit to God that I worked on the Sabbath for a dozen years after I knew that Sabbath observance was binding on Christians. I simply refused to submit to being a *Christian*, and in refusing, I had more in common with the Apostle Paul than I would have wanted to admit.

I graduated from Taft High, Lincoln City, Oregon, on June 3, 1963, and the following day I was in Reno, Nevada, working for my aunt—I rode a Greyhound bus through the night to get away from the tension between household expectations and what I wanted to do, which didn't involve keeping the Sabbath.

What percentage of greater Christendom today knows that the Sabbath is the seventh day, but steadfastly justifies not keeping it because of what Paul wrote in his epistle of the Galatians? Are these Christian not as Paul was when he condoned the stoning of Stephen? So yes, in my person during the 1960s, I typified Christians who refuse to submit to God.

My stepfather would not hunt on the Sabbath. In fact he would not do much of anything on the Sabbath—where the Sabbath was involved, he would not compromise. In a way, he *never gave an inch*.

Oregon's general deer season always opened on the weekend closest to the full moon between September and October; so my stepfather never hunted an opening day, and he didn't want me out hunting on the Sabbath, but he didn't try to stop me.

When I returned to Oregon from Reno in September 1963, I no longer lived at home. I no longer had a home, what I learned when I returned to find my clothes in two cardboard boxes in the middle of an otherwise empty house. My mom and stepfather had moved during the summer from where we lived along Slick Rock Creek [Lincoln County] to a farm about fifteen miles south of Salem. I was 16 years old and a freshman at Willamette University, and I found out where they were from the Dean, who gave me the address and phone number that my step father had left with him ... I was invited to go hunting with my brothers and stepfather opening weekend of deer season, about two weeks away.

Maybe I was still a little angry about finding an empty house and having to hitchhike from Rose Lodge to Salem with a cardboard box under my arm; maybe I wanted to test my stepfather's resolve about keeping the Sabbath; maybe I just wanted to hunt mulies in the Ochocos—whatever the reason, I accepted the invitation, and told my stepfather that I would kill a buck opening day when he wouldn't hunt. My stepfather assured me that I wouldn't get anything. I challenged him, *If I get one, will you skin it?* He accepted my challenge; he agreed to skin whatever I got.

The weather was warm. Hides would need to be removed as soon as possible. And I killed a big mule deer three-point by western count (an eight point by eastern count) before nine o'clock opening morning—and I wanted to see if my stepfather would actually skin the buck on the Sabbath. He wouldn't. He skinned it the next morning, but by then the meat had soured as both he and I knew it would. And I have never really forgiven myself for letting that buck sour. I should have gone ahead and skinned it as soon as I got it back to camp. That would have been the right thing to do. But I didn't do what I should have done because I wanted to pressure my stepfather into breaking the Sabbath with his hands ... again, the year was 1963. A decade later (1973), I would miss the entirety of Oregon's mule deer season because I was observing the Feast of Tabernacles at Squaw Valley. My stepfather kept the weekly Sabbath, but he didn't see any need to keep the annual high Sabbaths of God. By 1973, I did. In my mind I heard words rooted in antiquity that my stepfather never heard.

Either in agreement-with or as rebuttal-to, we speak the words we have heard, words read silently, words uttered when read, thereby giving immediacy to these words regardless of when they were first inscribed. The absolute past is returned to life through utterance, but it is unchanged until it is reread and rethought.

We use our voices to say again those things that have been said before, a reality that has never been well explained within the Sabbatarian church:

Then the voice that I [John] had heard from heaven spoke to me again, saying, "Go, take the scroll that is open in the hand of the angel who is standing on the sea and on the land." So I went to the angel and told him to give me the little scroll. And he said to me, "Take and eat it; it will make your stomach bitter, but in your mouth it will be sweet as honey." And I took the little scroll from the hand of the angel and ate it. It was sweet as honey in my mouth, but when I had eaten it my stomach was made bitter. And I was told, "*You must again prophesy about many peoples and nations and languages and kings.*" (Rev 10:8–11 emphasis added)

What is Alice told when she falls down the rabbit hole? And what does Solomon say about there being nothing new under the sun?

The words that I speak—that I write—have been said before, including, *never give an inch*. I would not be able to speak if I hadn't heard others speak. I would not explicate prophecies if these prophecies had not been uttered long ago.

Consider what the Apostle Paul wrote,

For "everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved." How then will they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how are they to believe in him of whom they have never heard? And how are they to hear without someone preaching? And how are they to preach unless they are sent? (Rom 10:13–15)

Paul's citation is from Joel 2:32, a time-specific prophecy that occurs when the single kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man and the world is baptized in the divine breath of God. Paul's citation of Joel discloses that Paul somewhat understood the link between Jesus' Olivet Discourse and the pouring out of the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] on all flesh, thus erasing the distinction between Jew and Greek (Rom 10:12), with all of humankind then being the people of God (see Rev 18:4). Thus, Jesus' words as recorded in Matthew's Gospel need to here be heard:

For many will come in my name, saying, "I [Jesus] am the Christ," and they will lead many astray. And you will hear of wars and rumors of wars. See that you are not alarmed, for this must take place, but the end is not yet. For nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there will be famines and earthquakes in various places. All these are but the beginning of the birth pains. Then they will deliver you up to tribulation and put you to death, and you will be hated by all nations for my name's sake. And then many will fall away and betray one another

and hate one another. And many false prophets will arise and lead many astray. And because lawlessness will be increased, the love of many will grow cold. But *the one who endures to the end will be saved. And this gospel of the kingdom will be proclaimed throughout the whole world as a testimony to all nations, and then the end will come.* (Matt 24:5–14 emphasis added)

The question Paul asks of how is anyone to call upon the Lord and thus be saved if the person [in the case of Jesus' utterance, the third part of humanity from Zech 13:9] does not believe in Christ Jesus from not having heard of Christ Jesus—and Jesus said that the end of the age could not come upon humankind until the good news that all who endure to the end shall be saved is proclaimed throughout the world as a witness to all nations. The end will not come until humankind hears that *all who endure to the end shall be saved*.

The good news that all who endure to the end shall be saved will have those who endure calling upon the Lord; for those who will be saved cannot buy or sell (engage in transactions) throughout the Endurance of Christ Jesus, the last 1260 days before the Second Advent.

Those who endure to the end will see an end put to sin; those who endure, who call upon the Lord will enter into everlasting righteousness through being glorified. And the seventy weeks do not pertain to the portion of humanity that is not Israel, the people of Daniel.

Because Daniel and his friends were not exceptions to the practices of the Chaldean royal court, Daniel and his friends would have been castrated—made into eunuchs. Thus, Daniel and his friends could not have entered the temple in Jerusalem if it had stood. Only by the temple being razed was the way open for Daniel to come to the Lord; for the writer of Hebrews properly states, “By this [*Yom Kipporim* offerings] the holy spirit indicates that the way into the holy places is not yet opened as long as the [temple's] first section is still standing (which is [a parable] for the present age)” (Heb 9:8–9). Thus, it is seen that when there is a standing earthly temple (a building of timber and stone), there is no entrance into the spiritual temple. For as long as Solomon's temple stood, the way to God was closed by Israel having a human high priest who came from the Lord one day a year, the 10th day of the seventh month, *Yom Kipporim*.

When a remnant of Israel returned to earthly Jerusalem to build for King Cyrus a house for the God of heaven who is in Jerusalem (Ezra 1:3, last clause), this remnant returned as indentured servants of the human king of Persia and Babylon (see Ezra 5:13), not as free peoples. Thus, the Second Temple was as the human person is when born consigned to disobedience as a son of disobedience and the bondservant of the Adversary. The Second Temple, built by the hand of Zerubbabel, goes from being the lifeless building of timber and stone that is a replication of Solomon's temple to being the living body of Christ Jesus when the breath of God enters into the man Jesus the Nazarene. This movement from lifeless stone to the living cornerstone the builders rejected begins the reconstruction of the temple of God; so the entirety of the period between when a remnant of Israel returned to Jerusalem from Babylon to when Jesus receives the spirit of God in the bodily form of a dove represents the dawning of Day One of the Genesis “P” creation account. This period is analogous to the dawning of the third day of this same “P” creation account, with the daylight portion of this third day being the Endurance of Christ Jesus, the last 1260 days of the seven endtime years of tribulation.

The person who engages in transactions during the Endurance of Jesus will be marked for death, and as such will have voluntarily chosen not to be saved, seemingly a strange choice to make, especially by a person who claims to be a *Christian*. And the reason why a Christian would make such a choice resides in what the Christian did during the preceding 1260 days of the Affliction ... once Sin has been awakened at the Second Passover liberation of Israel and all of Christendom has been delivered into the hand of the Adversary for the destruction of the flesh, the person who refuses to do what he or she knows is right will be as I was during the 1960s, when I knew to keep the Sabbath but wouldn't do so. This person, because of his or her rebellion against God, will have God sending over the person a strong delusion so that the person believes what is false and thus stands condemned, what Paul realized about himself when the commandments made Sin alive (again, Rom 7:8–9). And the difference between Paul and myself as opposed to the Christian who following the Second Passover rebels against God is that God had mercy on us after we stood condemned; whereas God will have had mercy on all of Christendom at the Second Passover, before Christians filled-with and empowered by the spirit of God can rebel against God through not doing what the Christian knows is right.

Again, God had mercy on Paul and myself after we were condemned by our consciences, but following the Second Passover, God will have mercy on greater Christendom before they condemn themselves. No sacrifice will remain for them if they condemn themselves. A sacrifice remained for Paul and myself because mercy was not extended to us before we condemned ourselves, this mercy coming via being filled with spirit.

The physical precedes and reveals the spiritual: Paul's resisting the pricks and my refusal to do what I knew was right precede the Second Passover liberation of Israel in a manner analogous to Israel's refusal to keep the Sabbath in the wilderness of Sin preceding the giving of the Law:

And [*YHWH*] said to Moses, "How long will you refuse to keep my commandments and my laws? See! [*YHWH*] has given you the Sabbath; therefore on the sixth day he gives you bread for two days. Remain each of you in his place; let no one go out of

his place on the seventh day." So the people rested on the seventh day. (Ex 16:28–30)

No one died when Israel went out to gather manna on the seventh day, but this was not the case after the Law was given:

While the people of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath day. And those who found him gathering sticks brought him to Moses and Aaron and to all the congregation. They put him in custody, because it had not been made clear what should be done to him. And [YHWH] said to Moses, "The man shall be put to death; all the congregation shall stone him with stones outside the camp." And all the congregation brought him outside the camp and stoned him to death with stones, as [YHWH] commanded Moses. (Num 15:32–36)

Paul didn't die because he persecuted Jesus, who dwelt within those disciples Paul sought to kill; I didn't die although I killed many deer on the Sabbath and caught even more fish, and worked three of every four Sabbaths a month while employed by Georgia-Pacific. Christians today do not die because they do their mundane weekly shopping on the Sabbath. And in each case—Paul before setting out for Damascus, myself during the 1960s, Christians of the greater Church in this endtime era—we were not then born of spirit so judgment would soon be upon us, but it was not yet upon us.

In the above is a mystery of God: the Elect never come under judgment. Although Paul wrote, "It is the Lord who judges me" (1 Cor 4:4), Paul was in a unique category, that of being one of the Elect, who are foreknown by God the Father who judges no one. And through being foreknown, the Elect are predestined to be called, justified, and glorified (Rom 8:29–30) without coming under judgment.

In John's Gospel, we find Jesus saying, "Truly, truly, I [Jesus] say to you [Jews seeking to kill Him], whoever hears My word and believes Him who sent Me has eternal life. He does not come under judgment, but has passed from death to life" (5:24). Note, not *will pass from death to life*, but past tense, having already passed from death to life without coming under judgment.

What judgment or non-judgment that comes upon the Elect occurs within what is implied by being <foreknown> ... in the process of being foreknown, a selection is made by the Father of whom he intends to deliver to Christ Jesus to be His younger brother[s]. So before judgment comes upon one of the Elect, he or she is delivered to the glorified Jesus for *safe keeping*, for sculpting into a vessel intended for honorable use. And this is what I experienced during the 1960s, this pre-glorified status as one who was foreknown. It is for this reason that I will reveal more autobiographical information than I ever have; for in what I experienced will be the experiences of others of the Elect, albeit with differences.

All of Christendom will be, after the Second Passover liberation of Israel, in a category similar to, but not identical to that of the Elect in the period between when the Elect are foreknown but not yet called, justified and glorified. By being filled with spirit so that all Christians know God, Father and Son, all of Christendom will know to keep the Sabbath commandment, but most of Christendom will refuse to do so when they have no sacrifice remaining for their lawlessness. Therefore, by not submitting to God when filled with spirit, they will commit unforgivable blasphemy against the spirit, the divine breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] that represents eternal life coming from the Father.

Joel's prophecy that Paul cites was about calling on the Lord [YHWH], the conjoined God of living ones and God of dead ones. Paul acknowledges both when he quotes from Moses,

But the righteousness based on faith says, "Do not say in your heart, 'Who will ascend into heaven?'" (that is, to bring Christ down) or "'Who will descend into the abyss?'" (that is, to bring Christ up from the dead). But what does it say? "The word is near you, in your mouth and in your heart" (that is, the word of faith that we proclaim); because, *if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord* [what the outer self is to do] and *believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead* [what the inner self is to do], *you will be saved*. For with the heart one believes and is justified, and with the mouth one confesses and is saved. (Rom 10:6–10 emphasis added)

Justification is not salvation, but is the condition of the inner self that is necessary for the outer self to be saved. The inner self is justified so that it can be glorified—and for the Elect, the inner self is glorified when it receives a second breath of life, the breath of God in the breath of Christ.

What Paul identified as *the righteousness based on faith* is the Moab Covenant, specifically Deuteronomy 30:11–14, the passage immediately preceding life or death being offered to the children of Israel, those then present and those not then present:

These are the words of the covenant that [YHWH] commanded Moses to make with the people of Israel in the land of Moab, besides the covenant that he had made with them at Horeb. ... You are standing today all of you before [YHWH]

your [*Elohim*]: the heads of your tribes, your elders, and your officers, all the men of Israel, your little ones, your wives, and the sojourner who is in your camp, from the one who chops your wood to the one who draws your water, so that you may enter into the sworn covenant of [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*], which [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*] is making with you today, that he may establish you today as his people, and that he may be your God, as he promised you, and as he swore to your fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. It is not with you alone that I am making this sworn covenant, but with whoever is standing here with us today before [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*] and with whoever is not here with us today. (Deu 29:1, 10–15)

*

*For this commandment that I [Moses] command you today is not too hard for you [the children of Israel], neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that you should say, "Who will ascend to heaven for us and bring it to us, that we may hear it and do it?" Neither is it beyond the sea, that you should say, "Who will go over the sea for us and bring it to us, that we may hear it and do it?" But the word is very near you. It is in your mouth and in your heart, so that you can do it. / See, I have set before you today life and good, death and evil. If you obey the commandments of [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*] that I command you today, by loving [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*], by walking in his ways, and by keeping his commandments and his statutes and his rules, then you shall live and multiply, and [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*] will bless you in the land that you are entering to take possession of it. But if your heart turns away, and you will not hear, but are drawn away to worship other gods and serve them, I declare to you today, that you shall surely perish. You shall not live long in the land that you are going over the Jordan to enter and possess. I call heaven and earth to witness against you today, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and curse. Therefore choose life, that you and your offspring may live, loving [*YHWH*] your [*Elohim*], obeying his voice and holding fast to him, for he is your life and length of days, that you may dwell in the land that [*YHWH*] swore to your fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give them. (Deut 30:11–20 emphasis added)*

Calling upon the Lord—Joel's use of language—becomes an euphemistic expression for choosing life when both life and death are before the Christian, and calling upon the Lord requires the outer self to profess with the mouth that Jesus is Lord and the inner self to believe that the Father raised Jesus from death ... both the outer self and the inner self must make a journey of faith, of belief, with belief by the inner self cleansing the inside of the cup.

The endtime good news that *all who endure to the end shall be saved* was not and could not be delivered to Israel until the visions of Daniel were unsealed at the beginning of the so-called time of the end, which began with the 21st-Century. And *why shall everyone who calls on the Lord be saved?* And *why shall everyone who does not call on the Lord but simply endures to the end also be saved?*

Once dominion over the single kingdom of this world is taken from the spiritual king of Babylon and his cohorts and given to the Son of Man (*cf.* Dan 7:9–14; Rev 11:15–19), the Adversary will no longer reign over the mental topography of living creatures; the Son of Man will. Whereas all of humanity is presently born consigned to disobedience as sons of disobedience; whereas all of humanity is humanly born as slaves of the Adversary, all of humanity will be set free when the kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man—

In the Affliction, the first 1260 days of the seven endtime years, all who choose not to return to being the slaves of the Adversary must call upon the Lord; i.e., must make a journey of faith that cleanses heart and fleshly body through calling upon the Lord, Father and Son, with the heteroglot phrase <calling upon the Lord> originating in the dialectical voices of Christian jargon.

All of Christendom is set free at the Second Passover, which occurs 1260 days before the kingdom of this world is taken from the spiritual king of Babylon, the Adversary, who will be cast from heaven on the doubled day 1260. All Christians will be set free from indwelling sin and death at the beginning of the Affliction. And understand, Christendom, not the world, will be liberated from bondage to sin and death while the Adversary remains the prince of this world; therefore, all Christians who do not voluntarily return to being slaves of the Adversary must be *marked* to denote their freedom.

Marking denotes difference. When the Adversary reigns over the mental topography of living creatures, humankind included, the person who has been set free from mental slavery to the Adversary will be different from his or her neighbors and brothers, with this difference outwardly noted through Sabbath observance. But when dominion over the kingdom of this world is taken from the presently reigning king of Babylon, and given to the Son of Man halfway through the seven endtime years, the world will be baptized in the divine breath of

God. Even the animal natures of the great predators will be changed (Isa 11:6–9). So those human persons who differ from the people of God (see Rev 18:4) during the Endurance of Jesus will be marked to note this difference; they will be marked by the tattoo of Christ's cross on their right hands and in their minds. They will be marked for death when Christ Jesus returns as the Messiah.

Today, the Adversary remains the prince of this world; so common humanity need not be marked in any inward or outward way: again, all of humankind has been consigned to disobedience (Rom 11:32) as sons of disobedience (Eph 2:2–3). Unless God the Father has individually drawn the person from the pool of common humanity, every person is in mental servitude to the Adversary and as such, remains unmarked by voluntary Sabbath observance. It is the person who is not a slave of the Adversary that is different and as such is marked to disclose that the person is of God ... the mark that the Father uses is Sabbath observance, a mark that apparently angers the Adversary who uses this mark to exclude the person from the "benefits" of being his slave, *benefits* such as meaningful and gainful employment, honor, wealth, and authority, the finer things that this world offers from fast cars to even faster relationships, marriages that last seventy days if that long.

The gospel that Paul proclaimed anticipated this outpouring of the divine breath of God on all living creatures. But he, like Peter and the first disciples, thought Joel's prophecy was fulfilled on that day of Pentecost that followed Calvary.

When a person is of common humanity, the person is neither saved nor lost, what too many Sabbatharians have not understood: the person simply is not under judgment. Paul wrote, "Sin was in the world before the Law was given, but sin is not counted where there is no Law" (Rom 5:13). In this way, the person who is foreknown can be likened to common humanity for the person who is foreknown is not under judgment, not under the Law prior to being called, justified, and glorified. But the person who is foreknown is predestined to be glorified; so during an observation period that apparently begins before birth, the foreknown person is not judged or condemned for what he or she does but is evaluated as to the person's potential for obedience, loyalty, righteousness, manifested love. This is not perfectly seen but is suggested in Jesus telling Peter,

"Simon, Simon, behold, Satan demanded to have you, that he might sift you like wheat, but I have prayed for you that your faith may not fail. And when you have turned again, strengthen your brothers." Peter said to Him, "Lord, I am ready to go with you both to prison and to death." Jesus said, "I tell you, Peter, the rooster will not crow this day, until you deny three times that you know me." (Luke 22:31–32)

Peter—as were all of the first disciples—was foreknown by God the Father and given to Christ Jesus to be kept and nurtured in this world, but none of the first disciples were born of spirit during Jesus' earthly ministry. None had yet been redeemed from Satan. All were still subject to the Adversary, who sought to have Peter back to break Peter down and destroy him. Realize, if Satan had his way with Peter, Peter would still have professed that Jesus was Lord and would still have believed that the Father raised Jesus from death, but Peter would not have been a faithful witness for Jesus; for Peter would have been broken by the Adversary, and at a critical public moment, Peter would have publicly betrayed Jesus, thereby doing the Jesus Movement considerable if not irreparable harm.

Peter's potential for obedience, loyalty, love were observed by the Father before Peter was given to Christ Jesus, who then called him to do work for Him after Calvary. No ransom had yet been paid for Peter during Jesus' earthly ministry; thus, the Adversary wanted Peter back. And what did Jesus mean when He said to Peter, *When you have turned again?* Was Jesus referencing Peter turning away from Him in denying that he knew Jesus, or would there be another turning followed by a turning back to Christ Jesus?

The person who is foreknown is as the Twelve were before they began to follow Jesus: some will be as those were who were previously John's disciples, in that they sought repentance and righteousness. Others will not be particularly religious, but will be honorable people, some of whom will have done terrible things that haunt their consciences. But in every case, they will, when called, justified, and glorified, faithfully follow Christ Jesus. And this was determined while they were not under judgment—and this pertains to Christians within greater Christendom today, prior to when they are filled with spirit [*pneuma*].

Judas Iscariot was also numbered among the Twelve ... Satan wanted Peter back, but he already had Judas Iscariot, whom the Father gave to Jesus so that Scripture would be fulfilled (John 17:12). So Satan already had access to Jesus' inner circle, and perhaps it was for this reason that Jesus did not speak to His disciples except in figures of speech (John 16:25), metaphorical speech in which words naming worldly things are used for heavenly things.

Common humanity will appear before the Lord in the great White Throne Judgment when earth and sky have fled away (when there is no more physicality) and the dead, great and small, stand before the Judge to receive their reward or condemnation for what they did while physically alive. They will have been observed—"then another book was opened, which is the book of life" (Rev 20:12)—and the person who had love for neighbor and brother will have his or her lawlessness excused; for this person was throughout the person's life the slave of the Adversary, but while enslaved, this person manifested demonstrated love. But the person who did not show love for neighbor and brother will perish. And because the earth and sky no longer

exist, there can be no redoes for the person without demonstrated love. And it is in this manner the Elect are a sample of common humanity; for in that period when neither common humanity nor the Elect have the indwelling of the breath of God in the breath of Christ, both are determining their fate. The foreknown person determines whether he or she will be a vessel for honorable use or a vessel of wrath, with the vessel of wrath not being justified and glorified whereas the vessel intended for glory will be delivered to Christ Jesus whose indwelling in which dwells the spirit of God justifies the person and causes the person to walk in this world as the man Jesus walked.

Again, justification for including additional autobiographical information in this apology comes from the similarity between how common humanity is to live life when judgment is not upon these persons and how the Elect lived prior to being called, justified, and glorified ... those who are foreknown, even before they are called, find that their consciences bother them when they do what they know is wrong—not just pricks them, but stifles enjoyment of sin. A person has to sear his or her conscience (analogous to slapping hot iron on an amputated limb) before the person can do what the person previously knew was wrong.

Actually the use of autobiographical matter brings the past into the present, thereby shortening narrative distance when judgment is upon neither the foreknown person or the Christian not born of God. Yet what each does will determine the person's ultimate fate; for again, it is the doer of the Law who will be justified. And as Satan desired to have Peter, who was foreknown, Satan can assert his claim to foreknown and predestined disciples, thereby causing the Elect to do or to condone (as in the case Paul approving the stoning of Stephen) evil before being called.

It is in the period prior to being called by Christ Jesus where the Elect imitate[d] common Christianity over the past nineteen hundred years. It was in the 1960s when I formed a physical shadow and copy of spiritually lawless Christians.

3.

Until the sixty-two weeks ended and the *people of the prince to come destroyed the holy Jerusalem and the sanctuary*, the monoglossia of the distant and absolute past functioned as an unbreachable wall around how the Genesis creation accounts and the Exodus journey accounts were read and understood: the earth was created in six days, or so Genesis claimed. A person was free to either believe or not believe a six day creation account, but was not free to reread the so-called "P" creation account. For the most part, scientists didn't believe, and undereducated, common folk did believe. Although scientists didn't know enough to consider or reject the concept that distant space might be for us as computer created background is in video productions, they rejected a six day creation and six-thousand years of age for the creation for observably simple reasons like the number of ice core rings they counted. The Bible, they reasoned, could not be the infallible word of God; for even in an elemental thing like how many generations are there between Abraham and David, or between David and the deportation, the Bible did not have interior consistency ... Chronicles contradicts the claim of the Gospel of Matthew: there were not fourteen generations from David to the deportation to Babylon (Matt 1:17). Generations have been left out of Matthew's list. Why? An accident so that literary consistency could be produced where none exists—fourteen, fourteen, and fourteen? Or sealed code that was intentionally given to be broken when narrative distance was shortened and the absolute past merges with the present to reveal the future?

The holy city is Jerusalem, but no longer earthly Jerusalem: this holy city is the Bride of Christ (Rev 21:2, 9–10), is the temple of God grown large, and is in the heavenly realm where there is no passage of time, no decay of one moment into the next moment. And the destruction of the holy city by the people of the prince to come is a euphemistic expression saying the breath that makes alive the Bride/temple was taken by whatever means from the temple/Church so that the Church/Body of Christ was again spiritually dead as it was at the beginning of the 2nd-Century CE, with this death necessary to break the monoglossia that had prevented rereading the Genesis creations accounts.

The concept of time passing without passing is virtually impossible to convey through inscription [written text]. In utterance, the speaker can repeatedly say, *At the same time*, then describe the next thing that is to happen, which happens somewhere else in space as the previously described event occurred in another location. Such would have been the case summer of 1963, when in Reno I cut fabric for change aprons while my brothers in Oregon helped my Mom and stepfather move the family to a farm south of Salem ... distance permitted the simultaneous occurrence of unrelated events. But real event-time must pass between when I sewed for my aunt in Reno and when I killed that mule deer at Big Summit Prairie opening day of Oregon's deer season: I could not be in two places at the same time. Paradoxes [where two things occupy the same time and space] cannot occur where and when both things possess mass. Only one thing or entity possessing mass can occupy a particular junction in space-time.

It is the relationship between space and time, solidly linked together in space-time since Einstein formulated Special Relativity, that causes endtime disciples difficulty when approaching God ... oral cultures or cultures possessing high residual orality didn't demand from their language usage the same degree of precision

as inscribed cultures do. Paradoxes were permitted. Even as late as America's Puritans, religious communities were not troubled by two things or entities occupying the same time and space. But the expectations for language usage have since changed: apparent contradictions are found in Holy Writ, with these apparent contradictions used to support widespread unbelief and the destruction of the Holy City after this city was reassembled via line-upon-line, precept-upon-precept for sixty-two weeks of years.

It is the square of line-upon-line, precept-upon-precept (from Isa 28:10, 13) biblical exegesis that was used to build a people for God into the temple by Sabbatarian Anabaptists from 1528 CE to 1962 CE, a square that permitted the people of God to "fall backwards and be broken, and snared, and taken" (v. 13b) ... so much effort, so many sacrifices by tens of thousands of holy ones were figuratively erased by one man who rejected additional revelation. What can be said? Time is of the creation for the passage of time can be mathematically written as a function of gravity; thus time is *phenomenal*. But the essence of a man [or woman] is the person's character that is non-physical and thus lies outside of time. Therefore, the passage of time doesn't give a person his or her character but reveals what has been present from the person's birth in an undeveloped state: the passage of time develops what *is*, rather than creating character in the person. And if the preceding is true, then when Herbert W. Armstrong rejected revelation in 1962, he revealed what was hidden in his heart; he revealed his image of himself that would thereafter have him hobnobbing with petty world leaders, air-bushing group photos to make it appear as if he was meeting alone with these second rate dictators and despots, thereby transforming his ministry into a lie. It would have taken so little to continue the good work he had begun. All he needed to do was admit he was wrong (which he did do), and stick with that admission, accepting the condemnation of men for so energetically proclaiming to the nation since 1934 and to the world since 1953 what wasn't true. But his self-image apparently wouldn't permit being mocked by those who knew even less than he did about Scripture: he couldn't walk as Jesus walked in this world, for Jesus was repeatedly mocked.

Although Armstrong wrote a two volume autobiography of himself, he could not define himself for that is the task of those who come after him. I cannot define myself, nor you yourself. What Armstrong did was publicly present enough information about himself that his view of his ministry can be factored into the historical matrix that will define him. And in 1943 when he initially realized world events would not happen as he had been proclaiming they would—that Hitler would not enter Palestine—he assigned himself the task of being the watchman of Ezekiel chapter 33. Well, he wasn't this watchman.

I was called to reread prophecy exactly forty years to the day and I believe to the minute from when Garner Ted Armstrong, on behalf of his father, Herbert, said there would be no new prophetic revelation, that his father had prophecy right and understood it correctly. And it will be those who come behind me that determine whether I got it right.

It is the concept of time passing without really passing that forms the foundational constructs of Christendom, and even of Judaism; for when did the Exodus occur? Who was the Pharaoh that perished in the Sea of Reeds? What time marker is present in the writings of Moses? And how could so much happen—and did happen—without leaving a historical record that possesses *historicity*?

No rereading of the absolute past or even of the distant past was possible until additional voices emerged from within Christendom that didn't accept the authority of a six day creation account without rejecting a six day creation ... not many additional voices needed to emerge. One was sufficient to breach the walls of monoglossia; for with one additional voice, monoglossia is transformed into polyglossia and the trope of space-time can be considered.

Returning briefly to Paul's question, how is a person to call upon Him [the Lord] in whom the person hasn't believed (Rom 10:14)? How is a Christian to call upon the *Jesus* that would have His disciples walk in this world as fractals of Himself when self-identified *Christians* have never believed this *Jesus*? To the holy ones at Corinth, the Apostle Paul wrote, "If someone comes and proclaims another Jesus than the one we proclaimed ... you put up with it readily enough" (2 Cor 11:4). Even within today's Sabbatarian Christendom, those who profess to be of God too readily put up with those to proclaim another Jesus, one called *Yahshua the Messiah*—

Paul's condemnation of those who proclaim another gospel, another spirit [*pneuma* or "breath" as in voice], another Jesus other than the one he proclaimed remains valid. They are doubly accursed—they are cursed in the flesh as well as in their inner selves: both shall perish for the harm they do and have done to the little ones. Their flesh shall die before judgment of the firstfruits is revealed, and their inner selves shall perish in the lake of fire for their denial of Christ Jesus, who doesn't dwell within an utterance but within the living soul [*psuche*] of the person whom the Father has drawn from this world.

How is a person to hear the words of the Lord unless someone preaches these words? How can a person besieged by ministers of the Adversary hear the word [*o logos*] Christ Jesus left with His disciples unless someone preaches the words of the Lord, and how is a person to preach what the world has not heard for nearly two millennia unless the person has been called to deliver the words of Jesus?

Immediately after the seven weeks of years were complete in the coming of an anointed one, a prince, Christ Jesus, the wall of monoglossia protecting the absolute past from encroachment and rereading was temporarily breach by the Apostle Paul hearing the voice of God, words delivered to his ears via the divine

breath of God [*pneuma 'agion*] (cf. Acts 22:14; 13:2). And upon hearing another voice, Paul proclaimed that Jesus was the last Adam (Rom 5:14; 1 Cor 15:45). Paul stepped behind the protecting monoglossia and temporarily returned Adam to life in the form of the man Jesus the Nazarene. And the author of 1st Timothy, not the author of 1 Corinthians, temporarily returned Eve to life when this author wrote, “Adam was formed first, then Eve, and Adam was not deceived, but the woman was deceived and became a transgressor. Yet she shall be saved through childbearing” (1 Tim 2:13–14) ... Paul declared that sin entered the world through Adam, not Eve (Rom 5:12); so even if Eve was a transgressor, her sins were covered by her husband’s obedience. Sin did not enter the world via Eve’s unbelief of her husband, who prior to the serpent telling Eve that she would not die if she ate forbidden fruit, had added words to what the Lord told him (Gen 3:4).

Was Adam a transgressor when he added words to what the Lord God had told him in Genesis 2:16–17? No. But in adding words, Adam created the condition [state] utilized by the serpent to cause Eve to eat forbidden fruit, with Eve eating but not dying then causing Adam to no longer believe the Lord God and eat. And with Adam eating forbidden fruit, sin entered the world: Adam and Eve simultaneously realized they were naked.

For the Apostle Paul to understand Christ Jesus in terms of a last or second Adam required Paul to reread the absolute past, something that was and remains an attribute of the end of the age; of when there is no ongoing restoration of the holy city and sanctuary. And there couldn’t be restoration of what had not yet been built; for Paul laid the foundation for the temple of God (1 Cor 3:10) that grows to be holy Jerusalem, the Bride of Christ. There can be no restoration of what has not yet been built.

Note carefully: “Know therefore and understand that from the going out of the word to restore and build Jerusalem to the coming of an anointed one, a prince, there shall be seven weeks” (Dan 9:25) ... sending forth the *word*, the Logos, to restore and build is not of itself restoring and building, but sending forth of the *word*.

The cornerstone for the temple of God was/is Christ Jesus (cf. 1 Cor 3:11; 1 Pet 2:4–8); so in the seven weeks of years between when the *word* prepared the coming of an anointed prince and Calvary, the cornerstone only for the temple of God was laid. It was up to Paul to then lay the foundation, made from living stones shaped and sculpted off site (that is not in heavenly Jerusalem but here on earth).

Paul sincerely believed the end of the age was at hand (cf. 1 Cor 10:11; 1 Thess 4:15, 17). He lived in a moment in space-time that was, for him, immediately adjacent to the moment Christ Jesus would return. And it is this close proximity of space and time moments that underlies Paul’s conception of when the end would come, and underlies the narrative construction of New Testament texts. Paul’s conception of the space-time trope was somewhat similar to how space-time is found in 2nd-Century CE Greek novels that inevitably have a beautiful and chaste young woman meeting by chance a handsome and moral young man, and then the two of them marrying, but not before a host of adventures and misadventures occur to each, all without any apparent passage of time occurring between meeting and marrying, with Voltaire in the 18th-Century mocking this novelistic trope of time passing without really passing.

By carefully reading the Synoptic Gospels (Matthew, Mark, and Luke), endtime disciples see the narrative construction of Jesus being the beginning and end, the Alpha [Α] and the Omega [Ω]: in Matthew’s Gospel, chapter one through fourteen represent the beginning of Jesus’ earthly ministry, birth, childhood, and first months of His earthly ministry. All of the events related in these chapters occur early, occur before a year into His ministry. All of these events, including Jesus raising the ruler’s daughter from death, represent *the beginning*. But chapters fifteen on describe events that occur with the last few weeks of Jesus’ ministry, events producing childbirth through which the position of Helpmate (i.e., Bride) is saved.

In John’s Gospel, chapters one through four represent the beginning of Jesus’ earthly ministry, while chapters five on represent the last year of Jesus’ three and a half year long ministry.

Everything that has occurred to Christendom, including the sixty-two weeks of restoration of the temple with squares and a moat, has occurred in the space-time trope that has the resurrection of Christ as the Wave Sheaf Offering standing beside the moment when He shall return ... all of the Christian era is represented by the First Unleavened (see Matt 26:17 and remove the extra words translators have added), the Preparation Day for the Feast of Unleavened Bread, with the Feast of Unleavened Bread representing the seven endtime years of the Affliction and Endurance when Christians will live without sin; for *Christians* who take sin back inside themselves during these seven endtime years shall be cut off from Israel and perish in the lake of fire.

From the perspective of God, no time passes between when Jesus ascends to heaven after His resurrection, and when His disciples are resurrected from death. The passage of real event-time that places approximately two millennia between these two resurrections is represented by one day, today (see Heb 4:7 as an example text). The trope of space-time could not be historically employed by 1st-Century Christians without a great deal of modification to this trope; for if Jesus was soon to return but had not returned decades after Calvary, the passage of time needed to be rethought—and this before John’s vision.

The preceding needs to be remembered: *The trope of space-time could not be historically employed by 1st-Century Christians without a great deal of modification to this trope.* The rethinking of this trope is seen in Matthew’s Gospel, the subject of Volume Four of *APA*.

Spiritual birth (i.e., being born from above, or born of God as a son) will have two entities—Christ Jesus, in whom the breath of God the Father in the bodily form of a dove entered and remained, and the person—occupying the same time and space ... the indwelling of Christ Jesus comes through the breath [used metonymically] of Christ [*pneuma Christou*] entering into the inner self of a person, thereby through marriage-like penetration becoming the Head of the person's inner self. But neither the person's inner self nor the breath of Christ nor the breath of the one who raised Jesus from death (Rom 8:9, 11) can possess mass. A paradox would occur if these entities possessed mass. Thus, from a scientific perspective, none of these entities are *real*. And without being *real*, these entities are outside of space-time so when writing about these entities, the space-time trope doesn't pertain to them.

Now to what becomes difficult to convey: how can a writer convey activity occurring without the passage of *real* event-time also occurring. And this is the difficulty that one particular Gospel writer, Luke, tackled. It will be for us to decide if he successfully accomplished what he undertook—and just by realizing what he did means that he was at least partially successful.

But before further examining the space-time trope, a stronger base needs to be constructed: the Christian pastor or teacher who does mighty works in Jesus' name yet who will not walk in this world as a Judean—this pastor or teacher has not believed the Father or the Son or the works that Jesus did. In fact this *Christian* mocks Father and Son, creating in the *Christian's* lawlessness the tragic image of a Christian, transforming Holy Writ into a parody of itself as the *Christian* brings the gutter into fellowship with Christ Jesus, baptizing the rhetoric of bilingual discourse in an irrigation ditch choked with moss.

In the preceding paragraph, when I use *Christian* as opposed to Christian, two languages are at work, with one opposing the other and trying to put an end to the other. One use, *Christian*, tears <Christ> apart, dividing Christendom up into many sects and schisms, necessary in the space-time trope of the resurrection of Jesus standing next to the resurrection of the Body of Christ, with no passage of time separating these two events even though two millennia pass.

This linguistic tearing apart of <Christ> is as are the obligatory misadventures (imprisonment, shipwreck, etc.) found in 2nd-Century Greek novels that stand between the moment when boy and girl meet and the following moment when same boy and girl marry. Everything that happened in, say, a Sophist novel fit neatly into the imaginary gap between meeting and marrying, with “meeting” figuratively holding the hand of “marrying” throughout the novel.

My other use of *Christian*—the unmarked usage in this Introduction to Volume Three of *APA* (if I am consistent in marking divided Christianity with italicized font)—stands against the centrifugal usage of *Christian* that divides Christian from Christian. My centripetal usage of the unmarked Christian comes from wanting to return Christianity to being one Body of one spirit [breath as in voice] ... the authority of Christian “orthodoxy” with its hierarchy of monoglossia is challenged by there being *Christians* and Christians, with those who profess that Jesus is Lord in the language of orthodoxy worshiping a different *Jesus* from the Jesus of Sabbatarian Christianity, who use the same phonemes as *Christians* within the greater Church but who do not mean the same things when uttering these sounds. Thus, within the jargon of Christianity there are two or more languages at work, with all of the languages speaking the same tongue but with different voices, different dialects, different understandings of what the sacraments of bread and wine represent and when these sacraments should be taken. Thus heteroglossia separates *Christian* from Christian through the reading of Scripture so that *Christian* cannot even speak to Christian. They are, paraphrasing Churchill, divided by a common language.

Even within the Sabbatarian Church there are unbridgeable chasms between Sabbatarian *Christians* and Sabbatarian Christians, with the former either refusing to take the Passover sacraments on the dark portion of the 14th of the first month, or refusing to acknowledge spiritual birth, or refusing to use the name <Jesus> for the unique Son of God the Creator, or refusing to believe that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob “died” when He entered His creation, that the God Christians are to worship was not known by outwardly circumcised Israel.

Language works against language in a manner similar to how time passes without passing—and again, when did the Exodus occur, and who was the Pharaoh who drowned? Open up Egyptian history, and find the answer to either. And what will be found is that the answer is not there. Time passed, forty years passed without leaving a record of itself. Time passed without passing as if this *time* were invented time like the typewriter shots found in the outdoor magazines of the 1960s, animals killed in magazine articles without being killed in event-time.

Typewriter shots—I don't recall having used this term in maybe three decades. It was a term I used often when I had the gunshop ... if a person were to watch hunting shows on outdoor television, the person would see slow, deliberate, aimed shots being made at game animals, shots that take so long to happen that does could have fawns that grow to being mature bucks before triggers are pulled, only a slight exaggeration. The person making the shot is not a confident shooter, usually because he or she is not a good shot; so time is taken and the shot is usually made (misses are edited out). However, before portable video cameras were commonplace,

seldom was a film record made of kills—and more than a few outdoors writers, being equally poor shots, made exceptional kills at long ranges when they wrote articles about their hunts. These shots were made in the safety of offices where articles were written: forty yards became two hundred, a hundred yards became four hundred. And these outdoor writers sent to editors smiling photos of themselves with their dead animals. The story that appeared in print had about it an element of truth, but wasn't true.

As forty yards morphed into being two hundred yards on the platen of a typewriter, Greek novelists pulled one misadventure after another out from their arsenal of plot devices to extend the distance between hero and heroine meeting and marrying until a truly remarkable story emerged from their hands as they wrote for a mostly illiterate public. Who was to check and verify if what they wrote was true; thus they could use the names of real persons to lend credibility to their narratives. It was unlikely that the person whose name authors of these novels *borrowed* for either characters or for the author of the novel itself would ever cause problems. The only real recourse the person whose name was borrowed had was to write another book condemning the person who had falsely used his or her name, with even Galen finding in the marketplace a book by him that he hadn't written.

Yet, despite the lack of historical or secular supporting evidence, Israel's Exodus did occur. But how, if it cannot be found in Egyptian history, does an endtime Christian know that it occurred? The Bible says it did—and what becomes important is belief of God, not the year when the death angel passed throughout the land slaying uncovered firstborns; for belief/faith is not of this world. Belief is outside of time and not bound by time; therefore time cannot give substantiality to belief as it cannot give substantiality to a person's character. A person will believe God as a small child believes his or her parent. The passage of event-time can only undermine belief through the failure of the person to grow in grace and knowledge, thereby transforming the ignorant but believing *Christian* into a still ignorant but now unbelieving *Christian*; for Peter wrote that to faith/belief, virtue [doing what the person knows is right] must be added, and to belief-plus-virtue, knowledge must be added (2 Pet 1:5), and to belief-plus-virtue-plus-knowledge, self-control must be added and so on until steadfastness, godliness, brotherly affection and love have all been added; "For whoever lacks these qualities is so nearsighted that he is blind, having forgotten that he was cleansed from his former sins" (v. 10).

The *Christian* who, armed with a copy of the New Testament in Greek and the ability to read it, sallies forth to joust with the windmills of academia will take a drubbing, emerging from his misadventures an agnostic if this *Christian* hasn't added virtue to his faith before adding knowledge ... if the Evangelical Christian doesn't turn from his or her unbelief and begin to strive to keep the commandments, all of them, not eight or nine of the ten, the Evangelical graduate student will emerge with his or her degree as an unbelieving *Christian* or as an agnostic, what happened to Bart D. Ehrman, long a faculty member at University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

A large gap exists between there being no (or very little) written historical evidence to support Israel's Exodus and believing that Moses led Israel out from the land representing sin. There is a large gap between evidence and faith, especially stupid faith. To believe a thing is true that cannot be proved true takes faith, but to believe what the person knows is false to be true is "stupid" faith. Thus, for a Christian to know that the man Jesus existed and that Jesus walked in this world as an observant Jew, and to know that Christians are to imitate Paul as he imitated Christ Jesus, the person with faith will walk in this world as an observant Jew regardless of whether the person is or isn't outwardly circumcised. But for the *Christian* who knows that Jesus was a Jew to walk in this world as a Gentile (a person of the nations), the *Christian* has stupid faith; for what good will come of, say, keeping Sunday as the Sabbath when Jesus kept as Sabbath the Sabbaths of Israel as they were delivered to the nation by Moses?

Setting the *Christian* laity aside for a moment, the *Christian* pastor who has a university degree and who knows that many contradictions and discrepancies exist in Holy Writ either willfully withholds knowledge he or she has from the laity when delivering messages from the Bible (this was the case for the German Seventh Day Baptist church in Pennsylvania's Salemville in 2003), or the pastor has stupid faith, sincerely believing what the pastor knows is false.

I was called to deliver the meanings [linguistic objects] of prophesied words, signifiers separated from their signifieds to keep sealed prophecies *sealed* until the time of the end. I wasn't called to make peace with academics or with other *Christians*; for a red sky at dawn does not bode well for sailors, nor does the Second Passover liberation of Israel bring universal harmony.

Inscription permits utterance to transcend time, and to then be heard "new" a first time in the mind of a person far removed in space and time from when the utterance occurred, with Moses being commanded by the Lord to write down the things that happened to Israel as a memorial and "recite it [the book] in the ears of Joshua" (Ex 17:14) "for our instruction, on whom the end of the ages has come" (1 Cor 10:11) ... the voice of the Lord as recorded by Moses and as edited in the days of the kings then again by the great assembly morphed into the voice of the Apostle Paul translated from Greek to English and then became my authorial voice in the preceding portion of this one long sentence. And I would not know that speech was even possible if I hadn't

heard the speech of others; thus, in my utterances—in my writings—are the voices of many, but also the signifieds of the Father and the Son.

The space-time trope as employed by the Apostle Paul discloses an understanding of language usage that didn't return until the 20th-Century CE; for Paul stands the resurrection of Christ Jesus from death next to the resurrection of disciples in a resurrection like His (Rom 6:5):

Do you not know that all of us who have been baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were buried therefore with him by baptism into death, in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might walk in newness of life. For *if we have been united with him in a death like his, we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his*. We know that our old self was crucified with him in order that the body of sin might be brought to nothing, so that we would no longer be enslaved to sin. For one who has died has been set free from sin. Now *if we have died with Christ, we believe that we will also live with him. We know that Christ, being raised from the dead, will never die again*; death no longer has dominion over him. For the death he died he died to sin, once for all, but the life he lives he lives to God. So you also must consider yourselves dead to sin and alive to God in Christ Jesus. (Rom 6:3–11 emphasis added)

In Paul's use of the space-time trope, death stands next to death, and resurrection stands next to resurrection. Everything that happens between death and "death" happens without the passage of chronological time; likewise, everything that happens between resurrection and "resurrection" happens without the passage of chronological time. The end is upon Christians from the beginning; thus, 1st-Century disciples live in the time-of-the-end as 21st-Century disciples live in the time-of-the-end. It is only a loss of linguistic knowledge through a returned monoglossia that has prevented Christians from understanding that they live physically in adventures like those that occur in 2nd-Century Greek novels, with the Book of Acts functioning in the Christian literary canon as a Greek novel (Acts is written in novelistic prose, using the motifs of Greek novels) in a manner similar to how Canticles functions in Hebrew as a three-part Greek drama functioned.

I may have gotten ahead of myself: 1st-Century disciples expected Jesus to return as the Messiah in their lifetimes—and when moving from physical to spiritual (from hand to heart) Jesus does return in their lifetimes, which once they are/were born of spirit isn't how long their physical bodies live but how long they live spiritually, or how long their living inner selves live. Thus, we see in John's vision the souls [*tas psuchas*] of the ones slain because of their testimony (that Jesus was the Son of God) sleeping under the heavenly altar until their number should be complete through the martyrdom of endtime disciples (Rev 6:9–11). So outside of event-time, Jesus' midweek (the fourth day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread) resurrection stands next to the midweek (the fourth day of the Genesis "P" creation account) resurrection of His disciples, thereby making the 21st-Century the optical double of the 1st-Century. Nineteen centuries pass without apparently passing. The Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire pass into history, as does the Bismarck and the colonial empires of Britain and France; as does Americans walking on the moon. The black death of Medieval Europe passes without any "time" passing between the death of the Body of Christ and the resurrection to life of the Body of Christ; so the death of the Body of Christ at the end of the 1st-Century that came about through the physical death of the last living apostle stands next to the resurrection of the Body of Christ at the beginning of the 21st-Century through life being returned to endtime disciples, initially to a few then to all *Christians* and Christians at the Second Passover liberation of Israel.

Much more will be written about the Second Passover and life being returned to the Body of Christ, but the concept of events happening without time passing lies at the core of the movement from hand to heart; movement from the physical realm to the timeless spiritual realm. For everything that happens (and has happened) in this physical realm occurs without the passage of time in the heavenly realm. And how to capture this reality in the realm where men (and women) live physically is nearly impossible for the conscious mind is structured chronologically, with the arrow of time going from order to disorder so that a person cannot return to the past even if theoretically possible. The disorder of the present produces additional disorder (the future), not "order."

A human adversary once brought the railing charge against me of being a "writer of novels" ... that was the case before I was called to reread prophecy. There is no denying that I wrote novels before being called to the task I presently have. So the charge of being a *novelist* has little merit. I would even recommend that the reader consider investigating what I was writing before being called to reread prophecy; for the person will find that on a specific date (January 17, 2002) I changed directions, writing what I had not written before, with this change evident in the publications [*Euchre Creek* was my M.F.A. graduate thesis and as such was written in 1991 even though it was not commercially published until a few years ago].

But why would being a novelist disqualify me or anyone else from explicating Scripture? Can valid history not be written in a novelesque style? And who would better recognize a novel as a novel than a novelist?

History can be written as a novel if the historicity of what happened in the past is removed, thereby moving the past into the present where it can be reread and reexamined, with, say, the stoning of Stephen being reread to show that Stephen's long speech is not a faithful reporting of what happened to Israel, a nation not enslaved in Egypt for four hundred years, but enslaved by a Pharaoh who didn't know Joseph (Ex 1:8–11), a Pharaoh who came to power shortly before Moses was born; a native born Pharaoh who *liberated* Egypt from the Shepherd Kings. And Israel left Egypt not four hundred years (coming from Gen 15:13) after entering, but, according to Moses, four hundred thirty years to the day (Ex 12:41).

Why the discrepancy—being oppressed for 400 years versus dwelling in Egypt for 430 years—which seems like a small thing, but a thing that Stephen didn't understand; for Stephen's voice didn't break the wall of monoglossia that protected the distant and absolute past from being reread. He wasn't called to do what he was doing, and the example of his stoning is what happens to those who teach without being called to teach, even when they faithfully deliver what they have received.

If a person faithfully repeats a lie told to the person, does the person tell the truth? This person will have related to others what he or she believes to be true but isn't true; so has the person told the truth? Yes, as this person understood the truth, but NO! factually. The person has not condemned him or herself as a liar, but the person has promulgated a lie and is as such a liar. And such is the state of greater Christendom for the past 1900 years.

The bipolar absolutes of black and white conceal the element of Thirdness that binds *black* (the absence of all light) to *white* (the presence of full spectrum light), with this "Thirdness" represented by light, with Christ Jesus being the life and light of men (John 1:4).

For nearly two millennia, greater Christendom has concealed Christ Jesus from the world through the absolutes of black versus white; for greater Christendom has taught that a person either is saved or isn't saved when judgment isn't even on those not born of God and isn't on the Elect who have been born of God. So a distinction between being saved or not saved doesn't today apply to what the physically living person does for the person actually lives on the "gray" bridge binding black to white, this bridge concealed by the bipolar opposition of no light versus all light.

My words as a novelist and now as one who explicates Scripture traverses the gray bridge, leaving behind the dimly lit side to journey to where I presently stand near the bright end of the bridge. I cannot leave this bridge until the mortal flesh has put on immortality, but I can stand under the streetlight on the bright side until my change comes.

The stoning of Stephen occurs in the alien chronotope of misadventures between resurrection and Resurrection, in which time passes without passing. And as happens in Greek novelesque prose, Paul (then still called Saul) holds the outer garments of those Jews who hurl stones at Stephen, with the endtime man of perdition—an Arian Christian possessed by the Adversary—functioning for 21st-Century Christians as ancient King Saul, with his evil spirit, functioned in Samuel's Israel ... Saul sought the life of David before he received his kingdom as the man of perdition will seek the life of faithful saints before the single kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man halfway through the seven endtime years of tribulation [affliction].

Without utterances originating as responses to what the person has heard from others, no utterance would be possible: in Scripture *the Lord God* speaks to the man of mud before Adam names the animals. The Lord God commands the man not to eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, comingled fruit consisting of the sacred and the profane. It is only after hearing spoken words, those of *Elohim* [singular in usage], that Adam speaks; it is only after hearing *the Lord God* say that it is not good that man [*adam* with a lower case "a"] should be alone, followed by the Lord creating Eve that Adam declares, "This at last is bone of my bones / and flesh of my flesh; / she shall be called Woman, / because she was taken out of Man" (Gen 2:23). And in calling Eve *Woman*, Adam defined his helpmate and defined the past for the future in a way that walled out redefinition—

How is a flesh and blood person to enter a myth or mythic times to modify the narrative that claims primacy over every other creation story? The wall of *completeness* that shielded the Adam and Eve narrative from tampering compelled readers to accept the narrative as is, or to reject the narrative via manifested unbelief. Yet, the primacy of the narrative yields to its novelistic treatment in typological exegesis based upon chirality—figuratively, I am in the womb of the Woman as I am in the belly of the whale where I await being pushed forth, vomited out, empowered from on high as a spokesman delivering the words of the Lord, a spokesman who cannot physically die and stay dead. I am today as Samuel was in the distant past, a Samuel who no longer lives physically, but who *lives* in the minds of holy ones every time 1st and 2nd Samuel are read.

Adam's speech, declaring *Woman* bone of his bone, seems too sophisticated for someone whose only previous speech was naming the animals. But this is not an observation that could be made by Christian or Jew until the wall of completeness that surrounded the absolute past toppled as the Berlin Wall toppled ... in 1983, I told a learned fellow who had arrived on the Oregon Coast about when I left (i.e., 1974) that the Berlin Wall would cease to divide East and West Berlin, that the two Germanies would unite. He didn't believe me. Then when I returned to the Lower 48 in 1991, he asked, *How did you know? How did you know the Wall would fall?* I

knew because Russia and Communism weren't endtime foes of the saints. *Christians* of the great Church will be the endtime foes of the Elect; for again, the man of perdition will be as ancient King Saul was. He will be an Arian Christian who politically stands head and shoulders above other Christians and who puts an end to fundamental Islamic terrorism, who seems to convert the whole world to *Christianity*, but whose evil inner spirit is the Adversary.

I knew that there would again be one nation of Germany because the future limits the present, defining what is possible in the present as the present redefines the past, even the walled off absolute past of myths and mythic events and people. Double voiced discourse pits words against words in a theological arena—and that radio voice I heard while driving across America was silenced in January 1986, but was still heard in 1991, when I was asked how I knew that Germany would reunite.

(The endtime man of perdition is alive and well, but he is not today whom he will become. He is a neo-Arian Christian, and he dotes over his adopted son, an uncovered firstborn who will perish when the Second Passover occurs. It will be the death of his son that turns him bitter and that opens him to the Adversary possessing him so that he will do what he cannot presently imagine himself doing.)

The human proclivity for language was apparently present in Adam from the beginning, or the words attributed to Adam were initially uttered at a later date, with the question of when Adam's words were truly uttered, or whether Adam's words were ever his words being included in a future attack by the Adversary on the faith of innocents, an attack that asks disturbing questions about the validity of Genesis, of Scripture ... in an era when the prince of this world remains the Adversary and printing presses are under his dominion, it is naïve to believe that the Bible printed in English or in Mandarin Chinese is the infallible word of God, with infallibility being a state or condition of receipt not of production due to the heteroglossia of Christian discourse. If the Bible as received were the authentic words of God, there would be no need for a new language: "Therefore wait for me, declares [YHWH], / for the day when I rise up to seize the prey. / For my decision is to gather nations, / to assemble kingdoms, / to pour out upon them my indignation, / all my burning anger; / for in the fire of my jealousy / all the earth shall be consumed. / For *at that time I will change the speech of the peoples / to a pure speech, / that all of them may call upon the name of [YHWH] / and serve Him with one accord*" (Zeph 3:8–9 emphasis added).

Under the New Covenant, the Law [Torah] will be written on hearts and placed in minds so that all *Know the Lord* (Jer 31:31–34; Heb 8:8–12) ... if the Bible were without fault, there would be no need for another people or another covenant or a new language.

If *all the earth shall be consumed*, who are the people whose speech the Lord will change from the way they presently speak to *pure speech*, a new language, a new voice in which they will call upon the Lord? And the question is answered in there shall be a remnant that is not consumed, that returns to the Lord: "A remnant will return, the remnant of Jacob, to the mighty God. For though your people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them will return. Destruction is decreed, overflowing with righteousness. For the Lord God of hosts will make a full end, as decreed, in the midst of all the earth" (Isa 10:21–23, also Rom 9:27–28).

A fabric remnant is the last of a bolt of cloth, a piece of cloth too small to be made into a garment. And so it is with a remnant of Israel: there will be, when the Lord strikes the earth, too few Israelites left to be a nation; yet from these few the millennial reign of Christ Jesus over humankind will come, with these few using a new language. Theology will return to being monoglot discourse. However, an end will not be put to Christendom's present heteroglossia until the Lord comes, bringing with Him a new language that features pure speech. But heteroglossia will return at the end of the Thousand Years, and it will return with the release of the Adversary from his chains.

Again, rereading Holy Writ only became possible when the sixty-two weeks came to an end, and "an anointed one [was] cut off and shall have nothing" (Dan 9:26), with "the people of the prince who is come" destroying the holy city and the sanctuary. His—the prince to come—end shall come with the flood that the old serpent, Satan the devil, sends after the Woman, Israel, to sweep her away (Rev 12:15). This is the flood that the earth swallows (*v. 16, cv. Ex 15:12*) as the Sea of Reeds swallowed the armies of Pharaoh following the first Passover liberation of Israel, a people then circumcised in the flesh only.

4.

In thinking thoughts, heard internally in words, we *hear* the voices of the past: ultimately, we are defined by the past as we react to (or against) all of those things we heard said by parents and grandparents, aunts and uncles, adults who entered our lives when we were too small and too weak to exclude their entry. We then reconstruct the past into an image of our liking or disliking: the child reared in a restrictive family will either rebel against the practices of his or her parents (usually the case) or will continue the traditions of the parents for another generation, with the possibility of rebellion present in each generation. Parents define the child, and the adult child redefines his or her parents. Thus, the parent that *never gives an inch* will have a child that also *never gives an inch*, or will have a child that takes every inch he or she can, with this *taking* forming open rebellion against the parent.

Because of the inevitability of rebellion against parental intransigence, religious revivals seldom go into a third generation without the ideology of those who initially converted being altered significantly—altered or dying out. Nevertheless, a person cannot walk in this world as the man Jesus the Nazarene walked without the person living outwardly as an observant Jew, meaning Christians are to keep the Law; for Christians are to be fractals of Jesus. But this is not what most Christians hear proclaimed to them from pulpits or in creeds. And if they do not hear the words of Jesus, of Peter, or John, of Paul, how will they know Christians cannot live as Gentiles live and please God?

My stepfather truly never heard an explanation for why he should keep the annual High Sabbaths; so he didn't keep them ...

Shortly before Passover 2004, I was invited to dinner at the home of a Church of the Brethren pastor whose wife had become a Sabbath keeper. Also invited to dinner was an elderly member of the German Seventh Day Baptist congregation that the pastor's wife had begun to attend. And after dinner, I laid out the case for keeping the Passover on the dark portion of the 14th of *Aviv*. Seventh Day Baptists, like Seventh Day Adventists, do not keep the Passover or the high Sabbaths of God.

After I made the case for keeping the Passover, the elderly fellow, Mr. Chris King, in his 90s and descended from generations of German Seventh Day Baptist pastors, leaned close and said, "That sounds right, but nobody ever taught us this." And my heart sunk. Here was a man who would have been obedient to God in even more than he was doing if someone had come to him who had been called by God to speak. But no one had come to the German Seventh Day Baptists for centuries. And Mr. King, who had kept the Ephrata Cloister's printing press operating into the 20th-Century—the Ephrata Cloister was a Sabbatarian pietist community established in 1732 by Johann Conrad Beissel in what is now Lancaster County, Pennsylvania—passed away shortly after I shared that dinner with him.

Most *Christians* in the greater Church have never heard why they should keep the Sabbath as part of them being fractals of the Son of Man; so they don't keep the Sabbath.

But nobody ever taught us this—can there be no greater indictment of *Christian* pastors than those words of Mr. King?

Christians profess with their mouths that *Jesus is Lord*; yet they stand in open rebellion against the Father and the glorified Son. On occasion over the past five centuries, Christians within the greater Church have for a generation or two attempted to walk as Jesus walked, but to walk in this world as an outwardly uncircumcised Jew means hearing but ignoring a cacophony of voices claiming that *Jesus kept the Law so Christians don't have to*; that *because of the indwelling of Christ, Christians are free from the demands of the Law*. Yet the Apostle Paul wrote that the sinner who is without the Law will perish without the Law, that it is the doer of the Law who will be justified (Rom 2:12–13). So whose voice is a person to hear, Augustine who believed that faith alone was sufficient for salvation, or the Apostle Peter who wrote that to faith must be added virtue, and to faith-plus-virtue must be added knowledge, self-control, steadfastness, godliness, brotherly affection, followed by love, one after another (again, 2 Pet 1:5–9)?

Isn't it easier to simply dismiss 2nd Peter, the epistle, and believe Augustine, about whom there are no questions concerning writing style and authorship, than to buck the prince of this world and mark oneself as being of God through Sabbath observance? Scholars are certain—and have been for centuries—that 2nd Peter was not written by the hand that wrote 1st Peter, that is by Sivanus' hand (see 1 Pet 5:12). No, 2nd Peter was most likely written by Peter, himself, who was an uneducated common man in 31 CE (Acts 4:13), but who most likely learned to speak Greek, and to read Greek and to write crudely in Greek so that he could work outside of Judea where his life was sought for escaping from Roman imprisonment. It certainly is more likely that Peter was in Babylon, where Silvanus placed him in 1st Peter than in Rome, where his presence would be a mocking of Roman authority in Judea.

In his essay, "From the Prehistory of Novelistic Discourse," Mikhail Bakhtin writes, "A complex polyglossia was, as we have seen, characteristic of Hellenism. ... Scattered throughout the entire Hellenistic world were centers, cities, settlements where several cultures and languages cohabited, interweaving with one another in distinctive patterns. Such, for instance, was Samosata, Lucian's native city, which has played such an immense role in the history of the European novel. The original inhabitants of Samosata were Syrians who spoke Aramaic. The entire literary and educated upper classes of the urban population spoke and wrote in Greek. The official language of the administration and chancellery was Latin, all of the administrators were Romans, and there was a Roman legion stationed in the city. A great thoroughfare passed through Samosata (strategically very important) along which flowed the languages of Mesopotamia, Persia, and even India." (*The Dialogic Imagination*. Ed. Michael Holquist. Trans Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1981; p. 64)

Wherever Peter was—Babylon—he was an Aramaic speaking Jew forcibly thrust into a polyglot world where he had to learn Greek to survive, let alone do the work of God for which he was commissioned.

In 1979, in UniSea's bar and restaurant at Dutch Harbor, I listened to Portuguese fishermen speaking to each other in Norwegian, the language of their crab boat's captain, and somehow, the phonemes these

fishermen uttered seemed horribly inappropriate to my ears. Yet they continued the long tradition of the workman speaking the language of his employer, not the other way around.

The polyglossic utterances of Dutch Harbor, Alaska, where canneries sported many Vietnamese, Filipino, and Korean line workers, with Japanese fish buyers overseeing production, and most of the crab fleet being first generation Norwegians, required that priority be given to some voices ... on a Reeves Aleutian flight from Cold Bay to Dutch, I sat next to a Japanese fish buyer who was extremely angry about having to return a third time to Dutch to correct processing problems. After detailing the problems, he said, "The only cure for STUPID is KILL!" I wasn't sure he really understood what he said, but I silently agreed with him for I had just fired a crewman who was going to get himself killed if I didn't kill him first.

Peter said that faith alone was not sufficient for salvation, so should not Christians also hear the words of James who wrote that "a person is justified by works and not by faith alone" (Jas 2:24), or should the *Christian* listen to the words of Martin Luther who thought James' epistle was straw?

Pause here: the space-time trope that had little work to do in the Old Testament where the history of Israel was a history of its kings—where a people was fully represented by the sovereign the people served—entered the one long spiritual night of waiting and watching that began at Calvary with the Passover sacrifice of the Lamb of God as a silent watchman, the mourner who held resurrection next to Resurrection, the unseen giant in the room. It is this trope that has been unmasked, but still not fully realized ...

Clearly some voices heard will be privileged over other voices, and when it comes to "religion" the monoglossia of antiquity possess authority due to their antiquity, but authority that does hold when an anointed one is cut off and has nothing—the Body of Christ is again dead when the anointed one is cut off. The way to God is open to all who have love for neighbor and brother, but open in the great White Throne Judgment, not for inclusion as one of the Elect; for the moat remains in place.

The voices of the autonomous authors of the canonical Gospels have authority over later voices such as Augustine's or Martin Luther's or Menno Simons' because of their primacy. But they only have authority through primacy for as long as 1st-Century New Testament primacy exists. When it is realized that there are more generations than fourteen, plus fourteen, plus another fourteen between Abraham and Christ Jesus, primacy shifts from the canonical text to the deuterocanonical explication of the text.

Now, to the problem at hand: how is a *Christian* who has only heard chanted creeds in a cathedral to hear the voices of the authors of the canonical Gospels, then the voices of deuterocanonical authors? How was an illiterate *Christian* in the Middle Ages to hear the voices of 1st-Century Christians? Today, how is the lukewarm *Christian* whose only exposure to Jesus comes in Sunday services and in the Scripture reading for that day to hear the voice of Christ Jesus or of Moses?

When the creeds were accepted centuries after Calvary, no self-identified *Christian* walked as Jesus walked, or imitated the Apostle Paul as he imitated Christ Jesus. Before the doctrine of a triune deity was articulated, no self-identified *Christian* was of God. All were of the Adversary, who hadn't gotten Peter but who had deceived many others within the 1st-Century Jesus Movement.

The *Christian* who took his or her faith from the creeds would be as a person deaf from birth; for this *Christian* would not have heard anything about Abraham having made two journeys of faith, the first to the Promised Land that represents Sabbath observance (*cf.* Heb 3:16–4:11; Ps 95:10–11; Num chap 14), and a second journey within the Promised Land that tested his faith and established the permanence of the Lord's promises. Nor would the *Christian* have heard that when faith is tested Christianity requires the sacrifice of children—not a literal shedding of their blood, but the placing of God the Father and the Son before them, not something that Greeks converts wanted to hear in the 1st-Century, and not something that *Christians* in the greater Church want to hear in the 21st-Century. Yet what did Jesus mean when He said,

Do not think that I have come to bring peace to the earth. I have not come to bring peace, but a sword. For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a person's enemies will be those of his own household. Whoever loves father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, and whoever loves son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And whoever does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me. Whoever finds his life will lose it, and whoever loses his life for my sake will find it. (Matt 10:34–39)

Is a person to compromise with God to save his or her child, or is a Christian who believes the Father and the Son to stand on principles and *never give an inch*, an expression that author Ken Kesey attributes to the patriarch Henry Stamper in Kesey's novel, *Sometime a Great Notion* (1964)?

In the space-time trope that has the resurrection standing next to the Resurrection, one trial Christians face is the sacrifice of their children, the surrender of their children to the lawlessness of the world; for no Christian can draw another person—father or mother, son or daughter—out of this present world where the person was humanly born as a son of disobedience, consigned to disobedience as a slave of the Adversary. In the alien

world of novelesque discourse, the Christian sacrifice of children is a tried and true motif, one that goes back to what the prophet Ezekiel wrote:

But the house of Israel rebelled against me [the Lord] in the wilderness. They did not walk in my statutes but rejected my rules, by which, if a person does them, he shall live; and my Sabbaths they greatly profaned. Then I said I would pour out my wrath upon them in the wilderness, to make a full end of them. But I acted for the sake of my name, that it should not be profaned in the sight of the nations, in whose sight I had brought them out. Moreover, I swore to them in the wilderness that I would not bring them into the land that I had given them, a land flowing with milk and honey, the most glorious of all lands, because they rejected my rules and did not walk in my statutes, and profaned my Sabbaths; for their heart went after their idols. Nevertheless, my eye spared them, and I did not destroy them or make a full end of them in the wilderness. And I said to their children in the wilderness, Do not walk in the statutes of your fathers, nor keep their rules, nor defile yourselves with their idols. I am [YHWH your *Elohim*]; walk in my statutes, and be careful to obey my rules, and keep my Sabbaths holy that they may be a sign between me and you, that you may know that I am [YHWH your *Elohim*]. But the children rebelled against me. They did not walk in my statutes and were not careful to obey my rules, by which, if a person does them, he shall live; they profaned my Sabbaths. Then I said I would pour out my wrath upon them and spend my anger against them in the wilderness. But I withheld my hand and acted for the sake of my name, that it should not be profaned in the sight of the nations, in whose sight I had brought them out. Moreover, I swore to them in the wilderness that I would scatter them among the nations and disperse them through the countries, because they had not obeyed my rules, but had rejected my statutes and profaned my Sabbaths, and their eyes were set on their fathers' idols. Moreover, *I gave them statutes that were not good and rules by which they could not have life, and I defiled them through their very gifts in their offering up all their firstborn, that I might devastate them.* I did it that they might know that I am [YHWH]. Therefore, son of man, speak to the house of Israel and say to them, Thus says the Lord God: In this also your fathers blasphemed me, by dealing treacherously with me. For when I had brought them into the land that I swore to give them, then wherever they saw any high hill or any leafy tree, there they offered their sacrifices and there they presented the provocation of their offering; there they sent up their pleasing aromas, and there they poured out their drink offerings. (Ezek 20:13–28 emphasis added)

The Lord God [linguistically plural even though singular verbs are used] was slow to sacrifice His firstborn son (see Ex 4:22), but after repeated warnings, the Lord commanded Israel to do the thing that He despised (see Jer 7:30–33): He commanded Israel to offer its firstborn, the firstborn that belonged to Him, as the nation's offerings made with fire, thereby putting an end to the people of Israel who from that time forth could not have physical life as free people ... the Lord [*Yah*] sacrificed His firstborn son (Ex 4:22) when this son would not obey Him, and God the Father sacrificed His Firstborn Son, the man Jesus, because of Israel's unbelief.

The above citation from Ezekiel is long and authoritative, but it is neither read nor believed by Israel, the nation to be circumcised of heart. Therefore, Christians will again be commanded to sacrifice their children if they do not sacrifice themselves. And this is a subject to which I will return.

A question, was the novelist Ken Kesey sacrificed by his father, a hard shell Baptist, who apparently *never gave an inch*?

Instead of allowing a deer to sour as I did when testing my stepfather, Ken Kesey became *soured meat* when he at Stanford apparently tested his father through drug use and his partying/wild lifestyle.

Ken Kesey was voted by his high school classmates as *most likely to succeed*; I was voted by my classmates as *most likely to succeed*. Kesey earned a bachelor of arts degree from University of Oregon in 1957; I never took a bachelor degree—my first degree was a Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing from University of Alaska Fairbanks. Kesey was disqualified for military service because of a shoulder injury suffered when wrestling (his draft classification was 4F); I was disqualified for size and for a shoulder injury suffered in a head-on auto accident that left the other driver dead (my classification was 1Y). Kesey entered graduate school as a teetotaler but soon began smoking pot, drinking wine, sporting a beard, and apparently wife swapping; I entered graduate school as a teetotaler and remain one to this day; however, I didn't enter graduate school in my 20s but in my

40s. And I grew a beard in August 1976, when, after falling dry, bug-killed white spruce timber in North Kenai for a couple of days, my jawline was too swollen by mosquito bites to shave. I haven't shaved since.

I went from Oregon to San Francisco when too young to be tainted by the liberalism of unbelief (not that I was a Believer); Kesey went from Oregon to San Francisco when ripe for picking by the Adversary—

Maybe if Ken Kesey hadn't injured his shoulder and hadn't gone to Stanford and hadn't enlisted in a number of experiments at the Veterans' Hospital in Menlo Park, where he was paid to take psychedelic drugs, including LSD, he would have remained more like his brother Chuck who, with his wife and with milk from his father's Eugene Dairy Coop, founded the Springfield Creamery and Nancy's Yogurt.

However, it is Ken Kesey's novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion* (1964), with which I take exception: the novel was written while Kesey was a graduate student at Stanford. Though many critics believe the novel to be Kesey's magnum opus, for me the novel does not have a believable premise. There were no rattlesnakes on the coast, no fox hunting, no conflict between union loggers and gyppos. And before the tide rose four inches on a pinned Joe Ben, there would not have been a block of that tree left that couldn't have been split for firewood, for the Mac 125 that the Hank Stamper character [Paul Newman] carried in the movie makes short work of bucking cuts. So for me, there was no suspension of disbelief, just as there was no suspension of disbelief when I picked up that book in Anchorage about *All You Need to Know about the 1960s*.

Why introduce a particular novel into a discussion about the space-time trope of resurrection standing against Resurrection? The novel and the movie made from it has this space-time trope circling back upon itself to bite its tail in the covered bridge at Elk City, the bridge in the movie *Sometimes a Great Notion*, being the end of my mud lane when I lived at the head of tidewater on the Yaquina River. It is *Sometimes a Great Notion* standing beside *A Truly Great Notion* that has the adventures and misadventures of forty years (1972–2012) passing as if no time has passed.

The authoritarianism of nature and nurture against which Kesey rebelled won its battle with him while he still lived.

What makes any literary text work is the suspension of disbelief that permits the reader to read without throwing the book across the cabin of the boat as I did in 1979, while tied to the Old Sub Dock at Dutch Harbor ... I didn't set to be a writer. The typewriter shots of 1960s outdoor writers did, however, cause me to consider writing articles about subjects of which I had reasonable expertise, but English was my worst subject in school and nothing had changed since leaving school. English and the language arts remain my weakest area of expertise. But while in Dutch in November and December 1979, I started to write a novel for which I would eventually receive a contract. I became a writer, a novelist, and eventually adjunct English faculty, with all of this beginning when I threw Follett's novel across the damp cabin in my boat while waiting out a blow where weather is spawned.

5.

The concept of "suspension of disbelief" was introduced by Sir Philip Sidney in *An Apology for Poetry*, written before 1583, and partially motivated by the Puritan Stephen Gosson's *The School of Abuse*, an attack on drama and on all forms of fiction, an attack dedicated to Sir Philip. Thus, in his defense of literary forms other than histories, Sir Philip uses a number of classical [Greek] and Italian understandings of fiction. His defense is as much against Plato as it was against Gosson; for Sir Philip argued that fiction teaches ethics more effectively than does history or philosophy, and thereby rouses virtue in readers—and it is virtue that must be added to faith before the Christian is able to ingest knowledge (2 Pet 1:5) ... Sir Philip argued that no one going to the theatre and seeing a sign identifying the stage as Thebes believes that the stage is ancient Thebes, but willingly suspends his or her disbelief to play along with the actors as the story unfolds that will teach the person a lesson about ethics.

The authority of monoglossia is broken where a suspension of disbelief occurs, where a second voice is heard; for the person who has suspended disbelief no longer rejects fiction as a lie, nor does the person necessarily believe the historicity of a history. The authority invested in monoglot discourse is dependent upon the auditor hearing no voice but the one that history accepts as authentic. Suspension of disbelief permits the auditor to believe other voicing, but never all voicing. And it is in "any" but not "all" where the Elect reside.

Indo-European languages of which Greek was the first to have a fully inscribed alphabet differ from Semitic languages such as Hebrew, Aramaic, and Arabic in that Greek words are inscribed with their vowels. The reader of Greek doesn't have to know what word/words should be there before reading an inscribed passage. Not so in Semitic languages: the reader of Hebrew needs to know (needs to have been taught) what word is represented by the three consonants forming the word root before reading the word, for changing vowels changes the word. In Semitic languages, inscribed words are incomplete until read. Therefore, readers of Semitic texts are not able to reread or rethink the texts and still have the texts make sense. The act of reading is definitive. For to be able to make words from the inscribed consonants, the texts must be read as readers were taught to read them, thereby submitting readers to the authority of a monoglot text.

The reader of an inscribed Semitic text [*e.g.*, the Torah] can either believe the text or not believe the text. No other possibility can exist. For the inscribed text doesn't fully exist until read as the person was taught to read it.

If the reader believes the Torah, which the reader already knows from being previously taught what the Torah says, the reader will do those things that Moses commanded Israel to do. If the reader doesn't believe the text, the reader rejects Moses and the deity Moses represents. There can be no suspension of disbelief that would permit the Israelite to keep the Law but still not believe Moses; for the Israelite who would strive to keep the Law apart from Moses doesn't keep the Law. There can be no separation between Moses and the Law, even though modern Christendom attempts such a separation in transforming the Law into the Ten Suggestions ... Jesus said that a person must believe the writing of Moses before the person can hear His voice, His words (John 5:46–47).

In the declaration that *there can be no suspension of disbelief that would permit the Israelite to keep the Law but still not believe Moses* lies the heart of Volumes Three and Four of *APA*; for when inspired words of God move from being inscribed in Hebrew to being inscribed in Greek, Moses can be reread, reconceptualized and moved from pertaining to the fleshly body of the person to pertaining to the inner self of the person. This movement from hand to heart is stymied by Hebraic inscription, and is the principle reason underlying the formation of thought-couplets in Hebraic poetics. ... in a thought-couplet, the first presentation of the concept is physical (of the flesh or of darkness) and the second presentation is spiritual (of the inner self or of light); whereas in Greek, because the inscription is externally and internally complete, two or more meanings can be assigned to the same word or phrase or sentence. Thus, *the Christ* can simultaneously represent the man Jesus the Nazarene, the glorified Jesus, as well as disciples in whom Jesus dwells in the form of His breath or spirit (used metonymically). Hence *the Christ* has an uncovered (and already internally and externally glorified) Head, and a covered (internally but not externally glorified) Body in Greek New Testament inscription.

Again, in Semitic languages, an inscribed word is not a fully formed unit—is not a fully formed linguistic signifier separate from its signified—for it is the intended signified that completes the word through the vowels selected to go between the consonants. Although signifieds were separated from signifiers at Babel when languages were confused, those families that were Semitic language users minimized confusion through a partially-inscribed alphabet that required the transmission of conjoined signifier and signified from generation to generation. Polyglossia but not heteroglossia was eliminated. And the linguistic drift of words meaning different things is slowed in all Semitic languages, as seen in 7th-Century CE Arabic being the language of Islam, a language that easily accommodates fundamentalist beliefs.

Christianity is rooted in Greek inscription, not Hebrew or Aramaic. And where a word exists apart from its context as it does in Greek—and where context determines what meaning should be given to a sign or to a word used as a sign—the word as a linguistic signifier exists independently from its signified. One of many signifieds can be assigned to the word, with the best choice coming from how a reading community interprets the context in which it encounters the word.

When one of many signifieds can be assigned to a signifier, with other signifieds also being valid assignments, there must be a suspension of disbelief attached to the signified that the reading community assigns to the word while disbelief is retained toward all other signifieds. This is seen in *APA Volume One*, chapter one, when it comes to the signified for <primacy> rather than <beginning> being assigned to the Greek word <*arche*> in John 1:1 ... the signified for the English word <beginning> can and usually is validly assigned to <*arche*>, but the signified for <beginning> carries the implication of being *first in time or space* rather than *first in authority*. Thus when <*arche*> as used in John 1:1 is translated into English as <beginning> there is denial of Jesus being equal to *ton Theon*, an equality that Paul in Philippians also assigns to Jesus prior to His human birth. Therefore, to believe Paul that in the form of God Jesus had equality with God the Father before His human birth, a suspension of disbelief must occur, with this suspension reinforced by the opening sentence of John's Gospel when <primacy> is regarded as the best translation of <*arche*>. And a principle of Scripture is confirmed that by the mouth of two or three witnesses a thing is established.

Historically, canonized New Testament texts have been read by each Christian reading community [sect or denomination] as if only one voice were present in the texts; thus, the reading community believed the communal reading and thereby made itself into an monoglot island in a polyglot sea—and what has all of this to do with novelesque discourse? Very much. For new Christian converts inevitably island-hop from one locally authoritative reading of Holy Writ to another without realizing that faith/belief for a Christian comes only through the suspension of disbelief.

When a new Christian still possesses an infinitely small quantity of knowledge, the Christian inevitably begins to judge the beliefs of other Christians, abandoning more staid fellowships for more energetic ones without growing a whit in grace and knowledge.

But the corollary to the above is in the Adversary convincing, say, an Evangelical Christian youth such as the young Bart D. Ehrman that enough discrepancies exist in canonical texts that these texts cannot have been inspired by God. The Adversary will turn a wannabe believer into an educated agnostic—and the Father and

the Son will watch the sacrifice of a potential son of God without intervening to save the wannabe believer. For when a wannabe believer can no longer sustain the suspension of disbelief, unbelief wins and the potential son of God becomes as the nation of Israel was that left Egypt and could not enter the Promised Land because of unbelief (Heb 3:19).

It is in Christian suspension of disbelief where salvation dwells.

In my attempt to buck the trends of culture in the late 1960s and early 1970s, I laid the seeds of my daughters' rebellion against God ... in me *never giving an inch*—a Christian cannot compromise with what the Christian knows is right; a Christian cannot return to unbelief and remain a Believer—I then unknowingly sacrificed my children as the Springfield, Oregon, dairy farmer Fred Kesey apparently sacrificed his son Ken, who bridged the gap between the Beatniks of the 1950s and the counterculture movement of the late 1960s.

The child reared in a Sabbatarian house will never *not know* that the seventh day is the Sabbath of God, that Sunday is *the one after the Sabbath* [*te mia tov sabbaton*], the day of the Wave Sheaf Offering when the first handful of ripe barley is waved before the Lord so that the harvest of firstfruits can begin; the day fifty days later when the two loaves of bread made from the firstfruits and baked with leaven are waved on the Feast of Weeks [Pentecost]. The child reared in a Sabbatarian house must suspend belief, not disbelief, to ignore the Sabbath, with this suspension of belief after decades morphing into actual belief in what is not true. And if this now-grown person is to be saved, this person must come to God not as a wannabe believer but as a full unbeliever, meaning that it will be extremely unlikely that the person will ever believe God.

Again, the day after the Sabbath represents Christ Jesus being the First of this harvest of firstfruits, the Wave Sheaf Offering, which disciples can never be for the Wave Sheaf Offering is grain accepted by God without being beaten into fine flour and baked with leavening [sin killed in receiving a glorified body]. And this harvest metaphor is the central metaphor of salvation.

Now to a small thing that endtime Christians do not discuss, the similarity between “Christian” texts from the 1st-Century CE and their contemporary texts by pagan authors in the Near and Middle East, texts that had crop and farming metaphors at their centers: a person in the 1st-Century would find nothing particularly unusual in Christians being harvested as the firstfruits of God, or in common humanity appearing before the Lord to be judged by what they did when alive in a main crop (wheat) harvest of humanity. These would have been familiar metaphors to whomever heard the words of Jesus. What would not have been familiar is the idea of an invisible inner new self; for in the Hellenistic world, the *inner self* was displayed externally in emotional displays so that even men publically wept, publicly professed their love.

There was a 1st-Century awareness of the inner self, but not of an invisible inner self. The soul of a person was on display in the public square for all to see and to judge in what the person did, the realization of the inner self. Thus, the grain harvest metaphor that, for Israel, had been in existence since the days of Moses, was fodder for children; for infants in Christ. But what was new was the idea of God dwelling in the invisible inner self of a human person, the self that was, as before, displayed by what the person did publicly.

Sir Philip Sidney was a militant Protestant (he was in Paris when the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre occurred). In 1585, he joined the Protestant war against the Papacy in Holland, and during the siege at Zutphen, he was shot in the thigh and died 26 days later. He was 31 years old. And reportedly, while lying wounded he gave his water bottle to another wounded soldier, saying, “Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.” Whether the story is true is immaterial; for the story is told to reveal the externalized inner self of a humanly good man. This story apparently caused evolutionary biologist John Maynard Smith to, in *signaling theory*, introduce the problem known as the *Sir Philip Sidney game*; for a dying man to give another dying man his means of survival goes against the tenets of biological evolution.

Academics practicing historical criticism do not publicly say much about the similarity between New Testament canonical literature and pagan texts in the Hellenistic world. As mentioned before, the motifs in the Books of Acts are the motifs of a Greek novel from the same period: as a novel, Acts is complete with a metamorphosis (the transformation of Saul into Paul), a travel itinerary in which locations visited really don't matter, imprisonment, a judicial trial that reveals the history and character of the man (Paul, the stand-in for Christ Jesus), and the obligatory shipwreck, all without specific time markers that establishes a real event-time history rather than the *adventure-time* of the narrated events. What is missing is the visible heroine, the beautiful and chaste lass that the hero meets suddenly and unexpectedly, falls instantly in love-with, and that the hero marries at the end of the novel ... in Acts, Christ is the hero and Paul is His double, the one who imitates Jesus, walking in this world as Jesus walked. And Theophilus plays the role of heroine.

If a person desires a quote from this Volume Three of *APA*, the preceding is a reasonable one.

In order for Paul to be the acting double for Christ Jesus, he must undergo metamorphic transformation so that he, in his inner person, becomes the Body of Christ (see 1 Cor 12:27) and the motivated and faithful lover of an equally chaste lover (Theophilus) who will become the married Bride of Christ at the end of the story.

The Book of Acts uses apparently historical events to produce a novelistic history that should be read as a Greek novel was read, and not read as history or philosophy. All that happens in Acts occurs in the vertical

space that lies above a horizontal timeline, that of real event-time. And I want to emphasize, Acts should not be considered a chronologically true history of the early Church even though the events that are recorded are probably true, and true in approximately the time order in which they appear. But when do they appear? From Acts itself, a person would never know. Thus, Acts is not history as history is written in the 20th or 21st Centuries. Rather, Acts is novelistic history from which its historicity has been subtracted; for Acts has genre-specific prescribed motifs that would have caused it to be read as a Greek novel was read in the 2nd-Century CE.

The above will be a difficult claim for most Christians to accept.

If you are one who is unwilling to believe that any of the New Testament could be less than absolutely true, temporarily suspend your disbelief and try to place the Jerusalem Conference (Acts 15) within what Paul claims about himself in his epistles, especially in Galatians where Paul addresses going to Jerusalem. And Paul privately speaking to those who seemed to be somebody doesn't fit into an open conference at which Peter and James speak. So when did Paul attend the Jerusalem Conference of Acts? After he wrote his epistle to the Galatians? Not likely. What seems apparent is that the author of Acts used what Paul wrote in the Galatians as the basis for artistically creating a dramatic conference that decided the course of Christendom, certainly something done by novelists then as well as today.

Why would a novel have been inserted in Holy Writ? This is the question that remains to be answered; for novels are inherently regarded as fiction—as entertaining lies, the position of the Puritan Stephen Gosson. This is Plato's position concerning poetry and drama. After all, Plato argues, how is Greece to retain its military vigor if its young men read poetry?

Plato needed to meet Sir Philip.

The question of *why* might not yet be fully answered, but what also needs asked: is Luke's Gospel a non-fiction novel written to a lover of God? What is the significance of, *In the first word I made about everything, 'o Theophile, which began the Jesus both~to do and to teach* (Acts 1:1 literal translation), if Luke's Gospel is not also a novel? For the Jesus who is crucified in Luke's Gospel is a talkative fellow on his way to Calvary and as such is not the same silent Jesus that is crucified in Mark's Gospel ... there is no easy way to explain why Mark's Jesus says nothing on His way to Calvary and Luke's Jesus addresses the *Daughters of Jerusalem* (Luke 23:28) as if these *daughters of Jerusalem* were similar to the choral *daughters of Jerusalem* of Canticles (e.g. Song of Solomon 1.5), with Canticles being an unmistakable three-part, three act Greek-type drama.

If Luke's Gospel is not written as authentic biographical history but as historical drama—a possibility that has not been previously explored—then there must be a Christian rethink of the space-time trope that lends historicity to narrative.

If Acts is written as a novel that has hero and heroine suddenly meeting (usually by chance), then is not this meeting addressed in,

Inasmuch as many have undertaken to compile a narrative of the things that have been accomplished among us, just as those who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word have delivered them to us, it seemed good to me also, having followed all things closely for some time past, to write an orderly account for you, most excellent Theophilus, that you may have certainty concerning the things you have been taught. (Luke 1:1–4)

If Luke's Gospel is not an absolutely *spot-on* historical biography of Jesus—and it really cannot be if Matthew's and Mark's Gospels are—then is Luke's Gospel to be read as a non-fiction novel or as non-fiction drama? Does Luke's Gospel better teach virtue than a philosophical account of Jesus' earthly ministry as John's Gospel is, or a historical biography as Matthew's Gospel and Mark's Gospel purport to be? This would be the argument of Sir Philip Sidney—and this is what's seen in Luke's Gospel in which is the parable of the Good Samaritan, the parable of Lazarus and Dives, the parable of the dishonest manager, the story of Zacchaeus, and the parable of the ten Minas. The focus of Luke's Gospel seems to be ethics, not a chronological accounting of what Jesus said and did. Thus, endtime Christians should not expect Luke's Gospel to read like Mark's Gospel even though some stories and some words are shared ...

If a 1st-Century Greek convert to the Jesus Movement wasn't familiar with Canticles, could this convert link Luke's Gospel to the futuristic Hebrew play, Canticles? Probably not. But it isn't reasonable to believe that after being flogged and on His way to being crucified, Jesus would turn to the women following Him and address them with the phrase, *Daughters of Jerusalem* ... His mother would have been among these women, and she was not of Jerusalem.

The phrase, *Daughters of Jerusalem*, in the context of being crucified is too *cutesy* to be believed—the phrase breaks my suspension of disbelief and seems to violate the pathos of the scene, not something that troubled early Greek novelists.

If Jesus, on His way to Calvary, were able to speak, why was Simon of Cyrene compelled to carry the crossbeam? For symbolic reasons? Or because Jesus had been beaten so severely that He would not live long on the stake, the kindest thing Pilate could do for Him without freeing Him? And if Jesus had been beaten to

near death, beaten in a manner represented by Isaiah (*his appearance was so marred, beyond human semblance* — Isa 52:14), would He have even soberly addressed the women following Him, *Daughters of Jerusalem ... weep for yourselves and your children* (Luke 23:28)? Luke's Jesus says too much.

The scene is simply not believable. It is far easier to believe in a resurrection from death than to believe that the beaten Jesus said, *Daughters of Jerusalem ...*

It would seem that Luke's Gospel is like the second book written to Theophilus, Acts.

The absence of suffering in Luke's Passion Account, an absence that would be characteristic of a Greek novel in which heroes and heroines undergo adventures and misadventures without seeming to age or truly suffer, can be somewhat explained through Mary, the mother of Jesus, being the source of Luke's information about the Jesus' birth, infancy, and death. But Mary was probably gone from Judea (was probably across the Mediterranean) without Luke ever having met her. Thus, Luke, the presumed author of the Gospel according to Luke (not a title that is part of the Gospel), if constructing even a non-fiction novel would not need to have interviewed Mary but could present as true what he read in the writings of others, writings that have been lost or destroyed by early proto-orthodox Christians.

Luke never claims inspiration from God for what he writes, but rather claims to have assembled and have given a two-volume account of the writings and heteroglossia of the 1st-Century Church.

In the modern era, Truman Capote gets credit for introducing the non-fiction novel with his 1966 book, *In Cold Blood*, about the 1959 murders of Herbert Clutter, a farmer from Holcomb, Kansas, his wife, and two of their four children. Although before Capote's book, the concept of using novelistic techniques to write about non-fiction [real and historical] events had been explored, Capote has been credited with being the first to successfully merge fiction and non-fiction—all dialogue in Capote's book is fictional—to produce a hybrid genre that is neither true nor false, but just "is" as a poem *is*.

The Book of Acts is at best such a work, as the Gospel of Luke seems to be. Both are *true*, but "true" without the historicity that endtime disciples have come to expect from works of non-fiction. Both employ novelesque techniques, with Luke's Gospel employing the space-time trope to shuffle events into a new order; for in Greek novels, everything that happened between "A" and "Z," meeting and marriage, occurred in the space above a horizontal event-time line—occurred without the apparent passing of event-time. The things that happened occurred in space that was simultaneously distant and near. For Luke, Matthew's account of Jesus' Sermon on the Mount serves as salt, sprinkled on top of his narrative to add flavor, not historical accuracy.

Again, Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* is a defining work that emerged in the 1960s, a work that sheds considerable light on Luke's two canonical New Testament texts.

Now to the fundamentals: is too much credit being given to an anonymous author historically identified as Luke when saying that this author intentionally used novelesque techniques to escape from the confines of space and time that do not pertain to the inner self born of spirit? A novel, even an ancient Greek novel, brings the past and the future into the present in a shattering of the space-time trope of history, a shattering that will see a reordering of this trope so that historical events occur along the "y" axis of a two dimensional graph that has the "x" axis representing the horizontal passage of real event-time.

Could it be that early Christians couldn't distinguish fiction from non-fiction and mistook a fictionalized account of Jesus and the first apostles for genuine history? We know that more than fourteen generations of Israel occurred between David and the deportation to Babylon; so we know that the anonymous author of Matthew got these generations wrong as well as a citation, but did this author intentionally get the generations wrong?

Consider that Jorge Luis Borges wrote a short story that has a Nazi agent in England killing a friend so that the phonemes of the friend's name in connection with the agent's name would reveal information to the Nazis who intercepted English radio news, information the secret agent could no longer deliver directly via his short-wave radio set.

Could a 1st-Century Christian author have delivered to endtime disciples similarly coded information concealed in discoverable error? And I'm going to assert that this is the case. However, I'm not going to assert that this coded information is fully accessible today.

Perhaps only a writer of novels would even consider such an idea as using error to attract attention of a particular concept such as there being three fourteens, three Passovers, but then, a writer of novels was specially called by Christ to reread prophecy, a writer to whom the *Paul* of Acts directly appealed—

In his essay, "Forms of Time and Chronotope in the Novel," Bakhtin wrote, "The Greek romance is a very malleable instance of the novelistic genre, one that possesses an enormous life-force. It is precisely the use of the trial as a compositional idea that has proved especially productive in the history of the novel" (*The Dialogic Imagination*. 107).

Trial as Bakhtin employed the literary trope was of two sorts, with the first always producing the second: a trial of the first type is a period of testing that results in a trial of the second type before a magistrate in which the externalized inner self is revealed ... the Apostle Paul undergoes a trial beginning before Stephen is stoned; for the trial would have begun with the pricks by Jesus, and would erupt in the public trial where his inner self is

exposed by the court of Roman Judea, with this almost obligatory Greek motif of a legal proceeding and imprisonment to occur before the obligatory ship wreck trope is employed on a journey to Rome. In Luke's two books, a lover-of-God has suddenly met Christ and apparently is instantly smitten, but doesn't know much about Christ. Whether this lover-of-God really exists is immaterial; for this is a standard boilerplate motif for Greek novels. This lover-of-God wants to know more, and has apparently contracted with Luke to deliver this *more*..

The novelistic frame will have this lover-of-God (Theophilus), after suddenly meeting Christ Jesus, marrying Christ, with the Apostle Paul serving as the narrative double for Christ. But the marriage cannot occur without many trials and misadventures, all without the passage of time in the heavenly realm [where again no time exists]. Thus Paul disappears from sight in Rome as quickly as he appeared in Jerusalem when Stephen was questioned and stoned ... at the beginning of Acts the novel, the glorified Jesus disappears into the heavens; at the end of Acts the novel, Paul as Jesus' acting double disappears into the flotsam of history. And the movement of Paul from Jerusalem to Rome is suggested in Paul's treatise to the Romans: "For I long to see you, that I may impart to you some spiritual gift to strengthen you" (Rom 1:11).

(As an aside, Paul didn't write his treatise to the saints at Rome, Tertius did [see Rom 16:22]. So the style of Paul's prose in this treatise is unrelated to how Paul writes, an observation that goes back to questions raised about the style of the so-called deutero-Pauline epistles.)

In Acts the novel, Paul's trials are set in Greek *adventure-time*, the time that passes in the space above the horizontal real-time "x" axis ... Greek novelistic *adventure-time* is only loosely linked to historical event-time. Plus, the cities to which Paul makes missionary journeys are somewhat interchangeable: journeys from place to place occur without Paul being changed by his journeying. He escapes many close calls, too many to be really believable—Paul does too much and goes to too many places and in general has too many close calls for him not to be the hero of a Greek novel; for death is no barrier in his journeying.

Can the above be said in another way: in real life, a close brush with death produces a lasting effect. The person cannot remain unchanged. Whether the brush with death hardens a person, or lays the basis for post-traumatic-shock, the person comes away from a close encounter with death as a "modified" person if not truly changed. The youthful perception of immortality that too many males have recedes in the maturing experience of greeting death. And the Paul of Acts doesn't change when Stephen was stoned to death; he is unchanged when life is returned to Eutychus, and he continues on speaking until dawn. Paul experiences no adrenaline rush when Eutychus falls from the third story window, but remains emotionally flat: "Do not be alarmed, for his life is in him" (Acts 20:10). Thus, this Paul has no adrenaline shakes afterwards, but keeps on speaking as if nothing happened—and this isn't what happens to a person in this situation. Even the person truly born of God as a son will have an involuntary adrenaline flow when encountering the possible death of another person despite the person knowing the other will be all right, and this unacted-upon (unused) adrenaline will cause severe trembling of muscles, trembling great enough to prevent a person from speaking. Thus, as with the beaten Jesus speaking to the women following Him, Paul speaking until dawn after bending over and picking up Eutychus isn't believable and violates the suspension of disbelief necessary for a novel to perform its magic. In the abstract space of Hellenistic Asia Minor, where "the contingency that governs events [in Greek romances] is inseparably tied up with space, measured by *distance* on the one hand and by *proximity* on the other" (Bakhtin, *DI*, 99), the author of Acts uses Paul's distance from and proximity to the temple of God, Herod's temple, as established motifs of the Greek novel genre. However, this author, presumably Luke, through a general lack of historicity and a lack of theological precision that would have been expected from Paul in his epistles or of someone in Paul's entourage, reinforces the reading of Acts as a novel; for Paul, the temple of God was the Church, the Body of Christ (1 Cor 3:16–17), not Herod's temple.

Stated more simply, the real Paul would not have purified himself in Herod's temple (Acts 21:26); for the real Paul understand that he was the temple of God.

Acts pits *Paul* against Paul; i.e., the *Paul* of Acts against the Paul of his epistles. For the Paul of his epistles, there was no distance between himself and the temple of God: again, he was the temple. Individually and collectively, disciples as the Body of Christ (1 Cor 12:27) are the temple of God (1 Cor 3:16–17). Thus, Luke's novelesque prose in Acts cannot work unless theology is compromised—and why would a 1st-Century Christian intentionally compromise theology? It is one thing to, from ignorance, misstate a theological doctrine, but it is akin to a Nazi agent shooting the man with whom he has just had dinner, his friend, to intentionally misstate dogma.

Assume for a moment that *Luke* had more in mind than writing a non-fiction or historical fiction Greek novel when he wrote Acts; for after all, in the Lazarus/Dives parable in Luke's Gospel (16:19–31), *Luke* has Jesus tell mocking Pharisees a Greek after-death-fortune-reversal narrative that a Greek schoolmaster would have told his students to promote character development, thereby having Jesus call mocking Pharisees gentile children without seemingly addressing their ridicule. And the subtlety of what is done in the Lazarus/Dives narrative suggests that *Luke* was indeed capable of understanding narrative in ways that escape the notice of undereducated, common academics.

In pitting *Paul* against Paul, *Luke* ignores what Paul wrote in the scholarly unchallenged epistle to the Philippians,

Have this mind among yourselves, which is yours in *Christ Jesus, who, though he was in the form of God, did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped, but made himself nothing, taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men.* And being found in human form, he humbled himself by becoming obedient to the point of death, even death on a cross. Therefore God has highly exalted him and bestowed on him the name that is above every name, so that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. (2:5–11 emphasis added)

According to Paul, before Jesus was humanly born he existed in the form of God and was equal in primacy with *the God*, what John declares in his Gospel. And in the form of God, the *God* who was equal in primacy with *the God* created all that has been created (John 1:3; Col 1:16). Therefore, what the author of Acts has *Paul* saying disagrees with Paul's own epistles. Here is what *Luke's Paul* said:

Paul, standing in the midst of the Areopagus, said: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in every way you are very religious. For as I passed along and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown god.' What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you. *The God who made the world and everything in it [the Creator], being Lord of heaven and earth, does not live in temples made by man, nor is he served by human hands, as though he needed anything, since he himself gives to all mankind life and breath and everything. And he made from one man every nation of mankind to live on all the face of the earth, having determined allotted periods and the boundaries of their dwelling place, that they should seek God, in the hope that they might feel their way toward him and find him. Yet he is actually not far from each one of us, 'In him we live and move and have our being'; as even some of your own poets have said, 'For we are indeed his offspring.' Being then God's offspring, we ought not to think that the divine being is like gold or silver or stone, an image formed by the art and imagination of man. The times of ignorance God overlooked, but now he commands all people everywhere to repent, because he has fixed a day on which he will judge the world in righteousness by a man whom he has appointed; and of this he has given assurance to all by raising him from the dead.*" (Acts 17:22–31 emphasis added)

The God of Christ Jesus—the God of Jesus' disciples—is not the Creator of everything made; is not the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of living ones (Matt 22:32). Hence God the Creator has not "fixed a day on which He will judge the world in righteousness by a man whom he has appointed; and of this He has given assurance to all by raising Him from the dead" (Acts 17:31). What *Luke* writes in recording *Paul's* address to Athenians is a fiction; is not factual; is not theologically correct. The author of Acts either doesn't understand the primacy of the Logos [*o Logos*] as Paul did, as John did, or the author of Acts is trying to make a theological point that endtime disciples have been too dense to grasp, certainly a possibility.

There are assertions that can be made: the described work of *Paul* that is done in Acts is neither a part of the foundation Paul laid, nor built on this foundation of living stones, with Christ Jesus being the cornerstone, the stone Israel rejected. The foundation that Paul laid has God the Creator, equal with God the Father, not counting this equality a thing to be grasped but making Himself into the form of a human person, obedient to the point of death, thereby voluntarily making Himself the servant of the God of dead ones, the God Israel never knew. Thus, the marriage-type relationship that existed between the God of living ones (see Matt 22:32) and the God of dead ones will be preserved in the glorified Son marrying His Bride, lovers of God who are obedient to the point of death. And the God of Acts is not God the Father, the God of dead ones, but is a fictional construct as is the God that all of Judaism worships, that all of Islam worships, that the vast majority of Christendom worships. It is therefore appropriate that a fictional narrative—a narrative based loosely on historical happenings—is told to represent the fictional God that Greek converts to Christianity worshiped in the 1st-Century and that most Christians worship in the 21st-Century. But this fictional narrative has more to do with Odysseus' horse than with factual history.

It is easy for an endtime disciple to see that Paul's return to Jerusalem, regardless of whether a historical fact or not, was a mistake that *the Paul of Acts* compounded by entering the temple, which was no longer the house of God or ever of God the Father, something that the Apostle Paul knew and had declared in the undoubtedly *Pauline* epistle of 1st Corinthians. But *the Paul of Acts* returning to Jerusalem and entering the temple were necessary acts to get *this Paul* into a trial scene where his exteriorized inner self could be publicly examined according to the tropes of ancient Greek romance, another prime indication that the book of Acts was not written by someone in Paul's entourage. For the essence of Pauline theology is that the surface no longer

matters, that it is the new inner self, born of God as a son, that is of importance, with this son of God being neither male nor female, Jew nor Greek, free nor slave (Gal 3:28).

Again, the temple of God is not a building constructed from marble or granite or sandstone or wood timbers, but new Jerusalem, constructed from living stones, glorified disciples, something that Paul well understood. Herod's temple was nothing, a hollow stone shell, with its time having passed when its construction began. It was never the temple of God, something that even endtime Sabbatarian Christians have difficulty accepting.

But to the problem at hand, how could Paul or any of the first disciples make the point—how could the glorified Jesus make this point—that Herod's temple wasn't of God? What would it take to convey this message, as well as other subtle, coded messages that could pass through the hands of the enemy, be read by the enemy, but not be understood by the Adversary, who was himself more subtle than other angels? How could the glorified Jesus do to the Adversary what the Adversary did to the Most High before iniquity was found in this anointed cherub? How could Christ Jesus out-subtle [a verb] the Adversary? And in answering this latter question is where understanding of the Book of Acts being written as a Greek romance begins.

If Acts is not history, what is it if not a novel in which the monoglossia of authorized Scripture is broken through the polyglossia of the novel and the heteroglossia of Christian discourse? Does not the voice of Jesus break the monoglot wall that prevented the absolute past and the distant past from being reread? It does. But how would a writer in the 1st-Century convey concepts that would not again enter human discourse until the 20th-Century? How would a writer use these concepts? And how would they be recognized when it came time for their recognition?

It is the latter question that has significance; for I will here assert that endtime recognition of other New Testament texts for what they are has only been possible by initially recognizing Acts as a Sophist novel.

The burden of proof for establishing that Acts is historical fiction, a novel, from its absence of historicity is high; for *converted* pagan philosophers in the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Centuries CE accepted Acts as history and therefore canonized the narrative. But none of those who canonized Acts or any of the New Testament texts were born of God: all were pious Gentiles that still lived as Gentiles and spurned walking in this world as Jesus, an observant Jew, walked. Therefore, it was human persons that accepted Acts as canonical while rejecting other texts as being too far out of bounds, but those who established the canon used "usage" by disciples rather than theological consistency to establish whether a text was canonical or not. In actuality, no real criteria was ever established for inclusion of one text in the biblical canon and the exclusion of another from the canon. Human intelligence decided whether a text was written under inspiration of God or not.

In the case of Acts, human intelligence might not be enough for endtime disciples to understand apparent [obvious] theological error being used to convey a *truth*.

It would be arrogant to dismiss a text that is not well understood because you, as a reader, do not understand the text. Have any of us achieved the mind of Christ Jesus? And the answer is an emphatic, NO!

If Acts is what it seems, a Greek novel, non-fiction or otherwise, what does this mean for Christian theology and history, especially considering that none of the canonical New Testament texts were written earlier than 49–50 CE, according to textual scholars, and with no surviving text or even fragment of a text coming from the 1st-Century? ... Faith is so simple for the ignorant. Believe what a person is taught without questioning, without thinking, without knowledge being added to virtue. But faith is not simple for the person with some knowledge (for the person who knows enough to question the authenticity of Holy Writ).

As has been said many times, a Christian who has been born from above—born a second time through receipt of the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*—has a living inner self whereas all other persons, including the person him or herself before receiving the indwelling of Christ Jesus, have dead or spiritually lifeless inner selves. Thus, the person born of God experiences bifurcated time, with real event-time affecting the person's physical self [*soma*] and with the living inner self dwelling in the timelessness of the supra-dimensional heavenly realm; i.e., in space separated from the passage of time, a concept that is difficult for even 21st-Century Christians to grasp. But in the 1st-Century, this concept of bifurcated time with one of the bifurcations having space simultaneously near and far with no apparent passage of time when observed from outside the events was a defining characteristic of the Greek novel. Inside the adventures and misadventures that befell hero and heroine, time passed as if real event time, but passed without changing either hero or heroine.

The endtime Christian who refuses to read modern novels because they are fiction—nothing but lies—is as Plato was; is as the Puritan Stephen Gosson was. I am not here endorsing modern fiction, but I am admonishing a Christian to grow in grace and knowledge beyond where the Christian presently is; for the Christian who will read no fiction lacks wisdom, the attribute of the maturing Christian that is necessary to determine whether a Christian should read a text or not read, or quit a text when partially read. Without wisdom, the Christian will not read, will not suspend disbelief.

Knowledge without virtue underlies the problems of Christians in the greater Church; for knowledge without virtue isn't *knowledge* at all. This knowledge without virtue becomes a stumbling block that the

Adversary can use to knockout the Christian. And *A Philadelphia Apologetic*, now in three volumes (and soon to be in four), is about adding knowledge to faith-plus-virtue—and in adding knowledge to faith-plus-virtue, the Christian will acquire a familiarity with the nature of bifurcated time in folklore that made its way into the early Greek novel; for according to Paul, before Scripture existed, God made Himself plain to humankind through the things that have been made (Rom 1:19–20), with folklore retaining a residue element of what was once plain to Noah and his descendants.

The arrow of time points from order to disorder: what preceded the present possessed a greater degree of “order” than the present possesses, and the present possesses a greater degree of order than the future will possess ... the near future of the Affliction (the first 1260 days of the seven endtime years of tribulation) will be especially chaotic. Thus, in the orderly simplicity of the past—in folklore—was knowledge of God that has since been scrambled as disorder increased. It is the arrogance of the Adversary that has modern humanity dismissing the past.

Again, knowledge will enhance faith-plus-virtue, but will destroy faith without virtue—faith alone—which is never enough body armor to withstand Doubt, whose size rises to the occasion at hand so as to slay the presumptive Christian.

Can Doubt be personified? Certainly. Whenever a person acts upon a motivating force, the person “personifies” that force: in the person’s self, the person becomes that force. Thus, when the Christian walks in this world as a fractal of Christ Jesus, the person in his or her self gives life to the word [*‘o logos*] Jesus left with His disciples, and for another generation continues the so-called Jesus Movement. And understanding this concept is key to comprehending the inclusion of an early Greek novel in canonical New Testament prose.

In John’s vision [the Book of Revelation], the demonic false prophet—the lion with eagle’s wings that has those wings plucked off and is made to stand on two feet like a man and is given the mind of a man (Dan 7:4)—appears as the rider of the white horse who is given a crown and has a bow and comes conquering and to conquer. Likewise, Sin, the leopard with four wings to whom dominion was given (*v.* 6), is personified in the rider of the black horse, the rider that has a pair of scales in his hand, with human persons being as wheat [the main crop harvest of humanity] or as barley [the harvest of firstfruits] that are weighted (judged) by Sin, but without Sin being able to harm the already processed Elect, the personified oil and wine.

The trial scene in which Paul appears before Herod Agrippa II (Acts chap 26) gives the author of Acts an opportunity to make evident the externalized inner self of Paul that defines who Paul is. But in constructing a Greek novel, the *Paul* of Acts becomes the personification of Paul of his epistles in a manner similar to how the Beatles of the movie *Yellow Submarine* (1968) were animations of the musical group that did not go with Captain Fred in his yellow submarine to Pepperland to free it from music-hating Blue Meanies. Rather, the Beatles musical group voiced over the animation of themselves, thereby giving their tacit approval of the movie.

Did the Apostle Paul approve of how he was portrayed in the novel addressed to the *lover of God* [Theophilus]? Probably not. He probably didn’t know of Acts.

In Acts’ personification of Paul, there is concealed messaging contained in the personification’s appeal to Caesar [*Kaisaros* — I shall henceforth use the Greek spelling of *Caesar* because too few English speakers know how to pronounce the name and title in Latin, with the pronunciation apparently having significance in the novel]. But more about this concealed message later.

Now, to the novel Acts: within early Greek novels, *adventure-time* had about it an exactness that would have things happening to a precise minute, with days being days, but with *adventure-time* passing without causing the protagonist to age or change beyond a suddenly occurring metamorphosis—a conversion experience. *Adventure-time* lacks historicity: there are few real time marks to establish when a phenomenon occurs, and in this it possesses mythic qualities. *Adventure-time* begins suddenly and ends as suddenly, but inside the *suddenly-brackets*, time can drag without altering the protagonists; without aging hero or heroine.

The author of Acts begins with a specific time referent, Jesus appearing to the Apostles for forty days after His resurrection. Yet Luke, the presumed author of Acts, does not locate the Resurrection to a particular year. Without Luke’s Gospel, readers would have no idea when Jesus lived, nor when His earthly ministry ended. And even with Luke’s Gospel, the beginning of Jesus’ ministry can only be established by Jesus’ relationship to John the Baptist, who was about six months older than his cousin Jesus and whose ministry began in the fifteenth year of *Tiberiou Kaisaros* ... in the fifteenth year is after fourteen years, not fifteen, and Tiberius began to reign in 13 CE, not 14 CE; for he held joint primacy with Emperor Augustus for a little more than a year before Augustus died in 14 CE. Therefore, by employing out-of-the-text historical sources, we know that John’s ministry began about Passover in 27 CE, and Jesus’ ministry began about Sukkoth in the same year. Thus, Jesus’ three and a half year ministry ended Passover 31 CE, with an exact date able to be assigned to His crucifixion: Wednesday, April 25th (Julian — Julian day #1732494.5). But this could not be determined from either Luke’s Gospel or Acts.

It is endtime disciples (the endtime Elect) who are able with certainty to assign a particular day to the date of Jesus’ crucifixion.

In *adventure-time*, time and space are separated, disjointed, occasionally crossing in the darkness as if star-struck lovers, then separating again to each go their separate way; therefore, characters within *adventure-time* can move around—relocate themselves in space—without time seeming to have passed. Likewise, time can pass without any movement of characters: what will happen tomorrow can have happened in an idealized yesterday through historical inversion, thereby leaving the future lifeless as happens in Acts where the personified *Paul* is suddenly cutoff.

If Acts were a real history, we would expect the historian to keep readers oriented in time and space; we would expect the historian to identify the *Kaisar* from whom Paul sought a hearing. But the author of a novel need not identify *Kaisar*, for then the novel would be locked into a particular location in space-time (would be locked onto the horizontal “x” axis of a two-dimension graph, with this “x” access representing the passage of event-time). Rather, the novelist, in his [or her] attempt to make the novel *timeless* and *universal*, will move action onto the vertical “y” axis where events can occur without the passage of time. And in Acts, the personified *Paul’s* appeal to *Kaisar* is without time markers, hence timeless.

The author of Acts does not nail the stoning of Stephen to a particular time location on the “x” axis. Same for *Paul’s* conversion, and for Peter baptizing Cornelius. Without Paul’s epistles, endtime Christians would not know that three years after conversion (his metamorphosis) he went to Jerusalem, then fourteen additional years passed before he again went to Jerusalem (*cf.* Gal 1:18; 2:1) to meet privately with those who seemed influential (Gal 2:2) ... when did the Jerusalem Conference of Acts 15 occur? Or was the Jerusalem Conference Paul meeting privately because of a revelation, with Paul not yielding in submission even for a moment to those who seemed influential; to those who added nothing to him (*vv.* 5–6)?

There is no way to know if the Jerusalem Conference was a meeting of a few who had no authority over Paul and who added nothing to the knowledge Paul had. Thus, there is no way to confirm that Gentile converts need only to *abstain from the things polluted by idols, and from sexual immorality, and from what has been strangled, and from blood* (Acts 15:20) before they are admitted into fellowship. Where is the second witness? We have a second witness for everything else, including for Paul saying that *doers of the Law shall be justified* (Rom 2:13 — *cf.* Matt 5:19; Rev 14:12).

Although a change occurs when the single kingdom of this world is taken from the spiritual king of Babylon and given to the Son of Man so that from the time of the change on, *all who endure to the end shall be saved* (Matt 24:13; 10:22), until this change occurs, it is the person who rebels against the Adversary’s broadcast of disobedience by being a doer of the Law that shall be saved. No one else. For Paul also says that *all who have sinned without the Law will also perish without the Law* (Rom 2:12). So the self-identified Christian who insists that he or she is not under the Law but under Grace will perish without being under the Law if this Christian willfully transgresses the Law ... if you don’t like what Paul says, argue with Paul, who is usually accused of teaching disciples to ignore the Law. He is thus falsely accused. He has been falsely accused for nearly two millennia of teaching what he did not teach.

But the *Paul* of Acts (the personification of Paul) appealed to *Kaisar* for a hearing; for a resolution of the false accusations brought against him.

The accusations against Paul and what Paul taught actually occur on the vertical “y” axis of two-dimensional space-time [bifurcated time]: the accusations are timeless. And no history with its obligatory markers along the “x” axis of the space-time graph can convey timelessness. Only a novel can transport activity from the “x” axis to the space above this axis; i.e., to the “y” axis.

Thus, some period after the Jerusalem Conference (Acts chap 15) and after *Paul* has journeyed around the cities of Asia Minor, *Paul* appears before Agrippa and Bernice in—again going outside of Acts—apparently 59 CE, but based on Acts alone, there would be no way to determine when *Paul* appeared before Agrippa and Bernice, his sister and consort.

As in every Greek novel, Acts begins with a wealth of “suddenly” occurring phenomena, with Jesus *suddenly* ascending into heaven, and with two angels *suddenly* appearing to His disciples, and with the holy spirit *suddenly* filling the house with the sound of a mighty rushing wind, and with cloven tongues of fire *suddenly* resting on each disciple, and with the speech of the disciples *suddenly* being heard in other languages, each hearer hearing their words in his first language, and with three thousand men of Israel *suddenly* being converted and baptized, thereby *suddenly* establishing the sect of the Nazarenes as a viable sect within greater Judaism, and thus putting into place the conditions necessary for the stoning of Stephen, the act showing that even before his metamorphosis, Saul of Tarsus, reared in his own nation and in Jerusalem according to his own testimony (Acts 26:4), was faithful to God, with his ignorance of whom Jesus was being a forgivable offence—but not according to the Paul of his epistles (again, Rom 1:19–20).

(Mark’s Gospel is also filled with *suddenly* or *immediately* occurring events.)

In his trial before Agrippa, *Paul* of Acts uses his opposition to the name [authority] of Jesus before his metamorphosis as confirming *proof* of his faithfulness to the ways of Judaism and to the authority of the chief priests, appointed by Agrippa’s father or by Agrippa himself, who is historically known for his priesthood

meddling. What this *Paul* establishes in his trial is that faithfulness to the chief priests, to the temple, to God is not righteousness—

Faith is not righteousness. Faith of itself can never be righteous. To faith must be added virtue before it becomes righteousness. But under certain conditions, faith can be counted to the person as righteousness; for faith is belief, especially belief of God, and it is possible to believe what is false just as sincerely as believing what is true.

Paul believed he was doing the will of God when he persecuted the first converts of the Jesus Movement, but there is no righteousness in believing what is false; in not believing that Jesus is the Christ. Only when faith temporarily precedes the acquisition of virtue can faith be counted to the person as righteousness—and the acquisition of virtue precludes the person from persecuting, from murdering his or her neighbor or brother.

Acts will end just as *suddenly* as it begins, with all of Acts having occurred in vertical space.

Much time and effort has been put into charting the *Paul* of Acts first and second missionary journeys, with maps of his journeys included in the back of Bibles ... if I remember correctly, there was map inside the front cover of the copy of *Treasure Island* I read when in third grade. Although I no longer remember the details of that treasure map, I will here say that if a reader were to map the geography of my novel *Euchre Creek*, the map would have the Siletz River [Lincoln County, Oregon] split in two, with an additional river drainage inserted in the split so that the geography north of Euchre Creek is factual as is the geography to the south, with real people populating the geography to the north and to the south. But Euchre Creek is not real, nor are its characters. But how would a person at, say, Stanford know what is real and what isn't; for a search of geographical place names in Lincoln County will give the person the approximate location of Euchre Creek and of Euchre Mountain.

A novel does its work through the suspension of disbelief ... for as long as Acts is accepted as authoritative history, *Paul* will have said what Luke, the presumed author of Acts, has him saying even if these words were never uttered by the Paul of his epistles.

If Acts functions as a non-fiction novel—is a novel—the effort put into mapping *Paul's* missionary journeys would have been better spent in closely reading Paul's epistles.

Now, examining more closely the advantages of novelistic prose and motifs: in structuring a novel and especially a trial scene that reveals the externalized inner self, Luke, again the presumed author, has a chance to show that Paul is superior to those who have come before him in having Paul appear before Marcus Julius Agrippa, whose great-grandfather had tried to kill Jesus as a baby; whose grandfather had John the Baptist beheaded; whose father had James, the brother of John, killed. Therefore, by having Paul appear before Herod Agrippa II and living afterwards, Luke makes Paul out to be superior to John the Baptist and James, and quantitatively equal to Jesus, a necessary condition in transforming the Hebraic God of Moses into a Greek God that Hellenists can worship.

Again, in a Greek novel the almost obligatory trial scene was the motif employed to reveal the externalized inner person—the one who feels sadness or joy, hope or disappointment—to the reader. This is how *Paul* appearing before Agrippa functions: it is in Paul's address to Agrippa where *Paul* describes his life before conversion. Reared in Jerusalem, the center of Judaism, as a faithful Jew, a Pharisee, walking as commanded by Moses, *Paul* believed that he should oppose the name [authority] of Jesus the Nazarene. Hence in his pre-conversion life, he was as the Jews were who condemned Jesus. He voted with the chief-priests (implying that he was a member of the Sanhedrin without saying he was) in condemning Christian converts ... if the author of Acts has his facts correct, his *Paul* would have been married, a requirement for members of the Sanhedrin. But in Acts, there is no mention of *Paul* having had a wife. Same for Paul's first epistle to the holy ones at Corinth. And the question here has to be asked, what happened to his wife? This is a question that doesn't have to be immediately answered, for any number of things could have happened to her, including *Paul* having condemned her because she was a convert to the Jesus Movement.

It could also be that Luke, the physician who accompanied Paul, doesn't know that members of the Sanhedrin had to be married. This is not something an educated Greek would necessarily know; for there is a dynamic at work in Acts that isn't often noticed. Every speech *Paul* utters in Acts is in the same syntax and grammar as every other speech in Acts—there is inadequate distinction between what *Peter* says and what *Stephen* says and what *Paul* says for their inscribed utterances to have come from three separate people. As a novelist, I have to be careful to make the words of characters fit the characters, and not give my words to every character ... John Wayne, in every movie he made, played *John Wayne*, a personification of himself. He changed the role to fit him rather than changed himself to fit the role. And so it is with the inscribed utterances in Acts.

The poet John Morgan, undergraduate degree from Harvard, M.F.A. from University of Iowa, chair of the English department at University of Alaska Fairbanks (UAF) when I entered the graduate writing program there in 1988, told me the first year that I was in the program that he didn't believe I would be successful as a fiction writer because I, Homer Kizer, was too strong of a personality, that the characters I would create would all be myself in the same way that John Wayne played only one role, himself. John Morgan may have been correct. He, himself, was not a strong personality and probably still is not one although he is a figurative *good guy*.

The task to which I was called, that of rereading prophecy, is not a task that can be accomplished by someone lacking *John Wayne type* qualities; for which Christian denomination shall I not offend by declaring Acts to be a novel rather than history? And who is the Jew that I shall not offend by declaring what Paul did, that Israel is now the nation circumcised of heart, not circumcised in the flesh?

The question before us is, did *Paul* actually say what the author of Acts has him saying? How would Luke know what *Paul* said to Agrippa? Was a scribe—a court reporter—present to record what was said? Or did *Paul* tell Luke what he said after the fact? If this is the case, it is 100% certain that Paul did not remember exactly what he said, nor did Luke remember what Paul said after the fact. Thus, it might well be that *Paul* never intended to say that he was a member of the Sanhedrin, that when he cast his vote with the chief priests, he simply affirmed their decision to punish Christian converts. Maybe saying that he cast his vote with the chief priests was hyperbole, often seen in novels but not expected to be found in histories.

Again, in the ancient Greek world, character isn't developed but is revealed in specific instances during a person's life, and *Paul's* faithfulness to God was in evidence prior to his metamorphosis through *Paul* having condemned Christian converts ... his faithfulness to God caused him to receive papers authorizing him to be the Sanhedrin's official rat catcher in foreign cities. And the purpose of *Paul's* address before Agrippa is to reveal his faithfulness to God from his youth; for in *Paul's* faithfulness his character is entered into evidence, with *Paul* being able to testify to his faithfulness to God and have his testimony accepted as factual. But of foremost importance to readers is the implied claim that it was because of his faithfulness *Paul* was chosen by God to know His will and to hear His voice. According to the narrative structure of the trial scene, *Paul's* faithfulness was why he was called by the Lord and addressed in Hebrew, the authoritative language of the absolute and distant past, on the road to Damascus.

In bifurcated time, inscribed Hebrew that is dependent upon the reader to complete the inscription, thereby marrying reader to writer, represents the horizontal "x" axis of two dimensional time; whereas inscribed Greek words that are complete without a reader represents the vertical "y" axis and all of the space, near and far, that lies above the "x" axis.

The author of Acts translates what *Paul* heard in Hebrew into Greek: *'Ego eimi 'Iesous on su diokeis* — "I am Jesus whom you are persecuting" (Acts 26:15) ... if *Paul* heard the Lord speak to him in Hebrew, what combination of phonemes did the Lord utter to represent the name <Jesus>, with the answer to this question having importance to those of the Sacred Names Heresy; to those pinned to the ground by the Adversary as if they were moths in his specimen collection.

But the better question here is why would the author of Acts have his *Paul* say that the Lord spoke to him in Hebrew? Apparently *this Paul* wasn't speaking Hebrew to Agrippa, but spoke in Greek, the language most often used for business in Roman Asia Minor. *This Paul* could possibly have even been speaking in Latin, the official language in which Rome's administration of its provinces was conducted. Therefore, the author of Acts, in having *his Paul* say that the Lord spoke to him in Hebrew, apparently wanted to link *his Paul's* faithfulness to God to the metamorphosis *Paul* undergoes, a metamorphosis from accuser to righteously-accused as represented by the linguistic metamorphosis from Hebrew to Greek.

In Hellenist romances, metamorphosis in *adventure-time* was a common motif disclosing transformation. Metamorphosis captures the *suddenness* of transformation seen in Christian conversion, where a human person is one day a son of disobedience (Eph 2:2–3), consigned to disobedience (Rom 11:32), but on the following day, today, the day when God the Father draws the person from the world by giving to the person a second breath of life (His breath in the breath of Christ), the formerly dead inner self is resurrected to life in a resurrection like the one Jesus experienced: the inner self is suddenly born of God as a son that is neither male nor female. Although this inner self is a new born infant son of God with its maturation before it, a *sudden change* has occurred, a change from death to life, a change that causes the inner self to embark on a journey of faith, with a host of adventures and misadventures before it, all to occur within and without the fleshly body in which this son of God presently dwells. And the entirety of this journey of faith will occur without any apparent aging of the inner person. Thus, from the perspective of the timeless heavenly realm, the moment when a son of God is born is the same moment in which this son of God receives a glorified body, and only verticalness of *adventure-time* captures the essence of real minutes passing, of real days passing without time having passed.

Therefore, a valid reason exists for using Greek novelesque prose to convey what otherwise could not be conveyed because of the authority possessed by Hebrew [Semitic] monoglossia, which returns us to why the author of Acts has the Lord speak to *Paul* in Hebrew. This is a detail that *Paul* could have omitted even if it occurred; this is something that *Paul* mentions to call attention to itself, to call attention to Jesus' connection to his (*Paul's*) people, with Agrippa professing to be of the Jews.

Jesus challenged the authority of Hebrew monoglossia when He told Sadducees that the God [*Theos*] of Abraham, the God [*Theos*] of Isaac, the God [*Theos*] of Jacob was not the God [*Theos*] of dead ones, but of living ones (Matt 22:32), thereby introducing in the singleness of the Greek signifier <*Theos*> a second deity, the God [*Theos*] of the dead, the God[*Theos*] who raised Him—then a dead one—from death. Thus, with Jesus' separating the God [*Theos*] of the living from the God [*Theos*] of dead ones, Jesus introduced heteroglossia to

the Sadducees who marveled at what He said. He temporarily broke the authority Hebrew monoglossia possessed.

But all of the above will be missed by endtime Sabbatarians who have carefully avoided reading works of fiction: these Sabbatarians will not recognize Acts as a Greek novel, but will accept Acts as reliable history, never wondering what happened to the original disciples after the Jerusalem conference, or why every person in Acts speaks the same ... actually, what is presently happening within Sabbatarian Christendom is a creeping rejection of the Apostle Paul, who in Acts would have been set free from imprisonment if he hadn't appeared to *Kaisara* [Kaiser] (Acts 26:31).

In Acts, *Paul* is imprisoned in *Kaisareian* [Caesarea] for two plus years—and it is here, as a prisoner in *Kaisarian*, that *Paul* appealed to the judgment seat of *Kaisaros* (Acts 25:10) as the location where he should be tried. So it is here in *APA Volume Three* where the *Paul* of Acts shall be tried; for the *Paul* of his epistles shall not be judged by men or angels, but was deemed worthy of being called, justified, and glorified (Rom 8:30) before Acts was written. It is the *Paul* of Acts that in bifurcated time remains to be judged.

In his trial before Agrippa that reveals *Paul's* exteriorized inner self, *Paul* justifies his faithfulness to God, even when he was acting in ignorance. Thus, it is appropriate for *this Paul* to excuse the ignorance of devout men at Athens, ignorance that the *Paul* of his epistle to the Romans claims is inexcusable. Compare:

Men of Athens, I perceive that in every way you are very religious. For as I passed along and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, "To the unknown god." What therefore you worship as unknown, this I proclaim to you. ... The times of ignorance God overlooked, but now He commands all people everywhere to repent, because He has fixed a day on which He will judge the world in righteousness by a man whom He has appointed; and of this He has given assurance to all by raising Him from the dead. (Acts 17:22–23, 30–31)

*

For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who by their unrighteousness suppress the truth. For *what can be known about God is plain to them, because God has shown it to them. For his invisible attributes, namely, his eternal power and divine nature, have been clearly perceived, ever since the creation of the world, in the things that have been made. So they are without excuse. For although they knew God, they did not honor him as God or give thanks to him, but they became futile in their thinking, and their foolish hearts were darkened.* Claiming to be wise, they became fools, and exchanged the glory of the immortal God for images resembling mortal man and birds and animals and creeping things. Therefore God gave them up in the lusts of their hearts to impurity, to the dishonoring of their bodies among themselves, because they exchanged the truth about God for a lie and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever! Amen. (Rom 1:18–25 emphasis added)

In Romans, *Paul* says that ignorance is no excuse because the invisible things of God are known through the visible things of this world.

Two distinctive positions are taken toward ignorance: it is forgivable if the person is religious (the position of *Paul* in Acts), and it is not forgivable because there is no valid excuse for ignorance (the position of *Paul* in Romans) ... which is it? Temporarily forgivable or not forgivable? Or can both positions be true? Certainly the woman who "exchanged natural relations for those that are contrary to nature" (Rom 1:26) and the man who "gave up natural relations with women and [is] consumed with passion" for another man (*v.* 27) are condemned according to the *Paul* of his epistles, with this being a much harder position than that held by the *Paul* of Acts, with the *Paul* of Acts committing blasphemy against the Father and the Son in assigning the creation of all things made to the Father rather than to *'o Logos* (see John 1:3). The preceding is correct: the *Paul* of Acts is guilty of blasphemy against the Father and the Son, which can be forgiven him; whereas the *Paul* of his epistles is guilty of no such blasphemy.

So far, the *Paul* of Acts isn't having much success in getting doctrine correct—and we are back to the question previously asked: is it possible or plausible that the author of Acts intended to send an encrypted message to endtime disciples through a novel that appears as history—and not just a non-fiction novel but one that deliberately boots doctrine around?

An encrypted message needs to be received and recognized as a coded message: until the encrypted message is recognized for what it is, no attempt will be made to decode the message. And that is where the Book of Acts stood until 2012, a novel masked and accepted as history ...

I was called to reread prophecy, not to make disciples. I wasn't called into the Body of Christ because of great faithfulness to God prior to 1972. It could be that faithfulness after 1972 had a bearing on being called to

reread prophecy, but this is not a claim I will make. The only claim that I will make is that I have faithfully set about rereading prophecy since the day I was called to this task. As such, the strong personality that concerned John Morgan has kept me at work when there has been little support but virtually no disagreement. If it were not for computer stats, I wouldn't know if any of what I have written for a decade has or hasn't been read, such is the silence in which I work. But because of stats, I know that a few hundred people a day download texts from the various websites on which all text is of me.

In the obligatory trial scene that is part of Greek novels, Luke has *Paul* begin speaking by complimenting King Agrippa, then begging Agrippa to patiently listen to him (Acts 26:3). I will here ask you, the reader, to extend to me the same patience, realizing of course that in the vertical space above the horizontal "x" time axis, *Paul's* appeal to *Kaisar* is also an appeal to me that I set this *Paul* free from the false charges brought against him.

When engaging the past as today's utterances redefine the past, a person is either included or excluded from common humanity, an awareness I first encountered when I walked into that Anchorage bookstore and picked up the soft cover book titled, *All You Need to Know about the 1960s* ... I couldn't find myself in this book, which excluded me from that defining decade—I was excluded to such a degree that I didn't see the Beatles' movie *Yellow Submarine* until I was in graduate school the spring of 1989.

However, a little before I thumbed through that *All You Need to Know* book in 1991, I wrestled with the problem of *Us* [included] versus *Them* [excluded], this wrestling pinned in a poem, the second section of which reads,

Newly married when Watts burned in '65
 I didn't understand terms like *us*
 Or *them*. I read about guns, built guns
 Repaired them, shot high-power and black powder;
 So when, in '68, Detroit, Chicago, Washington
 Burned, my sympathies were with the cops
 Who bludgeoned Blacks, SDS activists—I began
 To understand *us* and *them*. We were the good
 Guys, the ones with justice on our side.
 Rocks and rioting were wrongs that must be
 Suppressed. We had the right to strike
 Back hard. After all, doesn't God and Country
 Require respect for authority—
 That's party line thinking
 Void of genuine thought
 For if the world is split in two
 Life's decisions are simplified:
 Hitler's SS knew what to do with Jews.
 No soul-searching was necessary.
 Many Norse sagas tell of trying
 To hold together a society
 Slaying itself
 When everyone not family was *other*.
 Empowerment of the *other* makes the other *us*—
 Victimization requires victims and victimizers
 Reversible groupings.
 And a confrontational pedagogy promotes
 Continuance of this polarized cycle
 Producing repeated burnings of Los Angeles.
 (from "Us & Them." *Upriver, Beyond the Bend*)

What has the above to do with Paul appealing to *Kaisar* for judgment, you might ask. Actually, quite a bit. Although I will try not here write a novel as I pull together a 21st-Century *adventure-time* trial scene, I will in vertical space pit silence against success.

Having graduated from Taft High School (Lincoln County, Oregon) in 1963, I swore I would leave the Coast and never return: I was off to discover the unknown, not then realizing exactly how unsatisfying discovery of the unknown is—there is no fulfillment in discovery, but only a whetting of the appetite for additional discovery.

I married in July 1965, and returned to the Coast Labor Day because I needed a job: I was hired by Georgia Pacific's pulp and paper mill at Toledo upon applying. And with a regular paycheck, I bought my first

new vehicle—a 1967 Ford Bronco—in December 1966 from the Sims-Allen Ford dealership in Newport, Oregon. Truly, I was a product of the 1960s along the central Oregon Coast.

I opened a gunshop in March 1967, at Siletz, while still employed by G-P, and I engaged in coastal elitism, regularly using *Californication* as a pejorative for those very things that culminated in late 1960s San Francisco. However, in 1969, I journeyed north to see about relocating to British Columbia, not because of the draft, but to escape the encroaching collectivism of northward migrating Californians and immigrants from Iowa and Illinois, their Chicago-style politics wedded to environmentalist agendas. ... I was slow to leave the central Coast, and might not have left at all if I hadn't been goaded into leaving.

(As an aside, time-markers in *adventure-time* aren't used to establish the historicity of what happens but to create the illusion of historicity, thereby making it easier for readers to suspend disbelief.)

Too many late 1960s immigrants to coastal Oregon drove Volkswagen minivans smeared with peace symbols and the words, *Jesus Saves*. The Oregon Trail had become I-5, the local high road. And the destination of choice for immigrants wasn't the Willamette River Valley, but abandoned coastal homesteads where these flower children believed they could grow pot undisturbed by authorities. As a result, Oregon's Department of Forestry systematically burned abandoned houses and barns that were scattered throughout the hills of Lincoln County. They then planted fir seedlings in once tilled fields still bound by sagging barbwire on old growth cedar posts, thereby effectively erasing the last remains of timber-lease holders and homesteaders that had eked out a living in these hills during the 1920s, 1930s, and into the 1940s.

These farmsteads had bestowed upon coastal residents a sense of *freedom* long established through generational poverty, a sense of pride in being a logger or a commercial fisherman, workmen not enslaved by time-clocks and union contracts ... generational poverty exists in the verticalness of space outside of time; for nothing the person does really affects his or her poverty. This poverty clings as cockleburs entangled in hair. The poor can leave coastal hills and take jobs in town, where they remain poor but usually without freedom to travel. However, State Forestry, in trying to prevent the illegal cultivation of pot—in closing the hills to reentry—helped push my generation north to Alaska, where the first three fellows I met on the Kenai Peninsula in 1974 were ones I had played against in high school football games.

Indeed, there was a generational move north, with me being late to the party because of poverty that came with being drafted into the Body of Christ.

For a while in the late 1960s, everyone I knew supported the fictitious *James G. Blaine Society* in its campaign to close the state's borders ... at the time, Oregon had about one million residents, with half of them living in Portland, and most of the rest of them living in the Willamette Valley corridor. Yet surveys reported that more than six million Californians wanted to immigrate to Oregon. I think most of them made it north, either as youths, or as elderly investors who, having sold expensive real property in the Southland, journeyed north to where real estate remained inexpensive and prices for everything else were low. Far too many Californians moved to Oregon to raise horses on soggy coastal pastures, where hooves rotted away from the multitude of fungi present in the soil.

In July 1969, I was actually hired by a pulp mill in Prince George, British Columbia, but told to come up after the anticipated strike ended ... the strike that was to last a couple of weeks lasted six months or more, during which I had built enough muzzleloading rifles and had accepted orders for others that I was too busy to consider relocating, perhaps the main reason I didn't go north until 1974.

It was the book about the 1960s that I started to address: in that book, I didn't recognize the decade through which I had lived. Until 1969, I didn't know anyone during that decade who used drugs. I didn't know anyone who was against the war in Vietnam: I had tried to enlist three times and was turned down each time, then my draft board tried to draft me three times and I was turned down each of those times. I was simply too big (the shoulder injury was merely an additional reason for turning me down). But I'm not that big: I'm six feet tall, and I was then about 275 pounds and in shape. I went to 308 pounds in my early 30s without an overhang. So for me it was difficult to get into the Services (to join the Army) in the 1960s—and *veterans preference* as a national employment policy prevented me from being hired the few times when I looked for a job after quitting the pulp mill. So I didn't have a choice: I had to work for myself through good times and bad.

I couldn't find myself in that *All You Need to Know* book when it came to Selective Service in the 1960s, with the induction center at Portland being so "selective" that it excluded those like me, a gunmaker who competitively shot small groups at great distances and who built very accurate rifles. There was no provision for exceptions—and that is and remains the failing of all forms of national collectivism ... the United States of America purports to have been built on *exceptionalism*, possibly true before F.D.R. was elected President four times, but there is really nothing *exceptional* about a social safety net and a national defense constructed from the fabric of universal equality. There is nothing *exceptional* about life on Food Stamps, or Aid to Dependent Children. There is nothing noteworthy about applying for Public Assistance, but if social collectivism compels a person to accept Public Assistance, that acceptance should be enough to cause the person to relocate to another area.

In this dialogue with an idealized future that through *historical inversion* becomes recollections about the *good old days of the past*, permit me to say that when a District Court judge asks if you think “it’s better to violate the Law than to take public assistance,” your answer should not be, “If you’re asking me if I think it’s better to kill a deer than take Welfare, yes I do,” for the District Court judge’s eyes seemed to double in size as he bounced off the Bench, sentencing me, the Defendant, to sixty (60) days in County Jail with fifty (50) days suspended on condition of violating no law for one year, with no fine and no court costs, but compelling me to take three months’ of Public Assistance, thereby giving me \$93. a day for every day I sat in jail spring 1974 ... and to think, I helped elect that judge two years earlier, a year before the *Yom Kippur War* and the late fall when we couldn’t buy gas at Siletz for two and a half months.

French historian and political scientist, Alexis de Tocqueville (1805–1859) said, “The American Republic will endure until the day Congress discovers that it can bribe the public with the public’s money” ... that day arrived in the 1960s and with the 1964 presidential *War on Poverty*. Although Johnson’s Vietnam war machine wouldn’t have me, his war on America would: I benefited from being bribed with the public’s money; for that \$930.00 [three months of support @ \$310/month] I received in Public Assistance got me to Alaska when I had absolutely no money.

What actually pushed me North was when I got out jail and walked the sixteen miles home to Abbey Creek, we were out of meat, out of groceries. I went hunting and killed multiple deer the following morning. They were hanging, already skinned, in the woodshed when State Police officers slowly motored past the house in their patrol boat just to let me know that they were watching. They saw me through the picture window sitting in the kitchen table, staring at the falling tide that wouldn’t permit their patrol boat to safely return downriver for awhile. They went on up to Elk City and its covered bridge across the Yaquina, the bridge in the movie *Sometimes a Great Notion*, where there was a boat ramp. I suspected they intended to take out there (I didn’t see them return downriver), and I suspected that if they intended to watch me this close—I had never before seen the twenty-plus foot patrol boat so far up the Yaquina—it was time for me to leave Oregon. Thus, when an acquaintance a few days later asked if I wanted to drive a vehicle to Homer, Alaska, for him, I did: I never returned to Oregon to live permanently. Rather, by August 1974, my wife and daughters were on the Kenai and I had only one utility trailer load of machinery remaining to be moved North.

When the cause of American greatness was sought by de Tocqueville, he said, “America is great because she is good. If America ceases to be good, America will cease to be great” ... by the end of the 1960s, America was no longer good. Public authorities were corrupt and there was corrupt youthful rebellion against authority. Even America’s remaining frontier was corrupt—in the 1974 election for Alaska’s governor, there were more votes cast in the North Slope Borough for the Democrat Bill Egan than there were registered voters.

During the years when de Tocqueville toured the United States, Americans believed God without God having drawn the peoples of America from this world through giving to each the earnest of eternal life. America was good because the recent past illuminated its future (a paraphrase of de Tocqueville), and America would cease to be good when the past no longer illuminated the future: the people of America would then walk in darkness, for the people would lose their ability to repair their faults.

How is a person on Welfare, Food Stamps, Medicaid to repair his or her faults when jobs are scarce, and there is no incentive to work—when the person is told that he or she is poor through no fault of the person, that the person’s poverty comes from the rich not paying their fair share ... there have been few cultural lies that approach the ugliness of, *The rich are not paying their fair share*. Poverty and generational poverty are characteristic of societies based upon transactions; hence, the poor will always be for as long as societies are organized around a transactional core. Poverty doesn’t come from the rich not paying their fair share but from the organizational model that permits the growth of urban centers that are unable to feed themselves locally. The poor do not need Food Stamps, but land that they must till if they are to eat, with the work of tilling the soil, of setting aside enough to tide the person over the winter [or hot portion of the summer] producing in the person satisfaction that coin-of-the-realm cannot purchase. The poor need freedom from taxation beyond the tithe, with the paying of a tithe being adequate to publicly fund those things necessary for the person to worship God.

Without the ability to repair my faults—an ability that comes with receipt of a second breath of life and birth as a son of God—I too would walk in darkness.

Through historical inversion, the past is energetic but the future is dead. The future ends in catastrophe, the apocalyptic end of the age, mass death and destruction. And the Book of Acts is cut off and ends abruptly as a representation of an apocalyptic end whereas the end should be marriage in this world. The end for Paul, for Theophilus is heavenly marriage, with the world utterly destroyed at the beginning of the Millennium. So the idealized past of disciples living together, sharing all things in common, is the future moved into the past where it didn’t really work, but where it can be examined through the microscopic lens of history.

For me, engaging the golden era of America’s past occurs whenever I tell of my ancestry; for my mother was a Howland, the daughter of Benjamin A. Howland, a direct descendant of John Howland who came to America on the *Mayflower*, and the granddaughter of a Native American woman who served the Howland family

in New York State, a woman whose name is lost to her descendants for her son was reared as a Howland until he was old enough to leave his father and journey with his mother to Michigan where he would no longer besmirch a blue-blood lineage by being a half-breed. Thus, my great-grandfather was a *breed*, the pejorative term that still fueled social stigmas in my parents' generation, a term that apparently fueled my grandfather's wanderlust as he sought a frontier in which a man would be defined by his character rather than his ancestry. He never found that frontier. Rather, after herding sheep near Oregon's Wallowa Lake and proving up on a homestead on the north shore of Lake Tahoe, he sold his homestead for thirty cents per acre in 1910, giggled all the way to the bank, and returned to Michigan where at thirty-five he married a nineteen-year-old school teacher who came from a broken home and farmed-out children that didn't know much of their ancestry. What little was known is preserved in the "Us and Them" poem found in *Upriver, Beyond the Bend*.

My father's dad also married a woman who had been farmed out to relatives when her father, the son of an Irish immigrant, could no longer support his children ... my father was a direct descendant of Dirck Keyser, a Mennonite preacher who immigrated from Amsterdam to Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1683, but this lineage isn't "perfect" for an ancestor apparently served in the Revolution as a participant, not the activity of a faithful Mennonite or Old German Baptist but the act of a shunned person who stood in need of a new lineage. And somewhere in the 19th-Century, in two generations of Kizers and Runyons marrying sisters and brothers in Northwestern Ohio and Northeastern Indiana, there was enough mingled Native American blood that on both my father's and my mother's sides blue blood had become red.

The stigmas attached to being descended from a *breed* no longer exist: the past has been redefined according to our values, not its values ... the tingling up and down his leg that a certain news commentator felt when a mixed-blood senator from Illinois was nominated by the Democratic Party for the office of President of the United States in 2008 came from guilt rooted in his past, guilt that needed scratched, guilt that needed rectified, but not from an intellectual analysis of what would happen to American *exceptionalism* if a culture of social equality were truly unloosed by that rhetoric of *Hope and Change*, which demanded that wealth be redistributed in the name of *fairness*.

What was *fair* about Pharaoh having his heart hardened by God so that the Lord could destroy Egypt and Egyptians while preserving equally lawless Israel. And in mingling the Apostle Paul's voice with my voice, consider what Paul recounts,

As it is written, "Jacob I loved, but Esau I hated." What shall we say then? Is there injustice on God's part? By no means! For he says to Moses, "I will have mercy on whom I have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I have compassion." So then it depends not on human will or exertion, but on God, who has mercy. For the Scripture says to Pharaoh, "For this very purpose I have raised you up, that I might show my power in you, and that my name might be proclaimed in all the earth." So then he has mercy on whomever he wills, and he hardens whomever he wills. You will say to me then, "Why does he still find fault? For who can resist his will?" But who are you, O man, to answer back to God? Will what is molded say to its molder, "Why have you made me like this?" Has the potter no right over the clay, to make out of the same lump one vessel for honorable use and another for dishonorable use? What if God, desiring to show his wrath and to make known his power, has endured with much patience vessels of wrath prepared for destruction, in order to make known the riches of his glory for vessels of mercy, which he has prepared beforehand for glory—even us whom he has called, not from the Jews only but also from the Gentiles? (Rom 9:13–24)

Ancient King David's mighty men were *exceptional* (2 Sam 23:8–39); they were not universally equal with other men or with their wives. And if America as a nation wants universal equality, it will not long be a place where the *exceptional* reside; for most of David's mighty men were not Israelites, but had joined themselves to David because he, himself, was exceptional. They were immigrants, as were my 17th-Century ancestors to North America.

My frequent insertion of citations from Holy Writ blends—some times more smoothly than at other times—the recent past with the distant past as well as the mundane with righteousness to produce a different sort of double voiced discourse, one that occurs in the vertical space above a lineal ("x" axis) timeline. But then, Paul did the same sort of double voiced speech when he cited Joel prophesying "that everyone who calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (2:32), transforming Joel's endtime prophecy into a 1st-Century reality that introduced the great White Throne Judgment (from Rev 20:11–15) into Christian discourse.

Understand the above: quoting texts from another time weds past to present in a way that is not characteristic of histories, but in a way that is characteristic of novelesque prose.

With God, fairness is never an issue. The preacher or President who argues for *fairness*, or equal opportunity for salvation, or equal social outcomes simply doesn't understand the basis for American

exceptionalism, which isn't in this physical realm but in the character of the inner selves of Americans who mostly believed God before the 1960s, with this inner national character externally displayed in neighbor helping neighbor, without being compelled by bureaucrats to involuntarily help.

There is a difference between *believing God*, and truly *hearing and believing the words of Jesus*, with this difference marking the distinction between the predestined Elect that never comes under judgment and greater Christendom ... because the Elect are foreknown by the Father, the Elect are not judged by Christ Jesus, but have been delivered to Christ Jesus to be His spiritual Body, with Him being their Head as the inner self of a person is the head of the person's fleshly body—and with this relationship being visually represented in marriage where the natural head of the man penetrates his wife and is thereby her head.

Believing God even when not called by God to be one of the firstfruits will cause a person to be *good* though not truly righteous—

The Paul of his epistles taught a gospel about the great White Throne Judgment when all who call on God shall be saved, with, for Paul, calling upon God causing the person to outwardly profess that Jesus is Lord and inwardly believe that the Father raised Jesus from death. The outer self is to do one thing, deliver an utterance, and the inner self is to do another thing, believe a reality that is not physically likely if not impossible. In bifurcated time, the outer self speaks and the inner self believes.

American *exceptionalism* is rooted in America's goodness, which isn't "good" by God's standard, but comparatively more-good than neighbors and brothers in the early 19th-Century. America's past goodness is also America's failing; for there was no further movement by the nation closer to walking as Jesus walked from the nation's inception to its soon-to-occur demise. Why? Because the fathers of early America *never gave a inch* and their sons rebelled against their rigidity in righteousness as heard in the song lyric, "How 'ya gonna keep 'em, down on the farm, / After they've seen Pa-ree?" (1919).

In his person Ken Kesey came to represent America's rebellion against God the Father in the 1960s, and it was during this decade when America lost its way spiritually. Two generations of American parents that were hesitant to sacrifice their children for the sake of righteousness produced a generation of Americans that openly mocked the Father and the Son by smearing the words, *Jesus Saves*, on the sides of Volkswagen minivans painted the colors of acid trips ... two generations, the first born after the Civil War, and the second born during and after World War I—the third generation, born during and after World War II formed the counter-cultural movement that stripped away America's faded façade of goodness.

The Pharisees who approved of Jesus' death at Calvary were essentially equal to Saul of Tarsus who in Acts approved the martyrdom of Stephen. Both had social equality. Yet in Acts the novel, God chose Saul of Tarsus to know His will, not other Pharisees in Judea at the time. And Saul, his name changed to *Paul*, became exceptional in a way like how Moses was exceptional, or how Joshua was exceptional, or how Samuel was exceptional, or how Jeremiah was exceptional. The only question that remains has disciples asking, *Is the Paul of Acts a fictional construct based loosely on a real person?* For certain, it can be declared that the *Paul* of Acts is the personification of the Paul of his epistles, and not the same "Paul."

Paul of Acts wasn't exceptional because he could slay with his spear 800 men, or even 300 hundred at one time. He was exceptional because he believed Christ Jesus when he was confronted by Christ, hardly anything at all but so much more than what Christians within greater Christendom are today willing to do. So the *Paul* of Acts is an idealized Israelite, a hero who can take it regardless of what he faced.

In the synagogue at Nazareth, Jesus said,

But in truth, I tell you, there were many widows in Israel in the days of Elijah, when the heavens were shut up three years and six months, and a great famine came over all the land, and Elijah was sent to none of them but only to Zarephath, in the land of Sidon, to a woman who was a widow. And there were many lepers in Israel in the time of the prophet Elisha, and none of them was cleansed, but only Naaman the Syrian." (Luke 4:25–27)

What made the widow of Zarephath exceptional, or what made Naaman the Syrian exceptional? What is fair about the bread [blessings] of the children being given to dogs?

And behold, a Canaanite woman from that region came out and was crying, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, Son of David; my daughter is severely oppressed by a demon." But He did not answer her a word. And His disciples came and begged Him, saying, "Send her away, for she is crying out after us." *He answered, "I was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." But she came and knelt before him, saying, "Lord, help me." And He answered, "It is not right to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs." She said, "Yes, Lord, yet even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their masters' table."* Then Jesus answered her, "O woman, great is your faith! Be it done for you as you desire." And her daughter was healed instantly. (Matt 15:22–28 emphasis added)

It was the inner selves of King David's mighty men and of the Canaanite woman that made each exceptional. It is the inner self of the Elect today that separates the Elect—those Christians who are foreknown, predestined, called, justified and glorified before it is the season for fruit—from the remainder of greater Christendom; for in the inner self of the *exceptional person* isn't greater righteousness than others possess, or greater abilities than others possess, but a proclivity for obedience based upon the suspension of disbelief ... the exceptional person does what he or she knows is right because the person *knows* that what he or she does is *right*.

How does the *Paul* of Acts compare? He fits the motif of the *exceptional person*; thus he is an appropriate hero for a novel. Too bad the author of Acts didn't better understand what it was that Paul taught.

Humanity's conception of *fairness* stands opposed to godly *exceptionalism*; for no person can come to Christ Jesus unless the person is first drawn from this world by God the Father (John 6:44, 65). And from this world's assumption of *fairness*, it isn't fair that a person cannot come to God as one of His firstfruits unless God first draws and Jesus calls (John 15:16) the person. It isn't fair that salvation as one of the firstfruits is NOT today universally offered to everyone: it will not be *universal* until the single kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man halfway through the seven endtime years of tribulation. Then all who endure to the end shall be saved (Matt 24:13; 10:22).

But salvation in the great White Throne Judgment (i.e., the resurrection from death symbolized by the main crop wheat harvest of ancient Judea) is universally available and has been ever since Jesus said,

"When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on his glorious throne. Before him will be gathered all the nations, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. And he will place the sheep on his right, but the goats on the left. Then the King will say to those on his right, 'Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.' Then the righteous will answer him, saying, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? And when did we see you a stranger and welcome you, or naked and clothe you? And when did we see you sick or in prison and visit you?' And the King will answer them, 'Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me.' Then he will say to those on his left, 'Depart from me, you cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and you gave me no food, I was thirsty and you gave me no drink, I was a stranger and you did not welcome me, naked and you did not clothe me, sick and in prison and you did not visit me.' Then they also will answer, saying, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and did not minister to you?' Then he will answer them, saying, 'Truly, I say to you, as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to me.' And these will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life." (Matt 25:31–46)

Ultimately, salvation in the great White Throne Judgment (Rev 20:11–15) is not dependent upon knowing Christ Jesus, or professing that Jesus is Lord, or being under the Law. Salvation in this Judgment that comes after the Thousand Years is dependent upon the person having exercised love for brother and neighbor, with Paul saying of this Judgment,

For God shows no partiality. For all who have sinned without the law will also perish without the law, and all who have sinned under the law will be judged by the law. For it is not the hearers of the law who are righteous before God, but *the doers of the law who will be justified. For when Gentiles, who do not have the law, by nature do what the law requires, they are a law to themselves, even though they do not have the law. They show that the work of the law is written on their hearts, while their conscience also bears witness, and their conflicting thoughts accuse or even excuse them on that day when, according to my gospel, God judges the secrets of men by Christ Jesus.* (Rom 2:11–16 emphasis added)

When a person—any person—does what the Law requires, with this doing causing the person to outwardly feed the hungry and shelter the homeless and visit the sick, the person discloses that the works of the Law (love for God, neighbor, and brother) have been written on the person's heart, with the person now being a *doer* of the Law even when the person has no knowledge of the Law. This person will not necessarily be part of the harvest of Firstfruits, but this person shall be saved. Therefore, the Muslim who claims that Jesus is

merely a prophet will be saved if he or she has demonstrated love for neighbor and brother that includes the Zionist that lives beside the Muslim. Likewise, the Jew who denies that Jesus was the unique Son of the Creator God will be saved if this Jew has demonstrated love for his or her neighbor and brother. How much more *fair* could God the Father be? Just because God has foreknown and predestined some to be younger siblings of Christ Jesus, the First of His firstborn sons, before the present demonstration ends and judgments are revealed doesn't mean that He isn't fair, but does mean that those who hear the word of Jesus and believe the One who sent Him into this world (John 5:24) do not come under judgment but pass from death of life through the inner self of the person receiving a second breath of life, the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*], while the physical outer self of the person still lives.

Do Americans have to bribe other Americans with the public's money to eliminate poverty? And I know a little about poverty, more than the Food Stamp recipient with a cell phone or with a wide-screen television set knows.

The son of God who has truly been born of spirit [*pneuma*] is an adopted immigrant in heaven while the person maintains residency in this world.

Am I against immigrants? No, not even if they are from California. However, I'm against the concept of human entitlement programs that stand opposed to *exceptionalism*—how I answered that judge in January 1974 remains true although I now realize that God provides for His own, that no law needs to be broken for a son of God to have his or her needs met. What's necessary is belief and patience.

What I also realized is that God doesn't necessarily provide for those who are not His. This is the task of the Adversary whose slaves or sons they are—and the Adversary doesn't do much when it comes to providing for his charges. Thus, society has to provide what the Adversary will not, with God getting blamed for what the Adversary does or doesn't do.

Liberty is a gift from God the Father when He draws a person from this world by giving to that person a second breath of life, His breath in the breath of Christ. There is no liberty in simply crossing borders, serving the Adversary *here* instead of *there*. And no one gets to serve the Adversary in heaven.

The Christian today who serves the Adversary as a worker of iniquity (Matt 7:21–23) will be denied by Christ Jesus when He comes again. And most Christians, certainly all who practice lawlessness, serve the Adversary as sons (see 1 John 3:4–10), not as slaves. All who burden [ask for tithes and offerings] those whom they teach are of the Adversary (2 Cor 11:7–15).

Jesus said many are called, but few are chosen (Matt 22:14). That *few* is the remnant about which Isaiah prophesied (Isa 10:22; Rom 9:27).

There is no *exceptionalism* in *veterans preference* or in *affirmative action* or in *Title Nine athletics* or in any other form of social engineering to level an unequal playing field contoured by the abuses of the past. Did past injustices occur? Of course they did and still do: this is, after all, the Adversary's kingdom, with the Adversary being a liar and a murderer from the beginning. Why would anyone think that he or she would get honest measure in this world? Or that justice would thrive in an atmosphere of injustice?

In that *All You Need to Know* book I found a little about the Civil Rights Movement and about Dr. Martin Luther King, himself an *exceptional* person because of his non-violent stance taken in the face of real violence. His stance was similar to that of my Separatist ancestors in the 16th and 17th Centuries.

For those years when I was on the Kenai Peninsula, I didn't think much about living a half mile from the Kenai River, with its run of king salmon. Rather, my thoughts were about how to pay bills, how to collect for work done, how to keep the lights on. And through historical inversion, I remembered the good times of the 1960s when my G-P paycheck not only covered expenses but provided enough extra that I could travel around. On the Kenai, it was difficult to find time to go fishing, let alone get away to go hunting. For me, the late 1970s were a very difficult period economically—and the nation had a President determined to promote *human rights* for others while the nation's citizenry suffered a leadership malaise.

That *All You Need to Know* book said something about *free love*, an oxymoron ... although I knew a few fellows who engaged in extra-martial affairs during the 1960s, I knew no one who supported free love. In fact the fellow with whom I most often hunted took quite a beating from his wife because he had sexual relations with her sisters, all five of them over a decade—he came home drunk, and she remembered why she had been angry at him for years. She let him know what she thought about free love, not something he ever wanted to again experience.

For the fledging Body of Christ, 1962 saw the end of era, the end of Daniel's sixty-two weeks of years: 434 years, stretching from the beginning of Andreas Fischer's ministry (ca 1528 CE) to the spiritual demise of Herbert W. Armstrong's ministry, which continued on in a flurry of activity for another two decades as a chicken runs around after its head has been cut off. Others have recognized that the 1960s marked a change in the world's psyche. And I realized, when thumbing through that *All You Need to Know* book in 1991, that unless someone who lived the quiet life of the central Oregon coast wrote a competing narrative to the one describing the lawlessness of Ken Kesey's band of Merry Pranksters, whose 1964 cross country road trip in a psychedelic painted school bus was chronicled in Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, those of us who spent our

nights calling varmints and our days shooting small groups at long ranges—fellows more interested in their own affairs than in national politics or protests, the silent majority who put Richard Nixon into the presidency—would be defined by Pranksters and hippies we found reprehensible.

*

How is this introductory phase of the trial proceeding? How is your patience holding out? Bear with me a little longer and things will come together.

*

After a year (1963–64) at Willamette University, Salem, I transferred to Oregon Tech [Oregon Institute of Technology, Klamath Falls] and into its Small Arms Technology program. I started my second year of college with \$130.00 in my pocket, of which \$110. went for tuition. I had \$20. on which to live until I found a job ... there was no money for books or tools. I had my uncle's Brown and Sharpe micrometers that he had used during the War. And I ate what I shot—mostly ducks and venison—and whatever I could retrieve from grocery store dumpsters. I didn't drink, party, use drugs, and I was very careful not to breath fumes from the cyanide pot we used in the gunshop for case hardening and case coloring gun parts. My Californians peers would have found me to be a very boring fellow; yet I will be defined for the future by that *All You Need to Know* book if I, or someone like me, is unable to write a competing narrative.

The best work I did in 1964 was to shorten a Mexican '98 Mauser action so it was only long enough to handle the .22-250 cartridge. Made for a nice handling, short throw bolt action varmint rifle bedded in a laminated stock glued up from scrap maple plywood veneer obtained free from a local plywood mill.

After a year at Oregon Tech, I married (July 1965), laid out a term to make some money, and didn't return to the university for 23 years. Instead, I went to work in Georgia Pacific's pulp mill at Toledo. And for a mill worker to write a narrative that could compete with antics of the Merry Pranksters wasn't realistic ... I still lived upriver from the community of Siletz when the movie *Sometimes a Great Notion* was filmed in Lincoln County (1971), and from the river road above Kernville, I watched the movie's version of the Stamper house being constructed across the tidewater section of the Siletz River.

In the movie the Hank Stamper character was horribly miscast in Paul Newman, a little guy who couldn't be made to appear *exceptional* even by Hollywood makeup artists ... if Ken Kesey wrote himself into his novel as the Leland character, a possibility, then Henry Stamper would be modeled off Fred Kesey, Ken's father, and Hank Stamper would have *answered* his brother, but not in fictional prose. Hank would've used language as he used everything else; he would have used language somewhat as I did in *At Abby Creek*, an autobiographical sonnet cycle of my own slant rhyme pattern. The inclusion of two sonnets will be enough for now to show how Hank would have answered:

[headpiece]

The hillsides above Abby Creek, clearcut
By Publishers Paper, planted the same
Summer with three-year-old firs, came
Back in blackberries and choke cherries
Anyway. Publishers sprayed the brush, but
Didn't kill the alders or the maples;
They killed the magnolia and the apples
In the orchard by the spring. The covered

Bridge at Elk City, the one in the movie,
Washed out while we were in Alaska—
I went by boat, stood where the Light Brahma
Rooster attacked Kori, and saw how silly
We were to clear a garden and plant potatoes
When, above the brush, nothing of us shows.

(Stanza) 108.

I saw *Sometimes a Great Notion*, and saw again
The covered bridge. ... Like Hank Stamper, I played
Football against Florence and Mapleton, but never used
A baby bottle nipple over the muzzle of my twenty-two.
Nor would've Hank: loggers who glance at the lean
Of 400-year-old fir, then stick their saws in, using

Skip-tooth chain to cut faster, don't care about making
A little noise. ... Wild iris, columbine and camas

Bloomed where we parked across the bridge; along
The creek, bear had been digging skunk cabbage roots.
Beaver had abandoned their pond; grass grew on their lodge.
In the moonlight, the hillsides belonged
To deer and bats. I ducked, slipped not wearing cork boots,
But caught my balance before falling off the lodge.

The first 24 stanzas of *At Abby Creek* were published in Sierra Club's *Best of Nature Writing 1998*. The full text of the cycle can be found in *Upriver*.

How many voices can be heard in *At Abby Creek*—and why did I not spell <Abbey> with the <e> found on geographical maps of the stream? And why is Jesus' genealogy found in Matthew's Gospel made to conform to a 14/14/14 pattern (Matt 1:17) through Matthew leaving out multiple ancestors, thereby producing a genealogy that is easily refuted in Scripture? And finally, why is Acts a Greek novel that has its *Paul* going to Rome when its *Paul* is not the Paul of his epistles ... is the answer in the question? Did the Paul of his epistles ever go to Rome? Did only the *Paul* of Acts go to Rome? And if Paul wasn't imprisoned at Rome, where was he imprisoned when he wrote, "It is right for me to feel this way about you all, because I hold you in my heart, for you are all partakers with me of grace, both in my imprisonment and in the defense and confirmation of the gospel" (Phil 1:7). Was he still imprisoned in *Kaisareian*? We don't know. He doesn't say.

If Matthew gives an incorrect genealogy for Christ Jesus, and apparently a knowingly inaccurate genealogy, then how accurate is any genealogy found in Scripture? How accurate is, say, the genealogy of Noah? Have generations been left out? If President Obama created composite characters yet labeled his writing as "nonfiction," what then is fiction? Partial truths that identify themselves as fictitious constructs?

Authors make decisions about what to include and what to exclude from a text for reasons that cannot always be understood by those who come behind them. Sometimes what appear as mistakes are just that, mistakes. But other times there are voices that need to be heard in assumed mistakes, voices open to analysis, voices that cannot be understood without being inverted.

I realized in 1991 that if I was unable to define myself for the generations to come, I would be defined by a city—San Francisco—suspended in time as if it were a lifeless ornament on a Christmas tree. And in the twenty plus years since I walked into that Anchorage bookstore, my generation has been defined by my amoral, politically liberal peers, who didn't trust anyone over thirty until they became thirty. Then they didn't trust anyone, the result of which is the United States being governed by a hard-left community organizer, someone more secretive than Richard Nixon.

A community organizer *speaks* as his or her vocation: the person is a professional *voice*, giving utterance to grievances for a community that the organizer sincerely believes cannot speak for itself. A community organizer produces no product except disruption of the social order. A community organizer does no meaningful work, but the community organizer is a performer ... speaking creates a performance in which the speaker takes and defends a position, a premise, a truth, with even the speaker's choice of language and diction arguing for a premise.

Writing differs from speaking in that until the writing is read, there is no performance. There is nothing with which to argue, nothing to persuade others to take action or no action. Writing sits silent, unable to influence anyone, until someone takes the chirographic or typographic inscription in hand and begins to read. Then the magic begins, but it is the reader who produces the performance, one of many performances, with all possible performances being orchestrated by the author but not in a controlled way but rather in ways suggestive of how spilled red wine spreads across a white linen tablecloth.

Note the following stanza from *At Abby Creek*:

34.
I was in the barber shop, listening to a story
About a vulture and a hummingbird, when
The movie crew called for extras. Paul Newman
Was in a Mack truck, going down Main Street,
Toledo. The casting director needed scuzzy
Looking loggers, thought I might want to make
A few bucks. I told the barber he hadn't finished
His story. ... Seems there was a vulture,

Who looked down when soaring and saw deer
 And rabbits, carrion alongside the road.
 The hummingbird beat its wings hovering
 And found only flowers. They both eat their
 Fill in sight of one another, thought what a good
 Land this was, and flew off, soaring and hovering.

For the small screen format (I-Pod), the first letter of each line after a hard return has to be capitalized. These capitals are not in the cycle as it appears in *Upriver*.

The difficulty of defining oneself is embedded in *Sometimes a Great Notion* being regarded as the quintessential Pacific Northwest novel ... the novel is an immigrant from California, and brings with it Californian values, not those of the 1960s on the central Oregon Coast. But then, the 1997 panel of Northwest writers who in the Seattle *PI* voted the novel number one on a list of twelve essential Northwest works was peopled by non-1960s Oregon Coast residents, writers who are not troubled by a dearth of foxes in the salal and fern understory of the Coast. Thus, today, an immigrant novel defines what it meant to be a coastal logger when my knees permitted me to scramble up steep hillsides. But this novel must wrestle against my memories of the decade as I step behind Ken Kesey to stand close to his father, the hard shell Baptist dairy farmer Frederick A. Kesey, who founded the successful Eugene Farmers Cooperative, retailing milk under the name *Darigold*.

Sometimes a Great Notion uses multiple sequential first person narrators who disclose their inner selves to the reader yet these first person narrators do not speak in depth to each other—in the 1960s, men really didn't talk to other men about personal subjects. They didn't talk to women either. If there was any speaking to be done, it was indirect discourse which they understood but which even their children do not. As such, the novel seeks status as double voiced discourse, with Henry Stamper's attire giving him the qualities of a bound Bible that *never gives an inch*. ... The novel uses strikebreaking as the trial through which the exteriorized inner selves of the Stamper men reveal themselves.

Throughout the novel, the reader can find Ken Kesey's familiarity with Scripture and can find his rebellion against the beliefs of his father.

Utterance is ephemeral performance whereas inscription gives semi-permanence to words that also take and defend a position. In the opening paragraph of *APA—Volume One's* "Preface," I use the phrase, *typological exegesis based upon chirality*, with <typographical exegesis> being a search term I have virtually owned on Google since August 2004. However, my use of the term differs from how the term was employed before I used it to address the non-symmetrical mirror image relationship between the signifiers of biblical texts and a non-inscribed hypertext of signifiers and signifieds produced in the auditor's mind, a hypertext that has the visible physical things of this world revealing and preceding the invisible things of God.

My argument has been since 2002 that Scripture is merely half of a bifurcated text that has <20> being the mirror image of <02>. Consider the year 1961 as I used the year in *At Abby Creek*—

39.
 Remember the dugout canoe I found,
 Full of berry leaves, an old growth
 Fir hollowed and shaped with an adze, both
 Ends identical. I never knew who called
 The curator for the county museum. It was bound
 To happen: the canoe was considered a major find,
 Winning the curator a trip to Washington, D.C.
 Preserving the canoe meant preserving

A bit of a vanished culture. ... I went
 To see it when I was last in Newport,
 Signed in with other guests, read a report
 And saw the picture of Old Archie bent
 Over, adze in hand, hewing bow or stern.
 Seems the canoe was carved in 1961.

Although the production of this mental hypertext—a text created along the "y" axis of the novelesque space-time trope—is helped along by my writings, production of this hypertext is not dependent upon me, or upon anyone else. There is no human, essential endtime revelator. Thus, anyone anywhere can through

inspiration of the *Parakletos* produce the same or a similar hypertext if the person has access to canonized biblical texts. And even without access to inscribed Holy Writ, once the Second Passover liberation occurs and the Law of God is written on hearts and placed in minds, every Christian will *Know the Lord* and will be able to produce and read this hypertext.

Why is Acts a novel in which its *Paul* appeals to *Kaisar* ... what is a hypertext if not a non-fiction novel that emerges from the shattered monoglossia protecting the absolute and the distant past? How better to convey to endtime disciples that they must intellectually dwell in the space above the horizontal timeline of historicity?

Unlike Moses, Jesus was not a writer: He left no written texts behind that could be idolized; that could be worshiped as if His words were Himself. However, He left His words with His disciples so that these words could be personified through the acts and deeds of disciples who would walk in this world as He walked, thereby repeating His words in their words. Again, disciples are to be fractals of Christ Jesus: they are to be the personification of Jesus' words that were not His words but the Father's words, with God the Father disclosing to Jesus what to say and how much He could say, with the distribution of privileged knowledge held by the Father limited to specific audiences on an apparent *need to know basis* only, with even Jesus not knowing when He would return as the Messiah.

By the nature of Jesus' words being the Father's words, and the Apostles' words being Jesus' words, with His words coming to endtime disciples through texts inscribed decades after Jesus was crucified at Calvary—through biographies authored anonymously and hand copied multiple times over a millennium and a half—there are multiple voices at work behind every inscribed utterance in the biblical canon, with one of these voices being that of God the Father. The remainder of these voices are of men and women, the sheep *and* the goats that will be separated when the Son of Man comes in His glory, with the *sheep* having done the work of feeding the hungry and giving drink to the thirsty and visiting those imprisoned in this world. The *goats* did no works of charity, of love for brother and neighbor. The goats served themselves as a community organizer might who used his position to further a political career.

So there is no doubt about what I write: all authority in this present world comes through the Adversary, the reigning prince of this world who has dominion over the mental topographical of living creatures. Thus, the authority that the President of the United States exercises; the authority that U.S. Supreme Court exercises; the authority that Congressmen and Senators exercise; the authority that business CEOs, that religious leaders, that community organizers exercise—all comes from the Adversary. All human rulers, regardless of whether despots or saints, are knowingly or unknowingly agents of the Adversary, doing his business, conducting his affairs, trying to demonstrate that self-government in a realm of transactions will better produce liberty and freedom, happiness and long-life than will child-like obedience to the Most High God. But the Adversary reigns over a divided house, with the yellow of gold and brass/bronze representing one mindset and the white of silver and iron representing the competing mindset.

When the Radical Reformers separated themselves from Protestant Reformers as well as from the Old Church in the early 16th-Century, it was perhaps easier to see that in the union of Church and State there was nothing of God present. It is a little more difficult to see that the United States of America's Constitution is not divinely inspired, but is the Adversary's best attempt to produce a government *of the people, by the people, and for the people*, with God being excluded from governing the people. Only indirectly would God have any influence over the affairs of Americans until the Second Passover liberation of Israel.

Until horizontal time expires for the Adversary, thereby ending the period allotted to him to demonstrate that his principles of self-governance work, all authority in this world comes from God through the Adversary; so even the ministry of, say, the *United Church of God* receives its authority to *prepare a people* for destruction from the Adversary. And that is what surviving splinters of Herbert W. Armstrong's failed 20th-Century ministry are doing: preparing a people for destruction, for either rebellion against God or martyrdom in the Affliction, the first 1260 days of the seven endtime years.

Initially, there was no authority in the 1st-Century Christian fellowships that the Apostle Paul raised up. If the Pastoral Epistles are of Paul, with Paul writing to the saints at Philippi as well as to "the *episkopoi* [bishops] and *diakonoi* [deacons]" (Phil 1:1) there, then the reason for his martyrdom can be found in him establishing authority within fellowships; for in establishing authority, he placed the Adversary in charge of these fellowships. Thus, they were doomed for death. They had no choice about leaving Paul: "For many, of whom I have often told you and now tell you even with tears, walk as enemies of the cross of Christ" (Phil 3:18).

It was the overseers who slew the saints; for in requiring the laity to consider the bishop as Christ Himself (what would shortly come in proto-orthodox fellowships but what had already begun when the Pastoral Epistles were written), the overseers inserted themselves, human men, between the son of God and God the Father whereas only the Law was to serve as a disciplinarian [a schoolmaster] (Gal 3:24) for a son of God. No human man was to stand between the Father and His son; for the son of God had a high priest in the glorified Christ Jesus.

As a schoolmaster, the Law was in place until Christ writes the Law on the hearts and minds of sons of God, born of spirit, thereby moving the Law from outside to inside Israel. Jesus said not to think that He came

to abolish the Law and the Prophets (Matt 5:17): He came to move the Law written on the two tablets of stone that Moses placed in the Ark of the Covenant to where it would reside written on two tablets of flesh, the hearts and minds of circumcised-of-heart Israel ... but the <heart> is a euphemistic expression for the person's non-physical inner self; thus, the heart and the mind are of separate bifurcations of bifurcated time.

The Law remains in place as an outside authority over firstborn sons of God until Christ comes to write it on hearts and minds through the indwelling of His spirit in the inner selves of His disciples. But what 1st-Century converts did not realize is that unless the Father draws the person from this world, the person remains of this world regardless of whether he or she identifies him or herself as a Christian. Self-identification as a Christian doesn't cause the Law to be written on hearts—and children do not welcome being disciplined, or being under the authority of a disciplinarian. Wannabe sons of God in the 1st-Century CE were no exception. Thus, the means existed to *see* inside a would-be convert to ascertain whether he or she was truly born of God,

For those who live according to the flesh set their minds on the things of the flesh, but those who live according to the spirit set their minds on the things of the spirit. For to set the mind on the flesh is death, but to set the mind on the spirit is life and peace. For *the mind that is set on the flesh is hostile to God, for it does not submit to God's law; indeed, it cannot*. Those who are in the flesh cannot please God. (Rom 8:5–8 emphasis added)

The living or dead inner self of a Christian is externalized in what the Christian does, with the Christian who does not submit to God's law having not yet been born of spirit.

Salvation, according to Christ Jesus in Matthew's Gospel, isn't about faith, isn't about Calvary, isn't about pronouncing Jesus' name in bastardized Hebrew, but about feeding the hungry, giving shelter to the homeless, clothing the naked, visiting the sick and imprisoned (Matt 25:31–46); for when the inner self of a Christian loves God with heart and mind, the outer self will show love to neighbor and brother through the work of hands and body. Therefore, where there is no love shown for the least of humanity, with keeping the commandments forming the minimum expectation of Christian disciples, there is no love for Father and Son.

When a Christian shows no love for brother and neighbor in real event-time, the Christian will not believe God outside of time.

Therefore, salvation isn't a difficult thing to achieve. There is no extraordinary work that must be done; for the one who will be great in the kingdom of the heavens will keep the commandments and will teach others to do likewise (Matt 5:19), with the Decalogue not simply being a covenant of negative acts and actions; for to not bear false witness is more than simply remaining silent but is a commitment to bear true and faithful witness, regardless of whether testifying about what another human person did or about what God has done. And when a Christian keeps the commandments, the Christian will provide for parents as the active part of honoring father and mother. The Christian will not harbor anger against brother or neighbor, will not have lustful thoughts about the spouse of brother or neighbor, will protect the property of brother and neighbor as if that property were his or her own. The Christian will not covet *things* or the *commonness* that comes from walking in this world as a Gentile, eating meats of common humanity, dressing as common humanity dresses, going to those events that entertain common humanity ... no genuine Christian would attend a midnight showing of a Batman movie unless the Christian desired to be *common* as his or her neighbors are common.

For Christians genuinely born of God, keeping the commandments goes beyond the negation of murder, adultery, thievery, lying, coveting—negations that satisfy the Law in its *legal* sense. Keeping the Law jumps to the proactive work of having love for neighbor and brother, with this love manifested in feeding the hungry and sheltering the homeless, those human persons who cannot return good for good but can only absorb the good done to them and give back nothing in return.

But in the gap between keeping the Sabbath as a manifestation of love for God and feeding the hungry as a manifestation of love for neighbor and brother is delivery to the world of the endtime good news that all who endure to the end shall be saved (Matt 24:13–14).

6.

In 1967, at the freshman class orientation of Ambassador College, Big Sandy (Texas), a student asked college administrator Garner Ted Armstrong why, as a Liberal Arts college, Ambassador offered no Literature classes. The younger Armstrong's reply, paraphrased, was revealing, *Most of the authors are dead so we can't ask them why they wrote what they did. Besides, what they wrote isn't true. So studying Literature is a waste of time*. His implication was that students at Ambassador needed to spend their time studying the Bible, which was true. Yet two decades later when some of these freshmen, then faculty members, went to outside universities to get graduate degrees so that (name changed) Ambassador University could gain academic accreditation for its theology program, the in-house trained faculty members lost faith and perished spiritually when they learned that there were discrepancies in preserved New Testament texts, more discrepancies than words.

The above is correct: when including spelling and copying errors in surviving early New Testament texts—none earlier than a fragment of one page from a 2nd-Century copy of John—these discrepancies when actually counted are greater in number than the total number of words in the New Testament; so how is a

Christian not to lose faith when learning that allegedly infallible texts were written by fallible human persons, and contain human-type errors? Plus, what criteria was used for inclusion of one text and exclusion of another text in the New Testament canon that didn't come together until the 4th-Century CE. At the end of the 1st-Century, there was no Bible as endtime disciples receive the book: neither Old Testament nor New Testament were "canonized" although all of the included texts existed plus a few other texts, notably the Gospel of Thomas. And most of the records of the early Christian Church—apart from canonized Scripture—come from the 2nd and 3rd Centuries, long after the Church had died from want of spiritual breath (i.e., lack of the spirit of God)

Perhaps the best question for an endtime Christian to ask is how can the Bible, Old and New Testament, not be studied as Literature since it is received as an inscribed text, chirographically inscribed until the invention of the printing press? How can a pastor or Christian teacher recognize an early Greek novel if the pastor or teacher has never read one? How does the pastor or teacher "know" that true novels are about words and word play; about that space above an event-timeline where the ephemeral receives temporary substance and structure, where words are reified and utterance can transform the inner selves [souls] of human persons into living stones from which the temple of God is built? How can the pastor or teacher possibly understand the words of Jesus, who only spoke to His disciples in figurative speech (John 16:25), if the pastor or teacher doesn't understand metaphors or metonymical word usage; doesn't understand that words name the things of this world that reveal and precede the things of God, that human words cannot directly name spiritual things? How can Christians of all sorts worship what they don't know and not be like their pagan neighbors? How can a minister of the former Worldwide Church of God be so ignorant as to say, *Studying literature is a waste of time*, when Bible study itself is the study of Christian literary texts: literature?

The Apostle Peter, probably by his own hand, in rough Greek and in an epistle whose authority has been challenged since the 2nd-Century, answered the question of why many (most) scholars and students that pursued *Historical Christian Theology* in academia over the past three centuries have lost faith when encountering the human quality of early New Testament texts: to faith or belief [in Greek, the word is the same] sufficient to cause the person to profess that Jesus is Lord and to believe in the person's heart that the Father raised Jesus from the dead, the scholar or student must add virtue, the outward manifestation of love toward God, neighbor, and brother, before adding knowledge which will give to Christians two deities that presently exist in a Father/Firstborn Son relationship that does not employ the metaphorical death/rebirth trope in having the father die and being reborn as the son, but rather having the Helpmate of the Father twice die and twice being resurrected from death by the ever-living Father, the God of dead ones. Again, to faith must be added virtue, the actual doing of what is right, beginning with keeping the Commandments and extending to giving shelter to the homeless, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked to the best of the person's abilities. Then, not before adding virtue to faith, knowledge must be added to faith-plus-virtue, with this knowledge including the study of literature so that a metaphorical text can be read as a hypertext through its metaphors.

The death/rebirth trope in Holy Writ is employed in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—the God of living ones (Matt 22:32)—dying by leaving heaven and being reborn here on earth as the unique son of the God of Abraham. But once the God of Abraham died by leaving heaven to come to earth as a man, His Son, the God of Abraham, the Creator of all things physically made, the God of Abraham submitted Himself to the authority of the Host of Heaven (from Zech 13:7) whom He had stood next-to, equal in primacy (Phil 2:5–8; John 1:1–3), before entering His creation. And by giving up primacy with the God of dead ones through becoming one of the dead ones, the God of Abraham made in Himself the pathway by which a spiritually lifeless human person could receive indwelling eternal/heavenly life and escape from "death"; for the God of dead ones loved His Helpmate, His Beloved, enough that He who had the power to give life or withhold life gave to the unique Son of His Helpmate indwelling eternal life that this now-glorified Son could then give to whom He willed, thereby making the Son the last Adam, a life-giving spirit.

Unless a Christian understands the literary death/rebirth motif as employed in the ancient world, the Christian has no hope of grasping the love that the God of living ones had for the God of dead ones, and vice-versa; love that is much greater than any love Christians have imagined ... in ancient literature, the love Odysseus had for Penelope (willingly forgoing immortality and life with a beautiful nymph on an island of paradise) and Penelope for Odysseus as told in *The Odyssey* has not equivalent, but the love story imbedded in New Testament texts exceeds in all ways the story told by the blind poet Homer.

The love story that has an-already-existing God, the Creator of everything made, giving up primacy in the supra-dimensional realm known as heaven and entering His creation as His unique Son—surrendering preexisting immortality and life in what humans perceive as paradise, life as the Beloved of the God of dead ones, the Host of Heavens—has not been well told, if told at all. This story of two-sided love (for human persons created in His image, and for the Most High Host of the Heavens) is "not-real" by the standards of physicists and chemists, but is like the love story told by that blind poet for whom I have been named, with physical blindness being of this world and preceding receipt of spiritual sight that comes from heaven.

*

Doing with mind, hands, and body what the person knows is right produces in the person a momentum of *goodness* that will have the person separating him or herself from what is evil or wrong, pushing those things that are transgression of the commandments away from the person, and the person gravitating toward what is good, what is of manifested love for God, brother, and neighbor ... Adam and Eve were not expelled from the Garden for eating from the Tree of Life, but for disbelief that caused Adam to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Adam *died* the day that he ate forbidden fruit; he died in the sense that the inner self was henceforth dead although clothed in hide and hair when expelled from the Garden.

Knowledge killed Adam; for in not believing the Lord God that on the day when he ate forbidden fruit he would die, Adam ate without the manifested ability to push evil away and cling to what is good that would have come with first eating from the Tree of Life. And this is the point a practical fisherman [Peter] made when *feeding the sheep*, disciples who had obtained faith equal with his own.

Before a Christian sets out to acquire knowledge as every Christian should to keep from being ineffective (2 Pet 1:8), the Christian must have added virtue—doing what is right and good—to his or her faith or knowledge will kill the Christian as knowledge killed the man of mud. Simply put, knowledge killed the old self that comes/came from the first Adam, and spiritual knowledge will kill the temporarily breathing (as in a person receiving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation) inner self of the Christian who doesn't first display manifested love for God, neighbor, and brother. And this point cannot be emphasized strongly enough ... the principle failing of Sacred Names heretics is their lack of love for neighbor and "Christian" brothers, disciples trapped within greater Christendom; thus, when these loveless Sabbatarians sought to add knowledge to their faith without first adding virtue, the "knowledge" they added spiritually slew them. By the jawbone of an ass, they have been slain spiritually.

Again, virtue begins with keeping the commandments but is more than simply following a list of negations. Virtue is supporting the one who needs support regardless of whether that one is homeless, hungry, thirty, or even the one who teaches the Christian. Virtue is the manifested application of love toward God, neighbor and brother. And once virtue has been added to faith, then the person is able to hear the voice of Christ Jesus. And when the Christian truly hears the voice of Jesus, the Christian is able to add knowledge to the person's faith without that knowledge destroying the Christian's faith.

With the momentum toward goodness that comes from keeping the Commandments and manifesting love toward neighbor and brother (the order of the words being interchangeable as brother and neighbor are), thereby being a doer of the Law, the Christian will push through, roll past the doubts that are sure to come when the Christian learns that the Bible is not the infallible word of God, but two millennia old writings about a human person who was the unique Son of the Creator God, not God the Father, with this a human person having to die on a cross, the physical image of the demonic executioner who had joined himself to an anointed cherub's rebellion against the Most High God. This human person was twice resurrected from death by God the Father, the God of dead ones, with first the resurrection (the resurrection of the inner self) coming when the breath of God descended in the bodily form of a dove, lit on and entered into the man Jesus the Nazarene, and with the second resurrection coming when the dead body of Jesus was raised from the grave through the perishable flesh having put on immortality. Thus, for a Christian to be resurrected from death in a resurrection like that of Jesus, the Christian must be twice born, twice made alive, once when God the Father gives to the person indwelling eternal life through receipt of His breath [*pneuma Theou*] in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*], then a second time when the glorified Son causes the perishable flesh to put on immortality. Hence, John writes, "For as the Father raises the dead and gives them life, so also the Son gives life to whom He will" (John 5:21).

The momentum of goodness that comes from manifested love pushes doubts aside until the Christian has acquired sufficient knowledge to resolve apparent discrepancies and obvious tampering with 1st-Century texts by later scribes, tampering concealed by the chirographic inscription of still-later scribes, with 1 Corinthians 14:34–35 being the most easily resolved case of tampering ... the epistle to Ephesians was a general epistle, not a dedicated epistle: manuscripts from outside of the Ephesus area have Paul's greetings read, "To the saints who are also faithful" (Eph 1:1), a juxtaposition that would have being *faithful* a quality that has been added to professing that Jesus is Lord, a quality similar to Peter's virtue; thus saints who are also faithful have manifested love for God, neighbor and brother. Faith cannot long exist without the momentum that comes from being a doer of the Law; for a Christian cannot hear Moses read and believe Moses' writings without having knowledge added to the Christian's faith—unless the knowledge has already killed the Christian.

The authority that Moses possesses even today among the spiritual unborn comes from the unborn's inability to reread, to reinterpret the distant and absolute past, linguistically closed eras to historians and theologians. Only the novelist can enter the texts of the absolute past to engage in dialogue, say, Moses, whose use of Semitic inscription makes reinterpretation impossible except through translation into a fully inscribed language such as Greek or Latin, German or English. Therefore, endtime disciples could not receive a second or last Adam (Rom 5:14; 1 Cor 15:45) except in Greek texts. To have a second Adam requires a rereading of the Genesis creation myth (e.g., Gen 2:7), a rereading that has creation coming through receipt of an initial breath

of life, with the word <life> entering into a dialogue with itself so that *life* differs from life, meaning that there is inner *life* and outer life, with the inner self that is born of God being to the outer self as Adam was to Eve, penetrating Eve when Adam knew her, thereby being her head and covering.

The concept of a second or last Adam was only available for 1st-Century discussion in Greek; for the linguistic structure of Semitic languages does not lend itself in metaphorical rereading of the absolute past. Plus, such rereading is the domain of dialogic prose, the language of novelists, not poets, not historians, not even theologians that search for the absolute and definitive meaning for a word in a sacred text—and such absolutism cannot be found in New Testament Greek texts that are by their very nature dialogues with the culture in which they were produced.

Remember the preceding declaration: *absolutism cannot be found in New Testament Greek texts that are by their very nature dialogues with the culture in which they were produced.* The New Testament belongs to novelists, not to poets or historians or theologians; for New Testament texts are dialogues between themselves and with endtime disciples. The very nature of the synoptic Gospels discloses that these biographies of Christ Jesus have spoken to each other in ways that academics practicing historical criticism still are unable to appreciate.

Moses was not a part of the everyday Greek culture of Hellenistic Asia Minor; for the Hebrew text in which Moses was received could not be rewritten or the text itself parodied. The problem inherent with the production of the Septuagint was translation of what a stiff and rigid Moses wrote in Hebrew into a more malleable Moses in Greek; for Greek philosophers who had become Christian converts needed to transform a dead Moses into a Moses who could be minimized into being the *house built*, not the builder of the House of God (Heb 3:3).

In Hebrew, there can be no human Christ Jesus as the unique Son of God the Creator, something that Christian Sacred Name heretics are discovering. The language doesn't permit such a person to exist, not even in a word. Hence, for rabbinical Judaism, Jesus was a Greek storyteller—Greek not because He was of Gentile lineage, but Greek because of the dialogic parables He told that make no sense in Semitic languages.

A 1st-Century Pharisee or a 21st-Century rabbinical Jew can read (and by extension hear) Moses' words, but cannot speak back to Moses or engage Moses in dialogue. Communication for the Hebrew speaker is directional, from the past to the present, not two way, with the present refining, re-voicing the past. Hence, for a 1st-Century Sadducees or Pharisee, or for most endtime Sabbatarian Christians, discussion of bifurcated time makes no sense. For such a discussion comes directly from the study of Literature.

A phenomenon occurs in event-time; it cannot be otherwise. But when this phenomenon is merely the earthly shadow and copy of a non-real occurrence that blocks the light that is God from reaching the mental topography of living creatures, the language of discourse is no longer about "real" events but about conceptual events that are not time-linked to the past, present, or future—about events that simultaneously occur in event-time and occur outside-of or above event-time. The discourse parodies itself by now being two or more streams of discourse coming from one set of words. And as DSL internet service entering homes or offices via telephone lines requires a splitter for the two signals being transmitted on the same line to be received and made usable, Christians need an ideological splitter before they are able to understand spiritual matters [knowledge] transmitted through the phenomenon of this world.

Bifurcation of time is not a concept I heard addressed from pulpits of either Seventh Day Adventists or from the former Worldwide Church of God. But bifurcated time is the reality of the Law being written on hearts [in the timeless heavenly realm] and placed in minds [in the real-time world of the physically living person]. Even the harvest of God is time bifurcated, with the harvest of the firstfruits forming the non-time-linked shadow and type of the greater harvest of humanity in the White Throne Judgment, one harvest consisting of two harvests as space-time is one concept that consists of both location and presence.

Novelists are able to split the space-time trope in two and place characters in space without time (that is, in heaven), as well as give presence to characters without placing them in a location. But primarily, novelists use a double-voiced, doubled language in which every word written already has had any number of meanings assigned to it; they use polyglossia and heteroglossia in dialogue as if multiple voices were actual characters in the tale the novelist tells, meaning that the novelist uses the imprecision of language to his or her advantage as the tale told "fights," in the minds of readers, for recognition. The words of a novelist constitute his or her attempt to elbow the novelist's way into an open literary canon; the tale told by a novelist is always *sometimes a great notion*. Thus, the teller of tales requires that the hearer has already heard previous tales that work with or work against what this teller of tales constructs from the fragments of once unified languages.

The words of a novelist engage the language of the people, past, present, and future, in dialogic discourse, thereby permitting the people *to speak* to the novelist, and through the novelist to speak to Moses or Alexander or the Apostle Paul, telling historical figures what they should or shouldn't have done in particular situations ... is it not better to show in a story that the love of money is a root of evil than for a pastor to tell parishioners that the love of money is the [mistranslated] root of all evil? Which will change minds, a story or a sermon?

Unfortunately, for as long as Christians choose to suspend belief rather than disbelief, the sermon is most effective; hence, I write explication of Scripture in a non-traditional form of *sermonizing*.

Understand, until the recent past the *new* was not privileged; rather, the *old* had special status. Therefore, the teller of tales (including Shakespeare) made the *old* new through how the teller shaped and crafted—rethought—what the audience had already heard. The storyteller was dependent upon the audience knowing the story beforehand so that the audience was able to appreciate the reworking of traditional narratives. And it was in a cultural mindset that elevated the past through reworking existing oral and inscribed stories that New Testament texts were composed, with oral stories told by the first disciples being reworked, rethought, recomposed by even themselves. Thus, Jesus the Nazarene, the last Adam, factually exists even in recomposed stories that were told in dialogue with themselves.

To move the above out of the theoretic and into an example, I will use a commonly known story: Hans Christian Andersen's short tale, "The Emperor's New Clothes," published with "The Little Mermaid" as the third and final installment of *Fairy Tales Told for Children* (1837 CE). In Andersen's retelling of his source tale, two weavers [Ukrainian: Tkach] promise an emperor a new suit of clothes invisible to whomever is unfit for the office the person holds—invisible to the stupid and incompetent. The story (but not its ending) is based on one from *El Conde Lucanor* (1335 CE), which Andersen had read in its German translation. In the source tale, a king is deceived by weavers claiming to be able to make clothes invisible to any man not the son of his presumed father. Andersen, less interested in adultery than in pride and vanity, redirected the focus of his tale.

In "The Emperor's New Clothes," the emperor cannot see the cloth the weavers have allegedly woven, but he pretends he can. Same for his court's ministers. The weavers pretend to dress the emperor in his new clothes, and the emperor parades before his subjects, who play along with the ruse—until a child too young to practice guile reveals the deception by blurting out that the emperor wears nothing ... only the child is unfit for his position of being a child.

In my retelling Andersen's cautionary tale about pretenders, Andersen's voice as well as the voices of his source text can be heard in my voice, but more can be heard, including many messages preached from many podiums of the *Worldwide Church of God* following the death of Herbert W. Armstrong in 1986, messages about the name of Armstrong's successor, Joseph Tkach, meaning in his ancestral language that he was a weaver, that Armstrong's successor would *weave* the church together as it wove its way to the place of safety and the return of Christ Jesus. But the only thing woven was magic cloth and grievous misreadings of Holy Writ.

The focus of the source tale on adulterous paternity will now, with my summarized retelling of the tale, return; for the two weavers that became successive pastor generals of the former Worldwide Church of God were not (is not in the case of Joe Junior) born of God as sons. They are, by the standard John of 1st John describes, sons of the Adversary. They are spiritual bastards who deceived a great many Sabbatarian disciples who were also not sons of God but sons of the Adversary. The magic cloth these two weavers wove proved to be seine lead through which sons of the Adversary and spiritual minnows escaped from salvation, thereby returning to the pool of common humanity where they will be devoured by sea lions and gulls.

After reading the above paragraphs, you, as an informed auditor, can never again read "The Emperor's New Clothes" to children or grandchildren without thinking about the two Tkachs being weavers of magic cloth as I cannot read the tale without hearing again sermons preached by Gerald Waterhouse that were required to be played in all congregations in the spring of 1986 (Herbert Armstrong died January 16th, 1986, a date I haven't forgotten because of the importance then placed on his death by the ministry of the former Worldwide Church of God). And in hearing again, or thinking about deceitful weavers, you and I actualize what double-voiced discourse is all about; for our minds are not blank slates devoid of language.

Every word you hear that you have heard before has its previous usage (meaning) present in your mind; thus, upon hearing a word you are instantly able to give a meaning to the word. But if the context in which the word is heard again differs from the context in which the word was heard before, these opposing contexts grapple with each other as if Greco-Roman wrestlers intent upon throwing the other to the mat. One will win. And this one will determine the meaning that is assigned to the word—and all of this occurs in nanoseconds. Only when a word such as heteroglossia that is culturally unfamiliar is encountered will the person pause to truly consider what the person has just read or heard (and now you know why I occasionally throw in words of more than five letters, and as an aside, the same applies to unexpected formatting as novelesque prose presented in the style of a poem).

The Book of Acts, even Luke's Gospel could not be a novel without the epistles of Paul and the Gospels of Mark and Matthew having been first written; for disciples having heard and continuing to hear the words of Paul's epistles in their minds forms the credible language base upon which the writer of Acts constructs his tale. The same can be said about Luke's Gospel: disciples need[ed] familiarity with either Mark's or with Matthew's Gospel before credibility [the suspension of disbelief] could be given to Luke's, with the nature of double-lipped [voiced] discourse causing Luke's Gospel to add to, say, Mark's Gospel in a manner similar to how a novel's sequel adds-to and continues a popular story.

Endtime Christians suspended disbelief when these Christians began to read Matthew's Gospel, with this suspension of disbelief then being extended to Mark's Gospel, and extended to Luke's Gospel because of the close proximity of all three Synoptic Gospels and the presumed condition (that of being the infallible word of God) of receipt. But as Hans Christian Andersen refocused his telling of "The Emperor's New Clothes," not using adulterous paternity as the cause for not being able to see the weavers' magic cloth but using pretentiousness and vanity, Luke's Gospel refocused his source texts—the author of Luke's Gospel says he has source texts (Luke 1:1–4)—leaving behind the very real suffering of Christ Jesus and substituting in its place belief of God. But if the author of Luke's Gospel is the same as the author of Acts (textual reasons exist to raise questions), then the author of Luke's Gospel doesn't know God despite all he read, all he heard, all he used in writing his two-book set, with Acts' relationship to Luke's Gospel being that of the spiritual presentation of a concept in a poetic Hebrew thought-couplets.

If the Book of Acts is an early Greek novel—and it is—then to present it as an infallible history was, long ago, magic clothes for Emperor Constantine, whose spiritual nakedness was revealed by him disposing of his foes in purely carnal ways even after he professed with his mouth that Jesus was Lord. ... All of the 300 or so bishops [the number "300" has cultural reverberations] at the Council of Nicea (ca 325 CE) were pretenders. They were the Emperor's courtiers that claimed to also be able to see the weavers' magic cloth.

In addition to novelists intuitively understanding the space-time trope, they intuitively grasp that word ambiguity is what separates them from poets and poetry, where the focus is on the word because of the surrounding white-space when the poem is read and because of the rhythm of utterance when the poem is spoken. And when the focus is on the word, not on those things that the word represents either in this world or in the minds of auditors, then the poetic word emerges as a private symbol that is not really open to cultural distortion. There is but a single voice—that of the poet's—uttering the word. And it is for this reason that King David's psalms continue to resist being mined for their meanings.

David's psalms—poems set to music, with the music having been lost long ago—are private communication with the Lord that because of his office had public exposure. The Psalms were not written as dialogue with the present or the future, but as the voice of David speaking to the Lord, with the Lord occasionally answering. In the Psalms is not heard voices of the public square ... in a way, Christians will not really understand David's psalms until David himself explains them. Oh, Christians, especially pretentious endtime English speakers, will think they know and understand what David wrote, but they don't. They cannot. The nature of language and especially double-lipped language precludes them from understanding David's private voice.

Not all writers are novelists, even though some non-novelist writers have written novels. And not all novelists choose to utilize the potential of polyglossia and heteroglossia to produce social change. But all novelists laugh at what passes as wisdom in this world, thereby mocking the educated in their magic clothes. It is, however, in novelists working their craft through the manipulation of the space-time trope and in transforming language itself into speaking characters in novelesque discourse where the things of God can be manifested as narratives.

Approximately forty percent of the baptized membership of the former Worldwide Church of God continue to dress in the magic cloth of two deceitful weavers. Another forty percent has disappeared into the pool of common humanity (this forty percent includes my three daughters), and twenty percent remain Sabbatarians of varying shapes and stripes ...

While in graduate school and in mixed-genre writing workshops, I objected to the concept that a poem simply "is," that a poem didn't need meaning. Responding to something someone else, a poet, said about another poet's sonnet, the poet said a story cannot be told in fourteen lines, which as a novelist I took as a challenge. And during the last two weeks of the following semester—when I was taking five graduate Literature classes—I wrote 81 of the 109 stanzas of *At Abby Creek* in addition to the required semester paper for each class.

At Abby Creek is a sonnet cycle written in a private voice as second person discourse; hence things are not explained but remembered.

The gas shortage following the *Yom Kippur War* caused me to let Don Lynch take a pickup load of deer antlers downriver to trade for traps (again from *At Abby Creek*)—

6.
 War in Israel made me a trapper . . .
 Hunting season over, I had muzzleloaders
 To build, but the gas shortage left customers
 Sitting in two-hour lines, two
 And a half hours away. I had to catch fur
 If we were to stay off welfare, traded
 Deer antlers (trophies I'd mounted,

Had bragged about) for traps. Hippies made

Pipes from the antlers, sold them mailorder.
Too far out of town, we agreed it was time
To move (now we can't agree on what a dime
Is worth). I asked who owned the house there
At Abby Creek, the one I passed when I ran
My traps. No one would say but Don.

Note that *At Abby Creek* in second-person address precludes it from being open to cultural interaction: the text requires the person addressed to speak the same language, a private language, as the narrator speaks. But no language is truly private; hence there are two who speak, one in silence as the following stanza explains and one openly:

43.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED? ... No,
I won't leave anything out. We left Lakeview
Slumbering, left behind sawmills, potato
Sheds, elevators, wheat fields, passing through
Beatty—where a sprinkler had irrigated a fence
All night, ice welded tumbleweeds to the wire.
A curve bent uphill, a moment of negligence,
The Suburban snapped crosswise, a quick shutter,

An on-coming cattle truck ... in the middle,
Across the centerline, the windshield shattered!
Now crumpled fenders, glass chips like grenade
Fragments, floorboards arched to the dash, steel
Buckled and driven backwards, the Suburban, dead
As a steer hit by a triphammer, bounced backward.

48.

RIGHT LEG BENT ABOVE YOUR KNEE, you didn't know
Where you were, where your daughters were; you looked
For them behind the seat. The Y-gash across your forehead
Bled; your left hip hurt, hurts. I knew, I know.

The ambulance arrived: West Medic One. Back board,
Philadelphia collar, IVs, oxygen, Code 3 to Merle West
Medical Center; name, address, employer, each request
Repeated until answered; insurance carrier, they wanted

To know, but you were worried about Kori (she had
A concert at the junior high—you wanted to hear
Her sing). Nurses materialized, then disappeared
Like ghosts on a lonely road and pain measured

In heartbeats flashed, rumbled through bruised arteries.
Amidst the lightning, you prayed. I heard your pleas.

49.

X-RAYS ORDERED of your lower spine, pelvis,
Right knee, but the gash interested the nurses most:
It would show, does show. Two techs faceless

As machines, a practiced procedure, left and right
Denoted by a lead marker caught and pulled off, later
Found on your gurney ... "The x-ray of your knee
And back are unremarkable, but you have a posterior
Dislocation of your right hip." Dr. W— softly

Asked if you understood ... you nodded
Yes, your mother had polio. You signed the consent
Form, read aloud. The words meant nothing, except
The ones about dying. You didn't want to die, not
Then anyway. You knew your lungs were weak; you're
In the high risk group. But the pain in your

50.

LEFT HIP, pain intense as childbirth though different,
Like hitting your crazy bone, came with the regularity
Of heartbeats. Your signature was barely recognizable,
But you knew what you signed, a contract to make you
Whole again to the best of their ability. With Dr. W—
At his side, Dr. S— began a general examination as
Nurses snipped blouse, bra, slip, skirt, panties.
Don't cut my slip, it's the only one I brought

From Alaska—you also wanted them to save your panties:
They were new, they cost fourteen dollars at Nordstrom's
In Anchorage. I know, you told me before your words,
Snatched by the pain, scattered, scud on an ebbing sea.
Asked your occupation, you said, "Housewife,"
Which was true but not the truth. You, who in past life

51.

WAS A MOTOR VEHICLE REP and had fished commercially,
Told of asthma and uterine tumors. Dr. S— asked about
A well-healed, low abdominal scar. You said you'd
Had a tubal ligation. Right leg shortened, externally
Rotated and abducted: Dr. W— thumped your foot, asked
Where it hurts. "In my hip!" Faintly, you added, "My
Leg's broken." You heard someone say, "We know." I
Wasn't there, but I've read reports and logs, your record.

10:33—anesthetized, you didn't feel the dampened
Crunch of bone galling bone as your right leg was flexed,
But Dr. W— did when he pulled on and rotated
Your leg outward. Later, he told me he did not
Know about the break till he felt the bony crepitation;
He really didn't know.... Yes, it was negligence.

52.

MORE X-RAYS (of your right hip and femur).
You had an extremely comminuted fracture,
But your hip showed a concentric reduction.
11:16—O.R. Dr. W— worked quickly, found one
Spike of cortex, allowing him to approximate
Femur length. Twelve screws in a standard
14-hole side plate—he didn't try to fill

The gaps with chips ... it didn't heal.
You underwent a bone graft in April,
Then another the following April.

How much do you remember?
Any? The pain? mood tapes?
The drugs?
Can you cry?
Do you?
Where are your daughters?
Do you recognize me?
Yes, it is a lovely day.
The flowers are pretty.
I know your hip hurts.
No, I don't think it's too early to plant.
Do you like strawberries? You didn't used to.
I'll bring some next time.

No, it's not April. It's May.

See the problem? Even in private poetic address, even in silence, a novelist cannot escape double voicing the narrative, adding into private address the words of the other person as well as those of doctors both in and out of the inscribed medical records of a patient (direct words from the medical record are capitalized), thereby permitting language itself to speak in the words of the medical record, in the words of the doctor, in the narrator's words as well as in no inscribed words. (Plus, the educated reader should hear an echo of Chaucer in the last line.)

Instead of Viv leaving Hank Stamper as occurred in *Sometimes a Great Notion*, my wife left me, leaving me to finish rearing three daughters, who in turn over the following two decades also left me for the freedom of being *common*.

*

The early barley harvest of ancient Judea (i.e., the harvest of firstfruits) began with the Wave Sheaf Offering and extended to the Feast of Weeks, seven weeks later. Barley wasn't harvested before the Wave Sheaf Offering and wasn't harvested after the Feast of Weeks.

No descendant of Adam was twice born (born of the water of the womb and born of spirit/*pneuma*) before Jesus as the reality of the Wave Sheaf Offering is accepted by the Father. And all who are to be included in the harvest of firstfruits will have come to Christ Jesus before He returns as the Messiah at the end of seven endtime years of tribulation. Thus, every Sabbatarian Christian engages the distant past when he or she reads the words of Moses and keeps the Wave Sheaf Offering not how Pharisees of the second temple observed the offering but as Sadducees of the second temple waved the offering, with Jesus' ascension to the Father on the morrow after the weekly Sabbath during the Feast of Unleavened Bread establishing the correctness of how Sadducees understood Moses.

Rabbinical Judaism today, as the theological descendants of second temple Pharisees, is without spiritual understanding. However, a statistically insignificant number of observant Jews (144,000) will be saved out of the Affliction, the first 1260 days of the seven endtime years. If there are others who will be saved, these others are presently hiding among Gentiles, living as common humanity.

Because Christian ministry has been as devoid of spiritual understanding as rabbinical Judaism; because Christian ministry has borne false witness about the Father and the Son since at least the 2nd-Century CE—to assert with great piety that Jesus was crucified on Friday and rose from death on Sunday morning is to bear false testimony about the Father and the Son, as well as against Moses and Jonah—men [and perhaps women] outside of the ministries of the greater Christian Church were called to do work for Christ Jesus. These men were not called to make nice with the ministers of the greater Church, but were called to denounce and condemn false teachers, false prophets, false pastors, all adversarial scat left as coyotes [little wolves] leave their scat to mark territories.

The Christian who falsely testifies that Jesus was crucified on Friday is truly of the Adversary, and this Christian will be cast “into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels” (Matt 25:41). This *Christian* is at best a mere personification of a son of God, a caricature of a Christian teacher. And it is against the utterances of these little wolves that my voice, my words wrestle to obtain dominance, with this wrestling framed against the backdrop of guerilla insurgencies that do not have to win battles but simply field a force until the other side withdraws because of its own weight.

My words, my voices [yes, plural, for I speak the same words in differing dialects] spar with every word uttered since Moses—and this is not a battle that can be won until the Second Passover liberation of Israel occurs.

Here is another example from *At Abby Creek* of private speech containing the speech of others:

55.

Remember our bronze toms ... I bought
Them as poult from that feed store
In Corvallis. They were walkers. Bolder
Than chicks, they circled the feeder in cliques,
Peeped and pecked at each other's feet, got
Spraddle-leg and starved with full crops—
And all the while, my ignorance was the cause.
The state library sent *Diseases of Poultry*.

Diet, the text said, determined whether fowl got sick
Or got parasites—its claims for diet seemed exaggerated:
If we were chickens, cancer would no longer be hated.
I gave the poult goat milk (that was the trick)
Instead of water, and never lost another
As long as I fed chick starter and clabber.

As President Obama, reading from his teleprompter, didn't know how to pronounce <corps> as /*kor*/in Navy corpsmen, many readers will not know to rhyme <crops> with <cause> for they do not speak the language of agriculture although every American should know that poult are turkey hatchlings. They should also know that poult need a higher protein diet than do chicks, that poult require twenty-plus percent protein for their first few weeks of life. But I didn't know that when I first raised turkeys. I had to read a book, a standard veterinarian text, before I acquired knowledge I would have learned if I had remained on the farm rather than growing up on the Oregon coast where I learned to snell eyeless fishing hooks as a young teen.

The novelist has more voices available in which to speak than does the poet or the historian, both bound by authoritarian words that stand as symbols for one thing, one action, one event.

Jesus gave only one sign that He was from heaven, the sign of Jonah who was three days and three night (three twenty-four periods) in the belly of the great fish [whale], with these three days being the same symbolic three days for which Moses asked Pharaoh: the 15th, 16th, and 17th days of the first month, with the people of Israel journeying from Rameses to Succoth on the 15th day, hardly a journey at all, then journeying from Succoth with the bones of Joseph to Etham on the 16th day, before turning back to journey from Etham to Pi-hahiroth on the 17th day of the first month. Then, as Jonah was spewed forth from the belly of the whale as a spokesman for God after three days, the people of Israel crossed the Sea of Reeds on dry land after the third day. Jesus was resurrected from death after the third day: He was gone from the Garden Tomb before dawn of the 18th day of the first month. He was resurrected from death at the close of the 17th day, and then after fifteen hours, Jesus as the reality of the Wave Sheaf Offering (made as Sadducees reckoned when this offering was to be made: at about 9:00 a.m. on the morrow after the weekly Sabbath during the Feast of Unleavened Bread), the resurrected Jesus ascended to His Father and our Father, His God and our God, thereby leaving death behind as the people of Israel left Egypt and the armies of the Pharaoh behind and as Jonah left the whale behind.

The God of dead ones could not be the God of living persons until the God of living ones entered His creation as His unique Son, thereby divesting Himself of equality with the God of the dead and making Himself subject to the God of dead ones by dying, actually by twice dying, once spiritually when He entered His creation to be born as a man from the womb of a woman, Mary, and then physically at Calvary when He bore the sins of Israel. He could not come as fully man and fully God and still be like other men but without sin. He had to leave behind all indwelling spiritual or heavenly life to be like other men; for human persons are not born with indwelling immortal souls. The teaching that people have immortal souls is of the Adversary; is the reality of the serpent telling Eve that she shall not die (Gen 3:4). Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden before either ate of the Tree of Life. Both died, yet live in their descendants, consigned to disobedience as sons of disobedience. Hence, Eve lived in Mary, the mother of Jesus—not physically as a still-living person, but lived in Mary's mitochondrial DNA. And novelists have employed the death-rebirth trope generationally in fathers having sons as a mainstay motif that serves as a stand-in for resurrection from death.

But if sons are not of their fathers, what the magic cloth of weavers in Hans Christian Andersen's source tale for "The Emperor's New Clothes" would disclose long before DNA testing was available, the death-rebirth trope as employed in fathers and sons is a lie.

Actually, every metaphor is a lie; for a metaphor will have one thing that can be named of itself being another thing that can also be named but by a differing name. However, Jesus only spoke to His disciples in figures of speech (John 16:25); in metaphors that used the things of this world as naming phrases for the things of heaven. And in doing so, what judgment shall you pronounce upon Jesus? Pharisees of Herod's temple judged Him to be a Greek storyteller ... why? He wasn't Greek. So did they identify Jesus as a Greek storyteller because He spoke in metaphors, in figures of speech as Greek novelists of the era told their stories?

It should come as no surprise that there is fiction inside of New Testament texts; for the words of Jesus are—because they used the things of this world to name the things of heaven—fictional. They are not literally true. Disciples are not sheep; nor are false prophets wolves; nor are the musings of false prophets (*the Roman Church is the whore of Babylon*) the howls of wolves. These things are not so. They are only metaphorically so; for the Adversary appears as an angel of light and his servants as *apostles of Christ* (2 Cor 11:13–15). And how is the Christian laity to distinguish between *apostle* and apostle?

The Christian without knowledge of how literary expressions function will not understand Jesus' words if the Christian is even able to hear Jesus' voice. Nor will the Hebrew speaker until this speaker abandons his or her Semitic mindset and perceives the *word* as a stand-alone unit common to many languages, many voices. Hence, Muslims able to speak only Arabic will not and cannot convert to Christianity. Conversion is only possible when polyglossia and heteroglossia is removed from the language of Christian theology, with this removal coming about through action that occurs apart from inscription: the Second Passover liberation of Israel.

The Second Passover will, through this phenomenon that is a type of Israel's liberation from Pharaoh, be so great of an occurrence that the many voices of Christendom are reduced to a few, then reduced to one on the doubled day 1260 when the single kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man, Head and Body.

Every action that has been inscribed in or out of Holy Writ is subject to being parodied and mocked—
Inscription itself is subject to be parodied as seen in cell-phone texting.

The Second Passover liberation of Israel cannot be redefined, rethought, recomposed, or even morphed into natural cataclysmic phenomena because common humanity cannot find the Second Passover in inscribed Holy Writ. It is there, however, for disciples who produce a scriptural hypertext in their minds. And because common humanity cannot find the Second Passover liberation of Israel in Scripture, the Second Passover is neither mocked nor parodied for the same reason. Again, parodies require what is being recast-to-produce-laughter to be known and expressed in the discourses of the people.

None of the first disciples were educated men in the sense that they would have known the nuances of Greek or Persian drama: they were Aramaic speakers who probably all knew Hebrew because of language similarity. They may have, as fishermen, known enough Greek to curse wind and weather in the language of official communication, but they would not have thought in metaphorical language usages. They would have thought in words being symbols with one or at most a few meanings; hence, they did not understand Jesus' metaphorical discourse while they were with him ... they were not Greeks. And it is here, in the stream of words swimming against the currents of discourse, where understanding is spawned in gravelly redds. Without New Testament texts being written in Greek, there could be no endtime Body of Christ. And how better to show the difference between Greek and Hebrew than to present history in a parody and parodied text? Luke's Gospel and the Book of Acts are just such texts.

Parodies do not have to be mockingly comical. *At Abby Creek* is a serious parody of *Sometimes a Great Notion* ... *At Abby Creek* is stylistically a poem; i.e., private address, one person to an incapacitated second person in a private language that the two people share. However, by inclusion of the title of Kesey's novel and the bridge in the movie based from the book, the sonnet cycle enters into dialogue with both novel and movie, commenting on both, criticizing both by the authorial choice of stylistic presentation—by my choice to pit the loss of my wife against Hank Stamper's loss of his wife, thereby morphing prosaic fiction that existed in the public arena into novelesque history of the most private sort, this history though also presented in the public arena.

The resurrection of saints will be both a private and a public happening that occurs in bifurcated time, with the resurrection of the inner self occurring when the Father draws a person from this world by giving to the person a second breath of life, this breath of life coming from heaven and entering into the person's inner self through the indwelling of Christ who is of the timeless heavenly realm—and with the resurrection of the outer self occurring when Christ Jesus returns as Israel's Messiah in real event-time. Thus, the resurrection of the inner self occurs outside of event-time, that is in the space above a horizontal timeline, but the resurrection of the outer self occurs at a specific moment on the horizontal event-timeline, the moment when Jesus returns as the Messiah. And because even remaining Sabbatarian ministers trained by instructors at Ambassador College Big Sandy or Pasadena or Bricket Wood (England) are still unable to understand bifurcated space-time, they do

not understand spiritual birth. They still use the infamous pin test to prove a person is not born of spirit; they are truly spiritual dunderheads dressed in magic cloth.

The unaccounted-for fifteen hours between when Jesus was resurrected from death and when He ascended to the Father typologically represent the period between when the two witnesses will be resurrected from death and when they ascend to the Father three and a half years later. By extension, these fifteen hours, twelve of which were in darkness, represent the entirety of the Christian era; i.e., from when Jesus breathed on ten of His disciples thereby directly transferring to them the breath of God in His breath to when He returns at the Second Advent, with the three hours between sunrise and the third hour (9:00 a.m.) forming a type of the Endurance of Jesus.

If in my voice—in my written words—is heard the words of Moses and the screams of anguish of Pharaoh and his army, the prayer of Jonah from within the belly of the whale, the Passion Accounts of Jesus as told in the biographies, Paul's admonishing the saints at Corinth to take the Passover sacraments of bread and wine in an attitude of reverence rather than as a drunken orgy; if in my voice is heard the words of Herbert W. Armstrong who taught that Jesus was really crucified on Wednesday, April 25th (Julian calendar) in the year 31 of the Common Era; if in my voice is also heard rejection of Armstrong's acceptance of rabbinical Judaism's calculated calendar, then the person has additionally heard the voice of Jesus. But nothing is heard until a person reads what I have written.

In reality the voice of every Worldwide Church of God minister who conducted the Passover service I attended from 1973 through 1998 is heard in my voice; for I certainly wasn't the first to keep the Passover since the Body of Christ was buried by the 300 attending the Council of Nicea (ca. 325 CE). The Passover was being kept, albeit imperfectly, when I was drafted into the Body of Christ: I joined, in dialogue, 1st-Century disciples as well as early 20th-Century disciples, with my voice now reflecting the echoes of their voices—and of the voice of ancient King Josiah as well as the voice of Joshua.

Narrative form doesn't necessarily follow style: compare the following two stanza again from *At Abby Creek*:

67.

We lost a White hen to the train—clipped
Her breast; she died from the bruise days later.
The Bronze toms were identical till one gobbler,
Wattles bright red, neck stretched,
Head down, tried to gobble down
Southern Pacific. ... I heard his whelps
Over the engine's whistle; the hen came to help.
I thought she ducked away in time. ... A mound

Of bronze feathers by the fence, the tom wasn't dead,
But wasn't really alive either. I threw him in the shed:
He wasn't fit to eat but his feathers were okay
For fly tying. I intended to pluck him
After a cup of coffee, but didn't get back to him
Till dark. ... He was pecking at moldy hay.

68.

A mangled form, back and legs broken,
That Bronze tom lay more dead than
Alive for a week. I set food and water
Where he could reach both—had a helleva time
Keeping the other tom from raping him,
Especially after I began putting him in the pasture.

He pecked at grass and grasshoppers, basked
In the sun and didn't do much else from May
Till July. We talked about eating him but always
Found reasons to put off butchering the gobbler.
Dick thought I was foolish, that I ought

To kill him before he lost too much weight; but
On our anniversary (we slept in), he staggered out
To the pasture, knockkneed, but again a walker.

By July, I was in Alaska: the narrative timeline has been rotated forward to get into stanza #68 our marriage anniversary, July 10th, when the remainder of the narration is factually true. We did sleep-in one morning, and the crippled tom turkey did walk from the woodshed to the pasture across the rail tracks where Dick Parks kept a few cattle and sheep. I assume the tom walked. I didn't see him leave the woodshed. I just found him in the pasture when I went looking for him. How he got to the pasture is the creation of me as the author who then uses the narrator, a personification of me, to tell what happened.

Form follows the contents of the narration, not the precise style of the narration. Thus, form is here used as a substitute for the turkey tom, who becomes a character in the cycle—and form, while speaking, utters silent discourse. (A sonnet has an octet followed by a sextet; the sextet shouldn't precede the octet.)

If I rotated time forward to get a better reason for sleeping-in and enjoying my wife's company, a more universal reason, then did Luke do this when he scrambled the Sermon on the Mount and dealt Jesus' declarations out as if they were cards in a game of *Texas Hold'em* poker? And the question shouldn't be if he did this, but why did he do this? Or the question that will be addressed in Volume Four: did the Sermon on the Mount actually occur?

I consciously rotated time for a reason ... why Luke dislocates time and space is for me presently like rearing turkey poults was in 1973. And again, from *At Abby Creek*:

60.
Seventeen turkeys were too many to feed
All winter. The second year we kept
The Black, two Bronze toms, that inept
White tom, and three White hens.
That White tom never could distinguish feed
Sacks from hens. Don said, "It's that
Artificial insemination, it does that
To you." And he added something about dildos

That made you blush. ... Linda came to see
You that winter. Her crewcut raised
Questions in Siletz. You said she'd changed,
And I believed you until, after dinner, we
Played chess. Like when we'd played on the mountain,
In ten moves I pinned her white queen.

In the 1st-Century when most converts were still Hebrew or Aramaic speakers—before the rush of Greek converts changed doctrines and dogmas—only by demonstration, which required the construction of texts in Greek, could disciples disclose the essence of what it meant to be a Christian; to be born of God outside of the space-time trope. Mark's Gospel might be the simplest of the biographies to understand, but I find myself turning to Matthew and John when searching for a concept mummified in Greek prose. Why? Because long ago, I began to keep the Law inwardly, with this inward submission to God being externally visualized by what hands and body do, especially on the Sabbath.

The word Jesus left with his disciples as the judge of doubters and unbelievers (John 12:48) was delivered as *performance*, oral and acted-out, for decades before being inscribed, with many performances and many buried voices forming a single utterance each time another performance was initiated. A witness to the things Jesus did and said told and retold what he or she saw and heard in the person's own words, thereby adding another voice to the many voices heard in the words of Jesus who delivered the words of the Father to His disciples. And with each retelling of a narrative that has not been inscribed, as 20th-Century recordings of oral storytellers reveal, the performance differs from previous performances, with these differences being small and usually unnoticed, but accumulative over many performances. Thus, the bias or lack of understanding of a *performer* becomes incorporated in his or her performance that is then picked up by another person who tells the same story in his or her own words, trying diligently to maintain faithfulness to the performance he or she witnessed. However, as all shooters know, a small error in the alignment of sights over a great distance results in missing the mark, the definition of sin (a sinner is someone who simply *misses the mark* when it comes to walking in this world as Jesus walked).

But as competitive shooters also know, small errors tend to cancel themselves out. A trigger pulled a fraction of a second later than desired, the trigger pulled when the sights were a little high and to the left of center (for a right hand shooter), the rotational torque of bullet passing through the barrel pulling the rifle a little to the right, the muscle tremor caused by that morning cup of coffee, the slight difference in the thickness of the cartridge case's neck, the slight difference in the burn of the powder charge, the heat shimmer of rising thermals—all of these things contribute to the accurate placement of the shot, but even if all were eliminated, the accuracy of the bullet's placement would be virtually the same for one variable offsets another variable in a random sort of a way. The shot will be in the ten-ring; the target will be dead. Hunting wild game will become like slaughtering livestock; became like slaughtering a cow in the pasture, one of the reasons I hunted with traditional muzzleloading firearms in the late 1960s after building and shooting high power competition rifles for a few seasons. Hunting ended when the rifle came to my shoulder. What remained was butchering and packing out the meat. But this is not necessarily-so when firing a flintlock in the rain.

The authors of the biographies of Jesus [the Gospels] did not necessarily have to quote Jesus exactly in order for endtime disciples who believe the writings of Moses and hear the voice of Jesus to *know* what Jesus said. It isn't necessary that endtime disciples have exact transcriptions of Jesus' words; for in the canonical texts and in the many voices they represent are both the words of Jesus as well as the words of God the Father. What's necessary is awareness that the primacy of the Father and the Son over the text—over the words of disciples—minimizes the tension that exists between historical accuracy and inscribed narrative.

The primacy of walking in this world as Jesus walked (of walking in this world as the personification of the word or message Jesus left with His disciples; of walking in this world as a person who keeps the commandments through inward love for God and outward love for neighbor and brother) trumps *sola Scriptura* [Latin, ablative case, "by Scripture alone"], the doctrine holding that the Bible alone contains all knowledge necessary for salvation ... the Bible has been tampered-with more than any jimmied door in downtown Detroit.

The Apostle Paul fought a decades long battle with converts forming the Circumcision Faction, with these 1st-Century converts trusting in *sola Scriptura* as the foundational doctrine of salvation: Moses wrote that concerning the Passover, "there shall be one law or the native [born Israelite] and for the stranger who sojourns among" Israel (Ex 12:49), that "no uncircumcised person shall eat of it" (v. 48). In addition, the prophet Ezekiel records the words of the Lord, concerning the time of the Messiah's reign over Israel,

And say to the rebellious house, to the house of Israel, Thus says the Lord God: *O house of Israel, enough of all your abominations, in admitting foreigners, uncircumcised in heart and flesh, to be in my sanctuary, profaning my temple, when you offer to me my food, the fat and the blood. You have broken my covenant, in addition to all your abominations. And you have not kept charge of my holy things, but you have set others to keep my charge for you in my sanctuary. Thus says the Lord God: No foreigner, uncircumcised in heart and flesh, of all the foreigners who are among the people of Israel, shall enter my sanctuary.* (Ezek 44:6–9 emphasis added)

It would seem that the Circumcision Faction [almost all Hebrew speakers] correctly understood Moses, but not so; for the Circumcision Faction did not understand the space-time trope—did not understand bifurcated time, which has all of Israel (circumcised-of-heart) living their lives above the horizontal timeline that governs common humanity until the single kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man halfway through the seven endtime years of tribulation, seven bifurcated years. For the sanctuary for circumcised-of-heart Israel is not an earthly sanctuary where outward circumcision matters until the Second Advent.

The holy ones of *Philadelphia* deliver the endtime good news that all who endure to the end shall be saved, but saved because common humanity as the currency of God is taken from the Adversary and given to the glorified Christ when the kingdom is given to the Son of Man ... the preceding has not been well understood since slavery and serfdom went underground in the 19th and 20th Centuries. Men/women as traded commodities, as traded currencies, changing hands. Men buying other men as modern farmers buy tractors, drills, manure spreaders—the cruelty of the Adversary has been masked by greater Christendom offering the illusion of freedom to *Christians* who promise not to return to Moses and the Law, where true freedom exists. Christianity as a culture believes for physical reasons that it is superior to common humanity; whereas Christians in this world have been as African-Americans born into slavery were in the United States of America prior to the Civil War. The slave tag used to identify the African American in, say, antebellum Savannah differs little from the canine dog tag modern pet owners are today required to purchase in, say, Bad Axe, Michigan. And the demeaning slave tag that an African American was required to wear in taxing districts in the antebellum South forms a shadow and type of endtime Christians marking themselves as slaves of the Adversary by Sunday observance.

The preceding is correct: for a Christian to attempt to enter God's rest on the day after the Sabbath (i.e., on Sunday) demeans the Christian as well as the Sabbath, demeans Christ Jesus and His redemption of humanity.

Common humanity has been enslaved by disobedience to a greater degree than the industrial revolution moved serfdom from the farm to the city where even children had to labor for meager rations as economic

slaves of wealthy industrialists and an emerging middle class, who were themselves slaves of the Adversary. There has been no escaping from the Adversary even though Jesus' death at Calvary paid the death penalty for the sins of Israel. The Adversary has demanded that all of humanity partakes in transactions.

The person who worked hard and was frugal; who invested prudently and financially prospered merely became a favored slave of the Adversary, akin to the Hebrew overseers Pharaoh employed to keep the production of bricks ever increasing. This person could have built a house fit for a king, but the person couldn't quit looking over the person's shoulder to see if someone was sneaking up upon the person to take from him or her all the person possessed, with life being the most precious commodity.

The Anabaptist who refuses to fully engage in transactions, who subsistence farms with horses, cannot escape from making many transactions as he or she buys oil for lamps, cloth, *Sugar Pops*, and canning jar lids—far more other items than is necessary as the surrounding culture of affluence squeezes the trigger of scope-sighted shotguns once deer season opens in the heartland of America.

In my retelling of the "The Emperor's New Clothes" is heard the voices of the weavers albeit in abbreviation. Also heard is the voice of a graying community organizer seeking reelection by any means possible, with the first community organizer being Satan the devil. This graying community organizer speaks in dialogue with Karl Marx, who creeps into even my voice as I utterly repudiate Marxism. But I know that in 1890 New York City, an organic city built by American Capitalists, was some of the worst squalor ever known to the world ... I know that Capitalism is the Adversary's best effort to organize a social system that sort-of works. And I know that in massive bureaucratic spending programs, our graying community organizer has exposed the dirty underbelly of Capitalism so that this beast can be gutted, but not for good, rather for evil.

People are, indeed, a traded commodity, their ownership changing hands in this world and out of this world—and until the Second Passover liberation of Israel, there is little any person can do about whom he or she serves; for the Christian who would serve God ends up serving the Adversary, the person's master, when the Christian teaches others that Jesus was crucified on a Friday.

Everything I write, everything I say, everything anybody has ever said exists in response to things that have been said before and in anticipation of what will be said tomorrow, with metaphorical language being lying dialogue that discloses truth. Therefore, considering that a Christian revival is presently occurring in China, a revival not based on Scripture but upon the teachings of Protestant Christendom, permit me to here insert another piece from *Upriver* (but not from *At Abby Creek*):

QUITTING CANTON

Decades and villages: British and Yankee missionaries
Preached repentance to the yellow heathens, but
Few Chinese accepted Christ
Till Hong Xiuquau read about Jesus ... years earlier,
He, of a royal family, stood in dream
Before a great sovereign

Where, scolded, he was river washed by an old woman,
Given a new heart, a sword, a seal, sweet fruit.
He prayed to this foreign god,

Smashed classroom idols, promised he wouldn't worship
Evil spirits. Soon thousands of followers,
Taught as Paul had Bereans,

Knelt before the God of Abraham and kept the Sabbath
Holy. Hong banned smoking tobacco, opium;
Stopped the binding of women's

Feet, polygamy, the slave trade—the year was 1846,
Beginning the era of civil war,
The opium wars ...

Maybe they were jealous, the missionaries, the ghosts.
Hong's Taiping movement was certainly
Within orthodox Christianity

So was it merely a dispute about which day to worship
The Creator that caused Christian nations
And denominations to spurn

Hong? They sent rifles, cannon, opium to the emperor
Till no one stood before ghost soldiers,
Not even old women

On yellow river banks.

The language of Sabbatarian Christianity was spoken in China a century and a half ago. If I could, I would have every Chinese Christian begin to keep the Sabbath, not the day after the Sabbath, but I don't have this authority; my speech lacks this authority except as I appeal to the words of Moses. Only God the Father has the authority to compel Chinese Christians to believe Him, and He will not do this unless the Christian has previously disclosed a willingness to obey Him.

My only authority comes through my linguistic dialogue with the past, the present, and the future. And the Chinese government presently frowns upon non-state-sanctioned theologies and assemblies; for what would happen to the nation if a billion Chinese suddenly turned to God and began to keep the commandments and to have love for brother and neighbor to the extent that they willingly sacrificed even their lives for the lives of others—they will, indeed, sacrifice their lives one way or another; for China is predominately a nation of firstborns, and all uncovered (by the blood of Christ Jesus) firstborns will be slain on the Second Passover as the ransom price for the remainder of Christendom as the lives of men and women are traded as commodities, with all who profess that Jesus is Lord being taken from the Adversary and given to Christ at the Second Passover, but with a one-for-one price being paid for these lives, a price apart from the redeeming price Jesus paid at Calvary for the sins of Israel.

I do not know for certain, but I suspect that the website of *The Philadelphia Church*, that my websites are blocked in China, that the only way for me to reach this massive populace is through downloadable books for the small screen—and even then I do not know if Chinese firstborns can be reached. I don't know that the Chinese nation hasn't been raised up for the purpose of being sacrificed, that China's one child policy wasn't divinely instituted in a manner analogous to Pharaoh's heart being hardened so that the glory of God could be physically manifested. I don't know what plot turns and twists exist in the unfolding endtime events that will, in the future, read like a novel. What I do know, however, is that I was called to reread prophecy, to rethink and recompose the distant past and the absolute past.

What I know is that the *Paul* of Acts appealed to *Kaisar* from within a novel that should have been identified as a novel by at least one of the many men at Ambassador College a half century ago, that there was a failure of intellectualism in the training of faculty and students at Ambassador College that cost a great many people their resources and their lives, with none of the ones indirectly slain by Herbert Armstrong worth more to God than the ones to be slain in China if a way isn't opened to nurture those who profess that Jesus is Lord. And by the author of Acts appealing to *Kaisar* in double voiced discourse, the way open to reach *Christians* in China might well be the still unwritten novel.

Is there a message contained in the errant theology of Acts? If there is, that message would pertain to the gullibility of Christians, who will memorize contradicting Scripture passages without realizing contradictions exist. While most of the contradictions can be easily explained as being the movement of Holy Writ from pertaining to the outer man to pertaining to the inner self, the fact that they—contradictions—are not noticed says much about the degree to which disbelief is suspended by Christians.

To be saved, a Christian needs manifested love toward God, neighbor and brother. Nothing more, including knowledge of how literary texts function. Really, for the one who will be saved in the great White Throne Judgment, not even knowledge of Jesus is needed. The Chinese man or woman who is a good person, a person with love for neighbor and brother, will be fine even if this person perishes physically at the Second Passover or during the following 1260 days before the kingdom of this world is given to the Son of Man. But this Chinese man or woman could receive a better reward if the person knew to keep the Passover on the dark portion of the 14th of *Aviv* thereby covering him or herself with the blood of Christ before the Second Passover occurs.

Perhaps in the completion of this third volume of *APA*, I will set my hand to write a different sort of a non-fiction novel, one in which the weavers are hung.

A reader recognizes a novel when encountering one by the use of the space-time trope and by the presence of double-voiced [doubled lipped] discourse in which the author uses the words of others as his or her own words. I will include, before quitting this section, a few more of examples of public speech being used as private speech from *At Abby Creek*:

83.

You said everyone we knew on the Coast were hicks,
That I never made enough money, that I was just
Like them. No? I was worse? They were honest
Loggers and millworkers, I could do better.
I'd like to know how I could. Don, without tricks
Or props, was the best storyteller I've heard.
Wayne worked in the pulp mill, had a herd
Of brood cows and a portfolio of DOW

Blue-chip stocks. Dick owned whole creeks,
Thousands of acres, cattle, sheep, timber;
The Freemans', 53 million feet of timber.
John had six million feet and enough sticks
Rafted in the slough to pay his taxes for years.
Frankie, I'll admit, since Vietnam, didn't work regular.

90.

"You heard what happened to Ray," Don said.
"He was working opposite Bluejay Creek,
On the cow's face there. ... The stick
Pulled its stump, rootwad just let go. He landed
On his head, saw still running. Said
He didn't feel too bad once he got his eye
Back in. Poured himself a cup of coffee. That eye,
He had to hold it in. Said the steam bothered it

Some. He waded the river, sat on the road
Until the crummy came ... sat there listening
To that saw of his run. Those 125's are tough
Sonnabitches. That saw idled
Until it ran outta gas. Forty minutes, laying
On its side, under the stump. That's tough."

92.

Don and I laughed about people who fell timber
Instead of fall it. A salesman who dressed
Tales in tin hats, corks and staggered
Pants, Don used words like falling wedges,
Guiding stories to orders. "Being a storyteller
Is lying about the truth," he said, sipping
A Blitz, leg over the arm of his chair. Jean
Scowled: *Why don't you get a job like everyone*

E/se. Her words weren't spoken, but I heard
Them. Don opened another beer, rapped
His son with his knuckles for being stupid,
Belched, complained about the TV, hollered
Something about homework at Magdalen, then
Said, "Tell something not about loggers and poaching."

93.

Magdalen said, "Tell Royal Bull, the thing
You told when Dad and Uncle Elmer were looking at trucks."

"The royal bull gathers his harem, flashes
Polished antlers, while lesser bulls bugle
Challenges and calves butt heads. He ignores
Two spikes, one to either side of a maple
Already yellow. The pipings of the spikes, shrill
To the point of squeaking, awakens the cows who
Begin to mill about. The yearlings, ready to woo

Cows not ready to breed, sneak close and don't
See the herd bull till the warning's bellowed.
The one on the left ducks left and doesn't
Stop until topping the ridge. The other rode
A cow till the bull returned—sharp tips goad
The right spike's rump. The spike flees
To the ridgetop, and the left spike, with ease,

Slips among the cows. Again the warning, the chase
And the other spike's return—by the third day,
The lord bull grows weary. He offers grace
And a cow to both yearlings. But after a day
sniffing but being rebuffed, each spike looks away,
Sees the other's cow behind the tree
And that the other is no stronger than he.

The left spike meets the other's charge
With a charge of his own. Heads slam together,
Twist apart, and slam again as charge
Again meets charge. They battle, never
Gaining, never losing ground, while their
Cows feed on the choicest foliage till full.
Receiving no attention, they remembered the bull;

They return to the royal bull's harem, leaving
Behind the antler clashings of battling spikes."

And so it is with deceptive weavers who held/hold that since Paul said the works of the Law justify no one, Christians are not to keep the Law ... the works of the Law are what hands and fleshly bodies do, and the flesh (because it possesses mass) cannot enter the supra-dimensional heavenly realm (1 Cor 15:50) so of course the works of the Law justifies no one. But when belief/faith causes the Christian to keep the Law without a cultural obligation to do so, this faith justifies the inner self of the Christian born of spirit, and it is this living inner self that will enter the heavenly realm in an imperishable body. And most likely this is not what you have heard preached before, but my words here have the authority of antiquity, the authority that comes from a completed discourse to which no additions, no revisions, no parodies can be made.

7.

The primary difference between double-voiced novelesque prose and monoglot narratives as encountered in history or philosophy is the incorporation of everything in the culture into the discourse; the incorporation of *common knowledge* and of all that is in the minds of readers into the text, thereby swelling the text, making it proportionately larger, more dynamic, dramatic, richer without adding additional words. There is an economy of narrative in double-voiced discourse absent from monoglossia; for doubled-voiced discourse makes more than one thing true without making an argument for the truth of anything. But when the visible things of this world reveal the invisible things of God (Rom 1:20), what is true on earth is also true in heaven, thereby doubling truth, not something that Christians have really even considered. Thus, in double-voiced discourse there is factual truth—what is true for an event driven timeline—as well as literary truth in the space above a horizontal timeline. And it is this literary truth that makes no claim of historicity in novels.

In a genuine novel (as opposed to a pseudo novel) the words on the page are merely the skeleton of the story that will be produced in readers' minds for as long as suspension of disbelief continues.

Remember in Koine Greek, “truth” is the negation of what has been concealed; *truth* makes no claim of factual accuracy but of only revealing what was previously hidden. Thus, if there are more ways to reveal what has been hidden than one, each of these ways is the *truth*. And this is outside of English speakers’ mindsets.

Truth exists where there is willing suspension of disbelief; for truth is, for every person, what the person believes even if the person believes a lie.

There is excessive arrogance and hubris in a Sabbatarian Christian believing that every Christian who doesn’t believe as the Sabbatarian does will be condemned to the lake of fire. However, all hypocrites will, indeed, be condemned. Thus, it is imperative that a Christian acts on what the Christians knows—and if the Christian knows that the seventh day is the Sabbath, the Christian must keep the Sabbath or face the consequences of being a hypocrite.

Suspension of disbelief is a fragile mindset easily broken. For far too many Evangelical Christians (Sabbatarians are not here excluded), learning that discrepancies exist in the New Testament is faith destroying knowledge ... there are not supposed to be discrepancies in infallible Holy Writ, but the New Testament has them—and infallibility as stated many times previously, is a condition of receipt, not production. It is a condition about which the New Testament makes no claim even considering Jesus saying that His word is *truth*.

Because suspension of disbelief is more fragile than a thin-shelled hen’s egg, I could not read Ken Kesey’s *Sometimes a Great Notion* in graduate school as my peers (both graduate students and faculty) read the novel. For me, the novel was no larger than its skeleton, especially true once disbelief was reinforced by the fox hunt narrative. There was no way for me to ever recover that suspension of disbelief necessary for the novel to be more than an overly long farce, a mocking of those of us whom Valley residents had officially dubbed stump jumpers, sawdust savages, and brush pickers in proceedings before the State Legislature when Benton County was to lose the territory that is now Lincoln County.

What I brought to *Sometimes a Great Notion* was greater familiarity with coastal flora and fauna and workforce than Kesey had when he wrote the novel. I lived what he described—and he didn’t get basic details right so I believed nothing of what he wrote.

However, in the struggle of the individual, of the gyppo logger against unionized corporate America, the truth is that the individual can emerge victorious but at the cost of brother and father, friends and family; so in *Sometimes a Great Notion* there is literary truth banded around the novel as if this truth were steel strapping surrounding a stack of lumber. There is not, however, factual truth in the novel; for no self respecting logger would put a baby bottle nipple over the muzzle of a .22 rifle when poaching a deer. That’s what third-graders talk about on the school bus, not what men who glance at the lean of a 400-year-old fir then begin cutting their face into the stump, using skip-tooth to hasten the bedding of the stick. Such men don’t care about the little noise that a rifle shot makes—and of this I can speak with authority (I think it was actually fourth grade when I sat on a school bus seat and learned all about baby bottle nipples silencing rifles from a fifth grader; the problem is the nipple silences nothing but is carried away by exiting gases).

Idaho State University (Pocatello) offered me a Doctor of Arts fellowship in 1991, and there I met Dr. Brian Attebery who holds positions in both the English and Philosophy Department as well as in the Music Department ... as a literary critic who grew up on a college campus (if I remember correctly, University of Montana) where his father was a faculty member, Dr. Attebery read for enjoyment a different type of “Western” than did his father or his grandfather, a rancher in Eastern Washington. He said his grandfather, who apparently read a lot, read to see if the author got the story “right,” if the author knew how to saddle a horse, if the author knew how to work cattle, mend fences, stoke a fire in a line shack. For Dr. Attebery’s grandfather, the story’s details were important; for without the details being correct, there was no suspension of disbelief.

Brian’s father grew up on the ranch, but didn’t return to ranching after he left for college. As a result, for Brian’s father the details were part of the background of a Western narrative, not a character in the story. Unless an author got a detail horribly wrong, Brian’s father read over the mistake without the mistake disrupting his suspension of disbelief: he was more interested in characters and in their revealing of themselves.

For Brian, ranch life was an alien world about which he knew little and cared little. So for him, a “Western” was a narrative such as *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place* by Terry Tempest Williams (dob 1955), who from 1987 through 1992 committed civil disobedience at the Nevada nuclear test site. Her grandmother, mother, and she developed breast cancer from probable exposure to radiation from above ground nuclear testing where she grew up in St. George, Utah.

Dr. Attebery would say that my objections to *Sometimes a Great Notion* are similar to his grandfather’s objections to many, many *Westerns* written by typewriter cowboys, and he would be correct. But the cause for why suspension of disbelief is broken really isn’t important. The rupture that occurs when suspension is broken washes away everything the reader brought to the story, the novel, thereby turning what should be dialogic discourse into a single voiced narrative that lost its battle for greatness.

Consider the above carefully: a novel that does something, says something that causes the reader to set aside his or her suspension of disbelief is for that reader a false voice, but only for the reader for whom

disbelief has returned. For every other reader, the novel retains its size and richness, with this size directly proportional to what the reader brings to the novel and unwittingly adds to the discourse of the novel.

Kesey's *Sometimes a Great Notion* would still be a problematic novel if I hadn't seen the movie, but I was there on the coast where and when the movie was filmed. The covered bridge at Elk City—the covered bridge in the movie—was the end of my driveway once I moved to Abbey Creek. John Shirmer with whom I shot competitively lived on Pool Slough from where the raft of logs towed in the closing scenes of the movie was filmed. The motorcycle track was at Elk City. The boat pulling up to the float was just downstream of the covered bridge—Flip, Vern Young's black Lab would run down the ramp, bouncing the float, causing the movie camera to shake. Finally, the film crew had to put Flip in the boat so the scene could be shot. And Vern Young at the Elk City store had nine thousand dollars more in beer sales than he'd ever had before. And because I was there, was being represented by the cast of characters in book and movie (at least it felt this way), I'm not able to suspend disbelief long enough to complete a reading of the book other than as a graduate school requirement.

How the space-time trope is employed by the author of a novel somewhat determines for how long suspension of disbelief can be culturally maintained. If in the future, breast cancer (caused by environmental contamination) ceases to be societal problem; if breast cancer becomes either unknown or as easily treated as, say, removal of a wart, then Terry Tempest Williams' *Refuge* will shrink in narrative size as the Great Salt Lake returned to lower levels, thereby allowing birds to again nest in the Bear River Refuge. Her story will become an artifact of history, and will become single voiced discourse. However, for as long as breast cancer is a cultural problem, everything in the culture that is known about breast cancer will be inserted into the narrative by readers, thus keeping the narrative double-voiced *and* double "language" for behind her language is the language of the Mormon patriarchy that strongly supports the U.S. Constitution and national defense programs, including nuclear weapons testing.

Brian Attebery is right to place greater value on *Refuge* than on the novels of Louis L'Amour, which far more readers have read. But his valuing of *Refuge* comes from him bringing more to Terry Tempest Williams' story than common readers bring to it, thereby making *Refuge* a much larger story for him than it is for more typical readers of western narratives that will be relegated to the dustbin of history within a few generations.

If the Book of Acts is a novel—and it is—then it was a larger, more rich narrative in the 1st-Century than it presently is; for in the 1st-Century it would have had dialogic discourse with the culture of Hellenistic Asia Minor. Every reader would have brought conscious and unconscious knowledge to it and inserted all the person knew into the narrative—and not only all the person knew but the entirety of dialectical Greek ... endtime Christians encounter in Acts the lifeless skeleton of a once dynamic story that was as entertaining and fantastic as any movie produced with computer-aided graphics, but believably fantastic, something modern movies lack; for Acts would have presented literary truth in that space above the horizontal timeline.

Because of what the 1st-Century reader brought to the narrative—not everybody could read, maybe not more than a tithe of Hellenistic Asia Minor—Acts did not need historical accuracy but literary believability; for if the narrative were believed, the reader or listener would convert and become a Christian. Understand that there was great tolerance for religious diversity in Hellenistic Asia Minor and many claims of truth. Except for Judaism, there was again no one right way to worship God; except for Judaism, no religion prior to Christianity claimed absolute truth. Other theologies were tolerated; for it was believed that there were many ways to escape condemnation after death. There were many "truths," something that is so alien to endtime Christians that even pedagogical repetition will not make this point.

When that dialogic informational surplus that had fleshed out the Book of Acts disappeared because Hellenism disappeared, Acts became the single-voiced history of the early Christian Church for believers and non-believers. But this should not have happened. Acts was not written as factual history but as literary history. Acts should always have been seen as a flawed narrative, with these flaws having 1st-Century cultural significance that produced greater believability (i.e., reinforced the suspension of disbelief).

The flaws of Acts are obvious from the novel's beginning: compare accounts of what happened to Judas Iscariot—

In those days Peter stood up among the brothers (the company of persons was in all about 120) and said, "Brothers, the Scripture had to be fulfilled, which the Holy Spirit spoke beforehand by the mouth of David concerning Judas, who became a guide to those who arrested Jesus. For he was numbered among us and was allotted his share in this ministry." (Now this man acquired a field with the reward of his wickedness, and falling headlong he burst open in the middle and all his bowels gushed out. And it became known to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the field was called in their own language Akeldama, that is, Field of Blood.) (Acts 1:15–19)

*

Then when Judas, his betrayer, saw that Jesus was condemned, he changed his mind and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and the elders, saying, "I have sinned by betraying innocent blood." They said, "What is that to us? See to it yourself." And throwing down the pieces of silver into the temple, he departed, and he went and hanged himself. But the chief priests, taking the pieces of silver, said, "It is not lawful to put them into the treasury, since it is blood money." So they took counsel and bought with them the potter's field as a burial place for strangers. Therefore that field has been called the Field of Blood to this day. (Matt 27:3–8)

In Acts, Judas, falling headlong, bursts open in the middle and all of his bowels gush out; in Matthew, Judas hangs himself. Both cannot be true. So which is more believable?

I doubt that a person falling headlong anywhere will burst open. I can imagine a person beset with remorse hanging himself. Thus, for me, Matthew's account is believable and Acts is not ... again, both cannot be true. One or both have to be false. And there is not sufficient reason, despite Matthew's genealogy of Christ Jesus, to believe that Matthew's account is not accurate. Judas Iscariot hung himself, a form of being cursed for anyone who hangs on a tree is accursed.

But I'm not of 1st-Century Hellenistic Asia Minor, with its mindset that cannot be retrieved by endtime disciples despite scholarship about the time period ... no endtime disciple can return to the space-time trope the author of Acts employed for his contemporaries so that they would become Christians; so that they would convert. So I don't understand the 1st-Century cultural significance of falling headlong and bursting open in the middle. However, this act had cultural significance, what deconstruction of the text reveals, but I'm not a good enough scholar to recover its significance at this time.

An endtime Christian should not dismiss the author of Acts account of what happened to Judas Iscariot with a simple, *He got the story wrong*, for he didn't get the story wrong for his purposes. It is naively arrogant to say from a two-millennia-hence position that a 1st-Century novelist used a motif that wasn't factually true by mistake. It is much more reasonable to say that the reader, an endtime disciple who understands that mushroom clouds are associated with nuclear blasts, doesn't understand 1st-Century dialogic discourse about bursting open and having guts spill out., or why an historical event would be subverted to a stock novelistic motif and that's what falling headlong and having guts burst out is, a stock motif.

I understand that accepting the Book of Acts as a novel will challenge the faith of some. It should. And the Christian's faith should withstand the challenge, and will withstand the challenge if virtue has been added to the Christian's faith. But neither Luke's Gospel nor Acts should be dismissed out of hand because of factual inaccuracies that were not mistakes but were part of a dialogical exchange with "common knowledge" in the 1st-Century, with this character called *common knowledge* being omnipresent in Luke's narratives for his contemporaries, but absent from my reading of these same narratives. And because this character *died* with the death of Hellenism, and because I am still a mortal human being, I cannot resurrect this character but must rely upon God the Father through the *Parakletos* to bring this character back to life.

When an endtime Christian encounters a narrative that the Christian doesn't understand, or doesn't understand why the narrative has been included in canonized Scripture, the Christian needs to back off and realize that the problem is in the Christian—in the Christian's lack of knowledge; in what the Christian doesn't bring to the text—not in the canonized text. For example, why will two thirds of the world's present population perish in a 1260 day period? More than four billion people, many good people by this world's standard, will suddenly die. And the answer is that they will perish from lack of knowledge; from not covering their transgressions with the blood of Christ Jesus taken on the dark portion of the 14th of *Aviv*. Then realize, how else will common humankind learn to hate death so much that it will not again transgress the laws of God? Is there another way other than to engulf survivors in massive death? And the honest answer is that there isn't. Only by seeing, by experiencing the death of so many will death truly be hated to the degree necessary that no person will again do an act that gives life to death.

But today, before the Second Passover liberation of Israel and the Affliction that follows, humankind has a love affair with sin that leads to death (Rom 6:16). There is no culture-wide hatred of adultery or of sexual relations outside of marriage or even outside of natural affections. Too many people pride themselves on being *open* and *tolerant* of those things that lead to death.

Too many *Christians* do what the saints at Corinth were doing (see 1 Cor 5:1–2, 6–8). Although it is God who judges those outside the greater Christian Community, it is Christians who are to purge out evil from among themselves, an act that requires judging disciples by what they do.

In his essay, "On Fairy-Stories" (1939), J.R.R. Tolkien argued for the fairy story being a literary form, giving in the essay his perspective on fantasy and mythopoesis (Greek, *muthopona*, *muthopoiesis*, myth-making or an artificial myth), an artful literary work that is not a narrative of a culture's sacred traditions ... in mythopoesis, mythological themes and archetypes are fictionalized, with the first such work apparently being by Pherecydes of Syros, the Greek settlement in southern Italy, in the middle of the 6th-Century BCE. In *Met xii*

4, Aristotle called Pherecydes a mythological writer, but Plutarch in *Parallel Lives* (*Sulla* 36) called him a theologian, for his work bridged the gap between mythic and reasoned thought. He is considered the first to have conveyed philosophical discourse in prose, especially concerning metempsychosis, the Greek term referencing transmigration of souls as in reincarnation. In his seminal work, *Pentemychos*, Pherecydes rewrites the older cosmogony of Hesiod (8th-Century BCE) which had the initial creation of the universe as a dark void, *Chaos*, an *ex nihilo* creation, the image that is usually attached to Genesis 1:1. Pherecydes interpreted *Chaos* as water, and he moves it forward so that it is no longer the beginning. In his cosmogony there are three divine principles, *Zas* (Zeus), *Chthonie* (chthonios, or “of the earth or underworld”), and *Chronos* (time) that always existed. The semen or seed of *Chronos* was placed in recesses [hence the title, *Pentemychos*, or *Five Recesses*] and produced the offspring of gods.

The above is what a Greek convert to Christianity would have accepted as common knowledge even as late as the 1st-Century CE.

A close relationship existed between the recesses and Chthonie, the mother of gods: her name meaning *underlying the earth*. Hesiod had *Tartaroo* being in a *mychos* of broad-wayed earth, or in a vagina-like recess. Pherecydes has *Zas* make magic cloth which he decorates with earth and sea and presents to Chthonie as a wedding gift that he wraps around her, thereby enclosing the earth mother and her recesses in the visible earth.

But enough of this: the Christian trinity is a creation that echoes the common knowledge that is presently missing from the Book of Acts, this common knowledge as a character originating in the made-up mythology of Pherecydes of Syros, with a modern example of such artificial myth-making seen in George Lucas’ *Star Wars*, which reproduces religious and mythical themes, retelling a story that had never before been told, an oxymoronic claim holding that the popularity of the movie trilogy comes from movie goers being able to combine the verbal iconography of Christianity with the fictional construction of an alternate reality.

Wagner combined myth and music in a deliberate attempt to create a new kind of *Gesamtkunstwerk*, that apparently Adolph Hitler accepted as factual.

Comic books with their super heroes hold a similar cultural belief/unbelief relationship as Pherecydes’ cosmogony held for enlightened Greeks. And into this category goes the fictional works of J.R.R. Tolkien as *middle earth* becomes part and parcel (to use a clichéd expression) of late 20th and early 21st Centuries psyches.

Back to Acts: the concept of a *Transformer* that 21st-Century children know isn’t real but treat as if real is reflected in Judas Iscariot falling headlong and having his belly burst open and his guts splattering outward. In his 1939 presentation on fairy stories, Tolkien suggested that the fairy story with its alternative universe allowed readers to examine their own world, in a concept that shares much with *phenomenology*, an ideology to which I was first exposed when entering graduate school—

Phenomenology (in Greek, *the study of that which appears*) examines the structures of subjective experience and consciousness ... it would be examining you as you read this. How have you changed as you encounter an argument for Acts being a novel, an alternate reality from the worldview you held when beginning this Introduction to Volume Three of *APA*? How does reading change a person, separating this person from the one who doesn’t read? How does an auto accident change a person, or how does a near-death experience change the person?

Such changes can be explored when they are placed in fantasy if suspension of disbelief can be achieved and maintained.

And how can the *Paul* of Acts remain unchanged despite all that happens to him after his metamorphosis?

By deconstructing Acts, it seems apparent that in the 1st-Century CE it was more believable for a bad guy—Judas Iscariot—to fall headlong and have his belly burst (a phenomenon that clearly identified Judas as evil) than it was for Judas to have hung himself ... both good and evil individuals will hang themselves, but only an evil person will fall and have his belly rupture; therefore, for the sake of accuracy, the historicity of the phenomenon was set aside for the narrative truth of a standard motif that identified evildoers.

While all of the boilerplate motifs can be analyzed in Acts, all will be found similar: the motifs presented by the author of Acts better tell the story of Christian conversion to a Hellenist than would an absolutely accurate historical account if writing such an account were even possible; for the biases of authors will always be present in their work.

I cannot accept as factual an artificial myth about *Zas* clothing *Chthonie* with magic cloth any more than I can accept what two weavers [both named Tkach] brought to the former Worldwide Church of God as doctrinal changes when changes were truly needed, but not the changes they brought: they would have Sabbatarian Christians believing in Pherecydes’ trilogy clothed in the garments of the Roman Church; they would have Sabbatarians believing an artificial myth that did much to end the hold earlier Pantheon myths had on the psyches of common Greeks, thus permitting the development of reason and for logic to trump the fantastic.

Since the introduction of Pherecydes’ trilogy into Greek thought, logic has trumped the fantastic within academia, thereby expunging the Christian reality of a dead inner self (no immortal soul) receiving life through the indwelling of Christ Jesus from serious intellectual discussions, leaving the field of miracles open to

charlatans, conmen and women begging for the Christian to sow the Christian's seed into their ministries, and magicians faking healings and exorcisms when miracles still occur, but seem not to be "miraculous."

Where I differ significantly from too many scholars in academia practicing historical criticism is that I believe God exists, that Christ Jesus is the First of many firstborn sons, that there exists a supra-dimensional realm outside of the creation, a so-called heavenly realm that because of our physicality [because we possess mass] we cannot presently enter. Therefore, I don't believe in transformers or wars between worlds or any sort of mythic reality apart from the falseness of the creation itself, a creation in which death passes itself off as life—and gets away with the deception because too few have been willing to deconstruct Holy Writ and challenge the monoglossia of antiquity. And why I believe as I do is subject material appropriate for a novel; for in explicating theology is heard the voice I heard Thursday of the second full week in January 2002, the voice declaring that it was time to reread prophecy. In the fact that I write is heard this additional voice.

*

Dwelling in bifurcated space-time will not change until the endtime disciple dies physically, or lives halfway into the seven endtime years of tribulation, with whether the person then dies or lives concealed within the double-voiced, double-langued discourse of greater Christendom.

Do the Elect go to heaven when they die physically? Am I looking down upon myself, having already received a glorified body in which the glorified inner self I received decades ago dwells? How would you know whether I am looking down upon myself from heaven? And how would you know if I am one of the Elect, or perhaps a king without clothes (e.g., 1 Cor 4:8; Rev 1:6; 5:10)?

Is salvation woven from magic cloth—cloth sold to an Emperor when the Body of Christ was buried, disappearing from sight for 1200 years?

This world is presently under the dominion of the spiritual king of Babylon, the reality of the gold head of the humanoid image both Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel saw. Thus, everything in this world has taken on a gold hue—and a gold cast or hue results in the things of this world being based upon transactions, the buying and selling of love, of obedience, of loyalty, of whatever the person can imagine ... the love of money is a root of evil (1 Tim 6:10), but in this world, it isn't simply greed or a quest for wealth that is problematic: it is the entirety of the economic system that is based on buying and selling. In this world, everything is for sale, including grace or so the Roman Church advertised for centuries—and it is the very nature of transactions that underlies evil.

A person does not usually think of "greed" as seeing the things of this world through *gold* colored glasses, but the mindset holding that *everything can be purchased for a price* is central to the Adversary's reign as the present prince of this world.

The Millennium—the thousand year long reign of the Son of Man—will not be organized through buying and selling: differing social constructs will underpin the world to come, meaning that the present ways of this world will cease to be employed. And how to organize a society not based on buying and selling remains, in this pre Second Passover world, beyond imagination except through returning to the 18th-Century, which might be the way *the World Tomorrow* begins, but will not be the way the Millennium ends when the Adversary is loosed for a short while to *sell* again his advocacy of transactions.

During the Endurance when the saints cannot buy and sell, the organizational structure for the Millennium will develop, and this structure will cast its shadow forward into the future; for the Adversary as the Antichrist will block the light, thereby revealing the negative image of the structure that will be developed for a thousand years.

Carnally minded human beings cannot, before the Second Passover, comprehend that there are truly things that cannot be bought and sold, with "faith" being at the top of this list. Hence, without faith no one can please God—

How would the Adversary *market* faith, belief of God?

Those who have a carnal or natural mind—those who have a *non-Christian*, non silver-colored mindset—can see where problems would enter into a community that shares everything in common, such as the Church in Acts did, or as Plymouth Separatists did in spring 1621. They can see the shortcomings of democracy; they can see the faults of Marxism. Nevertheless, they advocate a return to democratic ideals (the ideals of Korah) and they cannot see the fault of a free market where no transaction will occur unless both parties benefit (unfettered capitalism). And they do not realize that their sense of reality has about it a golden hue ... if the mindset of a culture has about it a golden hue from having the rest of the light spectrum absorbed by the Adversary, the gold head of the spiritual king of Babylon, it is "transactions" that occur between persons, with these *transactions* being relationships without love, thereby making buying and selling pivotal in the Adversary's world.

The modern Western world has developed a schema of sophisticated transactions, with marriage between a man and a woman now being a business transaction in which affections are sold, with prenuptial agreements being the ultimate expression of marriage as a transaction. And are affections not sold when divorce entails a division of personal property?

The linguistic icon “love” is and will remain a *signifier* for which a plethora of *signifieds* have been assigned, each making war against the other in the minds of those who hear the word uttered, thereby giving to this word so many meanings that it is virtually without any meaning. *Love* is sexual, brotherly, socially expressed, godly, varying from any feeling of affection or respect to willingness to die for family and country; *love* is held within the person and expressed outwardly toward others. It has been commoditized in the virgin/prostitute motif that has tended to define American womanhood for the past three-quarters of a century, a leitmotif repeated in movies and videos in the sexualization of innocence that extends to even pre-puberty beauty contests. *Love* is, in the 21st-Century, bought and sold as if it were a commodity on the futures market; for *love* is no longer what cannot be purchased but what can be via a prenuptial contract, or a signing bonus (for military service), or with Federal healthcare or cap-and-trade legislation. Being *my brother's keeper* when uttered by President Obama has no meaning when his brother lives in a Kenyan hut on less yearly income than the President would spend on haircuts in a Southside Chicago barbershop.

A person determines whether he or she is of the Adversary and of the Adversary's mindset by whether human-interaction occurs in the form of transactions.

No one can today participate in the commerce of this world unless the person is subject to death [it is only the flesh that buys and sells]. And during the Endurance, the last 1260 days before Christ Jesus returns, no one can buy or sell unless the person has the mark of the beast (Rev 13:17), the mark of death, the tattoo of the cross.

A *transaction* functions as a consonant functions; for without transactions, without consonants in human speech there would be no interchange between persons, no words, no intelligible utterance. Therefore, it is by the arrangement of transactions that meaning is conveyed from one person to another person in this present world, something that the Beat Generation and its wannabes, the Merry Pranksters, sensed but were unable to adequately express for that generation's want of spiritual birth. For whenever that generation got close to the Truth, the glare reflected off silver Christendom frightened the generation away. But as consonants pertain to uttered speech and not to the groaning of the spirit, transactions are of this world and are not of God ... with God there is no *quid pro quo*, no “if you'll do this for me, God, I'll do that for you.” There is no bargaining, no gamesmanship, no conditional obedience. Moses pleaded for Israel's life, and except for Joshua and Caleb, the entirety of the nation numbered in the census of the second year perished in the wilderness. Abraham negotiated for the lives of those in Sodom and Gomorrah, but the Lord knew how many righteous dwelt on the plains and cut off the negotiations before Abraham arrived at that number. And so it will be in every case. The Lord's mind will not be changed, but will only seem to change; for it was the intention of the Lord to build a greater nation than Israel from Moses from the beginning, and He has been about His business of doing so ever since.

A son of God is not born via a transaction: a covenant of God is not like a business contract by which transactions in this world occur. There is no buying and selling of grace, no buying and selling of the breath of God, no buying and selling righteousness—

* * *

Chapter Seven

The Elect

1.

In doing what I was called to do—reread prophecy—I hadn’t expected that *rereading* included reconceptualizing Scripture. To me rereading meant to go back and read again the words on the pages of Holy Writ. However, after initially beginning to read again the prophecies of Daniel, I realized that these visions were sealed by the very events so many had accepted as their fulfillment, that the visions were about happenings in the supra-dimensional heavenly realm, about happenings (phenomena) involving demonic kings and their king of kings, the Adversary. And I placed in print, both on the Web and in hard copy, the unsealing of Daniel’s visions.

For a while I thought the task to which I was called had been completed: I had reread prophecy, and had unsealed the previously sealed and secret visions of Daniel, and by extension, Revelation. I was delivering the endtime good news that all who endured to the end shall be saved because in the middle of seven years of tribulation, the kingdom is taken from the Adversary and his henchmen and delivered to the Son of Man so that all of still-living humanity become the subjects of Christ Jesus. All will be filled with the divine breath [*pneuma*] of God; all will have the mind (nature) of Christ; all will strive to one degree or another to live without sin; all will be saved by simply enduring three and a half more years until Christ Jesus comes as the all-powerful Messiah.

Rereading prophecy was analogous to taking blinders off a draft horse so the animal can see—and be distracted by—what occurs all around beast. And when looking from side to side, I saw what I hadn’t expected: most of those Christians with whom I had taken the Passover year after year were no longer around. Some had died, with 1994–96 seeing many faithful disciples losing their physical lives. But most were simply gone, having disappeared back into the pool of common humanity. A few were clinging to Sabbath observance, unwilling to grow spiritually or to commit spiritual suicide. They were as cockleburs attached to the pant cuffs of Christ Jesus: at some point He would have to remove them, but for the present they aren’t in the way of getting work done so He will leave them alone. They are doing neither harm nor good. They are just there, small tufts of bristles and hooks along for the ride.

I began to realize that the Elect were those Christians about whom Paul wrote, the foreknown, predestined, called, justified, and glorified—all in the past tense. It was the living inner selves of 1st-Century Elect that were asleep under the altar (Rev 6:9–11), awaiting the martyrdom of 21st-Century Elect who are to be killed as they were.

What I also realized was if a person walks in this world as Jesus walked; if a person imitated the Apostle Paul as Paul imitated Jesus—and if there are only four references to Jesus in surviving secular writings in the first hundred years after His death, with two of these references being very brief mentions in the 2nd-Century—then the Elect would be virtually invisible in this world. They would be, by standards set for common humanity, dull and boring individuals. The Elect wouldn’t be either jetsetters or trendsetters. Rather, they would melt into *ordinariness* until their lives were examined. They would be the “unremarkable,” the salt that gives taste to food by disappearing into the food, by not making themselves visible but by melting into their surroundings, the society around them.

When there is enough salt on food to be seen, the food is nearly inedible. Salt only enhances flavor when it disappears into the foodstuff. When it is seen, what’s tasted is salt.

The Book of Acts had to be written as a novel, had to have fictionalized *excitement* added to those things that Paul and other early disciples did and said, or all of them—the entire Jesus Movement—would have disappeared into the flotsam of history. And it is this that I realized when the *Paul* of Acts appealed to *Kaisar* for judgment. It was absolutely essential that more be made of what actually happened than what happened; for so much of what happened couldn’t be seen in this world, couldn’t be retold without fictionalizing events and happenings, producing a facsimile of history that was “truth” (revealed what had been concealed) without being “true.” And this concept of an early writer, Luke, necessarily using the boilerplate motifs of Greek novels to keep alive the Jesus Movement was brilliant.

Think for a moment: disciples are the salt of the earth. Hence, they are not seen as flavor enhancers. As salt, they are not setting the world on fire. If anything, they smother fires. They smother sin. They suppress spoilage. They preserve what is good. But when they are not in overpowering numbers, they simply disappear from history—and this includes Jesus Himself.

I had a chainsaw-outboard sales and service shop on Alaska’s Kenai Peninsula. Another Sabbatarian, a Church member, Clay Ellington had a hardware store. Another, Leonard Ballard, had a lumberyard. In 1978,

Yom Kippur was on a Wednesday. On Thursday, the wife of a gyppo logger came by my shop and asked, “What was yesterday, a holiday? I went to the lumberyard, and it was closed. I then went to Soldotna Hardware, and it was close. I came here and you were closed. So what was yesterday?”

At the time, one percent of the entire population of the Kenai Peninsula were members of the Worldwide Church of God. One percent, a tithe of a tithe—that was enough for us to be noticed. We were as salt on pretzels. And we *tasted* salty, being agreeable to some and distasteful to others. But we were not an exciting bunch. We epitomized dull and boring. Most of us had no DUIs, no wild parties, no drug use, nothing to distinguish us from well-behaved elements of common humanity, which was as it should be. But we were a closed community: services were not open to the public. Although we dwelt within a larger community, we pretty much kept our own company. And we left virtually no record of us having ever been a tithe of a tithe, except in the minds of those who found our businesses closed on what was a workday for everyone else.

We were as the Elect were in the 1st-Century ... if on the Kenai there would have been any excitement that warranted more than a paragraph of text, I would have used the Church as background for a novel during those years when I sought to publish and make money writing—I wanted to get the message-taught out without preaching, for I wasn’t then called to do any work beyond pray and pay and grow in grace and knowledge. And I wasn’t about to act presumptuously.

But the Christian who truly loves God, neighbor, and brother doesn’t do those things that are the stock motifs of novels, or even of adventure or travel writing. They live simply, mind their own business (mostly), and outwardly display traits of unremarkability. And biographies of outwardly ordinary people are not particularly interesting. Nor are autobiographies. Thus, in the 1st-Century, when Jesus didn’t return as expected, something had to be done to salvage the Jesus Movement—and this something was to take what happened to the early Church, split the historical from the factual, and turn the Apostles Peter and Paul into characters in a novel that even to this day forms the heart of the Roman Catholic Church.

I had worked for the gyppo whose wife asked, *What was yesterday?* So I answered her: “It was Atonement, the Fast that the Apostle Paul referenced.”

“Oh, I just wondered.”

I had given her enough answer to satisfy her. And she bought what she came-for, twenty-five feet of sawchain.

The *Paul* of Acts asked King Agrippa to bear with him as he told his story—I have asked you, the endtime reader, to bear with me while I bring an argument together, an argument that requires a lengthy telling of story in order to show why the acts and actions of the early Church had to be fictionalized; for their life stories (the actual story of Paul’s life) would be no more exciting than are the life stories of the 21st-Century Elect. And analysis of why a non-fiction story in novelistic style is told will follow in the Afterward. Therefore, if for the next hour or so of reading, you will humor me I believe you will discover why the *Paul* of Acts appealed to *Kaisar* for judgment as the dull but hopefully interesting story unfolds.

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Only a remnant of Sabbatarian Christians will remain physically alive halfway through the seven endtime years—a remnant that will do in the Endurance (the last 1260 days before the Second Advent) what the younger of the two witnesses does in the Affliction (the first 1260 days of the seven endtime years), with the younger of the two witnesses being for his older brother as Aaron was for Moses [in the chiral image of Moses and Aaron, birth order is reversed]. Thus, when I looked around a couple of years ago to see who was still observing the Sabbath from twenty years earlier, I didn’t see the ones I expected to see. In fact, I found almost no one. The overall health of Sabbatarian Christendom was failing. Adventist churches were closing across Europe and consolidation was occurring in North America. The former Worldwide Church of God (Herbert W. Armstrong’s ministry) had become Trinitarians and had gone to Sunday observance. The Church of God (Seventh Day), if still alive, was on spiritual life-support. The only Sabbatarian assemblies that were growing were those of the Sacred Names Heresy, and they were growing through absorbing dead and dying members of Armstrong’s ministry.

I had to rethink, reconceptualize what it meant to be born of spirit, or better, I finally realized just how few Sabbatarians were born of spirit; had ever been born from above. For the inner self [*psuche*] of the disciple truly born of spirit has been glorified through receipt of a second breath of life, the breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*], and this disciple will not quit on God, will not give up keeping the Law, will not be lost, but will be as the souls asleep under the altar are when this disciple dies physically. I realized that most everyone I knew in the former Worldwide Church of God had never been born of spirit. Armstrong had assured them that they weren’t born of spirit, and they weren’t. They wouldn’t have quit on God when things got confusing in the 1990s if they had been born of God as sons.

There was a winnowing of disciples in the 1990s, a separating of chaff from grain, with the criteria employed having two cores, money and authority, these cores being as the two men [angels] were who said, *Men of Galilee, why do you stand looking into heaven? This Jesus, who was taken up from you into heaven, will come in the same way*

as you saw Him go into heaven. These two cores—transactions and church authority—ask why do Sabbatarians stand looking into heaven, waiting for the mirror image of what has already happened to happen again.

Why look to heaven when the living inner selves (souls) of Christians who have truly been born of God have life from the supra-dimensional heavenly realm through the indwelling of Christ Jesus? Why look for Christ in the sky when He is within the Elect? Why pray with arms lifted to heaven, looking skyward, or why pray facing the temple wall or facing Mecca when the one to whom the person prays is within the person in the form of the breath of God [life from God] in the breath of Christ [life from Christ]? This is not to say that a Sabbatarian should pray as a Latter Day Saint does, with arms wrapped around him or herself, hugging the self, but this is to say that the source of the supernatural, the source of miracles is in the person. And because the source of miracles is in the person, unvocalized prayers are heard and answered; thus those Christians who constitute the Elect are always in prayer before the throne of God, even when their minds are focused on mundane tasks necessary for life in this world.

When the source or cause of miracles is within the Christian, miracles are not public but are private, with these miracles being completely unknown to the outer world if they are not externalized by what the son of God does, and by what happens to this son. The age of miracles didn't end in the 1st-Century. Rather, the Body of Christ died so there were no longer externalized miracles. And as the last Elijah breathed His breath into the Corpse of Christ, miracles returned, with these miracles externalized in small things just as Max Archer, a WWII Vet later called into the Worldwide Church of God, having an overpowering urge to throw his boot across the room as he and his patrol were getting ready to scout enemy positions near the Rhine. He threw his boot, and wondered why he had, thinking that was the dumbest thing he has ever done. He had to get up from where he was sitting, retrieve his boot, and then in the few minutes while retrieving his boot and putting it on, his patrol left without him. He hurried to catch up. Before he could, however, the entire patrol was wiped out. He was the only survivor.

What exciting thing can be shown about not being killed, not even engaging in battle; about returning from the war to settle down, get a job, and raise a family, living a mile from me and me not knowing he kept the Sabbath until after I began attending services at Salem. He was nearly the age my father would have been; so we wouldn't have exactly run in the same circles, but he was also employed by Georgia-Pacific's pulp and paper mill, only as a day shift mechanic working in the Bag Plant area.

When fishing in the Aleutians, I needed seas calmed, and calmed right now—and they were calmed. There was no ship wreck. Nothing happened, except the seas were flattened for a few yards around the boat, the energy from the flattened waters causing the water to quiver, to tremble as a person's muscles do from adrenaline shakes when no physical action occurs.

When miracles are not public because the source for these miracles is in the person numbered among the Elect, then miracles would not publically seem miraculous. There would be nothing to fuel excitement in a narrative tale, unless this excitement were imported into the narrative, borrowed stock Greek novel motifs—and we are ready to encounter *Acts of the Endtime Church*.

When “transactions” are personified; when “authority” is personified, both becoming characters that effect and have effected the outward lives of the Elect, what's seen is life in the former WCG, where many of the Elect were warehoused for the second half of the 20th-Century.

Again, the Elect are sons of God hidden from the world in plain sight, their righteousness externalized in what they do and say. They can only be seen in “story,” the telling of what has happened to them, with me knowing my story best; for that hidden inner source of miracles—the indwelling of Christ Jesus—becomes evident when things just sort of *work out*.

It is the externalization of the inner self born of God through the indwelling of Christ that *materializes* in “story,” but that isn't seen via photographs or any form of static analysis. The inner self of a person isn't physical; isn't “real” from the perspective of possessing mass. Thus, only in *story* can what isn't *real* be made to appear real.

When in graduate school I engaged in discussions about how to depict boring characters in fiction, with the cardinal sin being not to write “boring” prose. There was more discussion than solution. Interesting prose involuntarily made the boring character interesting, thereby lifting from the character the mantle of dull and boring. There was no way to escape the dilemma: the dull and boring were dull and boring. The character for whom things just sort of worked out wasn't believable. That's not what happens in the real world, but that is what happens to the Elect because they are of God.

Al Tunseth, an Anchorage schoolteacher and Church member, wanted a loan to buy a new house. He gathered together his financial papers and presented them to the loan officer of the bank with which he did business. When the loan officer ran Al's numbers, he snorted, “You can't afford what you have, how do you live?”

Al tried to explain, but the loan officer couldn't see how Al's tithe paying was making up a twenty-percent shortfall in Al's budget. It was, but it was because things just sort of *worked out* for Al, as things did for so many of us in the 1970s.

When things just sort of work out, no one really notices. Not so when things don't work out ... unlike before the giving of the spirit [*pneuma bagion*], there is no casting of lots to determine the will of God (the will of the One who dwells within the son of God). Thus, there is no casting of lots to determine who shall be an apostle, who shall replace Judas Iscariot, or who shall replace the Apostle Paul, the position that Herbert Armstrong took upon himself. The story of Matthias' ordination as found in Acts runs contrary to what has been actually seen in the history of the Body of Christ.

I was at the Bible Study in Anchorage when Earl Roemer played the tape sent from headquarters, the tape in which Armstrong compared himself and his understanding of Scripture to that of the Apostle Paul, especially concerning marriage and what Paul wrote to the holy ones at Corinth (that in his opinion, considering the present distress, it would be good for a person to remain as the person was—if not married, the person shouldn't marry). Armstrong wasn't married, but he was a lonely old man who wanted to marry again (Loma had died more than a decade earlier). And to justify remarriage so late in life he challenged Paul to a joust.

Armstrong was dehorned then unhorsed. His divorce cost tithe-payers one and a quarter million dollars.

Was Armstrong wrong to appoint himself as the successor to the Apostle Paul? Yes, he was. Paul didn't appoint himself as an apostle. He wasn't appointed by the casting of lots. He was appointed through being drafted into the position by Christ Jesus. But the story of him being drafted comes from the Acts the novel; so this story must be approached with greater caution than before. Paul's metamorphosis in Acts is, again, stock boilerplate for Greek novelists.

The reason Armstrong was wrong to appoint himself as Paul's successor originates from Armstrong not building his ministry on the foundation that Paul laid in heavenly Jerusalem. Armstrong built his ministry on prophecy and upon a particular prophetic understanding, not on the movement of the Law from hand to heart. Thus, for Armstrong the outer appearance, the outer surface of things mattered, with this emphasis on exteriors supporting his overt racism.

The particular prophetic understanding Armstrong had—the two-house doctrine of Israel, only Armstrong had both houses of Israel being physical peoples, physical nations—brought an end to Armstrong's ministry and to the second attempt by the last Elijah to breathe life into the dead Body of Christ. Again, Armstrong never understood the movement from physical to spiritual, from circumcision of the flesh to circumcision of the heart that is the key of David, the key to understanding David's poetic discourse as well as Daniel's visions ... the structure of Hebraic poetics is the thought-couplet, the physical presentation of a concept followed by the spiritual presentation of the same concept, as twelve hours of darkness are followed by twelve hours of daylight on the equinoxes.

It was, however, the issue of Church authority that ultimately spelled the end of Armstrong's ministry; for after Armstrong died and returned from death to resume control of the *World Tomorrow* broadcast (he said he died and had been brought back from death by his new wife, a licensed nurse, and as a married man myself, I found no reason to doubt him), Armstrong appointed Joseph Tkach, the weaver, to succeed him as Pastor General, delaying this anointing until he was again at death's door. And after the weaver gained full control of the Worldwide Church of God's hierarchal machinery, disfellowshipping ministers who challenged him (he wasn't about to dual anyone), he began making small changes under the guise of having absolute sovereignty over doctrinal and financial matters. It was Chicago-style politics transported to Pasadena (Tkach was from Chicago).

When these small changes brought no shocking results, the weaver made large changes that included renouncing Sabbath observance ... a strange thing happened: almost immediately after making major doctrinal changes, he fell ill and died six months later in a very painful death. His son, Joe Junior, the second weaver, took over as the third Pastor General of the Worldwide Church of God that was now neither "worldwide" nor "of God."

Apparently, Armstrong had always been afraid of another little man, Roderick Meredith, the present Pastor General of the Living Church of God (Armstrong and his son Garner Ted were tiny men, their feet barely able to reach the ground). Apparently the reason why Armstrong had appointed the weaver as his successor was to ensure that Meredith wouldn't get control of the hierarchy he had created on subverted principles found in the Pastoral Epistles, with it equally apparent [I know this is the third time I have used the word *apparent* in this paragraph—it's your task to figure out why] that Armstrong never found reason to question the authenticity of these epistles. At any rate, Armstrong was nearly blind when he appointed the weaver to make for the Church a new suit of clothes (doctrinal changes) that would cover living as well as dead sons of God—and Armstrong did intent for the weaver to sharpen the focus of the Worldwide Church of God on what life would be like in the wonderful world of tomorrow.

The author of Hebrews focused on *Today, if you hear His voice, do not harden your hearts*. Armstrong heard this voice, but not as clearly as he heard his own.

If the source of miracles is within the Sabbatarian Christian, what does it say about the Christian whose own voice is louder than the thin silence of that inner voice of Father and Son? Does it not say that insufficient

time was being taken to listen to what is not heard with ears? Does it not say that there was too much jetting around, running to and fro, fooling people, especially those paying the bills?

A person does not see the “light” that gives color and visualization to those things surrounding the person, but without light (the absence of light is absolute darkness), the person would be blind and utterly unable to perceive objects even a few feet away ... in the last televised broadcasts Armstrong made, he used a Bible printed in three volumes with print that could be read from fifteen feet away. He used a magnifying glass to read this print; he could see enough to read Scripture, but he could not see what was around him as he bounced up and down in his chair, emphasizing with his hands that the Church had jumped the tracks and needed to get back on track and return to the sound principles of Scripture, principles that half or more of the Church still failed to grasp—he actually overestimated how many disciples were on track; for once the weaver announced (in a taped sermon played in all congregations) that all meats were fit food for members of the Worldwide Church of God, there were stampedes out of congregations as members headed for Red Lobster and the seafood delicacies the restaurant chain offered—

We were tied on the inside of the dock of Pacific Pearl’s Captain’s Bay cannery at Dutch Harbor when one of the supervisors came out to the boat to ask if my daughters would like to tour the cannery, which was then processing a run of brown king crab (the deep water king crab that lives on sea mounts in the Pacific). They were excited to get off the boat and eagerly agreed. But when they returned in about an hour, they seemed unusually sober.

“What’s a matter?”

“It smells like burning color crayons when they cook the crab.”

The cannery actually butchers the crab alive and flash freezes the legs. What my daughters smelled was the reduction of byproducts.

But my daughters being turned off at even the thought of eating crab occurred more than a decade before the weaver announced that Church members could eat sea spiders and all sorts of bottom dwellers that lacked fins and scales. Unfortunately, they believed the “new” official position of the Church on clean versus unclean meats.

My oldest daughter Kathy would beat starfish and sea anemone off hooks that came up on the groundline when we halibut fished; she held the hook by its gangion and swung hook and creature against the side of the boat until there was no creature impaled on the hook; she didn’t even want to touch them. Kori, my youngest, put hermit crabs in basins of freshwater until they abandoned their shells and went looking to escape; she didn’t want to touch them. Kristel, my middle daughter, wouldn’t even touch the shrimp that rode the groundline. And all three girls believed me about remaining faithful and loyal to the Church ... they remained faithful, even to eating what they once avoided after the weaver pronounced all meats clean to eat for members of the Church of God, who were no longer *special*, holy as God is holy, as Peter said lambs of God were to be.

I was staying with my daughters at the Feast in Vail, Colorado, in 1996, when I saw Jim Turner, a minister I knew from Alaska, standing with other ministers. I went over to say hello. He greeted me warmly, saying, “Isn’t it wonderful that we no longer have to be special.” I backed away as if what he had was contagious.

The central metaphor of Scripture is that God is light: it is God that allows a person to “see” good and to “see” evil in this world, for the light of God illuminates both the things that are good and the things that are evil. But people do not receive “full spectrum God” when they are sons of disobedience: they live in glare, that is they live in light reflected off the prince of this world. Plus they are unable to hear the voice of God: they hear interruptions that tend toward silence; they see interruptions that tend toward darkness, with all of these interruptions representing evil in this world, *evil* that would seem to make life interesting and exciting as Las Vegas seems exciting ... I spent all or a portion of three summers working in Reno, working for my aunt, making casino change aprons. And while working there, I realized club life was like a fishing fly: club life looked real, seemed more real than logging on the Oregon Coast; yet buried within the pattern of club life was a sharpened steel hook. If a person bit into club life, the person became hooked and was in a fight for his or her life, with the odds of throwing this hook being small. I didn’t bite. I became like the trout that rises to a mended fly, then turns away at the last moment to return to dark waters under the cutbank, with these waters for me being a small gunshop five miles up the Siletz River from the town of Siletz. It was there where I *sulked* as a mature trout sulks, sulked until the *Yom Kippur War* and its following gas shortage pushed me over the hill to Elk City and Abbey Creek where I remained concealed until I migrated north to Alaska’s Kenai Peninsula.

As I said in the Introduction, by the standard of my San Francisco peers, I was a dull and boring fellow. Still am.

In miniature, the formation of a consonant is a violent act. The unrestricted breath of God heals, renews (Ps 104:30), and restrictions that function-as-consonants block healings and renewals, with these restrictions represented by simple unbelief: the person hears the many interruptions in the breath of God as spots of evil in this world, but a *difference* exists in how a son of God versus a son of disobedience reacts when hearing these figurative consonants. The son of God is repelled by them whereas the son of disobedience is attracted; after

all, as the advertising slogan goes, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas — no, it doesn't. It is the constant companion of the person from henceforth.

Unfortunately, most sons of God fail to realize in time that the light of this world is not full spectrum, but the reflected light that bounces off the surface of the Adversary: the *Christianity* seen in this world is *glare* that prevents the person from seeing the things of God. In this reflected, partial spectrum light, everything takes on an odd color or has a “color-shift,” for *full spectrum* God is not present. And in Nebuchadnezzar's vision, Daniel says the head of gold is the king of Babylon, with Nebuchadnezzar forming the left hand enantiomer of the Adversary, the king of Babylon that saints taunt (Isa 14:4); thus, everything in this world seen with natural eyes has a *gold* cast or hue to it—

But there are things that cannot be bought, with miracles sitting atop this list.

While still living at Abbey Creek, I stayed home one Sabbath, not going to services at Salem, ninety miles away. My wife and daughters went with Mary Connor who was baptized although her husband wasn't. My back was out. It went out fairly regularly because a misaligned vertebra between the points of my pelvis had calcified in a canted position, causing more than an inch side to side curve in my spine, the result of an untreated injury at the pulp mill the first winter I worked there.

When I started to work for Georgia-Pacific, my wife and I had hardly more than a change of clothes with us. Everything we owned—including her wedding presents—were in storage at Klamath Falls, two hundred miles away. So with my first full paycheck, I headed south with the pickup to get what was in storage ... I never got there. A headon accident a little more than twenty miles outside of Klamath Falls left the other driver dead and me in the hospital with a torn up shoulder.

I was off work for six weeks, and surprised that I still had a job when I returned to Toledo to collect what I thought would be my last paycheck (a week of pay was held back and I had been convalescing at my in-laws just outside of Portland). So when a few weeks later I had an accident at work, I wasn't eager to report it — it didn't seem like much at the time.

Working alone. Rainy night. Oil on the steel deck plating. I was running to get from one side of the pit for the truck dump to the other to turn off the chip blower, a ten foot high monster that projected chips three hundred feet in the air five hundred feet away, a monster that would have chewed me up and spit me out onto the chip pile where a D-9 Cat pushed chips around if I had fallen into the pit.

My feet slipped out from under me. To keep from going headlong into the pit and the blower, I lunged for one of the two steel stanchions that supported chip trucks when they were raised to be dumped. I hit the stanchion hard, a crossbody block, raising a welt that turned into a lump on my right side just above my hip. The lump didn't go away. It was the size of a sub-sandwich. And after remaining that size for two years, the lump concerned me enough that I went to a doctor to get it checked out. I told the doctor what happened, but not when.

“Lumps like that one sometimes form from internal bruising, but they go away in a month or two so give it three months. Come back if it hasn't gone away.”

Since it hadn't gone away after two years and since it didn't seem to him to be serious, I figured I'd come back in three months and we'd go from there. But after a couple of months, the lump had begun to shrink. I never went back. Although it was five years before it was gone, I didn't think much about it once it began to shrink.

But I started having back problems: I didn't know until my spine was x-rayed by a chiropractor at Kenai, Doctor Nichols, that the vertebra between the points of my pelvis had calcified in a cant. By the time my spine was x-rayed, I had five inches of wedge shaped discs where the curve in my spine crossed the centerline just below my shoulder blades.

“You'll have severe alignment problems in your forties, but by the time you're in your fifties, everything will loosen enough that your muscles will be able to realign your spine as easily as it will go out of alignment.” That proved to be the case, almost.

At any rate, I was home on the Sabbath when I noticed a heifer belonging to Dick Parks had calved during the night and had rejected her calf, which was trying to suckle a cow with an older calf. The little guy would get a pull or two of milk before the older cow would kick calf off. So I telephoned Dick, who was home because his back, permanently damaged from a logging accident, was acting up. He said he would be right over. And in not much longer than it took to walk the half mile of railroad tracks from the covered bridge—the one in the movie, *Sometimes a Great Notion*—he was on the trestle across Abbey Creek.

Dick had a rope with him.

I knew Dick's back was a mess, that he couldn't run, that by himself he couldn't catch either calf or heifer. There was no one else living on the north side of the Yaquina between Elk City and Toledo, nine miles away. So I went out to help him.

We did a lot of yelling, waving arms, throwing clods—there was no reasoning with the heifer, no way to explain that all we wanted was for her to accept her calf. And she, when she put the length of the pasture between her and us, would point her muzzle skyward as if seeing heaven open, and would bellow about

something. But after an hour and several jaunts from one end of the quarter mile long pasture to the other, jaunts that hurt every step, that took my breath away as dislocated vertebra pulled on ribs and sternum, I cornered the heifer by the gate. Dick roped her, and we snubbed her to a fence post.

The calf had been kicked so many times it wouldn't come near its mother. We found a couple of glass pop bottles between the fence and the railroad tracks that were relatively clean inside. Dick filled both of them with the heifer's first milk.

"I'll have to take the calf home and bottle feed him. Can you give me a hand getting him on my shoulders?"

I picked the little guy up and put him on Dick's shoulders, fireman carry, and I watched Dick take a few steps with the calf on his back as I latched the gate to the pasture—and I knew that Dick wouldn't make it the half mile to the bridge.

"Here, let me take that calf. I'm younger than you are." And I put the calf on my shoulders, and walked the tracks with stretched gait, stepping on every other rail tie. The gait, the calf on my back, my back still out—I don't think I ever worked harder or hurt more. And all for my neighbor's calf that would be sent to auction in a year.

When I finally returned to the house—it was two steps, then stop and wait until I could breathe again, two more steps then stop and wait; only on the trestle did I not stop (it was time for Southern Pacific's afternoon log train)—I started to climb the incline to the house when muscles in my back loosened (I felt them suddenly relax), vertebra slipped, and realignment happened. As suddenly as my back went out, it went back in. I was fine when my wife and daughters returned a little after dark.

"I have an anointed cloth for you. Mister Peoples said instructions are in the envelope. He prayed for your healing."

I took the unaddressed envelope from my wife, opened it, looked at the inch-square piece of white linen with an absorbed drop of oil at its center, read the sheet of instructions stating that the cloth didn't heal, the prayer of faith did, that the snippet of cloth was to be burned after the oil spot was placed on my forehead. Scripture citations were given. In Acts, even a handkerchief touching Paul's body, when carried away, healed the sick and infirm ... with some degree of reverence, I followed the instructions exactly, burning the piece of linen outside with a handful of dry grass, not something we often had on the Oregon coast. Certainly my back had returned to alignment about when my wife would have spoken with Mr. Peoples (WCG's mister assigned to Salem) after services. But I suspected my back went in less because of the prayer of faith than because I had worked hard, had heated up the muscles in carrying the calf to the covered bridge, where the film crew of the movie *Sometimes a Great Notion* captured the yellow crummy going onto the bridge but faked the crummy coming off the bridge; for across the bridge were rail tracks and the gate for the mud logging road that served as my lane. Actually the house was on a spur of the road that meandered all the way to Toledo. A sawmill employing fifty men had been located in what had since become pasture on the downstream side of the bridge. Logs hauled on the road in the 1930s had fed the mill when Elk City was a booming town and great notions were as plentiful as shad in the Yaquina. But times change: the shad run had become a trickle of its former self.

"What was the sermon about?" I asked when returning to the house after hearing a shad off in the darkness jump, then flop hard back into the river to breakup its roe skein ... the shad spawned on the gravel bars of the Yaquina just above where the Big Elk and Yaquina came together at Elk City. These were the first gravel bars above tidewater. Where Abbey Creek flowed into the Yaquina was still tidewater.

There wasn't any lack of faith on my part in questioning the power of prayer transferred by a piece of anointed cloth; rather, the question I had was when do coincidences cease being coincidences and become the work of deity ... we had a young fellow, Earl Nixon's son (Earl was a church member in the Salem congregation), stay with us the previous spring when pollen counts in the Willamette Valley were off charts. The young fellow had allergies—and an expensive wristwatch that he lost almost immediately. He couldn't find the watch; I couldn't find the watch even though he knew about where he lost it. We both prayed about finding it, but it was never found. And I got wondering why it wasn't found. I had prayed in absolute faith. Then a revelation: if God is the Supreme Deity over heaven and earth, how important is one wristwatch to Him? How important is a parking space in a crowded shopping mall's parking lot? How important are the trivial things about which Christians pray most often? Were not the lives of Jews lost in the Holocaust of more importance than any wristwatch; or the lives of Russians lost in the Gulag? He hadn't intervened in a public way in either instance when millions of lives were being lost for no apparent good reason. So why would He involve Himself in a matter of so little importance as a lost wristwatch. Bret Nixon's wristwatch would either be found or it wouldn't be found. Either way, little harm was done: the loss of the watch was a very small matter. And to pray for its recovery was to place God in one's hip pocket as if He were a talisman that could be rubbed to make things better.

I hadn't then realized that with receipt of the holy spirit [*pneuma hagion*] life from God was inside the disciple: by extension, God was inside the person, not in the person's hip pocket. He wasn't too busy to intervene in the affairs of His sons; He just expected them to do some things for themselves.

The Elect are the salt of the earth, and like salt, they disappear into the world around them, giving to that world *saltiness* but not excitement. Without being fictionalized, they are interesting but only as salt on fish makes the flesh of fish more interesting ... personally, I like tartar sauce on fish.

My wife got her sermon notes out and began to recompose the sermon. Problems at headquarters were beginning to filter into sermons so Mr. Peoples would not say anything without giving the scriptural reference for the claims he had. She had written down every reference he had cited. And from her notes she reduced an hour and a half long message into fifteen minutes of addressing me and correcting our daughters, ending with an admonishment that I should be thankful for answered prayer ... I was.

The answer to the prayer for the watch was the revelation: no hip pocket deities, no house gods, no minimizing God to make Him a personal servant.

"George wants to come out tomorrow and see you. He has accepted a job in Homer, Alaska, and wants to ask if you'd drive their Land Cruiser north. Mary said it'd be expenses and a plane ticket home, that's all they can afford." Then as if an afterthought, my wife added, "They've sold their house."

I didn't know that George and Mary were even thinking of leaving Oregon. They had only moved to the state from California a couple of years before.

"When's he coming? I was gonna peel bark."

"Probably in the morning. He wants to buy the Bronco. He thinks he can flip it the way you did Don's Marlin."

The Bronco had 150,000 plus miles on it, and a crack from under the driver's door to the middle of the passenger seat, a crack that let water splash in when powering through mudholes. My wife claimed the back of her legs got soaked whenever she rode in it to the bridge, that she'd rather walk the tracks. She was certain I was going to get stuck in the mud over the culvert through which Abbey Creek passed ... mud from both sides of the road leading to the covert had slid down into a fifty yard long torture bog that was nearly impassible for even the Bronco.

At the moment the Bronco was down: it needed another driveline U-joint. The constant-velocity U-joint (CV joint) with which it came was its greatest design flaw. After putting in three, with the second and third ones costing half again more than the previous one, I had traded with Jay Johnson lathe work for welding; he had cut apart the third CV joint, extended the driveline three inches, and had put in a big single U-joint in place of the double in a third world type of design modification. Every once in a while when the Bronco was bucking through rough terrain, the yokes of the single would click together but they never caught, never locked up, never broke. And the big single joint had actually lasted longer than any of the CV joints. But it needed replaced, had needed replaced since we moved from Twin Bridges to Abbey Creek (George had the part number of the U-joint that Jay had used).

"What do you think I should ask for it?"

"I donno. It's yours. I don't want anything to do with it."

We were actually without a reliable vehicle: the rear engine seal of the Maverick was leaking oil and needed replaced; plus the Bronco needed the U-joint. I could drive the Maverick, but had to add oil every fifty miles or so. The round trip to services was a three quart journey so we had been riding with Mary for the past few weeks. Actually, I had been driving Mary and her son Todd plus my family in their nine passenger station wagon; for in his trades, George had acquired the oversize Plymouth with a slant six engine that was delivering an honest thirty miles to a gallon. Acceleration was a little slow, but with gas as high as it was, almost doubling in price to 55-cents per gallon since the *Yom Kippur War*, the tradeoff between go fast versus go far was won by the turtle.

"Mary said you'd be towing their sixteen foot boat north, and bringing their cat Sam. They'd drive a new pickup for the parts house that hired George, using the pickup to tow their travel trailer. You'd convoy with them."

"How soon do they plan to leave?"

"Next month."

I wasn't working except for peeling bark. When we moved from Twin Bridges because we could no longer afford the \$45./month rent we had paid for six years—we had been renting Hank Kenetta's old place, the *yellow house* as we called 140 acres of blackberries and scrub alder and maples, from Guy Roberts Lumber Company: the lumber company bought the property to have access to timber it owned, access for which Georgia-Pacific wanted to charge Roberts Lumber fifty cents a thousand boardfeet if hauled on G-P's road system—I had broken the shop down and packed the machinery onto a utility trailer. It had been my intention to return the shop to operation as soon as we settled at Abbey Creek, but one thing had become another, with no building becoming available to reassemble my gunshop. So other than for already committed work that never got done to my shame, I had no reason not to drive a vehicle north for George.

In the few years immediately before baptism, money had been no problem. Since baptism, money, or better, the lack thereof had become a severe problem. We had been squeezed hard since I quit the pulp mill because rotating shift work demanded I work three of every four Sabbaths. Yes, I had the gunshop to fall back

on, but the money I was making in the shop was getting plowed back into the shop as I bought machinery I needed. So for an offering on Trumpets of the preceding year, I had turned in pop bottles, a few beer bottles I'd found: \$3.73 worth. I didn't want anyone to see how little I put in the collection basket, but that's all there was ... we had ridden with Mary Connor to where the High Day services were held at Eugene, a hundred or so miles away.

When we returned from the midweek holy day services, there was a check in the mailbox for \$373.00, exactly a hundred times the offering made. The check was from the State of Oregon. It came with a form letter saying that the State had underpaid me the enclosed amount. I didn't think that was the case, but the check got us to Feast of Tabernacles. There wasn't enough second tithe to go otherwise.

Days before we were to leave for Tabernacles [Sukkoth] at Squaw Valley, our assigned site, Leonard Andersen, for whom I had built a muzzleloading rifle (one for both him and his wife) a year earlier, came by the shop with a box of parts and a rifle barrel and said that he had started to build a rifle for his brother-in-law but that he couldn't finish it. "It shouldn't take you long to do. You built mine from scratch in less than a week."

"I have three days—and I need to change the clutch in the Maverick before I go."

"I'll change the clutch if you build the gun. I promised Frankie I'd have it done before hunting season."

I made the deal and Leonard got to work on the clutch, doing the work in the wood shed where that goat hung that would cause me problems. (It was the hanging goat that justified the search warrant.) When Leonard got the Maverick back together, he test drove it up and down my half mile long driveway several times, pronounced everything perfect, and said, "The oil out of the transmission is in a bucket in the shed."

Because he was driving the Maverick, I assumed he had put new oil in the transmission. That is what I would have done—

I completed the rifle, a .45 caliber halfstock. Leonard had purchased all of the parts, including ones I make (I purchased only barrels, usually Douglas barrels at the time), and he hadn't started inletting the stock so he hadn't made any mistakes. I didn't have to repair or reinlet lockplate or sideplate as usually happens when salvaging a job someone else has started (it seems I normally have to make a new, larger lockplate to fill the hole created by an amateur's chisel)... the job went smoothly. And everything was going along fine until the morning of the third day of Feast. As we were pulling out of the parking lot of Tahoe Villa, where we were staying, the transmission seized. With difficulty, I pushed the Maverick back into the parking lot.

"I'll give you a hand with that transmission after we get back," George said as he and Mary left for Blythe Arena. "I have some tools with me."

I didn't have any with me.

Jacking up one side of the Maverick so we could get under it, using spare tires to block up the vehicle so we wouldn't be working under jacks alone, George and I removed the transmission, and on the kitchenette table of the cabin in which my family was staying, we took the transmission apart ... there was no oil in it.

"Damn ... Leonard said the oil for the transmission was in a bucket where he's worked. I just didn't think he's put the transmission in dry."

"How did you get down here without this seizing up along the way?"

"I don't have any money to fix this." A gear cluster had welded itself to the jack shaft. "I have gas money home and twenty bucks."

"Give me the twenty. I think I can get to Reno before NAPA closes." George worked for a NAPA dealer in Newport. He had previously worked for a NAPA dealer in San Jose. He knew a surprising number of people in NAPA's organization.

About 10:00 p.m., George returned, giving me a dollar. "It took sixty tons of pressure and heat to break the gear cluster free from the shaft. The dealership let me do the work so they didn't charge for time. I had to fill the gouge with weld and turn the shaft down, but I think it'll be okay. Cost nineteen dollars for a new gear cluster and oil."

The transmission was still on the table. We got it together and with the aid of a flashlight, back into the Maverick a little after midnight. And I missed but one day of services. I heard Ron Kelly deliver his infamous *yellow pencil* sermon in which he claimed that we should not be embarrassed in being yellow pencils, each of us alike, no individualism. I listened as I dug grease and dirt from under my fingernails. We were seated in the elevated bleachers section behind the podium—that's where ushers stuck those who arrived before services began but later than others—and from that advantage I could see the reaction of most of the seven thousand feast-goers in attendance. I'm not sure anyone else heard the sermon I did. If they did, they already had their individuality stripped from them; for what Mr. Kelley said was certainly true of those who would be somebody in the former Worldwide Church of God. Most everyone nodded in agreement or nodded from having fallen asleep. Those were the ones whose Bibles fall from their angled briefcases, not a common occurrence but something that happened with greater regularity that anyone wanted to admit.

After being in the Church for years, I somewhere along the line acquired a briefcase, but after a few months of use, I left it home and returned to a folded sheet of typing paper in my Bible. I took notes, but there was so little in them that I didn't return to them. Years worth of notes cluttered cardboard boxes ... I didn't

realize when taking those notes that the messages weren't true. Oh, they contained some truth, but not enough to have warranted a steno pad in a briefcase.

Actually, most of the notes I took after the first two years were in the wide margins of my Oxford edition of the King James Translation. That way if something of significance was said from the podium, I had the utterance, the declaration with me, reified in stylized condensation. But even good quality leather-bound Bibles wear out after a decade of daily use, and my wide margin did, as did a second one. It isn't bindings breaking that cause the greatest problems—a Bible can be rebound—but the pages themselves becoming thick and brittle from handling without wearing archivists' white gloves. I actually got as much use from a \$4.95 softcover purchased from Amazon as I did from the two wide margins Oxford publications that each cost ten times more.

Words don't wear out; pages do that carry them.

As when I was in high school and memorized log tables from repeated use—it wasn't my intension to memorize log tables; that's just the way it worked out—I found it easier to remember what a passage said than to continually search for the passage every time I wanted to cite it; so after being a Sabbatarian for thirty years, my Bibles started to last longer despite finding discrepancies in New Testament texts that needed resolved.

That yellow pencil sermon disclosed truth without the speaker being genuinely aware of what he said; for yellow pencils become dull and boring fellows through use. Only by yellow pencils producing fictionalized works about themselves do they become interesting enough to be long remembered; for like salt, the yellow pencil disappears when used.

Again, George Connor wasn't baptized, nor was he interested in religion. He went along with his wife because he loved her, not because he thought her ideology had value.

"I'll give you six hundred for the Bronco." George was out before 8:00 a.m.

"You're gonna have to do a little better than that."

"How 'bout I change that back seal."

"How about six hundred and trading that Chevy station wagon you just picked up for the Bronco and the Maverick. You don't need two station wagons."

The deal was made, and I owned my first Chevrolet. I would have never owned another one if there had been a Ford dealership on Kodiak when my wife wanted a new vehicle in 1982. That station wagon died alongside the freeway between Corvallis and Salem the first time we tried to take it to services—and we returned to riding with Mary for the few weeks I remained in Oregon.

It took George all day to change the U-joint. He was out the following Sabbath to put new packing in the back oil seal of the Maverick's engine—he worked on it while I drove Mary and kids to Salem ... he had already sold the Bronco to one of my classmates from high school, who had already repainted it from robin-egg blue to mud brown (he wanted a hunting rig that didn't stand out at a distance).

We went from the Coast to Walla Walla to get the new pickup George would drive up the Highway, then from Walla Walla to Seattle where the pickup was loaded with halibut hooks, about fifteen hundred pounds worth of 11/0 "J" hooks that caused George problems when crossing into Canada. The load in bed of the pickup had to be sealed and a bond posted, which meant getting a bondsman out of bed in the middle of the night to come down and look at how the load was sealed before he would put up surety for it. And George was out fifty dollars that he hadn't intended on spending.

The new Chevy pickup that George drove had twin twenty gallon fuel tanks; his Toyota Land Cruiser had one seventeen gallon tank. And for the first thousand miles up the Highway, George continually ran me out of gas. I would have to put in a few gallons of boat gas to reach where he had stopped to refuel. I couldn't quite go as far on one tank of fuel as he went on two, and neither vehicle went far. But somewhere in the Yukon, I went ahead of him, and stopped when I needed fuel.

The cat was fun. He had to be held before a door was opened or he would be out and gone—he wasn't happy about using a litter box on the front floorboards when we did stop. He was certain he could do better. And once we arrived in Soldotna, Mary let him out. He jumped atop the neighbor's car, sat there watching their travel trailer for about two hours, then disappeared never to be found. He could have done that in Oregon and have saved me much grief.

Sam was actually a pretty good tom cat, but his story is similar to that of all but one tom cat I have had—and that one was born crippled, then was hit by a pickup, but still insists on crossing the road and being gone for days before returning to eat, sleep, then bray at the door, wanting back out. (Unfortunately, he has since died from injuries apparently coming from again getting hit in the road.)

The first day I was on the Kenai, George and Mary fished Kenai Lake—they didn't know there wasn't any fish in the lake so they caught some nice though small (five pounds or so) lake trout from the silty gray-blue waters—while I stopped by a famous muzzleloading riflesmith at Cooper Landing, spent the day with him, and came away convinced that there was enough work available building long guns to keep me busy. I had wanted to ask if the smith needed an apprentice, but I couldn't quite make myself ask the question. I'm not sure why I didn't ask: something wasn't right about asking, something I never figured out, something that was coming

from deep within me. So as I was leaving the fellow's shop, I turned on the Land Cruiser's radio, and heard Kenai's Manpower Office posting a listing for loggers.

I stopped by Manpower the next day, got the address of the gyppo who was looking for choker setters, went to the address, a motel suite, and wearing a hickory shirt, staged jeans, suspenders, I entered, not really knowing what to expect. I really wasn't a logger. My customers were mostly loggers. I had filled-in for my neighbor for six days setting chokers on a job when most of that crew was injured. How I was dressed said, *logger*, but the staged pants were a lie; were simply typical coastal Oregon attire, what the wardrobe director for the movie, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, did not know, thus making Paul Newman's portrayal of Hank Stamper with the seams on the bottom of his pant legs and his belt a repudiation of the role he attempted to play (the caulks of cork boots catch on the bottom of pant legs if the seam is still there so anybody working in the woods tears off the bottom seam of jeans and lets the pant legs fringe).

Feeling a little hesitant, I entered the suite and offered the card received from Manpower to the receptionist. From diagonally across the suite, a fellow hollered, "Can you fall?"

Since arriving on the Kenai, I hadn't seen a tree more than two feet in diameter and one log, or a log and a half high, trees the size I cut for firewood in Oregon. "Sure."

"Go to work in the morning."

"I didn't bring a saw up with me." I assumed I was being hired to fall timber, but I didn't even own a reliable saw. All I had was a Mac 250 that my stepfather had given me years earlier. The Mac needed rebuilt. It would start when it was cold, but when hot, the blow-by passed the piston caused a spray of gas to come out the front of the carburetor, leaving me pulling on the starting rope until the saw cooled off. I had taken to bucking up one tank-full of gas, then splitting and loading the wood before trying to restart the saw. Usually that worked. Sometimes nothing worked except coming back the next day.

"I'll loan you a saw until payday. Be here at seven."

I couldn't imagine going to work so late in the morning. What I didn't then realize was the sun would still be up at 10:00 p.m., and in a month at 11:00 o'clock. What I also didn't realize when I popped awake in the morning, thinking I had overslept, the sun bright in the sky, was that the sun rose by 4:00 a.m.

My first impression of the Kenai was that of the sky sitting on top of my head. The sky wasn't away up in the air as it was where or when the sun shone in Oregon. Rather, because of the curvature of the earth, the sky sat on my shoulders as if I were Atlas. There was no distance between the space I occupied and outer space.

With the rising and setting of the sun no longer being reliable time markers and with space compressed, I began falling the white spruce of North Kenai, the first job being to clear the boreal mix of birch and spruce where the LNG [liquefied natural gas] plant was to be built ... when I left Kenai five years later, that plant still hadn't been built.

Pay was fifty cents a tree, cut, limbed on three sides, and bucked with a four inch top. No measuring. Just tip the tree over, knock off its limbs, and cut it where it looked too small to be a board. The logs would be shipped to Japan where they would be milled and the lumber shipped back to the Lower 48 where it would sell for less than good fir logged and milled in Oregon. And the underlying premise of the movie, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, was misread: loggers could only compete as gyppos, as larger-than-life gyppos. Unions distorted the cost of production, and the world market squeezed out the weak in a Darwinian survival of the fittest. The world was eager to sell wood to Americans, and America was eager to buy, but only at the lowest available price. This meant that short Alaskan white spruce had to compete against taller Canadian spruce, lodgepole pine from Montana, and Philippine mahogany, with the Siberian taiga awaiting the rusting away of the Iron Curtain.

The first day I cut 55 trees (I was taking too much care limbing them). The second day, 130. From then on, I cut 200 a day and got out of the woods by one or one-thirty in the afternoon. And I started to heal financially.

The gyppo for whom I was falling had a million-dollar line of credit because of his contract with Louisiana-Pacific, the offshoot of Georgia-Pacific that was formed when divided opinions on G-P's board of directors couldn't be resolved in any other manner. G-P was also being sued by the Federal government because of how much control it had quickly acquired of the building-products market; so to appease the Feds and to resolve in-house disputes, the board of directors bundled all of G-P's less successful financial adventures and operations into one package, gave that package to dissenting board members and figuratively said, *See what you can do with them*. The new corporation was Louisiana-Pacific, which was profitable from day one. And all of this I knew while still working for G-P, so I wasn't concerned about working for L-P, even if one step removed. But the gyppo should have been more fiscally cautious than he was. At Toledo, G-P was known for cutting the legs off gyppos.

I have to say something: Georgia-Pacific's logging division at Toledo had a fleet of trucks driven by drivers being paid by the hour. If they would get a hotshot driver, the management would go to him, compliment him on the good job he was doing, and ask if he wanted to become an owner-operator. They would finance a new truck for him, and give him a contract to haul for them. But the contract was for only half as long as the truck payments would last. When the contract ended, there was always some reason why it couldn't be renewed. But G-P would *look out for the driver* and have him clean landings for them until they could get him a new contract.

So the owner-operator would get a load now and then, but never enough loads to keep truck payments current. And six months later, G-P would come to the driver, explain how sorry they were that he had fallen behind on payments and tell him that they just had to repossess the truck. But—and here is where salt was rubbed—the management would also tell the driver that since the driver had done such a good job for the company, he could have his old job back: he would be driving his truck for hourly wages, his truck that was now G-P's truck.

Most of the drivers were without choice. They swallowed pride and went back to working for hourly wages, but one driver from Siletz, here unnamed but well known to tribal officials, once his hauling contract expired would stop by the tavern at Siletz to see from which gyppo he might get a load, a load he wasn't supposed to haul according to G-P's sales contract for the truck. And more days than not, he got a load or two. He'd be in the chute before daylight, would haul the load to a mill in the Valley, then return and be at work for G-P usually on time; so he didn't fall behind on his truck payments. After six months and knowing but being unable to stop what this owner-operator was doing, G-P offered the driver a long term haul contract that outlasted his truck payments.

But this driver, having witnessed firsthand the scam, went to the next driver who fell behind on his payments and offered to pickup the driver's rear payments if the driver would let him take over the sales contract and come to work for him for an hourly wage ... within two years, this owner-operator had a fleet of more than twenty trucks and had become a heavyweight tribal member.

With a job secured, I rented a trailer, an older two bedroom unit in a four unit court just north of Soldotna, \$155./month ... whomever had previously rented the trailer had left suddenly and had left without emptying kitchen or refrigerator. The refrigerator never quit stinking (I didn't then know about Neutroleum Alpha, what the County Extension agent in the Church at Blackfoot, Idaho, gave me to get rid of odors and what truly works at least in its concentrated form). But I didn't have anything to put in the refrigerator so it wasn't much of a problem until August when I moved wife and daughters north—and she had her own concoctions for getting rid of odors, none of which really worked.

I flew south in August, and brought my family north, making the round trip in four days, missing as little work as possible. I drove north George and Mary's Plymouth; so we were without a vehicle ourselves (I was using the Land Cruiser to get back and forth from work).

The gyppo for whom I was falling purchased three new skidders, a frontend loader, a shovel with grapples ... I purchased three new saws, one every other payday—and I began to see, or so I thought, how tithing worked.

Things were more or less routine when I left for Feast [Sukkoth] the end of September. We would be staying in Anchorage in the apartment of a Church member, Mike Zorn—I didn't have enough second tithe for a week at the Captain Cook Hotel, even at the reduced rates extended to members.

It snowed, and snowed heavy on Friday of the week we were in Anchorage. The city came to halt. Four lane streets became parking lots. I couldn't make it to services that day and almost couldn't make it on the Sabbath.

That early snow changed everything. The mood of feast-goers changed. Winter had arrived. And when I returned to the Kenai, the gyppo was all but shut-down. I had a half-mile of birch leaning over powerlines to fall by myself, then that would be it for me. L-P had pulled its contract with the gyppo. It seemed that Japanese buyers no longer wanted logs, that the U.S. new home construction market had softened, that the ripple effect of presidential politics had spread across the Pacific, first to the west, then to the north.

However, the log buyer for L-P came to me and asked if I wanted to fall timber directly for the company, \$12/hour, work six hours get paid for eight. I really didn't have a choice. And I asked the buyer if L-P needed a skidder operator. He said they did, and I gave him Bob Clucas' name and telephone number.

Bob was a Church member, a long time Sabbatarian, a long time Alaskan, but his wife Janet was an even longer time Alaskan, having grown up on a homestead between Clam Gulch and Ninilchik ... Bob had a small skidder of his own.

As an East Side Cook Inlet setnetter, Bob came upon a Garrett 15 log skidder that he could buy for \$5,000.00, a lot of money in the early 1970s. He wanted the skidder for pushing rocks on his beach site. He also had a little sawmill and could use the skidder for logging (again, the timber on the Kenai was small, the size the little Garrett could handle). Plus, he knew he could pick up a few dollars plowing snow with the skidder in the winter. But perhaps of must importance to him was all of the Garrett's running gear was contract pieces. Unlike John Deere equipment, he didn't need to go to a dealer to buy parts when something broke—and in Alaska, machinery was guaranteed to break.

But again, five thousand was a lot of money for a struggling setnetter; so Bob sought advice before he made the purchase, and one of the people from whom he asked advice was Bill Gordon, the Worldwide Church of God pastor recently assigned to Alaska.

"No, buying that skidder is a bad idea. Don't do it."

That wasn't exactly what Bob wanted to hear ... what Mr. Gordon didn't tell Bob was that he sincerely believed the Church would flee to a place of safety in 1972, that the end was upon the saints, that the money would be better spent as a donation to headquarters.

Within the Church was a hidden agenda that wasn't all that hidden. Note what Herbert W. Armstrong had written in a long co-worker letter dated December 8, 1947 (paragraphs 2 through 6 have been omitted, as well as the remainder of the letter past paragraph 10 ... enough of the letter has been included to get its tone and feel):

GREETINGS! in Jesus' name: TIME is running out! This world is moving swiftly to its destruction! Yet there is still time---and just barely enough time---to finish the work of God for this present age. THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. But the work of God is progressing on schedule---amid handicaps, thru obstacles and trials that try our souls, our patience, and our faith to the limit---under the divine direction of God, and as a result of MIRACLES performed by him in our behalf. ...

THE OUTLOOK, at the moment, is for six or seven more years of PROSPERITY here in America---(even tho it is an artificial, unsound and inflated "prosperity")---while meantime the world moves relentlessly toward WORLD WAR III and final DESTRUCTION!

YOU, dear Co-Worker, are not going to be permitted to enjoy your home, your freedom, your present privileges and pursuits, many more years. Just a few more years---perhaps six or seven---perhaps twelve or fifteen---and a re-united Fascist-Nazi Europe will STRIKE---America's great cities will be blown out of existence in one night without warning---we shall see such tremendous atomic destruction as the world has never even dreamed ---more than 40 MILLION Americans will perish in the horrifying blasts! At the same time drought and famine will strike dead another THIRD of our entire population---men, women, and children ---thru starvation and disease! And our second great commission ---our divine calling from Almighty God---is to WARN our beloved nation, and other Israelitish nations, before it is too late! Every individual who HEEDS this warning, turns to God, is WATCHING and PRAYING ALWAYS, being filled with God's Spirit, living by every Word of God, with a life consecrated to Him, will be given special divine protection---taken beforehand to a place of SAFETY--- preserved thru the final horrifying tribulation, time of plagues and human anguish soon to visit this earth!

But if we to whom God has revealed this terrible future thru His divine prophecies fail to heed it---if we fail to each play his or her full part in WARNING this nation and the world, now, while we may---then God says we shall not escape, but He will require the blood of this entire people at our hands!

God Almighty is causing a "prosperity"---if only a temporary, stimulated, prosperity---to shine brightly upon our LAND. Listen! Do you know WHY? TO ENABLE US WHO UNDERSTAND TO HAVE ENOUGH FINANCIAL MEANS TO CARRY OUT GOD'S PURPOSE---to WARN our nations of the soon-coming prophesied destruction---to WARN the entire world of the fast-approaching "TRIBULATION" and true Gospel of Jesus Christ---the Gospel Christ brought and preached, and . commissioned every true minister of His to proclaim to the world throughout this age---THE GOOD NEWS OF THE COMING WORLD-RULING KINGDOM OF GOD! The denominations, preachers, and evangelists are not proclaiming THIS true Gospel! ...

With love to all, in Jesus' name,
Herbert W. Armstrong

Between 1948 and 1972, the message coming from headquarters didn't change: the end was at hand! And at hand. And at hand, and at hand ... in Mark's Gospel, "after John was arrested, Jesus came into Galilee, proclaiming the good news of God, and saying, 'The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent and believe in the good news'" (1:14-15).

The kingdom of God was then at hand because Jesus was there. The kingdom is not presently at hand for any but the Elect until the Second Passover liberation of Israel. However, for the Elect, the kingdom is within them in the form of the indwelling of Christ Jesus, but this is a concept that neither Herbert Armstrong nor Bill Gordon understood.

Armstrong never understood biblical prophecy even though he made his living scaring hordes of people into repenting and joining with him in declaring that the English speaking nations of the world were about to be destroyed by German speakers. I doubt that he knew that English and German were both of the West Germanic division of the Indo-European language family; that as English had undergone a vowel shift from roughly 1400 CE to 1700 CE, German had undergone a consonant shift, with these two shifts being all that separated Germanic peoples from their Germanic cousins, the English. Armstrong insisted that the people of England were the modern descendants of Ephraim—but Ephraim couldn't pronounce the "sh" sound as in *Shibboleth* (Judges 12:6), and it isn't the English that can't today pronounce this phoneme, but the French ... if any nation represents the modern descendants of the ancient tribe of Ephraim, it is France. So Armstrong didn't have any aspect of his prophetic message correct. Nevertheless, he asked for a lot of money from members and coworkers to give to the world what he didn't know.

However, for scaring many into good behavior, Armstrong gets some credit. He'd get more if this many hadn't run out to Red Lobster as soon as the weaver declared all meats clean to pig out on shrimp and crab.

Bill Gordon, as a pastor for Armstrong, felt it was his responsibility to keep Bob Clucas from wasting his money when that money could be used to get the warning out that the United States of America and the English speaking nations of the world would be momentarily destroyed, the message Armstrong had been proclaiming since 1934. There was only one problem, Armstrong had been crying, *Wolf, Wolf*, for so long that on the Kenai, the warning wasn't heeded. Church members were beginning to get about their lives as if time were to go on.

Bob bought the skidder.

When Bill Gordon learned that Bob had made the purchase, Bill Gordon drove down from Anchorage to have a word with Bob: "I counseled against buying that piece of machinery."

"I prefer to make my own mistakes."

That wasn't the answer Bill Gordon had expected.

About this time on the Kenai, Fish and Game held a meeting at Ninilchik concerning the ten permits to take wolves preying on Dall sheep that a Federal magistrate in San Francisco had allowed as a compromise settlement of a lawsuit brought by an environmental concern. Alaska Fish and Game officers explained the conditions under which each of ten wolves could be taken, then said, "Whoever reports the first wolf killed will be arrested."

A hush fell over the meeting room in the school. Finally, someone asked, "Why allow us to kill ten wolves if we can't kill any?"

"Nothing was said about not killing wolves. I don't want any reported killed. ... Killing ten wolves will remain open until ten have been reported killed."

The wolf that continued to spook Herbert Armstrong had been killed on the Kenai before I arrived.

Answer if you can: how would a 1st-Century scribe make something as trivial as a Christian convert neglecting to follow the advice of, say, the Apostle Paul interesting enough to bring others to conversion? And rest assured, such mundane occurrences happened. And not much else happened. The number of converts truly martyred was extremely small. The impact Jesus had on Hellenist Asia Minor wasn't great for more than a generation. Nonetheless, the Jesus Movement was growing and had to grow. It was alive so it couldn't not grow unless it died ... it did die for the very reasons that the history of the early Church had to be a novel: dull and boring doesn't receive many converts.

The Louisiana-Pacific jobsite was two sections of fairly good white spruce to the west of the Old Believers' village of Nikolaevsk up North Anchor River Road ... after crossing the river, instead of turning into the village which lay immediately ahead, we turned onto a skid road, went north a half mile, then west a mile. Bob knew the sections, had cruised them a few years before.

We started logging on the east side of the two sections, the side nearest the Village, with most of the cutting crew coming from the Village ... squirrels.

After a month, L-P told those of us working up Anchor River that the company couldn't keep the jobsite supervised, that it was shutting down the site.

I didn't like hearing that. It was really too late for me to return to Oregon for the winter, not that I wanted to migrate south ... a goose's brain is the size of my little fingernail; yet if a goose is smart enough to migrate south before the weather turned cold, it seemed as if Church members ought to have equal intelligence. After all, Dr. Hoeh (1928–2004) had come to Anchorage and declared in a statement made without ambiguity that no Christian should live where the sun didn't rise or set during a day, meaning that he didn't believe he should be addressing Church members in Anchorage. However, his understanding of Alaskan geography was poor: he didn't know where he was. The sun sets every day of the year in Anchorage; for the city is a long ways below the Arctic Circle, which lies about two hundred miles north of Fairbanks.

Dr. Hoeh, whose doctorate was from Ambassador College, was honestly unhappy about members of the Church living in Anchorage and Kenai. Apparently they were costing the Church more than they were contributing, which I doubt. But what he said might have been good advice if it hadn't been akin to telling folks

in Kentucky that they shouldn't swim in the Gulf. What he said had that much relevance to Alaskan members. However, he had considerable credibility in the Church; for he was Herbert Armstrong's preferred historian, something that troubled Dr. Earnest Martin (1932–2002), who also had an unaccredited doctorate from Ambassador.

What Dr. Hoeh said caused many members of the fledgling Church to move south for a winter, Bob and Janet being two of them. Both hated living in the Seattle area; so when Carlton Smith, who had baptized Bob and Janet in Alaska, saw them in a Seattle spring holy day service, he asked Bob, "Don't you have a business in Alaska." Bob was then driving a DKW with a two-cycle engine, and not much of a heater. He had difficulty keeping enough of the windshield cleared so that he could see to drive through the forty-below weather in the Yukon ... they were back on the Kenai in a week, and plenty early to set anchors for their gillnets. This was just before headquarters posted Bill Gordon to Alaska.

While I was wondering what was next, Bob asked L-P's log buyer if L-P would consider contract logging the two sections; Bob wanted the contract. The buyer said he would ask.

The negotiating took a month. Bob asked to lease the John Deere 540 skidder that he had been running for L-P, and L-P wanted him to log a section at Happy Valley that he and Jack Bell had logged fifteen years earlier (they had high-graded the section in a very selective *selective cut*) so Bob really wasn't anxious to log what he had left behind. Timber doesn't grow that fast on the Kenai. And he especially didn't want to log again that Happy Valley section for \$35/thousand boardfeet, fell, skidded, and decked, what L-P was offering.

At the time, not counting Bob there were seven gyppos logging or milling boards on the Kenai (i.e., the west side of the Peninsula), six of whom had contracts with L-P. Only Denny Bell, a Church member, had refused a contract: he simply didn't trust L-P serving as a middleman for Japanese timber companies. He didn't trust Japanese companies; whereas Bob as a commercial fisherman selling indirectly to Japanese fish buyers did trust them. However, of those six gyppos with contracts, all were broke within a year. And if Bob had relied upon his logging income, he too would have been broke.

Bob didn't ask but just assumed that I would cut for him whenever he secured a contract that wouldn't break him logging that Happy Valley section ... the promise of getting the two sections by the Russian village, two sections of some of the best remaining timber on the Kenai was too much temptation: he agreed to log the Happy Valley section for the offered price, the same price he would get for the timber by the Village.

The contract was between C-Fish and Louisiana-Pacific, an unequal relationship that remained under the skirts of national politics.

I was on the Village jobsite when Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn visited Nikolaevsk just to hear Russian spoken again. That was the only day Bob and I were asked not to enter the Village. However, we were in the open skidding when, after Solzhenitsyn left the village, his plane waggled its wings as it circled over us and then waggled its wings again over the village on its way back to the Lower 48.

By this time, I had read *Arkipelag Gulag*, its Russian title that discloses in its rhyme the imbedded metaphor. As a Christian moralist, Solzhenitsyn was for me a father figure: he was born three years after my own father was born, but outlived him by fifty years (1958 to 2008). And a year after he died, Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag* became required reading in Russia's schools.

As an outsider, a non-Believer, Bob was accepted in the Village by half or more of its residents because Bob, as a Sabbatarian, would not compromise with what he knew was right; plus, he didn't try to convert anyone ... it was not-proselytizing that opened doors.

Again, most of L-P's cutting crew were from the Village. They really didn't know how to fall timber: they would put a cut in front (no face), make an angled backcut then scatter like squirrels when the tree started to tip. They never knew where the tree was going. And I gave them a bad time about how they cut, and they warned me about eating yellow snow. After a while they would eat a sandwich if my shadow fell on it. They had accepted me.

I asked Philemon, the squirrel with gold front teeth, if he was ready for winter.

"O-yes. We got moose, potatoes, salt cabbage. We ready."

I had a sack of potatoes. One of the Kenai farmers sold potatoes, thirty bucks a hundred: I had purchased a fifty pound sack, all I could afford. And I was still without a vehicle. When I needed to go somewhere I borrowed Bob's 1960 Falcon station wagon, so underpowered that it wouldn't even slip on ice. But it had a wide stance and would track around corners when it was raining on sheet ice without spinning a wheel. And in the early winter on Kenai, it seemed to rain after every period of thirty-below weather.

Almost forty years later, I purchased potatoes from Michigan farmers, five bucks for a fifty pound sack. Daughters grown and gone, six sacks got just my wife and I through winters. One sack lasted a month, about the same as when my daughters were small on the Kenai.

During the month while Bob negotiated with L-P, I fell timber for another gyppo (Bob's brother's father-in-law), fell the forty-acre patch next to where I had moved, the falling took about a week ... we couldn't afford the rent on the trailer at Soldotna once the North Kenai job ended, and it was certainly too far to commute from Soldotna to Anchor Point then on up to the Russian Village when I went to work for L-P; so I rented a

three-sided log cabin at Ninilchik, sixteen by twenty feet, outhouse, dug well in back, at the corner of Oilwell and Kinsley Road. It was during this month between jobs when, out of heating oil, I had hiked up the road to where Rusty Hicks lived to ask him about a woodstove.

Backing up, Bob smiled a little whenever he told of Bill Gordon's fuming, sputtering, but being able to say nothing after Bob said that he preferred to make his own mistakes. That's really what the contract with L-P was, a mistake.

According to the contract, L-P was supposed to send their log buyer to where we were decking logs every week. He would estimate what was in the deck and L-P would pay us as an advance ninety percent of the buyer's estimate, the remainder to be paid when the logs were hauled and scaled at Seward. The falling, skidding and decking price was that figure from which they wouldn't budge: \$35./tbf. Bob had three sections under contract and the promise of more. He would lease the John Deere 540 skidder for \$5./tbf, leaving him, us, thirty dollars a thousand to cover wages and fuel, ten of which I would get for falling.

We worked from the first week in January until Bob went herring fishing in late April and saw L-P's log buyer twice, but never got an advance on decked logs. I continued working alone, falling and skidding into June, still without seeing the log buyer. I had a difficult time accepting the fact that L-P would make a contract for logs they didn't want ... the currency exchange rates suddenly made Alaskan logs too expensive for Japanese mills, which wouldn't saw them for years anyway. The logs were being buried in a bay for later use. As long as the logs stayed submerged, they would be good for decades.

We kept the skidder in the Village's boat shop, the nearest electrical outlet where we could plug-in the skidder's block and tank heaters during the night.

When I first entered an Old Believer's house, a longtime friend of Bob's, I was struck by the bright colors and the Christmas-tree-like decorations strung around the living room. In the far left corner of the living room, where the household idol of a Greek pagan would have been, was a small shelf and the icon, a painting of the virgin and some kind of a incense burner. I didn't stay long—

Of Manx ancestry, Bob was born and reared near Shell, Wyoming. He came North to work on seis crews (seismographic mapping of underground geological features) that were crisscrossing Alaska, firing shots deep in the ground to echo-map land profiles as an all-out search was made for clay domes that potentially trapped gas and oil. He came North before statehood was seriously considered, and he came to escape being laughed at because his dad's pigs had followed him to the school bus—and would have boarded behind him if the driver hadn't shut the door as quickly as he did. In Wyoming, he couldn't escape the memory of those pigs, or the memories of others who saw the pigs following him.

On the Kenai, he met and married the seventeen year old daughter of a homesteader and East Side trap fisherman (traps were legal until statehood), who wasn't happy about his daughter's choice of husbands, especially not after both became Sabbath keepers. Janet's parents wouldn't then extend support to them; so they spent their first winter as Sabbatarians living in a dugout in the gravel pit at Milepost 131—literally, in a hole dug into the east wall of the gravel quarry. They had a barrel of salted salmon they'd caught, their winter groceries.

Janet and her younger sister were visiting with women at Nikolaevsk up North Anchor River Road, then a barely passable trail. The subject of marriage arose, and Janet was asked how old she was when she married. "Seventeen." And as if of one voice, the women said, "Oh, so old." Janet's sister elbowed her and said softly, "Don't you dare tell them how old I am." She was then twenty-three and still not married.

In the spring of their first year as Sabbatarians, Bob, having previously claimed a beach site (because of keeping the Sabbath, he could no longer work on seis crews), set anchors while Janet worked squeezing herring (stripping roe from salted and fermented herring), and it was while squeezing that she became acquainted with Russian Orthodox Old Believers ... Peter the Great wanted to modernize Russia, to end oriental-style dress, the wearing of beards—and to this end he put pressure on Russian Orthodoxy. The Old Believers split from the establishment Church when Patriarch Nikon ordered reforms, with some changes being minor (the number of fingers used to make the sign of the cross), but Old Believers refused to make any changes to the rites. The establishment Church excommunicated its defiant members; tsars persecuted them. And Old Believers slipped into the Siberian taiga where they were somewhat free to pass the old rites down to their children—that is, free until the Bolsheviks forced them out of Russia for good: 300 Old Believers left Siberia in 1945, living for a while in Manchuria, then in several South American countries before ending up outside of Woodburn, Oregon, in the early 1960s. It was there where I first became aware of Old Believers who, with their 18th-Century dress, seemed to be to the Russian Orthodox Church the colorized version of what Amish are to Mennonites.

When in Oregon, I never imagined that I would be invited into their homes—invited because I was with Bob.

One of the Old Believers invited Bob in to have a glass of a raisin/citrus wine. I'll skip the name of the beverage for I cannot even approximate the spelling of it, but Bob said it was smooth, very smooth. After a tumbler full, he started to head out the door for the drive home, but he was offered a bed for the night. He insisted he was fine, that he would make it home without a problem. Heads shook but no more was said. And

Bob, driving an older Dodge pickup, headed down the Anchor River Road, which he said just jumped out from under him, leaving him in the ditch before he had gone two miles.

He jacked his way out of the ditch, worked up quite a sweat, knew he wasn't fine, but figured he had sweated out most of the alcohol. So he started back down the gravel road, which again jumped out from under him before he had gone far.

He realized he should have accepted the offer of a bed.

Once again back on the road, he very slowly descended into Anchor Point and turned north on the paved highway. By driving very carefully he was almost to Happy Valley when he couldn't figure out where the willows were coming from. On both side of the cab, willows were going by. The road seemed to be fine—until he could go no farther.

When the pickup wouldn't move, he got out and couldn't even see the highway, he was that far off the road ... he slept in the cab of his pickup until he was in shape to hike from south of Happy Valley to Denny Bell's homestead on the ridge overlooking the muskeg flats north of Happy Valley (Denny was in the Church). He had to walk Denny Bell's long-frame D-4 Cat miles to get to where he left the road. And he almost pulled the pickup in two pulling it out of the willows.

Janet had gone to both grade school and high school at Ninilchik, with the village speaking one of four hundred officially recognized Russian dialects. All of the kids in school with her knew enough Russian that they could understand the language when it was spoken; so when one Old Believer woman, an Oregon convert to the faith, began to tell, in Russian, off-color jokes while squeezing herring, Janet and the other local women working with her pretended not to understand what was being said. The Old Believer foreman overseeing the squeezing tried unsuccessfully to get the woman to shut up. The foreman was too embarrassed to publicly reprimand the convert, or to tell her everything she was saying was being understood ... she didn't show up for work the next day. Apparently something was said to her in private.

After that first winter as baptized Sabbatarians, Bob and Janet, when gillnets were diapered for the winter journeyed South to Wyoming where there were no services, where Dr. Hoeh also believed members shouldn't live, where they lived in a house built from hollow cottonwood logs. The mice ran inside the logs, and the cat chased them on the outside, never catching a one. But the cat made for good entertainment as they spent the winter living on venison.

"Yah know, Homer, a one-by-twelve cottonwood board shrinks one inch a year for twelve years." (I had just paneled the display area of my shop with 1x36 inch wet but not green cottonwood boards) ... "My dad and brother hauled a thousand boardfeet of green cottonwood lumber up to a line shack. We were gonna build an addition in the spring, but when the snow melted, we couldn't find that stack of lumber. Thought somebody stole it till Dad found it over the hill, warped and twisted. Those boards had gone for a walk all by themselves."

Bob's brother had a glass eye. He married the legally blind daughter of an Anchor River homesteader ... after dark, there used to be a lot of banter about the blind leading the blind.

Bob was moving that Garrett 15 skidder from Anchor River to Ninilchik. Winter. Twenty-five below. His brother was driving the skidder and he was following along behind with flashers on.

As Bob's brother drove the skidder north, frost started building on that glass eye, building straight out until it looked like an icicle had stabbed him in his eye. And the cold from the frost on that glass eye was giving Bob's brother a throbbing headache. So when they reached Happy Valley, Bob's brother stopped at the bar and sprinted in to warm up.

What happened next cannot really be explained; for the bar's few patrons burst through the back door to escape. Even the bartender was gone when Bob entered. That icicle in the eye, well, what can be said when his brother popped out his eye and held it briefly by the icicle.

Without a vehicle, I hiked from Ninilchik to Happy Valley, seven miles, when Bob couldn't make it. I saw my first brown bear in the muskeg flat below Denny Bell's homestead. It looked like two Hereford bulls standing side-by-side, pawing through windswept snow. Something had caused the bear to leave its den early—and that was just what I needed when falling alone, trying to get ahead of the skidder.

I didn't mind the moose. They would usually get out of my way as I went from tree to tree, tipping them over, limbing three sides ... L-P wanted a thirty-five foot buck. Denny told me I was losing money bucking the trees that long, and he showed me his short-log scale book. In a twelve foot log with a twelve inch top, there was 210 boardfeet. In a thirty-five foot log with an eight inch top, there was 130 boardfeet. And on the Kenai, every thirty-five foot log with an eight inch top would have a twelve foot by twelve inch butt log in it. I was getting one thirty-five log and one eight foot log of 10 boardfeet from every tree. If I reversed the buck, from the same tree, I would get a 210 boardfoot butt log and a 90 boardfoot top log, raising the scale from 140 feet a tree to 300 feet a tree. But that's not what L-P wanted, and I felt obligated to give the timber company what it asked-for. I only wish I would have gotten paid for that winter and spring's work. A year later, I got nine hundred dollars, and that because Bob felt sorry for me. Those logs were never hauled to Seward but were hauled to Homer; they were never scaled. They were sold by the cord to a Japanese firm for pulpwood. And Bob never got paid. What he gave me was money he had made fishing.

And Bob and Denny Bell were the only two gyppos to survive L-P's winter of deception, Bob because he went fishing and Denny because he never signed a contract with the company.

The moose would watch me as I faced a tree, and there were plenty of times I aimed a tree at one, hoping to hit it and maybe get some meat—an accidental kill of course. But as I put in my backcut, the moment the tree moved even a fraction of an inch as it started to fall, the moose was gone, only to return when the powdered snow settled to see if by chance the spruce had brought down a birch branch with it. I started tipping over birch just for them, and the number of moose on onsite increased exponentially—until the wolves realized what was occurring. Then the moose became scarce and remained scarce until we finished logging that section at Happy Valley.

The closest I came to hitting a moose with a log was at the Village site. I was falling just off the landing; my gas jug was behind the log deck. I put a face in a pretty good stick, started the backcut and the tree started to set back on my saw bar, which I jerked out. I went to the tree immediately behind the one almost cut off, faced it and ran out of gas. I left my saw behind that second tree and headed for the deck, where a three year old bull had been awaiting the arrival of every turn of logs. The bull saw me, circled wide around behind me to see what I was going to do, and was standing watching when a breath of wind leaned the tree that had set back forward and over the face. The tree started to fall.

The bull was watching me; the tree was falling right where the bull was—and the bull was unaware of what was occurring.

The tree landed about four feet behind that bull ... we never saw him again.

Jack Bell, Denny's oldest son, did hit the fellow he had bucking for him. Jack had been trying to get the guy to hustle, but nothing he said was having any affect. So instead of waiting until the guy was out of the way before falling his next tree, Jack tipped a small stick over, its two-inch top knocked the fellow down and effectively encouraged the fellow to move a lot faster.

When Bob and Jack had previously high graded that section at Happy Valley, Jack hauled the logs to Homer. Mostly short logs, twenty-four foot buck. So he was using only one binder on the loads. And coming into Homer on the old road was a sharp corner just as entering town.

The topmost log on Jack's load slipped, twisted loose and came flying off the truck, spinning as it came. A woman was on the sidewalk, and the log spun all the way around her without touching her before coming to rest against the front of the drug store ... coincidence? Jack didn't think so: he had no insurance and no money. He and Bob were logging just to survive.

I don't believe a non-Sabbatarian would grasp how difficult jobs were to get in Alaska where the norm was seven-twelves (seven days a week, twelve hour a day) during the summer and unemployment during the winter. If a person didn't work seven days a week in the clichéd *making hay while the sun shines*, there were very few jobs available unless the Sabbatarian worked for him or herself, as was the case for most of the Alaskan Church.

I first met Jack Bell in Oregon. He had left the Kenai to see if life was easier Outside, and he had ended up at Molalla, renting an apartment over a store. I don't remember why I went by to see him, but when I came by, his electricity was turned off. The family had no way to cook. And Jack had just gone to work, had just gotten his first paycheck, and came home with pizza for everybody ... he had a bunch of kids: I think Robert was still at home. And the pizza was the first hot food they'd had for days—

"Help yourself. Don't be bashful." Jack told me as I watched the first of two pizzas disappear.

"It just goes to waist." I patted my belly as I looked for a polite way to decline the offer.

"No. Take a piece. I insist."

I did. It was actually a very good pizza and I was hungry.

Jack Bell was a friend of Jack Etsel's, who later would invite me along on a moose hunt on the north end of Chelatna Lake. A fellow with whom Jack Etsel worked construction had a sideline guiding business, a drop-in-and-pack-out service for the do-it-yourself hunter. He had dropped off a party from Missouri who had unsuccessfully hunted moose for seventeen days. After work Wednesday he had flown the party out, leaving behind his tent and camp setup. And he had asked Jack Etsel if he wanted to *sit the camp* until he could come on Sunday to break it down and fly everything out.

Jack called me in the middle of day and asked if I wanted to go with him. I accepted. So just as it was getting dark we landed about where Easter Creek entered the lake. I had the Ruger Number One .25-06 that I used for deer on Kodiak with me (that I used until I had to come back for cached deer; then I brought the Number One .458 Mag, the two rifles having the same weight and balance). The loads I was shooting were 53 grains of the new IMR 4831 behind 100 grain Nosler partitions, not what any outdoor writer would recommend as a moose cartridge or load. Nevertheless, the next morning, after wading through nearly three miles of beaver swamp where a long shot would have been twenty yards, we reached Cripple Creek, climbed a knoll from where I could see a few hundred yards, and I catnapped while Jack went on up the valley to the Park's boundary.

Sitting in the sun, more asleep than awake, I heard a moose grunt ... again, hunters had been in here for seventeen days and had seen nothing so I really didn't believe what I thought I heard. But downriver three

hundred thirty yards away was a legal bull standing on the bank, apparently searching for a cow. My first shot hit him in his ribs and he reared up like a horse. I hit him again when he came down. He ran across the river, jumped a four foot high bank and collapsed dead ... well, not quite. He was down but not dead. He was still tossing his head around when I got directly across the river from him; so I put a round into the base of his skull. Now, he was dead dead.

I took a lot of ribbing for bringing the smallish rack home, but it has been above my desk where I write for thirty years.

The fellow with whom Jack Etsel worked had to make a second trip in and out of Chelatna Lake to ferry the moose out.

By the way, both of those Nosler partition bullets—as small as they were—hit about three inches apart and drove all the way through the chest cavity to stick under the hide on the far side, mushroomed back to their partitions, what I had come to expect from them after literally hundreds of deer kills.

Jack Bell, taking an Associates degree in hydraulics while in Oregon, returned to the Kenai a couple of times, but for financial reasons, he couldn't stay. The last I heard of him, he was mining gold in Nevada.

Overworked and without staff support in Alaska, by 1977, Bill Gordon needed relieved, needed to get away from Alaskans, needed to return to where *yellow pencils* were appreciated because of their color and similarity. Church headquarters sent Earl Roemer to Alaska and transferred Bill Gordon to Minnesota because it was believed he could handle the winter cold and summer mosquitoes there after seven years in Alaska—

Late in the evening on Labor Day, Dave Salmon killed a moose just outside the dump at Soldotna, a nice bull, one he thought he could handle by himself. And he set about butchering the moose as the sun was setting and as mosquitoes and white soxs were swarming. No-see-ums crawled into his eyes, plugging tear ducts; crawled into his ears, smeared with blood from him trying to shoo away white soxs, the biting flies taking hunks of meat from him with each bite. By the time Dave had divided the moose into eight sections, he was himself meat. And the mosquitoes were intensifying ...

In the former Soviet Union, one form of torture was to tie a naked person over a stream in the taiga and let mosquitoes bit the person. Reportedly, in as little as three hours, mosquitoes could drain all of the blood from the person.

It was about three hours from when Dave shot that moose until he got the last of it loaded in his pickup.

And it was because Church headquarters believed Bill Gordon, who once shot two weasels on the kitchen counter of his log home—"The only damage was a bullet hole in a dishpan"—was able to handle ice and mosquitoes that he was transferred to Minnesota rather than returned to Southern California from where he originally come.

Earl Roemer had no sooner gotten moved in than Bob Clucas brought him a large cardboard box of smoked salmon. Earl was suspicious. He had been in the ministry for a while, and others had tried to ingratiate themselves with him; so he pointedly asked Bob, "Are there strings attached."

"Of course there are."

Earl sat silent, not knowing exactly how to respond. He truly didn't like what he had heard.

Bob opened the box, took out a strip of hard smoked red salmon, what was then called in Alaska *squaw candy*, the strips having been hung in the smokehouse by string loops, and he tossed Earl a piece, who when he saw the string began to laugh.

2.

Jesus said disciples were to be lights, lamps not hidden; Jesus was Himself the light and life of men. And light has no shadow, no visible presence in this world. It is, again, those things that block the free passage of light that cast shadows. It is the absorption and reflection of portions of the spectrum that gives to objects color; that discloses surface characteristics. And when the light that casts shadows is inside the person as is the case of the Elect, then what will be seen of this light are those things, attributes, of the person that block the light—the flaws, faults of the person are seen. And when the person grows in grace and knowledge, successfully correcting character defects, the person becomes less and less visible. Eventually, the person disappears as salt does when food is lightly salted. This person leaves no discernable historical record of him or herself.

What scholars discover when examining surviving texts from the 1st-Century is that Christ Jesus left no record of Himself, nor did the disciples in the first decade after Calvary—they were not supposed-to! If Jesus, if God would have wanted written records, scribes would have been called to be the first disciples, not fishermen.

Paul's epistles were mostly letters of correction, addressing faults of fellowships he brought to Christ. The Gospels are biographies written decades after Calvary. They are virtually all that survives about what Jesus the Nazarene did and said. And Acts is a novel that was necessarily written approximately fifty years later so that the Jesus Movement would achieve critical mass; i.e., enough converts to achieve sustainability. Without Acts, there would be no Christianity today, but this doesn't mean that Acts is factual sans its elements of the fantastic. It might be. But there is no way for an endtime disciple to know for sure; for the premises of Acts disagree with what can be ascertained from the Gospels and from Paul's epistles.

The breath of God heals, renews according to the Psalmist (Ps 104:30). When the breath of God is absent, the previously living creature dies (*v.* 29). Therefore, when the breath of God is inside the person, this breath of God gives life to the person. Then the person is without sin, the light within this person shines through the person's exterior: the person becomes "light," a candle on a hill. But a candle set on a hill can only be seen in darkness. And that is the state (condition) of the world in which the Elect dwell.

Now logically consider a motif found in Acts, the addition of a great many converts, "multitudes of both men and women, so that they even carried out the sick into the streets and laid them on cots and mats, that as Peter came by at least his shadow might fall on some of them" (Acts 5:14–15) ... when the indwelling of Christ Jesus, the light and life of men, in Peter would cause a healing to occur, and when there is indwelling sin in Peter that would block the light that is Christ so that a spiritual shadow would be cast—an absence of Christ—how is a healing to occur by Peter's shadow falling upon the person? The mechanics are wrong. A healing won't happen. The rest of Scripture argues against such a thing happening; for Jesus was without sin. In Him, nothing blocked the light. But Jesus cast no shadow that can be seen in this world, the reason why that in a century following Calvary there are only four mentions of Him in surviving texts from the period, with these references coming long after the fact and being about His crucifixion (when He took upon Himself the sins of Israel) and His disciples.

Jesus' crucifixion is a historical fact. It occurred. And again, it would leave a historical record because of Jesus taking upon Himself the sins of Israel, with these sins blocking the light of God. Thus, without the crucifixion, Jesus would have disappeared from history, what His disciples were in danger of doing (and did do) ... the Gospels are all anonymous, and the epistles were to correct problems, misunderstandings in the Church. But neither the Gospels nor the epistles would have been enough to historically sustain the Jesus movement.

Unlike Moses who was commanded to write things down, and who used Semitic script (partially alphabetized script) that required memorization of the text before reading was possible—this is seen in the Lord telling Moses, "Write this as a memorial in a book and recite it in the ears of Joshua" (Ex 17:14), and "Moses came and recited all the words of this song in the hearing of the people, he and Joshua the son of Nun" (Deut 32:44)—Jesus wrote nothing down that would leave a record of Him. And the preceding is an important concept for Mohammad, unlike Moses, also left no record of himself, left nothing written by his own hand. This will be an issue in the Affliction, the first 1260 days of the seven endtime years of tribulation; for Islam's sacred text was written after the fact as the New Testament was, but written in partially alphabetized script, thereby requiring memorization of what vowels are to be placed between the consonants of words to prevent misreading.

Peter was not without sin. He had been called to do a work, that of being a primary witness of those things that Jesus did. But by simply writing two epistles (dictating one, writing the other), Peter left a record of himself, something that Jesus did not do. He left a shadow of himself in this world. And that shadow doesn't heal: it feeds lambs, tends sheep, feeds sheep, but it doesn't heal the fleshly bodies of the infirm. And neither did Peter's physical shadow caused by his body blocking the rays of the physical sun.

Let that last statement be understood: Peter's two epistles written by two separate hands feed lambs (new converts), tend the sheep, and feed the sheep (converts with faith like Peter's) as the appendix to John's Gospel reveals (John 21:15–19 — all of chapter 21 seems to be an appendix to a work completed with the writing of chapter 20). These two epistles function as Peter's shadow in this world: they form a record of Peter's ministry, of what Peter taught, a record that the writer of John's Gospel could read and decipher, and a record that is in agreement with what Paul writes about what Peter taught (i.e., converts are to live as uncircumcised Judeans — Gal 2:14). But this two-epistle "shadow" of Peter heals no one physically. *Nor did Peter's physical shadow heal!* That is not how the indwelling spirit of Christ works. What is healed is the inner self, the soul of the person. And the inner self is healed by being resurrected from death.

Peter would have understood that resurrection from death was healing all that afflicted the inner self of a person since Adam was driven from the Garden of God, but Peter also understood that resurrection from death caused the inner self to be as a newly born lamb was physically; hence, new disciples needed to be told to *be holy as God was holy* (1 Pet 1:15–16; Lev 11:45). This is not what *Paul of Acts* tells the Philippian jailer (Acts 16:31). And John would certainly have understood that the convert, once healed from indwelling death through receiving the indwelling of Christ, needed to practice righteousness as an attribute of having been fathered by God (1 John 2:29–3:10).

What the *Paul of Acts* told the Philippian jailer has done immeasurable harm to Christian converts for centuries; for the Paul of his epistles told converts to be imitators of him as he was of Christ Jesus (1 Cor 11:1 *et al*), who walked in this world as an observant Jew. No one—circumcised or uncircumcised—can imitate Christ Jesus without striving to keep the Commandments. It is foolishness to think that a person can remain as he or she was prior to conversion and be a "convert" to Christianity ... *convert* to what? The person who lived as a Gentile and who continues to live as a Gentile after conversion to Christianity remains a Gentile, not a Christian. No conversion to anything occurred. No healing of the inner self occurred. This *Christian convert* remains as spiritually dead as the Philippian jailer would have been physically dead if he had fallen on his sword.

Come-on folks, let's not perpetuate ignorance. If the Philippian jailer asked what he must do to be saved when he wasn't foreknown and predestined by the Father to be called, justified, and glorified, how would you answer the jailer? What would you say? If you said what *Paul of Acts* said, you would have lied to the jailer ... salvation is not today for everyone although all who manifest love for God, neighbor, and brother shall be saved, but saved in the great White Throne Judgment, not as one of the firstfruits. Thus, you would tell the jailer to feed the hungry, shelter the homeless, clothe the naked, do good to your fellow human being, do what you know is right and proper, strive to live as a Judean in this world, walking as Jesus walked. This is what you would have told the jailer. And this is what Paul of his epistles would have told the jailer; for Paul wrote that it is the doer of the law who will be justified, not the hearer only (Rom 2:13). Paul wrote that the sinner [the jailer was a sinner] without the Law [the jailer was without the Law] would perish without the Law (*v.* 12). Thus, the Paul of his epistles would never have told the jailer what the *Paul of Acts* tells the jailer.

Shadows do not ever heal; for shadows come via blocking light. And it the light of God that heals. The Adversary blocks the light of God and hence casts a shadow in this world (actually casts his shadow over the mental topography of living creatures). So the principle underlying the sick being carried into the street so that the shadow of Peter might fall on them (Acts 5:15) and thus heal some of them is false. That is not how God works, but this would be a boilerplate motif for a Sophist novel.

In Greek, faith is belief. The two English words are therefore interchangeable in Greek inscription: to have faith is to have belief. Thus, to believe that blockage of sunlight will heal the infirm is to believe that darkness heals, not light, the light of God, the breath of God. And for a Christian to have faith in darkness is particularly troubling ... but this is how Acts has previously been read. Darkness heals. The Adversary heals. But this isn't how Acts should have been read.

Unfortunately, Acts the novel has been believed as it were the infallible word of God.

The entire structure of Catholicism is based on the believability of Acts and Luke's Gospel by the same author. The foundational ideology of Catholicism is based on a fiction; is based on the Apostles Peter and Paul of Acts.

Returning to Sabbatarian Christendom and in particular, to the Worldwide Church of God in 1970s Alaska for exemplars of inner light and that which blocks the light, permit me to remind readers that Bill Gordon was WCG's pastor in Alaska from 1970 to 1977. His successor was Earl Roemer, who championed ministerial *servant leadership*, a concept that never really got a fair hearing or implemented in the former WCG; yet if the greatest of Jesus' disciples is the one who serves most, how was it possible for Nicolaitans to have gained control of the Church hierarchy? And Nicolaitans abounded in the former WCG.

According to his autobiography, when Herbert Armstrong began his ministry in 1934, he ran a loose ship. He did not exercise the heavy-handed control for which he became infamous after 1939, when the Portland North (Vancouver, Washington) congregation quit sending him its tithes and held and used tithes locally, what the Apostle Paul would have had disciples do. From this time forward, Armstrong would not permit even the scent of congressionalism to develop in fellowships he raised up, the reason why all monies were sent to headquarters and why ministers were regularly reassigned, their paychecks coming from headquarters. The other monies local fellowships had were tiny petty cash funds to cover local happenings such as a church barbeque.

Because of the size of Alaska, with the minister covering all of the state as well as the Yukon, a larger local fund was held, one adequate to entertain visiting ministers—

Bill Gordon obtained an assistant guide's license so that he could help Don Erickson, a licensed master guide, when *evangelists* from headquarters came to Alaska to go big game hunting, thereby keeping the cost to the local church of entertaining these men, each earning a salary many times beyond salaries paid local elders such as Bill Gordon, as low as possible.

Del Branson, a gyppo logger from Seward who Cat logged the valleys between Resurrection Bay and Prince Williams Sound—who logged much larger spruce, mostly Sitka or Sitka-White hybrid, than was on the west side of the Peninsula, and who once told me, “If the trees around here [referring to Resurrection Bay, not Cook Inlet] ever start looking like *timber*, it's time for you to return to Oregon”—also had an assistant guide's license. Thus, when Garner Ted Armstrong came from Pasadena to hunt moose, Don, Bill, and Del were under obligation to take him hunting, flying Don's plane into the Lake Iliamna area.

They really had no choice about taking Garner Ted to get him a moose ... if Garner Ted wanted a moose, it was up to Church members to make sure he got one. That's just the way it was. The subject wasn't debated, wasn't even discussed—

Many of the evangelists at headquarters had teenage children that were pampered, spoiled, and generally worthless. To try and salvage them, these evangelists would, without asking, simply tell Bob Clucas that they were sending their teens to him to see if he could toughen them, giving them a sense of self reliance. They sent their teens up to work on Bob's beach site, to live in tents, use an outhouse, bathe once a week and then in cold water. And one of the first things Bob would do when new teens arrived was serve them fish-head stew after a hard day of work, the stew complete with floating eyeballs in the broth ... they wouldn't want to eat, but they

were too hungry not-to. So pushing eyeballs to the side, they would serve themselves as small of a portion as they thought they could get away-with. And Bob never let them not sample a fish eye.

Usually, however, after a couple of weeks, these Southland teens were enjoying picking hundreds of gilled salmon from nets as sand penetrated every bodily orifice.

The evangelists at headquarters didn't expect to pay for those things that members did for them. Even local ministers didn't expect it pay ... Bill Gordon asked me to make for his son a bronze canon, with the barrel turned from a length of round stock I had. I spent two days on that canon, with three hours of lathe time involved. I cut what I would have charged anyone else in half, then thought better of what I was going to quote him, and cut the half in half again. My shop time was \$37.50/hour. I generally could charge six hours for every eight hours I worked. But in making this canon, I charged Bill Gordon \$45.

He refused to believe that I was charging him for the canon. And I can't say whether I was ever paid, the blowup was that great.

I was repairing chainsaws for Norm Sutcliffe of Sutcliffe's True Value Hardware in Kodiak after selling my shop on the Kenai ... Norm brought to me a chainsaw belonging to Billy Winecoup (I'm not sure how to spell Billy's last name; the spelling here is phonetic), and told me to keep the bill down. The saw needed to be rebuilt, a new piston and cylinder, the result of running Chevron Big Red two-cycle oil in the outboard mix ratio, a common practice and one that kept me busy. And Norm told of how Billy had saved his life when they were both skiff boys forty years earlier.

I rebuilt the saw, returning it to nearly new condition, and I billed parts out at their wholesale price and didn't charge any labor. The bill was still nearly \$200.

When Norm learned I had completed the rebuild, he came back to the shop, looked at the bill and said, "Cut it in half." I did, making up a new bill.

Then when Norm returned in about an hour with Billy Winecoup, he looked at the bill with Billy watching, scowled, and said, "That's too much. Cut it in half." He would have given the rebuild to Billy if he hadn't thought doing so would have offended Billy. As it was, within a year Billy was diagnosed with cancer and Norm paid to have Billy sent to Seattle where he paid all of Billy's medical expenses until Billy died.

When they were both teenagers working on competing seiners, Billy had risked his life in a daring rescue of Norm off Cape Alitak when, with one more sea, Norm would have been smashed against rocks. Norm never forgot that day.

In Alaska, a person cannot hunt on the same day that the person was airborne. Garner Ted was told this when he came to Alaska to get a moose, but he understood this to mean that a person couldn't hunt/spot game from the air, then land and kill the animal the same day. Bill Gordon told Garner Ted that wasn't the case: the law meant that a person couldn't hunt on the same day the person flew into camp.

The membership didn't get to meet Garner Ted, who flew into King Salmon in the Church's Falcon jet. Don Erickson picked him up there—and from there, several trips were made to ferry hunters and gear into a remote site which another guide considered his territory (Alaska didn't have assigned hunting territories, but guides respected where other guides usually took clients).

Garner Ted lounged in camp from morning to mid afternoon—actually, he read westerns, one after another—when a big bull was spotted on a ridge a mile or so away. Garner Ted wanted to go after the bull. Don, Bill, and Del told him that he couldn't. He insisted. They told him he couldn't. Still he insisted. After all, he was Bill's boss; he answered to no man other than his father, Herbert Armstrong. And he didn't believe he was doing anything unethical. He wasn't violating the intent of the law.

The bull was killed. Sixty-plus inches.

The guide who felt his territory was being infringed saw the kill, knew when Erickson's party had arrived, and radioed Fish and Game while airborne over the kill site. All four—Dan, Bill, Dell, and Garner Ted—received citations, with the most serious going to Don Erickson for not having his client under control.

The moose was confiscated: its meat was donated by Fish and Game to the school lunch program at Naknek so none of it went to waste. The rack was auctioned in the annual Fish and Game confiscation sale.

Garner Ted paid his own \$1,500.00 fine, as well as Don's \$1,500.00 fine and Bill's and Del's \$500.00 each fine. But Don had his guide's license permanently revoked: he never got it back. And there wasn't anything Garner Ted could do to help Don, who lost his vocation and ended up working for Dick Eckman, a member and an electrical contractor then out of Palmer, Alaska.

Not breaking the intent of the law was no defense for breaking the law. And at the Alaska State Fair where the Worldwide Church of God had a booth, no one cared why Garner Ted, then the voice of the *World Tomorrow* radio broadcast, broke the law: the public only cared that he had. For a week (and longer) Garner Ted was a true embarrassment to the Worldwide Church of God in Alaska. We had become visible to the public and to history through one act, the killing of a moose.

The Church in Alaska had sought visibility, greater membership, more job opportunities, more acceptance of Sabbath observance, fewer problems with children being gone from school for a week and a half at Feast—and the Church achieved greater visibility, but it became known not now for its good works but for a

moose killed the same day the hunter was airborne. And it was this 1975 visibility that began the decline of the Church in Alaska; for visibility brought infiltration by “Christians” not born of God; infiltration by even Federal officials, *just wanting to check out what was being said in private meetings*. From a high of six hundred members, two hundred on the Kenai, there were thirty years later about a dozen remaining on the Kenai, and another four dozen scattered around Alaska.

There is more to the decline of the Church on the Kenai than one moose: there was the issue of local authority about which I will write a snippet at the end of this section.

When indwelling sin functions as consonants function (this being an acknowledged sentence fragment)—

Consonants interrupt the vowel stream at a particular place in the mouth; thus, consonants tend toward silence as sin in the Elect tends toward darkness, blocking the light that is the indwelling of Christ. What is heard as a word are the interruptions of the vowel stream, the reason why Semitic languages can work. Greek (Indo-European languages) employs a full alphabet that identifies the vowel to go between the sound interruptions. Thus, inscription in Greek includes what would be equivalent to the light and darkness of the conjoined sacred (light) and profane (darkness) of the tree of Knowledge. Semitic languages would, in this scenario, only represent the darkness. The light is missing.

Hebrew (as well as Arabic) is a Semitic language that is written without vowels being represented by letters; thus, it is a language representing spiritual darkness, a point Paul makes when he refers to Judaism as “the ministry of death” (2 Cor 3:7).

When the Elect dwell peaceably in this world, they are as words to which more and more vowels (light) are added until the word is unpronounceable, becoming only vocalized sound.

The inner groaning of the spirit is not utterance in words but in an un-vocalized vowel stream.

Now, to return to when there were more interruptions in my life: for me, working with Bob Clucas and not getting paid by L-P made a dire situation desperate. Bob’s father-in-law, who after a year or two had gotten over his daughter and son-in-law being Sabbatarians, came by where I was living on the corner of Kingsley Road and gave me a hundred and fifty pounds of frozen potatoes that would turn to mush when thawed. Another fellow who was leaving the State gave me six laying hens and a rooster—I think he expected me to butcher them, but we needed the eggs more than we needed the meat so I fed them and us frozen potatoes for a month ... a frozen potato isn’t bad if a person throws it frozen into boiling water. It cooks up almost like a regular boiled potato.

We were down to a gallon of mustard when Floyd Blossom, Bob’s father-in-law, brought us those frozen potatoes. So for a month in the spring of 1975, me working six days a week, we lived on fork-mashed potatoes and yellow prepared mustard ... I lost a little weight. Del Branson said I was starting to look like a real logger (he had hand cut timber in Oregon before coming to Alaska—even into his fifties, he could climb a tree on springboards). In fact, I got down to 218 pounds, lighter than I had been since a sophomore in high school: my high school football playing weight was 220. I weighed 231 when I graduated, 238 when I started college at sixteen, and was in shape at 255 when I married at eighteen.

Breakup (the Thaw) came spring 1975. Falling for Bob and by extension for L-P, I had anticipated being paid, of establishing ourselves on the Kenai. I hadn’t anticipated working without pay.

I had been using Homelite 925s with thirty inch bars to fall and buck, but by spring I was beginning to feel the vibrations of the hard-mounted saws in my hands. Ron’s Rental was the Homelite-Stihl dealer in Kenai, where I had purchased the saws ... there was another Homelite dealer in Homer, but the dealer was a grumpy old man who actually threw a saw at a complaining customer. I stayed with Ron even when we were logging seventy-five miles away. And needing another saw, one vibration mounted, but not wanting to buy an import, I bought a Homelite 650, a 100cc model that the American company was putting up against Stihl 051s and 075s.

The 650 was spendy (Bob put it on his account)—and it was back in Ron’s in a week. Broken clutch shoes. It was back in Ron’s shop twice the following week. Same thing. Broken clutch shoes.

After the fifth or sixth time I brought the 650 back to Ron, with him having changed crankshaft bearing and checking the alignment of the crank, when I again came into Ron’s shop—he was still at Kenai Korner’s in his dad’s old hardware store—Ron said, “If I see you in here again, I’m going to put you to work.”

“You serious?”

Ron thought for a moment, then said, “I am.”

“When do I start?”

And so continued the movement from building rifles through logging to repairing chainsaws, and about everything else that came into Ron’s shop.

We were still living in Bishop’s cabin there at the corner of Oilwell and Kingsley Road, and we were still without a vehicle. But from the sale of my wife’s grandparents’ farm, we received \$1,200. on the condition that I return to Oregon and remove the utility trailer in which my shop machinery was stored from her grandparents’ garage. I returned and purchased a used pickup, a 1965 F-100 with a sun-gear overdrive and already installed additional fuel tanks, and I brought my shop’s machinery north as well as a ham and final for Denny Bell’s D-4. To get the final from Oregon to Alaska, Denny paid for my plane ticket south as well as for

the fuel back to Alaska—and he got the final to Kenai for about half of what the Anchorage Cat dealer had quoted him as a price. But hauling two engine lathes, drill press, planer, band saw, toolboxes, plus the ham and final for the D-4 was more load than the F-100 could handle. The rubber blocks between the pickup bed and the rearend housing beat two “Vs” into the housing, giving to the rear tires a cant, enough so that fifty miles outside of Sterling, I lost the driver’s side axle bearing—and the splines on the axle would no longer reach the ring gear when I replaced the bearing alongside the road. The rearend was ruined.

“You can find one anywhere. A rearend is nothing.”

“Denny, if rearends are that easy to find, find me one. I don’t even know where to start looking.”

It was after seven days and a through scouring of the Kenai that Denny finally found one, and it was out of a much newer but high mileage four-by-four so it didn’t mount up exactly right. It was the only one available ... I couldn’t hook up the rear brakes; so we only had brakes on the front wheels until February of the following year. But the remainder of this story is for later.

Why not run new brakes lines? There wasn’t money enough. Denny paid the \$100. that the rear end cost. I had to take it out from under the pickup to which it was still mounted, as well as put in it by myself. And even if I could have afforded the steel brake tubing, I didn’t have a flange tool to make the double flanges that brake lines use so I crimped off the existing lines, intending to make the connections later.

But the pickup gave us good service as long as I didn’t need to stop quickly.

With the pickup, we moved from Ninilchik to a motel-turned-apartment house at the edge of Soldotna about a year after I initially brought my wife and family north. It had been a difficult year, but things had just sort of *worked out* so that we were at least as well off as we had been the year previous. We lived day by day, with troubles sufficient for the day.

After a month of living in the motel-turned-apartment, working for Ron for \$250./week, I knew we would be in trouble when the weather turned cold. The apartment would be difficult if not impossible to heat, and Ron wasn’t paying enough we could rent anywhere else. The Pipeline construction boom had pushed rentals beyond our ability to pay.

Feast would come early in 1975. *Yom Kippur* was on Monday, the 15th of September So about Labor Day, I asked Ron, “If I go South for the winter, will I have a job in the spring?”

“If you’re here in April, yeah. I can use you.”

With three daughters, my wife, her sewing machine, myself loaded into the cab of the pickup, with five chainsaws, cork boots, and a barrel of gas in addition to the 53 gallons in the three plumbed-in tanks—a case of oil—I headed down the Highway very early Thursday morning, arriving in Whitehorse a little after sunset. It was still early enough that I suspected the downtown DQ would be open. I could give scrunched daughters and wife a break, and feed them dinner relatively cheaply; so I turned off the Alcan and went down over the bluff into the heart of town, where, when I stopped at a red light, my oil pressure light came on. I immediately turned into the gas station on the corner and checked the oil ... I couldn’t find oil on the dipstick, and I felt a sense of desperation as I realized that if I had continued on the highway, we would have been shortly sitting alongside the road with a seized engine.

Valve covers had loosened. Why I don’t know. Probably their gaskets shrank from the engine heat (it was still below zero when I had driven the pickup north). I had tools with me this time, and I tightened the bolts securing the covers, then put in five quarts of oil to get any showing on the dipstick. That took care of the problem.

What I didn’t then realize—and didn’t realize for some years afterwards was that coincidences such as arriving in Whitehorse while DQ was still open and believing that I could feed hungry daughters there more cheaply than at a roadhouse, was the norm for the Elect; that because I had turned off to feed daughters at DQ, I hadn’t lost an engine when a little longer without stopping would have left us stranded. And I didn’t need fuel; I didn’t have to stop. I wouldn’t have stopped if not for when I reached Whitehouse and from previously trips, having eaten at Dairy Queen there and knowing where the restaurant was located.

To this day, I honestly believe that Whitehorse’s DQ served a veggie burger in the mid 1970s. Their hamburgers tasted exactly like what I ate in Adventist homes when served vegetarian fare. At any rate, still feeling a mixture of relief and fright, I stopped earlier than I had intended and spent the Sabbath on Teslin Lake. We were in Prince George for Atonement, then in Colfax before Feast began. We stayed at my sister’s house while she stayed in a motel in Spokane, such was WCG’s understanding of dwelling in temporary housing, not realizing the fleshly body of a person was for the living inner self the spiritual equivalent to an outwardly circumcised Israelite dwelling in a rooftop booth.

We had very little money. I knew I would have to find a job immediately after Feast ended—and that was a concern throughout the Feast as we commuted daily from Colfax to Spokane ... in these days, members received a Feast sticker in the mail with notification of their assigned site. Green for unhandicapped laity. Instructions came as to where to place the sticker on bumpers so that those members serving as parking lot attendants knew where to park incoming vehicles. And I like most members quickly scanned traffic we encountered going to and from Feast to see if the vehicle belonged to a member.

We sought visibility, but visibility without compromising principles. But what we found was that we became less visible with time: we became the invisible that disappeared into crowds by becoming as Jesus was when He disappeared into crowds ... Jesus had no halo above Him; He could not have stepped into a crowd and not been seen with a halo. And so it was with us, the Elect. We truly disappeared without a trace.

Again, it is indwelling sin that causes a person to cast a shadow in this world. If a person were truly without sin, the person would cast no shadow. Therefore, as a Christian truly born of God grows in grace and knowledge, the Christian casts less and less of a shadow and is by extension harder and harder to see both by contemporary peers and historically.

The Last Great Day of 1975, the high Sabbath when an offering is again collected (offerings were only collected on High Sabbaths), found me broke. I had no cash money for an offering. But commuting north from Colfax to Spokane, troubled by no offering, I saw in the distance a car parked alongside the road with a green Feast sticker. I stopped, asked if I could help. The man and his wife had run out of gas. I pulled along side of their car and pumped a few gallons from the barrel into their tank—and they insisted on paying for the gas. I didn't want to take their money ...

"Then put it in as offering," the fellow said as he forcibly inserted a ten dollar bill into my closed but still outstretched hand.

"Thanks." I never saw the fellow again; didn't see him at services; but then there were about six thousand in attendance.

The following day, I was hired for a job falling timber near Grangeville, but when I called the foreman that night as the company's owner had asked me to do, the foreman said he had hired two other fellows during the day, that he didn't need a third cutter. So I was out the next day looking for a job, and found one: Vowels Logging out of Princeton, Idaho. A white pine selective cut near the Continental Divide. All big trees. Two thousand boardfeet a tree. And except for the 650, I didn't have a saw big enough for timber that size—and I didn't trust the 650.

Rather than retelling the entire story, permit me to insert what I have told before (from *Upriver, Beyond the Bend*):

THAT SNAG—

Not much was happening in Alaska
So I loaded my wife and kids
Her sewing machine and five chainsaws
Into a decade old pickup
And headed down the Highway
To look for a cutting job;

Stayed with my sister a couple of days
Found a job falling for a gyppo
A white pine selective cut
Near the Divide
All good sticks
Two bushel a tree or more;

My saws were a little small
My bars a little short
For timber so large
I'd never fallen trees
Five, six, seven feet in diameter
But I needed work
So sure I can do it
But I must confess
I prayed
Before I started
Chips flying
Skiptooth chain gnawing
Centuries of growing—
When Lewis and Clark passed by

These pines were already tall.

A week became a month
I still knelt
A moment or two each morning
But I'd become comfortable
Tipping over giants
So my concern was where would we spend winter
Once snows came; we were then tent camping.

The gyppo skidded with D-6s
Skidded treelength
A faller and a buckler with each Cat
The buckler on the landing
The faller setting chokers
So when I tipped over a pine the Cat couldn't budge
I went to put in a Russian coupling at 66 feet—
For fellows who don't understand
A Russian coupling's where a suspended
Log is cut half in-two
Then ringed
So it breaks when jerked—
There was twelve feet under this pine
Still more than four feet across at 66 feet.

I cut
When ringing that pine
A bit too deep
Heard the crack
And threw my saw
And it threw me.
I landed on my saw dogs
They sorta impaled my left thigh
But what I didn't see was the pine
Had snapped off a red fir snag
Three feet or so across.
The catskiner hollered, *LOOK OUT*
But I couldn't get up
Felt like I was being held down
No matter how much I fought;

I rolled over
Rolled a couple of times
And looked up to see the snag
Falling across me—
Flat on my back
Nowhere to go
I put up my hands as if to catch it.

It bounced up maybe twenty feet
Fell across me a second time
Then took off
Hurled out over the canyon
Two hundred yards or more
Rising and falling

In the same arc
I would've given a broomhandle

I stood
A little blood coming from my thigh
Both wrists badly sprained.
The catskinner was ashen
Looked as if he died
But after a minute
He said
You've got somebody looking out for you.

I wanted to tell all
That had happened to me
Wanted to tell of miracles
But the only words
That came were
You're right.

Actually, what I said was, "You're right, I do."

When I heard the Catskinner, Ernie Flodein (again, the spelling in phonetic), holler I knew what was occurring, but I was face down and truly felt as if I were being held down, pinned to the ground. I felt adrenaline run, and I fought to break free, twisting hard and fast to my right ... if I had stayed where I was, where the white pine threw me, the fir snag would have been a near miss, a close call, something that would have been forgotten within a couple of months. But that wasn't what happened. I rolled hard to the right, rolled directly under the falling snag. And the angel present had to reveal himself by hurling the snag out, over the canyon.

That is correct: because of what I did, because I rolled the wrong way when being kept safe by being pinned to the ground, the angel had to—not make himself visible to eyes—do an act that was clearly not-natural, not of this natural world. That snag was hurled in a manner proportional to me hurling a push-broom handle sidearm. And I had a gauge by which the relative difference between myself and the angel could be measured, and even though I was a big guy, I didn't compare. I felt the difference. And it was never again possible for me to walk on a red carpet as Agamemnon had.

The Catskinner was from this moment forward afraid to be around me. He saw something he couldn't explain. He didn't want to ride in the same pickup with me, and I began to understand why there are virtually no public miracles.

I didn't expect the Catskinner's reaction; I would've expected the opposite.

The hubris that characterizes men (and women) such as President Obama cannot exist when a person truly grasps how insignificant the person is in comparison to unseen forces, whether natural such as wind and tide, or angelic.

Snow ran us out of the high country. I was told that there'd be five feet of snow on the level, twelve feet on the hillsides ... it snowed a foot the first day, a foot the second day, a foot the third day, and I began to believe that there would be five feet on level ground.

We were still tent camping—only my oldest daughter was school age, and she was on Alaska Correspondence—so with it snowing the morning of the fourth day, I packed everything up, gave notice that I was leaving, and headed for Oregon, back to Lincoln County, where I got a job chasing landings for enough that we rented a suite with a kitchenette at Willard's Motel in Newport.

Backing up for a moment: I wasn't supposed to know of the angel's presence. We human beings function much better if we don't know we are under constant surveillance. But the Christian who wants, needs a prayer answered right now had better hope someone is both listening and at hand to intervene. This is the case spiritually. So what happens in Las Vegas is known throughout the creation unless covered by the garment of Christ Jesus' righteousness. And then, nothing will happen in Vegas that shouldn't have happened for the *holy* (the saints) are dull and boring fellows.

Vehicles are designed so that seventy percent of the braking is done by the front wheels. On the pickup, a hundred percent was being done by the front wheels. And for those readers too young to have driven a vehicle with a sun gear overdrive, when the vehicle is in overdrive, the transmission is in neutral when decelerating. Stopping comes through braking. And coming down the Highway, a little below Fort St. John I was in the habit of taking the Hudson's Hope cutoff (Highway 29) and bypassing Dawson Creek ... there's a long hill down into the Peace River valley, and a ninety degree turn at the bottom of the hill. I was in overdrive, and the brakes

faded—hot metal on metal—less than halfway down the hill. I couldn't slow and was doing about 70 mph when I came to the corner at the bottom. I briefly thought about heading through the fence and going out into the pasture, thought better of the idea and turned the wheel to take the corner. The pickup rose up on two wheels as if to roll, but tracked around the corner on two wheels, came back down on all four once around the corner. And I knew that I was going to have to fix the brakes.

By the time we reached Hudson's Hope, the brakes had cooled. But even before then, when I had slowed to below 28 mph, I disengaged the overdrive so that I had some compression braking.

With my first paycheck from Vowels, I brought new brake shoes for the front—and I had to put them on alongside the haulroad from Clarkia to the Divide ... in the mud, I got the shoes on front-for-back.

In Oregon, I had enough money that I took the pickup in to get a brake job done in the shop of my former neighbor. Once he got the brakes apart, he called me and had me come down to look at what he found.

"How the hell could you stop?"

"If stopping hadn't been a problem, I wouldn't have brought this to you."

"There's nothing I can salvage. You need everything, back plates out."

"Price."

"Probably three hundred." Actually, the bill was for \$270. And for the first time since I changed rearends, the pickup would stop without me wondering if it would.

Things just sort of have a way of working out for the Elect, but not necessary for all Christians for most are not truly born of spirit as sons of God. And this is what cannot be seen externally, for the Elect are no more righteous than other Christians outwardly. It is what goes on inside that makes the difference ... for me, I never had (even to this day) any money, but money was always there when I absolutely had to have it.

On my return to Alaska not in April but in February, I had no place to live on the Kenai even though we had purchased an acre of land on Poppy Lane between K-Beach Road and the college: \$4,500 for the acre, \$200 down and \$45/month. The acre fronted the road but was untouched boreal forest. So I left my wife and daughters in the Newport motel, left them with two months of rent paid and with the suite stocked with groceries.

I filled tanks and barrel with fuel in Oregon, and headed North, crossing the border into Canada at Sumas-Abbotsford a little before midnight. The Canadian Custom's official asked where I was going as I handed him my Alaska driver's license: "Home." My one word answer said everything.

Because I had paid two months of rent in advance; because of the brake job, I didn't have as much cash with me as I wanted ... usually there was a request by Canadian Customs to show money, a minimum of \$350, for one person (on other occasions I have been asked to show \$500.). I had close to \$300, but I had enough fuel in the barrel and tanks for nearly 1,500 miles, most of the way through Canada, so I thought I would be okay. However, I know of individuals who were turned back because they were just ten dollars short of the minimum.

The Customs official look at my Alaskan driver's license, saw the barrel, reached up to take hold of its top to tip it, realized it was nearly full but not quite, and he didn't even ask about cash: he waved me through. This was Monday midnight. I arrived in Soldotna about nine Friday morning, arrived with four dollars only (I had to buy chains, tires and rims along the way). I took a shower at Mike Zorn's place (Mike was a Church member) and went to see Ron to let him know that I was back.

Ron had just had a fight—an almost coming to blows fight—with his longtime counter man at nine that morning. So when I walked in, he looked surprised for the briefest of moments, then asked, "You want to go to work Monday? Four hundred a week." A pay raise.

Before rent was again due for that Newport motel suite, my wife and daughters were also back in Alaska.

After leaving Ron's on that first Friday back, I went to check the acre of land we had purchased, and there was a driveway put in and a power pole in its middle ... I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

The nearest neighbor was Roger's Cycle Shop on K-Beach Road, and I asked him if he knew who had put the power pole and driveway in my lot (the pole wasn't where I would have placed it). He did know: his daughter's boyfriend. And he thought I was off a lot, that I thought the wrong lot was mine. So he went with me as we checked lot numbers. I was correct. His future son-in-law had paid to have a power pole installed on my lot. Thus, while the ground was still frozen, I had a thirty-five foot trailer a member was no longer living-in brought in and placed in an open area in back of the acre lot. I bought the trailer from the member for \$1,900 in payments. So there was someplace to live as I started constructed on the shop building. Denny Bell used his D-4 to do build the gravel pad and a better driveway.

Before I quit this, having told more history than perhaps necessary, there is one more incident (actually two more) that needs mentioned: after working for Ron the remainder of 1976, Ron's business wouldn't support the commitments he had already made. He fell behind on payments. Making payroll was killing him; so I offered to go on unemployment until things picked up in the spring. He thought that would work for him. Plus, I wanted to finish work on the shop, a 26x36 foot (ten foot walls) building that cost me \$2,600, seven chainsaws, and an outboard motor.

The local Mercury outboard dealer wanted me to do his service work, but before I could work on outboards, I needed a test tank. Dave Johnson, a member, offered to weld one for me if I secured the steel and the use of a cutting torch. One of the Church's deacons offered me the use of his oxygen-acetylene torch—and when I went by his jobsite about noon one weekday to pick up his tanks and torch, his crew was just coming into the camp trailer he used as his construction shack to eat. He got up from where he was sitting, went with me and helped me load the tanks into my pickup. Then returning to the camp trailer and seeing one of his crew sitting where he had been, he jerked the chair out from under the fellow, who fell hard on the floor, got up and wanted to hit our deacon, thought better of the idea, and stomped out, his sandwich in hand. The deacon turned to me and said, “He just doesn’t understand authority in the same way we do” ... I didn’t understand authority in the same way the deacon did.

Now, backing up to while I was still with Ron, who hired me knowing that I kept the Sabbath from sunset to sunset—as days shortened in November and December, I would leave early on Friday afternoons, with my leaving early becoming a cause of fiction about which Ron never said anything ... because of his sales increase, he had won from the Stihl distributor a weeklong trip to Hawaii. The trip was the same week that I went to Feast in 1976. So his wife went to Hawaii and I went to Feast, and he had to stay and keep his business running; for either he or I had to be there to answer questions. And by December, me making my-keeping-of-the-Sabbath-of-more-importance-to-me-than-was-his-business was beginning to seriously bother him. Thus, from after Thanksgiving on, when I left Friday afternoons, I would wave to his wife, a devout Catholic, who kept employee timesheets, and I left via the backdoor without notifying Ron.

I would clean the shop for the week before I left.

I once told Ron that I had a funny religion. Ron responded, pointing to his wife, “She has a funny religion. At least yours makes sense.”

Ron went to high school at Kenai in the 1950s, and he had gotten into a fistfight with the fellow who would become the OSHA inspector for Alaska. The fight was serious enough that Ron was suspended from school for, I believe, the remainder of the year. I believe he graduated from an Oregon high school because school officials never allowed him to return to classes. At any rate, the OSHA inspector wanted to even the score—and at 3:00 p.m. on a Friday afternoon in late December, he pulled a surprise safety inspection.

Ron washed parts in buckets of gas rather than in a wash tank. He didn’t think saw parts came clean enough in solvent; he sincerely believed that gas did a better job. And he didn’t want a tank of gas in his shop so buckets were used. No more gas than necessary was used. And the OSHA inspector knew this.

Usually, a shop is at its dirtiest, its messiest at 3:00 p.m. Friday afternoon. However, because sunset was about 2:30, I had cleaned up the shop, rolled up hoses, dumped the buckets of gas, hung up tools, and had left, waving at Ron’s wife, about 2:20. Ron didn’t realize I had gone. So when his longtime nemesis came in to pull a surprise inspection, Ron *just knew* he had was in serious trouble. He knew the inspection would cost him \$50,000 that he didn’t have, that the inspection would put him out of business. And he said, Monday, that he felt physically sick before he rounded the corner and entered the shop.

The OSHA inspector gave Ron a warning citation about a handrail to upstairs storage being wobbly. Otherwise there was no offense.

When I came in Monday, Ron was all smiles—and even when I visited him a decade later and after being in competition with him for three years, he was still all smiles. And in this decade later visit, when I had had returned to the mainland from Kodiak, he made a comment that fit with one Earl Roemer made.

Ron said, “You’re too smart to be in business.”

Earl said, when I mentioned returning to business, “You’ve already done that.”

*

There’s more that can be told, much more. But I believe enough has been said to make the point. Miracles happen to this day. Not the type of miracles that fuel novels such as Acts, but quiet ones that do not attract attention. And not just for members of the Sabbatarian Churches of God, but for all who have truly been born of spirit—for all who practice no hypocrisy to the best of their ability.

An authoritarian ministry will inevitably stand between a disciple and Christ Jesus, getting in the way, causing problems, being there to make sure that tithes are paid and offerings freely given ... when the Law of God is written on hearts and placed in minds so that all of Israel *knows the Lord*, what work will a Christian minister do? Bury the dead corpses? Is there additional work to be done? Not really. So perhaps Christian ministry should now begin practicing what its future role will be in the Kingdom of God.

3.

It is in Paul’s appeal to *Kaisar*, an appeal that if not made would have permitted him to be set free, that will do what I initially undertook to do, overturn the foundational constructs of Christendom, and by extension, of Western civilization.

A thing is established by the testimony of two or three—

In Acts, we find,

Then Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit, said to them, "Rulers of the people and elders, if we are being examined today concerning a good deed done to a crippled man, by what means this man has been healed, let it be known to all of you and to all the people of Israel that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified, whom God raised from the dead--by him this man is standing before you well. This Jesus is the stone that was rejected by you, the builders, which has become the cornerstone. And there is salvation in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven given among men by which we must be saved." (Acts 4:8–12)

And the Peter of Acts shall here be up on trial to determine if what he tells is true ... do I have the authority to put *Peter of Acts* on trial? You judge the case. I will only prosecute it:

My first witness against *Peter of Acts* is Matthew's Jesus, who testifies that,

"When the Son of Man comes in his glory, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on his glorious throne. Before him will be gathered all the nations, and he will separate people one from another as a shepherd separates the sheep from the goats. And he will place the sheep on his right, but the goats on the left. Then the King will say to those on his right, '*Come, you who are blessed by my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.* For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me.' Then the righteous will answer him, saying, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? And when did we see you a stranger and welcome you, or naked and clothe you? And when did we see you sick or in prison and visit you?' And the King will answer them, 'Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brothers, you did it to me.' / Then he will say to those on his left, 'Depart from me, you cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry and you gave me no food, I was thirsty and you gave me no drink, I was a stranger and you did not welcome me, naked and you did not clothe me, sick and in prison and you did not visit me.' Then they also will answer, saying, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison, and did not minister to you?' Then he will answer them, saying, 'Truly, I say to you, as you did not do it to one of the least of these, you did not do it to me.' And these will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life." (Matt 25:31–46 emphasis added)

Any cross-examination?

We have one witness testifying against Peter, for according to Jesus, those who shall be saved do not even need to know Him, but will be those who have done good to neighbor and brother, stranger and alien.

Now for another witness to establish whether what *Peter of Acts* declared was true:

There will be tribulation and distress for every human being who does evil, the Jew first and also the Greek, but glory and honor and peace for everyone who does good, the Jew first and also the Greek. For God shows no partiality. For all who have sinned without the law will also perish without the law, and all who have sinned under the law will be judged by the law. For *it is not the hearers of the law who are righteous before God, but the doers of the law who will be justified.* For when Gentiles, who do not have the law, by nature do what the law requires, they are a law to themselves, even though they do not have the law. They show that the work of the law is written on their hearts, while their conscience also bears witness, and their conflicting thoughts accuse or even excuse them on that day when, according to my gospel, God judges the secrets of men by Christ Jesus. (Rom 2:9–16 emphasis added)

Paul of his epistles didn't come to *Peter's* aid, but undercuts him.

And for another witness:

Then I saw a great white throne and him who was seated on it. From his presence earth and sky fled away, and no place was found for them. And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened. Then another book was opened, which is the book of life. And *the dead were judged by what was written in the books, according to what they had done.* And the sea gave up the dead who were in it, Death and Hades gave up the dead who were in them, and they were judged, each

one of them, according to what they had done. Then Death and Hades were thrown into the lake of fire. This is the second death, the lake of fire. And if anyone's name was not found written in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire. (Rev 20:11–15 emphasis added)

By the testimony of three—Jesus, Paul, John—it is the doer of the Law, the person who manifests love for neighbor and brother, for the hungry and homeless, who shall be saved *regardless of whether the person has ever heard the name Jesus the Nazarene*.

The Peter of Acts is hereby found guilty of falsely testifying to temple officials. But even more, what is determined by the tsar is that if the knowledge of Jesus, of His coming, of His life and crucifixion were not known, those individuals who are doers of the Law regardless of whether they have or have not heard the Law read to them shall be saved. The coming of Jesus as the unique Son of the Logos, the Creator of all that has been made, does not affect the salvation of the human person not born of God as a son born out of season. Rather, Jesus is the Redeemer of Israel, of both nations of Israel, the nation circumcised in the flesh and the nation circumcised of heart. As such, there was limited need for the Jesus Movement beyond keeping alive knowledge of Jesus as the unique Son of the Creator. There was also limited need for the God of dead ones to reveal Himself to the dead prior to the coming of the new heavens and new earth.

The *Peter of Acts* is not a reliable witness for Christ Jesus, and any ministry built upon the words of this *Peter* is built on shifting sand. However, the person within a ministry built on sand shall be saved if the person has manifested love for neighbor and brother, stranger and alien. But the person who teaches that only in the name of Jesus is there salvation is a false teacher worthy of condemnation in the lake of fire.

Let us now put the *James of Acts* on trial:

After they finished speaking, James replied, "Brothers, listen to me. Simeon has related how God first visited the Gentiles, to take from them a people for his name. And with this the words of the prophets agree, just as it is written, / 'After this I will return, / and I will rebuild the tent of David that has fallen; / I will rebuild its ruins, and I will restore it, / that the remnant of mankind may seek the Lord, / and all the Gentiles who are called by my name, / says the Lord, who makes these things known from of old.' / Therefore *my judgment is that we should not trouble those of the Gentiles who turn to God, but should write to them to abstain from the things polluted by idols, and from sexual immorality, and from what has been strangled, and from blood*. For from ancient generations Moses has had in every city those who proclaim him, for he is read every Sabbath in the synagogues." (Acts 15:13–21 emphasis added)

When, according to Jesus' testimony, it is the person who feeds the hungry, gives drink to the thirsty, shelters the homeless, clothes the naked, visits the sick or imprisoned who shall be saved; when according to Paul's testimony it is the doer of the Law who shall be justified; when salvation is dependent upon what the person does as was shown to John, where in the *James of Acts* declaration is being a doer of the Law, outwardly manifesting love for the weak and the small, not being a respecter of persons, found?

Even the writer of the epistle of James testifies against the *James of Acts*:

If you really fulfill the royal law according to the Scripture, "You shall love your neighbor as yourself," you are doing well. But *if you show partiality, you are committing sin and are convicted by the law as transgressors. For whoever keeps the whole law but fails in one point has become accountable for all of it*. For he who said, "Do not commit adultery," also said, "Do not murder." If you do not commit adultery but do murder, you have become a transgressor of the law. So speak and so act as those who are to be judged under the law of liberty. For judgment is without mercy to one who has shown no mercy. Mercy triumphs over judgment. What good is it, my brothers, if someone says he has faith but does not have works? Can that faith save him? If a brother or sister is poorly clothed and lacking in daily food, and one of you says to them, "Go in peace, be warmed and filled," without giving them the things needed for the body, what good is that? So also faith by itself, if it does not have works, is dead. But someone will say, "You have faith and I have works." Show me your faith apart from your works, and I will show you my faith by my works. You believe that God is one; you do well. Even the demons believe--and shudder! *Do you want to be shown, you foolish person, that faith apart from works is useless?* Was not Abraham our father justified by works when he offered up his son Isaac on the altar? You see that faith was active along with his works, and faith was completed by his works; and the Scripture was fulfilled that says, "Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him as

righteousness"—and he was called a friend of God. You see that *a person is justified by works and not by faith alone*. And in the same way was not also Rahab the prostitute justified by works when she received the messengers and sent them out by another way? For as the body apart from the spirit is dead, so also faith apart from works is dead. (Jas 2:8–26 emphasis added)

In his declaration at the Jerusalem Conference, the *James of Acts* was a respecter of persons, setting a lower bar for keeping the Law by Gentiles than was set for Israel; for where in abstaining from blood—no Christian should eat blood—is there a manifestation of love for neighbor and brother.

The Paul of his epistles is clear: those things that hands and bodies do to serve the Lord according to the added sacrifices because Israel in the wilderness was a transgressor—the so-called “works of the Law”—justify no one. It is manifested love for God, brother, and neighbor that justifies the person, with this exteriorized love causing the person to willingly keep the commandments and even go beyond keeping the commandments as a negation of actions but also as motive for positive action such clothing the naked and feeding the hungry.

The Christian who focuses on his or her own salvation—what the *James of Acts* emphasizes—will not be saved; for in looking inward to make sure that the Gentile convert never eats a piece of meat that has been strangled, the Christian convert does not feed the hungry ... the deacon at Soldotna who understood authority much differently than I did had lived in Anchorage before relocating to Kenai. Services were then only in Anchorage. A member, Rusty Hicks, from Kenai would drive himself and his family nearly two hundred miles to services in Anchorage, then, after services, while it was still the Sabbath, Rusty got into the habit of stopping at this deacon house to wait out the remainder of the Sabbath before driving nearly two hundred miles home. The deacon would usually eat after services, and share their meals with the Hicks who had a passel of kids. But feeding the Hicks week after week began to annoy the deacon. And one Sabbath, after food had been put out, the deacon ordered his wife to put everything away when the Hicks arrived.

Rusty saw the food put away, realized he wasn't welcomed, and never stopped again. It was only a short while after this that Rusty was disfellowshipped for having a bad attitude. And it was to Rusty that Bob Clucas told me to go to ask about a woodstove in the incident relayed in other writings, and that I will relay again here.

When I first was baptized, I was told that members were not to have anything to do with disfellowshipped members even if the marked member was family. So when L-P shut the job down by the Village, and before Bob signed a contract with L-P to log that site plus the Happy Valley site, I ran out of heating oil for the pot-burner stove in the cabin there at the corner of Oilwell and Kingsley Roads. There were a mild few days of weather (about zero) so we could keep the cabin warm with a small portable electric heater, but a cold snap was on its way and had actually already arrived when Bob Clucas said to me that Rusty Hicks had a woodstove in one of his cabins that he wasn't using. I knew that Rusty had been disfellowshipped and I didn't want to go see him; didn't want anything to do with him. But as the temperature fell and the wind picked up, the cabin was getting cold enough that my daughters needed their coats on inside. I was without choice. And in the dark, the temperature minus twenty-five and falling, I set out walking the three miles to where Rusty lived farther up Kingsley Road—and as I walked, counting my steps, reaching fifty and starting the count over again, all I could think about is *if God is for us, who can be against us*. And I could then name quite a few.

After walking about a mile of the three miles, a State Trooper pulled up behind me and asked where I was going. I told him, “Ricky Hicks.”

“Get in, I'll give you a ride.” And he dropped me off at Rusty's front door. I didn't really know which place was Rusty's.

Knocking, I told Rusty that Bob Clucas thought he might have an extra wood stove.

He knew who I was and where I lived although I had never met him, and he went to get the stove. “You're gonna need stovepipe.” And he retrieved some lengths of new stovepipe and a damper from another outbuilding—and he gave me a ride back to the cabin. He wouldn't leave until the woodstove was hooked up, a fire was built in it, and the cabin was warm.

After being disfellowshipped, instead of remaining with the Sabbath, Rusty and his family began attending Sunday services where no one put food away when he came to visit.

You be his judge. I cannot condone him abandoning Sabbath observance, but I know of no reason to condemn him. But neither you nor I will actually be his judge.

Rusty gave the equivalent of shelter to the homeless.

However, this is not true of the *Paul of Acts* who appealed to *Kaisar* for judgment.

Peter of Acts and *James of Acts* have been found by the testimony of two and three to be false ... what about *Paul*?

And when they had brought them [Paul and Silas] to the magistrates, they said, “These men are Jews, and they are disturbing our city. They advocate customs that are not lawful for us as Romans to accept or practice.” The crowd joined in attacking them, and the magistrates tore the garments off them and gave orders to

beat them with rods. And when they had inflicted many blows upon them, they threw them into prison, ordering the jailer to keep them safely. Having received this order, he put them into the inner prison and fastened their feet in the stocks. About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God, and the prisoners were listening to them, and suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken. And immediately all the doors were opened, and everyone's bonds were unfastened. When the jailer woke and saw that the prison doors were open, he drew his sword and was about to kill himself, supposing that the prisoners had escaped. But Paul cried with a loud voice, "Do not harm yourself, for we are all here." And *the jailer called for lights and rushed in, and trembling with fear he fell down before Paul and Silas. Then he brought them out and said, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" And they said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved, you and your household."* And they spoke the word of the Lord to him and to all who were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night and washed their wounds; and he was baptized at once, he and all his family. Then he brought them up into his house and set food before them. And he rejoiced along with his entire household that he had believed in God. (Acts 16:20–34 emphasis added)

Again, it is acts 16:31 that the Roman Church uses to support infant baptism: all of the jailer's household was baptized.

Paul's testimony, like Peter's, concerns salvation. The James of the Epistle of James explicitly says that to faith, to belief [*pisteno/pistis*] works must be added as in the case of Abraham making a second journey of faith at which time he offered Isaac as a sacrifice as commanded. This will agree with what Jesus declared about those who would be saved, and about what Paul of his epistles declared, and about what the John the Revelator records ... four against one, with more that could be added, Moses being chief among them.

I have already shown in the Introduction that *Paul of Acts* gets his facts wrong when he witnesses on Mars Hill. But let's not be overly hasty to condemn this *Paul* to death by unbelief:

Now from Miletus he sent to Ephesus and *called the elders of the church* to come to him. And when they came to him, he said to them: "You yourselves know how I lived among you the whole time from the first day that I set foot in Asia, serving the Lord with all humility and with tears and with trials that happened to me through the plots of the Jews; how *I did not shrink from declaring to you anything that was profitable, and teaching you in public and from house to house, testifying both to Jews and to Greeks of repentance toward God and of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.* And now, behold, I am going to Jerusalem, constrained by the Spirit, not knowing what will happen to me there, except that the Holy Spirit testifies to me in every city that imprisonment and afflictions await me. But I do not account my life of any value nor as precious to myself, if only I may finish my course and the ministry that I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify to the gospel of the grace of God. And now, behold, I know that none of you among whom I have gone about proclaiming the kingdom will see my face again. Therefore I testify to you this day that I am innocent of the blood of all of you, for *I did not shrink from declaring to you the whole counsel of God.* Pay careful attention to yourselves and to all the flock, in which the Holy Spirit has made you overseers, to care for the church of God, which he obtained with his own blood. I know that after my departure fierce wolves will come in among you, not sparing the flock; and from among your own selves will arise men speaking twisted things, to draw away the disciples after them. Therefore be alert, remembering that **for three years** I did not cease night or day to admonish everyone with tears. And now I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you the inheritance among all those who are sanctified. I coveted no one's silver or gold or apparel. You yourselves know that these hands ministered to my necessities and to those who were with me. In all things *I have shown you that by working hard in this way we must help the weak and remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he himself said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'*" And when he had said these things, he knelt down and prayed with them all. (Acts 20:17–36 emphasis and double emphasis added)

If *Paul of Acts* did not shrink from declaring what was profitable for salvation, where in Acts does *Paul* declare that it is the doers of the Law who shall be justified? Perhaps the closest he comes is in telling elders at

Ephesus that the ministry is to help the weak, that with ordination comes obligation to give rather than receive. But this is weak testimony.

If *Paul* has declared the whole counsel of God to those at Ephesus, explain the timeline here:

And he entered the synagogue and **for three months** spoke boldly, reasoning and persuading them about the kingdom of God. But when some became stubborn and continued in unbelief, speaking evil of the Way before the congregation, he withdrew from them and took the disciples with him, reasoning daily in the hall of Tyrannus. **This continued for two years**, so that all the residents of Asia heard the word of the Lord, both Jews and Greeks. (Acts 19:8–10 emphasis added)

Two years plus three months doesn't quite add up to three years. Close. But as with *Paul's* weak testimony concerning feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, the *Paul of Acts* stands condemned as does the *Peter and James of Acts*—all are fictions based on real people, with the events recorded in Acts also being fictions that flesh out an events skeleton that is probably true.

Where do we go from here? Beyond doubt, the Book of Acts is false, a Trojan horse (text) towed into Holy Writ by unfaithful Greeks who, though lovers of God, loved deceit even more; for they never knew God. They would have advocated pursuing righteousness if they had truly known God.

Many Christians will refuse to believe that Acts is a Greek novel, but these many Christians will never have read a Greek novel, and some will not have read any fiction since conversion. So how are they to judge Acts? Will they claim two things that are mutually exclusive are both true? That has been the case in the past. But as Paul says on Mars Hill, “The times of ignorance God overlooked, but now he commands all people everywhere to repent” (Acts 17:30) — and you are before a double-voiced dilemma.

On Mars Hill, the *Paul of Acts* identifies God the Creator as God the Father, thereby disclosing that God the Father was, for this false *Paul*, still the unknown God. The *Paul of Acts* was a Greek Sophist.

4.

When the New Testament is perceived as the infallible word of God in its autographs (original texts), then suspension of disbelief is absolute. The reader will accept whatever is between the covers of the Bible as true and without phantasmagorical representations of actual events. And this absolute suspension of disbelief will be maintained when Bible study is line-upon-line, precept-upon-precept, here-a-little, there-a-little so that the people of Israel “may go, and fall backwards, / and be broken, and snared, and taken (Isa 28:13). The people are destroyed for want of knowledge, or better, destroyed by pseudo-knowledge added to faith without virtue. The faith of Christians will destroy them by either clinging to the teaching of past theologians, or by not having prepared them to find discrepancies and fiction in the Bible.

Discrepancies and contradictions don't go away just because you as a Christian don't want to find them in your Bible. They are still there—and if you don't want to examine them to see why they are there, then you have hidden your head in the sand.

In the middle of winter of the year before I started school, my dad dug out a hibernating opossum which played “possum” when he first pulled it out from its den. After what then seemed like a long while, the opossum ran for a fence post, climbed it and got on the back side of it. As long as it couldn't see us, it apparently believed we couldn't see it even though most of its body was clearly visible. My brother Ben and I would ease around the post so that it could see us, and the possum would quickly slip around the post so that it couldn't see us. This became a game that at some point Dad interrupted by dispatching the possum. But for as long as the possum couldn't see us, we couldn't see it in its mind. The possum apparently thought it was safe.

Odysseus' horse posed no threat to the Trojans within the walls of the city for as long as the wood horse remained outside of the walls. Only when the men of Troy dragged the horse inside their walls could the man of twists and turns do his work of defeating the undefeatable.

A blind poet crafted the Trojan Horse from the cloth of narrative, and this blind poet serves as my lifeless shadow.

The Christian is safely naïve—is as that opossum was—for as long as the Christian refuses to acknowledge that Acts is fiction. But with one blow from the flat side of the shovel blade, Dad killed the opossum that he said another family down the road would eat.

For the Elect, the Christian who has already been born of God through having received a second breath of life (the breath of God in the breath of Christ), much changes for the circumcision of record goes from being of the flesh (foreskins) to that of the heart. The flesh is no longer of importance (except to the inner self dwelling within the fleshly body). And removing importance from the flesh forms the base for the negation of there being Jew or Greek, male or female, free or bond with God.

The living flesh is of the Creator of all things physical, the Logos (from John 1:1) who held primacy with the Father before entering His creation as His unique Son, but the living inner self that is not-physical is given life by God the Father through the indwelling of Christ, the second or last Adam. And when the living inner self has life through the indwelling of Christ, who received indwelling eternal life when the spirit of God

descended and entered into Him in the bodily form of a dove, the inner self of the disciple has the indwelling of God the Father, once removed, in the person ... God is not outside of circumcised-of-heart Israel, but inside this nation of living inner selves (again, the Elect).

The revelation that Paul had (Gal 1:12) pertained to the movement of the circumcision of record from the flesh to the heart, the euphemistic expression for the inner self, with hearts being cleansed by an inner journey of faith equivalent to Abraham's physical journey from Ur of the Chaldeans [spiritual Babylon; i.e., this world and its desires] to Haran [the death of the old man; baptism] then on to Canaan [Sabbath observance as a representation for keeping all of the Commandments]. And receiving this revelation would have been at the core of Paul's conversion experience, not being struck blind on the road to Damascus.

Understand, blindness is the opposite of being able to see. The blindness of Homer morphs into spiritual sight. The scales that would have fallen from Paul's eyes fell from the *eyes of his heart* ... Paul came to know a matter as Peter came to know that Jesus was the Messiah (John 6:69), knowledge that Jesus identified as revelation from God (Matt 16:17). Paul received revelation in a manner similar to how I receive revelation—and how every other Christian truly born of spirit [*pneuma*] receives revelation: by coming to know a matter. And as the other disciples did not answer Jesus when He asked, *Who do you* [His disciples] *say that I am*, Peter either received the revelation before others did, or was more brash, less hesitant to speak.

I am less hesitant to speak than some are; for I am not in the business of making disciples for myself so I am less concerned than some are for what will be the consequences of “completing” Acts; of freeing its *Paul* from the shackles of fiction ... as one novelist probably unknowingly appealed to another novelist (which I didn't set out to be), having his *Paul* appeal to *Kaisar* for judgment, a determination for how Acts should end—the writing of its ending—will occur by the end of this chapter.

The Paul of his epistles was one of the Elect and deserves freedom, even if his freedom means the death of his fictionalized shadow.

The relationship between the fantastic motifs of Acts the novel and the historical events that happened can be seen through comparison between Judas Iscariot hanging himself (Matt 27:5) and Judas Iscariot falling headlong and bursting open in the middle and his guts busting out (Act 1:18) without days of bloating after death having occurred [Matthew's mistaken accreditation of Zechariah's prophecy to Jeremiah will be addressed in the Afterward]. There are other equally valid comparisons, with the Jerusalem conference being one.

Paul wrote about returning to Jerusalem after being in the field, teaching Gentiles,

Then after fourteen years I went up again to Jerusalem with Barnabas, taking Titus along with me. I went up because of a revelation and set before them (*though privately before those who seemed influential*) the gospel that I proclaim among the Gentiles, in order to make sure I was not running or had not run in vain. But even Titus, who was with me, was not forced to be circumcised, though he was a Greek. Yet because of false brothers secretly brought in—who slipped in to spy out our freedom that we have in Christ Jesus, so that they might bring us into slavery—to them we did not yield in submission even for a moment, so that the truth of the gospel might be preserved for you. And from those who seemed to be influential (what they were makes no difference to me; God shows no partiality)—*those, I say, who seemed influential added nothing to me*. On the contrary, when they saw that I had been entrusted with the gospel to the uncircumcised, just as Peter had been entrusted with the gospel to the circumcised (for he who worked through Peter for his apostolic ministry to the circumcised worked also through me for mine to the Gentiles), and when James and Cephas and John, who seemed to be pillars, perceived the grace that was given to me, they gave the right hand of fellowship to Barnabas and me, that we should go to the Gentiles and they to the circumcised. Only, they asked us to remember the poor, the very thing I was eager to do. (Gal 2:1–10 emphasis added)

Compare the account in Acts the novel of *Paul* returning from the field and meeting privately with senior Apostles:

But some men came down from Judea and were teaching the brothers, "Unless you are circumcised according to the custom of Moses, you cannot be saved." And after Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and debate with them, Paul and Barnabas and some of the others were appointed to go up to Jerusalem to the apostles and the elders about this question. So, being sent on their way by the church, they passed through both Phoenicia and Samaria, describing in detail the conversion of the Gentiles, and brought great joy to all the brothers. When they came to Jerusalem, they were welcomed by the church and the apostles and the

elders, and they declared all that God had done with them. But some believers who belonged to the party of the Pharisees rose up and said, "It is necessary to circumcise them and to order them to keep the law of Moses." The apostles and the elders were gathered together to consider this matter. And after there had been much debate, Peter stood up and said to them, "Brothers, you know that in the early days God made a choice among you, that by my mouth the Gentiles should hear the word of the gospel and believe. And God, who knows the heart, bore witness to them, by giving them the Holy Spirit just as he did to us, and he made no distinction between us and them, having cleansed their hearts by faith. Now, therefore, why are you putting God to the test by placing a yoke on the neck of the disciples that neither our fathers nor we have been able to bear? But we believe that we will be saved through the grace of the Lord Jesus, just as they will." *And all the assembly fell silent, and they listened to Barnabas and Paul as they related what signs and wonders God had done through them among the Gentiles.* After they finished speaking, James replied, "Brothers, listen to me. Simeon has related how God first visited the Gentiles, to take from them a people for his name. And with this the words of the prophets agree, just as it is written, 'After this I will return, and I will rebuild the tent of David that has fallen; I will rebuild its ruins, and I will restore it, that the remnant of mankind may seek the Lord, and all the Gentiles who are called by my name, says the Lord, who makes these things known from of old.' Therefore my judgment is that we should not trouble those of the Gentiles who turn to God, but should write to them to abstain from the things polluted by idols, and from sexual immorality, and from what has been strangled, and from blood. For from ancient generations Moses has had in every city those who proclaim him, for he is read every Sabbath in the synagogues." Then it seemed good to the apostles and the elders, with the whole church, to choose men from among them and send them to Antioch with Paul and Barnabas. They sent Judas called Barsabbas, and Silas, leading men among the brothers, with the following letter: "The brothers, both the apostles and the elders, to the brothers who are of the Gentiles in Antioch and Syria and Cilicia, greetings. Since we have heard that some persons have gone out from us and troubled you with words, unsettling your minds, although we gave them no instructions, it has seemed good to us, having come to one accord, to choose men and send them to you with our beloved Barnabas and Paul, men who have risked their lives for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have therefore sent Judas and Silas, who themselves will tell you the same things by word of mouth. For it has seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us to lay on you no greater burden than these requirements: that you abstain from what has been sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and from what has been strangled, and from sexual immorality. If you keep yourselves from these, you will do well. Farewell." So when they were sent off, they went down to Antioch, and having gathered the congregation together, they delivered the letter. And when they had read it, they rejoiced because of its encouragement. (Acts 15:1–31 emphasis added)

A private meeting has become a major Church Conference as the account of what happened is "improved upon" to make the account worthy of inclusion in a novel. This is the equivalent to Ken Kesey having a rattler bite the old hound in his attempt to elbow his way into the literary canon.

Kesey probably never chased after hounds on the scent of a bear in coastal brush. If he had, he wouldn't have had the need to add to rattler not found on the coast to *Sometimes a Great Notion*, unless he wanted the rattler there for an undeveloped metaphor he abandoned. He could have had a bear injure the hound, which then goes off to die, its feet being entangled in its bowels so that it cannot travel far.

It is usually small things that break suspension of disbelief, not major plot elements. Consider the effect of mentally seeing a rattler strike a hound that goes off to die from internalized poison, or mentally seeing a bear strike a hound, its claws disemboweling the hound that squeals in pain as it tries to escape its own body dragging behind itself, its hind legs becoming entangled in its steaming intestines, further tearing itself apart in trying to escape from itself ... again, there are no rattlers on the Oregon Coast, but there are plenty of black bears.

When the surface matters as is the case for all things physical, the internalized poison of a rattlesnake conveys a different message than does externalized death coming from being disemboweled.

If the messaging embedded in internalized poison originally coming from a creature not natural to the region was important to Kesey, he needed to stay with his messaging for a little longer; for neither a fox hunt nor a stricken hound is a strong enough symbol to deliver whatever Kesey was trying to say. Something is missing. And for me to avoid a similar messaging failure, I will have to be a little less obscure than I would like.

The damage that Acts does as a Trojan horse coalesces around the introduction of a Christian hierarchy into the Jesus Movement, with *James of Acts* appearing to be the “leader” of the Church (some would argue for *Peter*) ... there can be no Christian hierarchy in the Church without baptizing the Adversary and making him the bishop in charge, and ultimately, the Bishop of Rome. For all authority in this world remains with the Adversary, and will remain with the Adversary until day 1260 of the Affliction. I can judge *Paul of Acts* because he claims to be a brother. He has appealed to *Kaisar*. Let him receive an answer to his appeal.

To have a still living Judas Iscariot burst open as if a bloated corpse should have broken the Christian’s suspension of disbelief before finishing chapter one of Acts the novel. But in decades of Bible study I don’t know how many times I actually closely read chapter one. I usually started at the beginning of chapter two, which brings up the question of when did the first disciples receive the holy spirit [*pneuma hagion*]

John’s Gospel says,

On the evening of that day, the first day of the week, the doors being locked where the disciples were for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood among them and said to them, “Peace be with you.” When he had said this, he showed them his hands and his side. Then the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord. Jesus said to them again, “Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, even so I am sending you.” And when he had said this, he breathed on them and said to them, “**Receive the Holy Spirit.** If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven them; if you withhold forgiveness from any, it is withheld.” Now Thomas, one of the Twelve, called the Twin, was not with them when Jesus came. (John 20:19–24 emphasis added)

If ten of Jesus’ first disciples received the indwelling of the divine breath [*pneuma*] of God through the rather unremarkable act of Jesus breathing on these His disciples, then the account of the giving of the spirit [*pneuma*] on Pentecost as told in Acts the novel cannot be when the disciples who already had the indwelling breath of God initially received inner eternal life through the breath of God. The most kind thing that can be said for the Acts account is that a difference exists between receiving the breath of God and being filled with the breath of God—and it is this difference that has relevance to the judgment to be rendered upon the *Paul* of Acts.

In the Old Testament, the conjoined deities of the Tetragrammaton *YHWH* are outside of the Israelite who is outwardly circumcised—the conjoined two are one deity as a man and his wife are one flesh—therefore *YHWH* and outwardly circumcised Israel, together (God and man), functioned in a manner analogous [as the type and shadow] to how the indwelling of Christ in a Christian circumcised of heart functions, the Christian and the indwelling of Christ forming one unit (see John 17:20–23), with the inner self being as outwardly circumcised Israel was and with the fleshly body of the Christian being as the temple was to outwardly circumcised Israel.

The blind poet Homer, who was outwardly the better story teller, forms the spiritually lifeless and physically sightless shadow and type of me, Homer Kizer, who stands straddle of the Greek poet and Rome’s first citizen and who is, therefore, able to answer *Paul’s* appeal to *Kaisar* as well as rewrite the role a Trojan Horse has played in greater Christendom ... do you not yet see how Christ Jesus “plays” with the Adversary as a cat plays with a mouse, the relationship that of unequals, something Ellen G. White never grasped?

Not through having a tether and a lead rope but through “circumstances,” Christ Jesus called me where He called Herbert W. Armstrong (Oregon — I lived due west from Albany about forty miles), but instead of immediately putting me to work He figuratively put me into cold storage in rural Alaska until Armstrong was no longer on the scene. Then I was dragged out from cold storage and placed in Little Egypt from where I was “called” to reread prophecy in January 2002, forty years to the day (and to the minute) from when Garner Ted on his father’s behalf said there would be no new prophetic revelation. And as Matthew’s Jesus was called out from Egypt and grew up in Galilee, I was called out from Little Egypt to grow to maturity in a spiritual land suggestive of the Galilee (only the sea is Lake Huron).

Should I ignore the correspondence between my name and the *Paul of Acts* appealing to *Kaisar*/Caesar for redress? What is merely coincidental and what was planned by Christ Jesus long ago? Is me being called to reread prophecy merely a coincidence? Or does my name—not something over which I had any control—have something to do with being called, again, not something over which I had control? You decide. I have, in the past, tried to minimize the naming correspondence, but I can no longer keep silent as I begin to grasp the damage done to the Body of Christ by a Trojan text, a spiritual virus that must be quarantined.

The prophet Daniel had enemies so when King Darius planned to place Daniel over the other satraps, the jealous plotted against Daniel and got Daniel thrown into the lions' den ... the novelist would have had Daniel miraculously escape, but this isn't what's told.

The king couldn't do anything for Daniel because of the importance placed upon the unchangeable written word, a subject that needs critically explored, except he, himself, fast and pray, humbling himself before God (Dan 6:18). And in the morning,

Then, at break of day, the king arose and went in haste to the den of lions. As he came near to the den where Daniel was, he cried out in a tone of anguish. The king declared to Daniel, "O Daniel, servant of the living God, has your God, whom you serve continually, been able to deliver you from the lions?" Then Daniel said to the king, "O king, live forever! My God sent his angel and shut the lions' mouths, and they have not harmed me, because I was found blameless before him; and also before you, O king, I have done no harm." Then the king was exceedingly glad, and commanded that Daniel be taken up out of the den. So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no kind of harm was found on him, because he had trusted in his God. (Dan 6:19–23)

For Daniel, who would have felt some anxiety about being thrown into the lions' den, the experience was a non-event. Nothing happened. Sure, an angel came and was with him as there was an angel present when that snag fell across the top of me. The angel probably made himself visible as was the case with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who suffered no harm when cast into the furnace. But then, when Daniel represented God, circumcision itself was visible and of the flesh. So the relationship is consistent ... as for the three thrown into the furnace, they did not escape from the furnace by miraculous thunderbolts or earthquakes. Rather, they were called forth from the furnace, making their time in the furnace a non-event. More precisely, both Daniel in the lions' den and the three Jewish lads in the furnace didn't involve other people or outside physical happenings but involves the Israelite and God, which when moved from the physical to the spiritual will see the indwelling of Christ making God and the person one entity and miraculous events being non-events, private miracles, a near miss if I hadn't violently rolled the wrong direction.

Consider the story of Ester: Queen Vashti grew weary of her husband's drunken party, and refused to be displayed before the people as if she were a trophy. Wrong thing to do when married to a tyrant. So a new queen was found ... would it, before Vashti refused to be displayed as if she were merely meat, have been known by the Lord that Haman intended to kill all of the Jews in Persia? Yes, Haman's intentions would have been known. So was the selection of a young Jewish woman as Vashti's replacement—a logical course of affairs—of the Lord? Probably. Most likely there was no coincidence here.

Ester's uncle Mordecai "stumbled" upon knowledge that two of the king's eunuchs who had access to the person of the king intended to assassinate him. Mordecai told Ester of the plot and Ester told the king, and "it was recorded in the book of the chronicles in the presence of the king" (Ester 2:23).

Again, once inscription was made, recording a thing, whatever that thing was, it was forever established in the Persian realm, with the silver chest and arms of the endtime humanoid image King Nebuchadnezzar saw in vision representing the spiritual kings of Media and Persia, with these demonic kings reigning over *silver* Christendom.

Understand, Christians in the Roman Empire as Jews in the Persian Empire were not persecuted (martyred) because of what they believed, but for not paying homage to the gods of the state, of which Mordecai's refusal to bow to Haman was representative ... in analogy, Mordecai represents the Christian's physical body in its relationship to civil authorities.

Because of Haman's deceit, an order "was written in the name of King Ahasuerus and sealed with the king's signet ring" (Es 3:12) to kill all Jews of the 13th day of Adar in all the land from India to Egypt.

The order threw the city of Susa into confusion, but the king and Haman sat down to drink. The matter was settled.

Not quite. In a series of non-events—Mordecai tearing his clothes and dressing in sackcloth (mourning garb), fasting for three days (night and day), Ester being presumptuous enough to appear before the king without being summoned (the mirror image of what Vashti did)—the king learned of the plot, learned that Mordecai would be killed with Mordecai being the one who was earlier responsible for disclosing a plot against the king, and the king had Haman hanged.

But the inscribed word had already gone out for all Jews to be killed, and this word could not be canceled. Thus, Mordecai, writing in the name of the king sent out another letter, one authorizing Jews to fight back, making killing the Jews a risky business at best.

In one of the most dramatic events to have occurred during the Dispersion, nothing much happened. There were no earthquakes, no thunderbolts, no miraculous resurrections from death. Political intrigues brought about the hanging of no Jews.

Now this is not to say that Ester didn't put her life at risk: she did. Nor is this to say that God was not involved. He was. But this is to say that the type of fictional motifs seen in Acts were not at work when the life of all Judaism hung by the inscribed word of what Mordecai on a previous occasion had overheard.

Consider David, who knew that Saul had killed all the priests of Nob and wiped out the entire city because the priests had received him, David, and what David did when it would have seemed that God delivered Saul into his hand for execution in the cave:

When Saul returned from following the Philistines, he was told, "Behold, David is in the wilderness of Engedi." Then Saul took three thousand chosen men out of all Israel and went to seek David and his men in front of the Wildgoats' Rocks. And he came to the sheepfolds by the way, where there was a cave, and Saul went in to relieve himself. Now David and his men were sitting in the innermost parts of the cave. And the men of David said to him, "Here is the day of which the Lord said to you, 'Behold, I will give your enemy into your hand, and you shall do to him as it shall seem good to you.'" Then David arose and stealthily cut off a corner of Saul's robe. And afterward David's heart struck him, because he had cut off a corner of Saul's robe. He said to his men, "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing to my lord, the Lord's anointed, to put out my hand against him, seeing he is the Lord's anointed." So David persuaded his men with these words and did not permit them to attack Saul. And Saul rose up and left the cave and went on his way. Afterward David also arose and went out of the cave, and called after Saul, "My lord the king!" And when Saul looked behind him, David bowed with his face to the earth and paid homage. And David said to Saul, "Why do you listen to the words of men who say, 'Behold, David seeks your harm'? Behold, this day your eyes have seen how the Lord gave you today into my hand in the cave. And some told me to kill you, but I spared you. I said, 'I will not put out my hand against my lord, for he is the Lord's anointed.' See, my father, see the corner of your robe in my hand. For by the fact that I cut off the corner of your robe and did not kill you, you may know and see that there is no wrong or treason in my hands. I have not sinned against you, though you hunt my life to take it. *May the Lord judge between me and you, may the Lord avenge me against you, but my hand shall not be against you.* As the proverb of the ancients says, 'Out of the wicked comes wickedness.' But my hand shall not be against you. After whom has the king of Israel come out? After whom do you pursue? After a dead dog! After a flea! *May the Lord therefore be judge and give sentence between me and you, and see to it and plead my cause and deliver me from your hand.*" As soon as David had finished speaking these words to Saul, Saul said, "Is this your voice, my son David?" And Saul lifted up his voice and wept. (1 Sam 24:1–16 emphasis added)

The premises behind the motifs of Acts the novel are wrong! God does not work with His anointed in ways represented in Acts ...

When I first came down from Alaska in August 1991 to take a Doctor of Arts fellowship offered by Idaho State University (Pocatello), I purchased an inexpensive, older home in McCammon. And I became fair game for LDS missionaries, who when they learned that I had a copy of the New Testament in Greek ceased coming by. From that point on, members of the bishopric only discussed theology with me. But before the missionaries learned that I kept the Sabbath, they gave me a copy of the Book of Mormon and asked me to read it and see if it wasn't true ... my suspension of disbelief was broken in its introduction: men do not become angels, who are to be the servants of glorified sons of God. Thus, as I started to read, I challenged the credibility of the texts—I also knew enough 17th-Century English grammar to realize that the author of the Book of Mormon, attempting to write in the language of the King James' Translation, didn't know the grammar of that day; stylistically, the Book was a fake—and I found a differing voice in the Book of Mormon than in the Old Testament where David didn't kill Saul. So I didn't believe, and remained a Gentile to whom the dog catching duties could be entrusted so as to keep disputes between dog owners and the city out of the Ward.

The Elect is not a nation of fleshly bodies except as the Father foreknew, predestined, called, justified, and glorified a people to be younger siblings of Christ Jesus, the First of His firstborn sons. And as Christ Jesus received the indwelling of God the Father when the divine breath of God [*pneuma Theou*] in the bodily form of a dove entered into Jesus (Mark 1:10, the Greek icon, *eis*) — and as life from the Father remained in the inner self (soul) of Jesus even when He was crucified, died physically, and was buried for three days and three nights (the 15th, 16th, and 17th of *Aviv*; April 25th, 26th, 27th, Julian, in the year 31 CE) [this is what Peter addresses in 1 Pet

3:18–20] — the Elect receive the indwelling of Christ Jesus when the Elect are born of God through receiving the breath of God in the breath of Christ [*pneuma Christou*].

If one of the Elect were thrown into the lions' den, the Father and the Son would both be in the person and not outside of the person. The rescuer of the person is, therefore, within the person.

The concept of praying with holy hands lifted, a concept found in the Pastoral Epistles (1 Tim 2:8), visually suggests that God is *up there*, far from the disciple. As a sign, praying with uplifted hands works against the reality that for the Elect, God is in Christ Jesus who is in the inner self of the person, thereby placing God at the core of what it means to be a human person. This means that God is not like a giant *Over-soul*, Emerson's conception of God, or like any previous visualization of God. Rather, it means that we—our inner selves—are to God as our fleshly bodies are to our souls, our inner selves, which cannot be isolated so that they can be examined with tape measure and balance beam.

We cannot measure and weigh God, thereby establishing what His *body mass index* is. We cannot reach across space and time to touch His face. We don't need to; for we are created in His image and in His likeness.

Greater Christendom is not the oldest religion, nor the biggest, nor even of God. Rather, Christianity as the world knows it is the derivative of a novel, a work of fiction necessary to keep alive the Jesus Movement until critical mass was achieved. To prevent rupturing the suspension of disbelief that permitted Acts to be read historically, real events were fictionalized, thereby transforming these events into the stock motifs of Greek novels, a genre of narrative that is no longer read because its tales are not believable.

A decade ago I was called to reread prophecy, and the work I have done up to this piece has been easily written. Even making the case for Acts being a novel has not been difficult. What's difficult is the movement of God from "out there" to being at the core of the person; for Christians want God "out there," not inside them where He will permit no hypocrisy without taking the person's life from inside out.

That is what's at stake. When God is "out there" a person might be able to hide from God; might be able to conceal a secret sin, a secret delight, a fantasy, a fetish. But when God is inside the person, there is no hiding anything. The Christian who doesn't want to love his or her worthless brother-in-law or neighbor is betrayed by the person him or herself. The secret thoughts of a person's mind are made with Christ Jesus watching the formation of the thoughts, which will be made known to God if not covered by the garment of Jesus' righteousness, grace.

Regardless of what Christians profess with their mouths, they do not truly believe that God exists ... if they did, they wouldn't behave as if He doesn't. They wouldn't even attempt to enter into His presence on the day after the Sabbath; they would keep the Sabbath.

When I sold the shop (March 1979) and bought a boat, setting sail for first Kodiak then Dutch Harbor, with five skates of groundline and an eight inch pothauler, a thousand hooks and snaps, there were about two hundred people attending services in each, Kenai, Anchorage, and Wasilla, with thirty-five in Fairbanks. But the numbers are no longer there. Their faith was destroyed by a pipsqueak scholar who hated everything Armstrong represented except the paycheck he received from Armstrong. (I bought another five skates of groundline at Kodiak so I had ten skates when I set sail for Dutch Harbor.)

Sigmund Freud wrote of an unconscious resistance to knowledge, resistance to learning, and this will be the case when Christians discover that Acts is a novel, and not necessarily historical. But again, Acts is supposed to be part of canonical Scripture. It's not part of the canon by mistake. It is in the canon to keep alive the 1st-Century Jesus Movement when Christ Jesus didn't return during the lifetimes of the first disciples, lifetimes that passed mostly without significant incidents, lifetimes that passed as Mordecai's life passed without spectacular events occurring to him.

Certainly someone will think that me having seas flattened when I needed them calmed was spectacular, but not really

PERSPECTIVE—

The rip was running rough
But our ice was melting fast
We had to sell this load of halibut
Had to cross Akutan Pass
Had to reach Unalaska and Unisea
Before warm weather stole hard work
But the heavy water beyond Lava Point
Caused me to hesitate
Should have caused me to turn around—
The seas were building
A storm was brewing

I could feel the quivering
Tension in cold Bering water
Wind transferred strength
From two hundred miles away;

I didn't know much when I set sail
From Homer, my wife for crew—
Had learned to read chart
Run a compass course
Tie knots as a Boy Scout
Had learned to fish
To feed myself and my family
Had also learned God hates divorce
So to save a marriage
I sold what I knew
Bought this boat
And charted a new course.

We didn't have much time
To get around Priest Rock
Before seas would be too rough
So I headed into the rip—
The rolling rocked us as ripples
Became racks of water threefourfive
Feet high, rising, falling, jumping
Jumping, moving, stretching, jumping—

On our crossing from Homer to Kodiak
Even in the Barrens, we had flat seas
Although we did see a little rough water
In Shuyak Pass
But nothing like this—
The rip became ridges
Six, eight feet high
Ridges that seemed too high
Too rough for any boat our size
Ridges that wrenched rudder
Making steering impossible.
I was on the throttle, off
On again, trying to keep up
Stay ahead, keep our bow
Into the next sea—
The ridges steepened
Felt like cliffs
That *sluffed* away under us
Letting us fall ten
Twelve feet—
Twelve became twenty
As the ridges
Became spikes
Jumping, leaping, straining
Timbers and nails—
Pitched and dropped and dropped
And dropped again till
I looked at the near shore

Maybe a mile away
And wondered if I could walk
That far—

Twenty feet become thirty
Foot walls, high
As a house, then gone
Breaking beneath us
And falling away
Only to form again
Before our bow could lift—
The forward hatch cover was ripped away
Five feet of greenwater
Swept over the wheelhouse
Filling bilges
Backing up scuppers
Swamping the aft deck
Low in the water, heavy
Very heavy, the boat I knew
Couldn't take another thirty footer—
I also knew I could walk that mile

But with us heavy
Nearly helpless
The next wall was
Maybe, ten feet
And the one after that six
Hardly rough at all (from *Upriver, Beyond the Bend*)

Once I glanced at Lava Point and without doubt knew I could walk that far, the seas flattened. The incident became a non-event. Nothing happened. The dramatic became the mundane as bilge pumps run full flow all the way to Priest Rock. I also dipped more than hundred five gallon buckets of water from the cabin before reaching Priest Rock.

What had seemed like heavy seas when jogging between Akun and Akutan Islands weren't heavy at all by the time we reached Priest Rock: they were rather ordinary. And it is the non-event of no Coast Guard rescue, no boat sinking, no much of anything happening except me realizing that when faith is present—when I glanced at Lava Point that second time—there is no need to be lowered from city walls and raised in a helicopter's basket to safety.

The completion of Acts will have Paul slipping out from the fantastic to join the world of the non-eventful solutions to difficult problems.

I was called to reread prophecy, not to make disciples for Christ Jesus. I was called to do the work I have done in Volumes One and Two and in this Volume Three of *APA*. And the irony of me bearing the name Kizer, a spelling variation of the low German "Keyser," could be entirely coincidental—I certainly will concede the point—but the odds of me bearing the name Kizer as well as being called to reread prophecy changes the dynamics. Now, couple to this the odds of me, who gets severely seasick (a person can acquire a taste for bile; I know this for certain), becoming a commercial fisherman then being invited into University of Alaska Fairbanks' graduate writing program without any undergraduate English coursework beyond Freshman Composition and the same sort of thing is at work as was when that red fir snag fell: the miracle that should have been a non-event becomes an event because of what I did.

If I hadn't moved as I did—as Jacob might have when wrestling with the Lord—I would never have known that the non-event of the snag falling beside me in a near-miss was supposed to happen, the near-miss keeping the presence of an invisible spiritual entity concealed from both myself and the Catskiner.

That's not what happened: what did happen, however, was a whole lot less dramatic than those things that make up the novelesque motifs of Acts. But what happened was dramatic enough that I began to wonder why I had felt compelled to kneel briefly as ask for protection that morning when I hadn't done so for a week. Something was at work inside of me, and the future was foreknown by what was inside of me.

And this, my friends, was what happened to *the Paul of his epistles* in the 1st-Century. His story, like mine, would have been much less dramatic than what is recorded in Acts.

If the *Paul* of Acts had not appealed to *Kaisar*, I would be troubled by a Greek novel being part of Holy Writ. I would wonder, considering Matthew's messed up genealogy, just how much of the New Testament was truly trustworthy. Would endtime Christians have to do what 1st-Century Christians did, preach Christ entirely from the Old Testament? But because of the appeal to *Kaisar*, because there isn't anyone else doing the work I am doing; because I know my story in detail—and because I'm certain what happened to Paul was not significantly different from what has happened to me—I am not quick to dismiss Acts, but rather, I marvel at the mind and ability to transcend time of the One who is able to set before the world a novel concealed as true history, then unseal that novel through a course of events stretching across forty years (1972–2012), fifty years actually.

If all that I have written in this Volume Three of *APA* is true (it is), then time is short, very short. It would behoove the *Philadelphian* to prepare to endure a difficult period that will descend upon all of the world shortly.

Unlike Herbert Armstrong who wanted more prestige and more money to deliver a warning message to the English speaking peoples, this prestige and money coming via making disciples for himself, I was not called to make disciples or to broadcast a warning message. I was called to reread, reconceptualize biblical prophecy; I was called to judge the *Paul* of Acts, either setting him free or condemning him to death. It is up to Christ Jesus to warn those whom He wants warned ... it is my job to make sure the warning will be out there for anyone to find.

Now, is there an essential endtime man? NO!! My story, those things that I have experienced are not significantly different from what other sons of God have experienced. And it is in my story where the dull external lives of born-from-above Christians meet the fictionalized boilerplate motifs of Greek novels.

Actually, realizing that Acts is a novel is exciting, even humbling; for this means a rethink of all Christianity, means looking inward to where Christ Jesus dwells, to where the Father dwells in Christ Jesus. This means that for all of my shortcomings, I was known by the Lord before I was born. And above all, this means returning miracles to their rightful place in Christendom.

One more example (like one last cast before quitting a fishing hole), consider:

Now Shephatiah the son of Mattan, Gedaliah the son of Pashhur, Jucal the son of Shelemiah, and Pashhur the son of Malchiah heard the words that Jeremiah was saying to all the people, "Thus says the Lord: He who stays in this city shall die by the sword, by famine, and by pestilence, but he who goes out to the Chaldeans shall live. He shall have his life as a prize of war, and live. Thus says the Lord: This city shall surely be given into the hand of the army of the king of Babylon and be taken." Then the officials said to the king, "Let this man be put to death, for he is weakening the hands of the soldiers who are left in this city, and the hands of all the people, by speaking such words to them. For this man is not seeking the welfare of this people, but their harm." *King Zedekiah said, "Behold, he is in your hands, for the king can do nothing against you." So they took Jeremiah and cast him into the cistern of Malchiah, the king's son, which was in the court of the guard, letting Jeremiah down by ropes. And there was no water in the cistern, but only mud, and Jeremiah sank in the mud.* When Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, a eunuch who was in the king's house, heard that they had put Jeremiah into the cistern—the king was sitting in the Benjamin Gate—*Ebed-melech went from the king's house and said to the king, "My lord the king, these men have done evil in all that they did to Jeremiah the prophet by casting him into the cistern, and he will die there of hunger, for there is no bread left in the city." Then the king commanded Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, "Take thirty men with you from here, and lift Jeremiah the prophet out of the cistern before he dies." So Ebed-melech took the men with him and went to the house of the king, to a wardrobe in the storehouse, and took from there old rags and worn-out clothes, which he let down to Jeremiah in the cistern by ropes. Then Ebed-melech the Ethiopian said to Jeremiah, "Put the rags and clothes between your armpits and the ropes." Jeremiah did so. Then they drew Jeremiah up with ropes and lifted him out of the cistern. And Jeremiah remained in the court of the guard.* (Jer 38:1–13 emphasis added)

Certainly being cast into the well/cistern was traumatic, but there was no splitting of the earth in two and the earth puking Jeremiah forth. Rather, a servant of the king went to him and told him that he had made a mistake, thereby placing Ebed-melech's life in danger as Ester had placed her life in danger. And the king thought better of what he had permitted, and ordered Jeremiah pulled up from the mud at the bottom of the well and returned to the court of the guard.

For Jeremiah, the period he spent in the mud was analogous to the night Daniel spent in the lions' den. For both, nothing much novelesque happened. They probably passed their time praying, but not frantically praying. Rather, with the same assurance I felt when I glanced at Lava Point that second time and knew I could

walk the mile to land, they thanked the Lord for the inner peace that comes with absolute faith. They knew that they would live or die according to the Lord's will, that nothing was going to happen to them that took the Lord by surprise. Nothing will happen to the Elect that can possibly take the Father and the Son by surprise for both are inside the soul of the foreknown and glorified Christian.

As Job thought the Lord had abandoned him, Jeremiah would have had momentary doubts. But these doubts would have been fleeting thoughts, coming at the person as a heavy sea comes upon a vessel, tossing it about for a moment, then passing on to expend its energy against a far shoreline, where it grinds rocks in gravel and gravel into sand.

When a text—any text—doesn't reflect traumatic events as really non-events, the text doesn't faithfully describe what happens to Christians who have trials and tests, who sometimes fail these tests and have to repeat trials, but for whom the resolution of tests come via faith and look like non-happenings, such as Abraham finding a ram entangled in brush for his sacrifice (Gen 22:13).

Could Abraham really have found a ram tangled in a ticket? I once came upon a ram, one blackberry cane crossing his back, entangled in his wool, holding him down. The ram had fought to free himself and had given up. He was down and ready to die; he had been down for at least a day. I went to untangle him. He stood, and just as I was about to touch him, he lunged forward, breaking free from the berry cane, scampering away ... he was more afraid of me than of dying.

And the above might be the case for Christians who continue to believe that Acts is genuine history. Remember, John wrote,

See what kind of love the Father has given to us, that we should be called children of God; and so we are. The reason why the world does not know us is that it did not know him. Beloved, we are God's children now, and what we will be has not yet appeared; but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, because we shall see him as he is. And everyone who thus hopes in him purifies himself as he is pure. Everyone who makes a practice of sinning also practices lawlessness; sin is lawlessness. You know that he appeared to take away sins, and in him there is no sin. No one who abides in him keeps on sinning; no one who keeps on sinning has either seen him or known him. Little children, let no one deceive you. Whoever practices righteousness is righteous, as he is righteous. Whoever makes a practice of sinning is of the devil, for the devil has been sinning from the beginning. The reason the Son of God appeared was to destroy the works of the devil. No one born of God makes a practice of sinning, for God's seed abides in him, and he cannot keep on sinning because he has been born of God. *By this it is evident who are the children of God, and who are the children of the devil: whoever does not practice righteousness is not of God, nor is the one who does not love his brother.* For this is the message that you have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another. (1 John 3:1–11 emphasis added)

The children of God, as opposed to the children of the Adversary, keep the Commandments and have love for their brother and neighbor—and having love for the unlovable is miraculous.

*

Some scholarly work has been done on so-called Sophists novels, authored by Second Sophists, writers of the 1st and 2nd Centuries CE who sought to imitate in their style the writings of the Greek glory period of the 4th and 5th Centuries BCE. (This propensity for imitation is important.) And what modern scholarship has ascertained is that these novels cannot be retrieved as they were received for the heteroglossia of the period was an important aspect of their style.

The Second Sophists were centered in primarily three cities, Athens, Ephesus, and Smyrna, with two of these three having 1st-Century Christian congregations of significance. And these Sophists wrote for a literate audience that was primarily first-language Latin speakers who had learned Greek as a second language. Thus, even without the many voices of the lower classes incorporated into the mindsets of their readers, the Sophists produced doubled-voiced text of the sort that the author of Hebrews identifies the word of God: "For the word of God is living and active, sharper than any double-lipped sword, piercing to the division of soul [*psuche*] and spirit [*pneuma*], of joints and of marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart" (Heb 4:12).

What modern scholarship is able to retrieve when studying the texts of Sophists' novels is one voice, that which pertains to the division of joints and marrow. All that is philosophical or theological was contained in the heteroglossia inserted into the usually clean and spare though fantastical prose of these novels by their audience. For example, a reader of the period upon encountering Judas Iscariot falling headlong and his bowels gushing out would not have believed that a person dies by falling headlong and having bowels break the skin covering stomach muscles and bust out, but when encountering the motif would have recognized Judas as an

exceedingly bad guy and read the motif as “a betrayer died” — how Judas died would have been unimportant to the reader of the novel; the important concept was that he died in a manner identifying him as evil.

Endtime readers do not hear the additional “voices” that a 1st or 2nd Century reader in, say, Ephesus “heard” when reading a Sophist novel. Rather, because these voices were permanently silenced when the Roman Empire was “Christianized,” Acts the novel became Acts the authentic history of the early Church as the Greek and Latin Churches were constructed on a fiction—not Christ Jesus as the unique Son of God the Creator, but upon the apostles *Peter and Paul of Acts* ... note, when Paul of his epistles went to Jerusalem to meet privately with those who seemed to be pillars, James, Cephas, and John (Gal 2:9), John was indeed present. But where is John in Acts the novel at the time of the Jerusalem Conference? He’s not present. In fact, in Acts, John is MIA from when he and Peter re-baptized those whom Philip had baptized in Samaria (the concept of rebaptism is only found in Acts).

Because the multiplicity of voices and dialectical language that a 1st-Century reader heard in his or her mind when reading a Sophist novel are not heard by modern readers of the same words—these words complete of themselves but complete as single voiced words—a double-voiced (double-lipped) novel becomes monoglot history that cannot be factually believed without an absolute suspension of disbelief.

There is an aspect of novels that has not been well understood by the general reading public: the element of humor or parody. Even in a modern action-adventure novel, the over-the-top action of, say, a James Bond type of character is a parody of what it takes to pull off a mission such as the killing of Osama bin Laden, or the Israeli raid at Entebbe. The “romance” found in a Harlequin Romance forms parodies of real romance between one man and one woman for a lifetime. Even the sexual exploits found in porn novels parody the most adventuresome of fornicators. Yes, even the fictionalized motifs of Westerns—the fast draw gunfight and the good guy wearing a white hat—parody the real West where crimes were few and Wild Bill Hickok took aim and killed a man at 75 yards with his Colt .36 caliber Navy revolver in a real gunfight (those who have shot a .36 cal Colt-type revolver, with its rear sight being a notch in its hammer and the its front sight being a bead, know that any hit on a man at 75 yards is remarkable shooting, that a hit in the heart is exceptional).

The obligatory ship wreck scene in a Greek novel parodied real ship wrecks which seldom had survivors. The necessary inclusion of a ship wreck goes back at least as far as Homer’s *Odyssey* ... in late January 1980, while I was in Anchorage waiting out the weather and writing *Shelikof*, my boat sank at Dutch Harbor with the help of unidentified persons from the converted LCM, the *Columbia*. I didn’t even get my feet wet, such was my protection when my boat sank—the sinking prevented me from fishing the waters around the Four Mountains, where I had intended to fish in a couple of months.

Parody doesn’t have to be riotously funny. It simply has to poke fun at the serious (which a belly-to-belly fast draw scene does, or which a venomous snake biting Paul does) so that the serious can maintain its seriousness: a cowboy in the 19th-Century didn’t carry a handgun to shoot villains but—as I discovered at sea—because a handgun permits the body and extended arm to counteract the movement of an unstable stance as in riding a horse, making shooting a handgun when mounted more effective than shooting a long gun.

Life and death are serious affairs. A novel parodies the grim reality of facing the mundane without an escape mechanism; a novel shows that escape is not only possible, but the norm. The reader believes but doesn’t believe.

And so it was in the 1st-Century when Acts was written.

Once the spirit was received, the word of God—Holy Writ—cannot be anything but metaphorical double-voiced discourse, with one voice pertaining to the things of this world and with the other voice pertaining to the things of heaven that are revealed by the things that have been made (see Rom 1:20). But the extra voices, the variations within voices, the heteroglossia of Hellenism that would have caused no literate 1st-Century CE reader to believe that Judas Iscariot’s belly really burst when he fell headlong to the ground has been silenced by the space-time trope rolling forward, encountering the printing press and the “silence” of typographical inscription.

Reading became a solitary activity once books were made readily available and affordable by the printing press. However, because reading became a solitary endeavor, what a reader didn’t know, didn’t culturally “hear” when beginning to read a book, the reader still didn’t “hear” when finishing the book even though the reader knew more when finishing than when beginning to read. Knowledge doesn’t produce cultural *noise*. Nor is knowledge able to mimic the dialectical voices of a people.

The liberal white person who is appalled by racism in America, despite being well read about the subject, doesn’t “know” racism in the same way as the person who has been victimized by it. The physically fit person can know but cannot understand what it is for this person’s child to point to an obese person and say, “She’s fat.” Knowledge is simply an empty vessel when it is not filled with the heteroglossia of the culture. And when knowledge is welded to the heteroglossia of a people, novelization of discourse is inevitable; for the many voices, dialects of the people demand to be heard—they cannot **not** be heard, such is the nature of double-voiced discourse.

A scholar (historian, anthropologist, theologian) can obtain a large amount of knowledge about a people or a place in antiquity, but not know anything of this people or place because of what has been erased in the silencing of heteroglossia as the space-time trope rolled forward to create a new people in the same place, or a new place from the same geographical region as occurred when Celilo Falls on the Columbia was dammed and traditional tribal fishing grounds (and culture) were submerged by The Dalles Dam.

Because the heteroglossia of “Theophilus” (Acts 1:1) was silenced by the 4th-Century CE and forever erased, it is impossible for an endtime Christian to read the same novel as this Greek Lover of God read. In fact, until there is at least a faint echo of those silenced voices captured by a novelist turned critic, Acts can be nothing more than bad history. However, because Paul within Acts appealed to *Kaisar* and would have been set free if he had not done so in an ultimate case of double-voicing, I, Homer Kizer, by the power invested in me by being of the Elect and specifically called to reread prophecy, declare Paul innocent of wrongdoing worthy of death. He shall be set free forthwith.

But the completion of Acts the novel—the ending that still needs to be written—will not come until the Second Passover liberation of Israel. Then, in the worldwide cultural silence of torment, a new heteroglossia will be “heard,” one that will actually approximate that of the late 1st-Century CE, when the *Jewishness* of the Jesus Movement was being suppressed by Greek converts not born of God.

The Roman Catholic that takes much of his or her religion from Luke’s Gospel and from Acts will probably not want to read Volume Four of *A Philadelphia Apologetic* after reading this Volume Three; for in Volume Four I will look at the Gospels and at the permanency of the inscribed word ...

In the greatest love story never told, *YAH* entered His creation, thereby subjecting Himself to the God of dead ones because of His love for God and creation, us, you and me. And this is a story that needs not be told as a fictionalized tale, complete with shipwreck. This is a story that has already been told and only needs reread, but read with the many voices—traumatized, terrorized, victimized, angry voices from having been lied to for centuries—being heard in the words of the prophets. The obligatory shipwreck in this tale occurred in the days of Noah.

When I began this Volume Three of *A Philadelphia Apologetic*, it was my intention to conclude the apology with this book, but too much remains to be addressed. A Volume Four is necessary, and probably volumes after number Four.

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