

# June 2016 Newsletter

CLEAVER OF TRUTH  
MINISTRY

2558 Clem Lowell Rd  
Carrollton GA 30116  
Cell Ph (470) 241-3633

[rodneycastle73@yahoo.com](mailto:rodneycastle73@yahoo.com)

**“And God spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.”  
EXODUS 20: 1-3**

## Dear Friends and Family,

Last month was a real blessing! I was able to spend some time with some of my family. My two daughters; Traci and Mary, and Traci’s friend Sean, two granddaughters; Megan and Rachel, two great-grandsons: Nathan and Gabe. I enjoyed them all. It was so good to be with Nathan and Gabe. I haven’t been able to spend much time with them. Nathan is 5 and Gabe is 3. They are so adorable and of course I love them all so much!

Traci and Sean were able to stay longer and Rodney and I really appreciated the things they did to help us out here. They are coming back in July to help us paint our shop building!

What a blessing our children are! I thank God every day for all my children. If my son, Ray and my other grandchildren could have been here too; it would have been perfect!

## MESSAGE THIS MONTH: INSANITY

### THEIR WORD OF HONOR

The president of the Great B. Railway system laid down the letter he had just reread three times, and turned about in his chair with an expression of extreme annoyance.

“I wish it were possible,” he said, slowly, “to find one boy or man in a thousand who would receive instructions and carry them out to the letter without a single variation from the course laid down. Cornelius,” he looked up sharply at his son, who sat at a desk close by, “I hope you are carrying out my ideas with regard to your sons. I have not seen much of them lately. The lad Cyrus seems to me a promising fellow, but I am not so sure of Cornelius. He appears to be acquiring a sense of his own importance as Cornelius Woodbridge, the third, which is not desirable, sir, - not desirable. By the way, Cornelius, have you yet applied the Hezekiah Woodbridge test to your boys?”

Cornelius Woodbridge, Junior, looked up from his work with a smile. “No, I have not, father,” he said.

“It’s a family tradition; and if the proper care has been taken that the boys should not learn of it, it will be as much a test for them as it was for you and for me and for my father. You have not forgotten the day I gave it to you, Cornelius?”

“That would be impossible,” said his son, still smiling. The elder man’s somewhat stern features relaxed, and he sat back in his chair with a chuckle. “Do it at once,” he requested, “and make it a stiff one. You know their characteristics; give it to them hard. I feel pretty sure of Cyrus, but Cornelius – “ He shook his head doubtfully, and returned to his letter. Suddenly he wheeled about again.

“Do it Thursday, Cornelius,” he said, in his peremptory way, “and whichever one of them stands it shall go with us on the tour of inspection. That will be reward enough, I fancy.”

“Very well, sir,” replied his son, and the two men went on with their work without further words. They were in the habit of dispatching important business with the smallest possible waste of breath.

On Thursday morning, immediately after breakfast, Cyrus Woodbridge found himself summoned to his father’s library. He presented himself at once, a round-cheeked, bright-eyed lad of fifteen, with an air of alertness in every line of him.

“Cyrus,” said his father, “I have a commission for you to undertake, of a character which I cannot now explain to you. I want you to take this envelope” – he held out a large and bulky packet – “and, without saying anything to anyone, follow its instructions to the letter. I ask of you your word of honor that you will do so.”

The two pairs of eyes looked into each other for a moment, singularly alike in a certain intent expression, developed into great keenness in the man, but showing as yet only an extreme wide-awakeness in the boy. Cy-

rus Woodbridge had an engagement with a young friend in half an hour, but he responded, firmly: -

"I will, sir."

"On your honor?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all I want. Go to your room, and read your instructions. Then start at once."

Mr. Woodbridge turned back to his desk with the nod and smile of dismissal to which Cyrus was accustomed. The boy went to his room, opening the envelope as soon as he had closed the door. It was filled with smaller envelopes, numbered in regular order. Infolding these was a typewritten paper, which read as follows: -

"Go to the reading-room of the Westchester Library. There open envelope No. 1. Remember to hold all instructions secret. C. W., Jr.

Cyrus whistled. "That's funny! It means my date with Harold is off. Well, here goes!"

He stopped on his way out to telephone his friend of his detention, took a Westchester Avenue car at the nearest point, and in twenty minutes was at the library. He found an obscure corner and opened envelope No. 1.

"Go to office of W. K. Newton, room 703, tenth floor, Norfolk Building, X Street, reaching there by 9:30 A.M. Ask for letter addressed to Cornelius Woodbridge, Jr. On way down elevator open envelope No. 2."

Cyrus began to laugh. At the same time he felt a trifle irritated. "What's father at?" he questioned, in perplexity. "Here I am away up-town, and he orders me back to the Norfolk Building. I passed it on my way up. Must be he made a mistake. Told me to obey instructions, though. He usually knows just about why he does things."

Meanwhile Mr. Woodbridge had sent for his elder son, Cornelius. A tall youth of seventeen, with the strong family features, varied by a droop in the eyelids and a slight drawl in his speech, lounged to the door of the library. Before entering he straightened his shoulders; he did not, however, quicken his pace.

"Cornelius," said his father, promptly, "I wish to send you upon an errand of some importance, but of possible inconvenience to you. I have not time to give you instructions, but you will find them in this envelope. I ask you to keep the matter and your movements strictly to yourself. May I have from you your word of honor that I can trust you to follow the orders to the smallest detail?"

Cornelius put on a pair of eye-glasses, and held out his hand for the envelope. His manner was almost indifferent. Mr. Woodbridge withheld the packet, and spoke

with decision: "I cannot allow you to look at the instructions until I have your word of honor that you will fulfill them."

"Is not that asking a good deal, sir?"

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Woodbridge, "but no more than is asked of trusted messengers every day. I will assure you that the instructions are mine and represent my wishes."

"How long will it take?" inquired Cornelius, stooping to flick an imperceptible spot of dust from his trousers.

"I do not find it necessary to tell you."

Something in his father's voice sent the languid Cornelius to an erect position, and quickened his speech.

"Of course I will go," he said, but he did not speak with enthusiasm.

"And - your word of honor?"

"Certainly, sir." The hesitation before the promise was only momentary.

"Very well, I will trust you. Go to your room before opening your instructions."

And the second somewhat mystified boy went out of the library on that memorable Thursday morning, to find his first order one which sent him to a remote district of the city, with the direction to arrive there within three quarters of an hour.

Out on an electric car Cyrus was speeding to another suburb. After getting the letter from the tenth floor of the Norfolk Building, he had read: -

"Take cross-tow car on L Street, transfer to Louisville Avenue, and go out to Kingston Heights. Find corner West and Dwight Streets, and open envelope No. 3."

Cyrus was growing more and more puzzled, but he was also getting interested. At the corner specified he hurriedly tore open No. 3, but found, to his amazement, only the singular direction: -

"Take the Suburban Underground Road for Duane Street Station, from there, go to the Sentinel office, and secure third edition of yesterday's paper. Open envelope No. 4."

"Well, what under the sun, moon, and stars did he send me out to Kingston Heights for!" cried Cyrus aloud. He caught the next train, thinking longingly of his broken engagement with Harold Dunning, and of certain plans for the afternoon which he was beginning to fear might be thwarted if this seemingly endless and aimless excursion continued. He looked at the packet of unopened envelopes.

"It would be easy to break open the whole outfit, and see what this game is," he thought. "Never knew father to do a thing like this before. If it's a joke," - his fingers felt the seal of envelope No. 4, - "I might as well find it

out at once. Still, father never would joke with a fellow's promise the way he asked it of me. 'My word of honor' – that's putting it pretty strong. I'll see it through, of course. My, but I'm getting hungry! It must be near luncheon-time."

It was not; but by the time Cyrus had been ordered twice across the city and once up a sixteen-story building in which the elevator service was out of order, it was past noon, and he was in a condition to find envelope No. 7 a very satisfactory one: -

"Go to Cafe Reynaud on Westchester Square. Take a seat at table in left alcove. Ask waiter for card of Cornelius Woodbridge, Junior. Before ordering luncheon read envelope No. 8."

The boy lost no time in obeying this command, and sank into his chair in the designated alcove with a sigh of relief. He mopped his brow, and drank a glass of ice-water at a gulp. It was a warm October day, and the sixteen flights had been somewhat trying. He asked for his father's card, and then sat studying the attractive menu.

"I think I'll have –" He mused for a moment, then said, with a laugh, "Well, I'm about hungry enough to eat the whole thing. Bring me the -"

Then he recollected, paused, and reluctantly pulled out envelope No. 8, and broke the seal. "Just a minute," he murmured to the waiter. Then his face turned scarlet, and he stammered, under his breath, "Why – why – this can't be -"

Envelope No. 8 ought to have been bordered with black, judging by the dismay its order to a lecture hall to hear a famous electrician, caused. But the Woodbridge blood was up now, and it was with an expression resembling that of his grandfather Cornelius under strong indignation that Cyrus stalked out of the charming place to proceed grimly to the lecture hall.

"Who wants to hear a lecture on an empty stomach?" he groaned. "I suppose I'll be ordered out, anyway, the minute I sit down and stretch my legs. Wonder if father can be exactly right in his mind. He doesn't believe in wasting time, but I'm wasting it today by the bucketful. Suppose he's doing this to size me up some way; he isn't going to tire me out as quick as he thinks. I'll keep going till I drop."

Nevertheless, when, just as he was getting interested, he was ordered to go three miles to a football field, and then ordered away again without a sight of the game he had planned for a week to see, his disgust was intense. All through that long, warm afternoon he raced about the city and suburbs, growing wearier and more empty with every step. The worst of it was, the orders were

beginning to assume the form of a schedule, and commanded that he be here at 3:15, and there at 4:05, and so on, which forbade loitering, had he been inclined to loiter. In it all he could see no purpose, except the possible one of trying his physical endurance. He was a strong boy, or he would have been quite exhausted long before he reached envelope No. 17, which was the last but three of the packet. This read: -

"Reach home at 6:20 P.M. Before entering house, read No. 18."

Leaning against one of the big white stone pillars of the porch of his home, Cyrus wearily tore open envelope No. 18, and the words fairly swam before his eyes. He had to rub them hard to make sure that he was not mistaken: -

"Go again to Kingston Heights, corner West and Dwight Streets, reaching there by 6:50. Read No. 19."

The boy looked up at the windows, desperately angry at last. If his pride and his sense of the meaning of that phrase, "My word of honor," as the men of the Woodbridge family were in the habit of teaching their sons, had not both been of the strongest sort, he would have rebelled, and gone defiantly and stormily in. As it was, he stood for one long minute with his hands clenched and his teeth set; then he turned and walked down the steps away from the longed-for dinner, and out toward L Street and the car for Kingston Heights.

As he did so, inside the house, on the other side of the curtains, from behind which he had been anxiously peering, Cornelius Woodbridge, Senior, turned about and struck his hands together, rubbing them in a satisfied way.

"He's come – and gone," he cried, softly, "and he's on time to the minute!"

Cornelius, Junior, did not so much as lift his eyes from the evening paper, as he quietly answered, "Is he?" But the corners of his mouth slightly relaxed.

The car seemed to crawl out to Kingston Heights. As it at last neared its terminus, a strong temptation seized the boy Cyrus. He had been on a purposeless errand to this place once that day. The corner of West and Dwight Streets lay more than half a mile from the end of the car route, and it was an almost untenanted district. His legs were very tired; his stomach ached with emptiness. Why not wait out the interval which it would take to walk to the corner and back in a little suburban station, read envelop No. 19, and spare himself? He had certainly done enough to prove that he was a faithful messenger.

Had he? Certain old and well-worn words came into his mind; they had been in his writing-book in the early

school-days: "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Cyrus jumped off the car before it fairly stopped, and started at a hot pace for the corner of West and Dwight Streets. There must be no weak places in his word of honor.

Doggedly he went to the extreme limit of the indicated route, even taking the longest way round to make the turn. As he started back, beneath the arc light at the corner there suddenly appeared a city messenger boy. He approached Cyrus, and grinning, held out an envelope.

"Ordered to give you this," he said, "if you made connections. If you'd been later than five minutes past seven, I was to keep dark. You've got seven minutes and a half to spare. Queer orders, but the big railroad boss, Woodbridge, gave 'em to me."

Cyrus made his way back to the car with some self-congratulations that served to brace up the muscles behind his knees. This last incident showed him plainly that his father was putting him to a severe test of some sort, and he could have no doubt that it was for a purpose. His father was the sort of man who does things with a very definite purpose indeed. Cyrus looked back over the day with an anxious searching of his memory to be sure that no detail of the singular service required of him had been slighted.

As he once more ascended the steps of his own home, he was so confident that his labors were now ended that he almost forgot about envelope No. 20, which he had been directed to read in the vestibule before entering the house. With his thumb on the bell button he recollected, and with a sigh broke open the final seal: -

"Turn about, and go to Lenox Street Station, B. Railroad, reaching there by 8:05. Wait for messenger in west end of station, by telegraph office."

It was a blow, but Cyrus had his second wind now. He felt like a machine - a hollow one - which could keep on going indefinitely.

The Lenox Street Station was easily reached on time. The hands of the big clock were only at one minute past eight when Cyrus entered. At the designated spot the messenger met him. Cyrus recognized him as the porter on one of the trains of the road of which his grandfather and father were officers. Why, yes, he was the porter of the Woodbridge special car! He brought the boy a card which ran thus: -

"Give porter the letter from Norfolk Building, the card received at restaurant, the lecture coupon, yesterday evening's *Sentinel*, and the envelope received at Kingston Heights."

Cyrus silently delivered up these articles, feeling a sense of thankfulness that not one was missing. The porter went away with them, but was back in three minutes.

"This way, sir," he said, and Cyrus followed, his heart beating fast. Down the track he recognized the "Fleet-wing," President Woodbridge's private car. And Grandfather Cornelius he knew to be just starting on a tour of his own and other roads, which included a flying trip to Mexico. Could it be possible?—

In the car his father and grandfather rose to meet him. Cornelius Woodbridge, Senior, was holding out his hand.

"Cyrus, lad," he said, his face one broad, triumphant smile, "you have stood the test, the Hezekiah Woodbridge test, sir, and you may be proud of it. Your word of honor can be depended upon. You are going with us through nineteen States and Mexico. Is that reward enough for one day's hardships?"

"I think it is, sir," agreed Cyrus, his round face reflecting his grandfather's smile, intensified.

"Was it a hard pull, Cyrus?" questioned the senior Woodbridge with interest.

Cyrus looked at his father. "I don't think so - now, sir," he said. Both gentlemen laughed.

"Are you hungry?"

"Well, just a little, grandfather."

"Dinner will be served the moment we are off. We have only six minutes to wait. I am afraid - I am very much afraid" - the old gentleman turned to gaze searchingly out of the car window into the station - "that another boy's word of honor is not -"

He stood, watch in hand. The conductor came in and remained, awaiting orders. "Two minutes more, Mr. Jefferson," he said. "One and a half - one - half a minute." He spoke sternly: "Pull out at 8:14 on the second, sir. Ah -"

The porter entered hurriedly, and delivered a handful of envelopes into Grandfather Cornelius's grasp. The old gentleman scanned them at a glance.

"Yes, yes - all right!" he cried, with the strongest evidences of excitement Cyrus had ever seen in his usually quiet manner. As the train made its first gentle motion of departure, a figure appeared in the doorway. Quietly, and not at all out of breath, Cornelius Woodbridge, Third, walked into the car.

The Grandfather Woodbridge grew impressive. He advanced, and shook hands with his grandson as if he were greeting a distinguished member of the board of directors. Then he turned to his son, and shook hands with him also, solemnly. His eyes shone through his

gold-rimmed spectacles, but his voice was grave with feeling.

"I congratulate you, Cornelius," he said, "on possessing two sons whose word of honor is above reproach. The smallest deviation from the outlined schedule would have resulted disastrously. Ten minutes' tardiness at the different points would have failed to obtain the requisite documents. Your sons did not fail. They can be depended upon. The world is in search of men built on those lines. I congratulate you, sir."

Cyrus was glad presently to escape to his stateroom with Cornelius. "Say, what did you have to do?" he asked, eagerly. "Did you trot your legs off all over town?"

"Not much, I didn't!" said Cornelius, grimly, from the depths of a big towel. "I spent the whole day in a little hole of a room at the top of an empty building, with just ten trips down the stairs to the ground floor to get envelopes at certain minutes. I had not a crumb to eat nor a thing to do, and could not even snatch a nap for fear I'd oversleep one of my dates at the bottom."

"I believe that was worse than mine," commented Cyrus, reflectively.

"I should say it was. If you don't think so, try it."

"Dinner, boys," said their father's voice at the door, and they lost no time in responding. – *Grace S. Richmond, in Youth's Companion.*

NOTE: Our Heavenly Father has given us the Bible which is a set of rules of instruction to follow, and just like the boys in the above story, it may sometimes be hard to understand why we should obey these rules. However, we must be like the boys and follow them to the letter, trusting that our Father knows what is best for our lives. Our reward will be far greater than just a tour of this United States; our final home will be in the New Jerusalem, the home of the saved and we will have all eternity to tour the universe!

### HEALTH NUGGET TEN FOOD LABEL ENTRIES THAT SHOULD SEND YOU RUNNING

(NaturalNews) There are billions of consumers out there and only a few manufacturers of food. This means that to meet consumer demands, manufacturing companies need efficient processes in order to be in the competition. Enter food additives that serve to present and preserve packaged foods for consumer satisfaction. Thanks to federal laws, companies are now required to print all food ingredients on food packages. That means we are

allowed to choose what we eat. Here are 10 of the food additives that we need to stay away from:

**Sodium nitrate and sodium nitrite** - A food preservative; helps retain red coloring in processed meat products. **Effects:** Its chemical component contains carcinogens, and when accumulated in the body, can lead to stomach, prostate and breast cancers. It has also been found to cause fetal deaths, miscarriages, and birth defects among animals in the laboratory. **Option:** Seek for nitrate or nitrite-free meatproducts.

**Butylated hydroxytoluene (BHT) and Butylated hydroxyanisole (BHA)** - Common among processed foods and also in cereals, potato chips, vegetable oils, and chewing gum. **Effects:** Increases the risk of cancer development, liver enlargement, and hampers cell growth.

**Propyl gallate** - Found in stocked chicken soup, gum, and in a few processed meat products. **Effect:** Still being suspected as a carcinogen, propyl gallate is found to cause gastrointestinal, kidney, and liver problems.

**Monosodium glutamate (MSG)** -An artificial flavor enhancer, MSG is found in canned soups, chips, crackers, salad dressings, and frozen foods. It is also disguised under label entries like "spices," "natural flavoring," and "seasonings. As well as many other names" **Effects:** Found to cause dizziness and nausea.

**Hydrogenated vegetable oil** - Known as a trans fat, this can be found in microwave popcorn, chips, pastries, cookies, pies, cakes, lard, margarine, cottonseed oil, and palm kernel oil. **Effects:** Cardiovascular diseases like stroke, kidney failure, and other heart diseases. **Options:** Virgin olive oil and other monounsaturated fats.

**Aspartame** - An ingredient in gelatin, frozen desserts, yogurt, puddings, diet sodas, low-calorie diets, and children's vitamins. **Effect:** Can cause food poisoning and makes up the bulk of consumer complaints directed to the FDA. **Options:** Xylitol and Stevia which are natural sweeteners.

**Acesulfame-K** - Food sweetener and has been recently approved by the FDA as a food additive in baked goods, diet soda, gelatin desserts, and chewing gums. **Option:** Xylitol and Stevia as healthy sweeteners.

**Food colorings 1, 2, 3, and 6** - These are blue, red, green, and yellow. Used in beverages, baked goods, and candies, cherries, fruit cocktail, sausage, and gelatin. **Effects:** Causes tumors in the different parts of the body like the kidneys and adrenal glands.

**Olestra or olean** - Artificial fat preventing healthy fat absorption in the digestive system and can be found in potato chips. **Effects:** Found to cause diarrhea, intestinal problems, and other gastrointestinal problems.

**Potassium bromated** – A bleaching agent in white flour and can be found in pizza dough, breads, and rolls.

**Effect:** Found to cause cancer in both animals and humans. **Option:** Un-bromated flour products.

**Other additives that are harmful also - High Fructose Corn Syrup and Sodium chloride**

### I CAN SLEEP WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

A young man applying for a job on a farm was asked what he knew how to do. He replied, "Sir, I know nothing about farm work, but I can sleep when the wind blows." The farmer did not understand, but as he was desperate for help, he employed the young man. A few nights later a terrible storm blew in. The farmer was wakened and ran to the young man's room. There, just as he had said, he was sleeping through the storm. Rather than trying to awaken the youth, the farmer himself ran out to the barn to check the animals and equipment. He found the doors to the barn tightly shut. The animals were in their shelter, properly secured.

Then he remembered the pile of straw the wind would be blowing in all directions, but he found it covered with canvas and tied down. Everything was secure. On the way back to the house, he remembered what the young man had said: "I can sleep when the wind blows." And he understood. What about us? Can we have the confidence to live through life's storms? Are we fulfilling all our obligations to God? Are our "chores" done? —Olden Cook "I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." (2 TIMOTHY 4:7-8)

### ANGER

Jim Taylor tells a story about his friend, Ralph Milton. One morning Ralph woke up at five o'clock to a noise that sounded like someone repairing boilers on his roof. Still in his pajamas, he went into the back yard to investigate. He found a woodpecker on the TV antenna, "pounding its little brains out on the metal pole." Angry at the little creature who ruined his sleep, Ralph picked up a rock and threw it. The rock sailed over the house, and he heard a distant crash as it hit his car. In utter disgust, Ralph took a vicious kick at a clod of dirt, only to remember—too late—that he was still in his bare feet. Uncontrolled anger, as Ralph learned, can sometimes be its own reward – Currents

"An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression" Proverbs 29:22

## FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOKS

### SLOPPY JOES

8 oz. package frozen Vegan Tofurkey slow roasted "chick'n Barbecue", thawed and cut in very small pieces (I find this in our Kroger Store)

1 Tbsp olive oil

¾ cup onion, chopped

¾ cup green or red bell pepper, chopped fine

2 ½ cups ketchup (I make my own)

¼ cup tomato paste

¼ cup brown sugar

2 Tbsp apple cider vinegar

2 Tbsp dry mustard

1 tsp sea salt (or to taste)

1 and 2/3 cup water

Saute' onions and peppers (cook about 4-5 minutes).

Add remaining ingredients, stirring frequently. Reduce heat to low and cook for 20-30 minutes or until mixture thickens slightly.

Serve on large buns with coleslaw or whatever else you like.

### KETCHUP

1 cup tomato paste

1 8 oz can tomato sauce

1/3 cup lemon juice (fresh is best)

1/3 cup water

2 tsp onion powder

1 tsp garlic powder

1 tsp paprika

½ tsp basil

1 tsp salt

1/8 tsp cumin

**Mix all ingredients in saucepan, stirring well. Bring to a boil and simmer 10 minutes. Cool, refrigerate. If this is too thick you can thin with water until the right consistency. (This keeps in refrigerator about a week, so you may want to make it in smaller amounts.)**

**That's it for this month.**

**Remember God loves you and so do we!**

**Katie and Rodney Armstrong**

## INSANITY

INSANITY- the condition of not having a healthy mind.

SANITY- opposite of insanity; the condition based on reason or good judgment.

Lucifer a covering cherub, probably the first angel ever created and second in command of the angels under Christ; became insanely jealous of his Creator and Master and made the choice of trying to unseat Christ and take His place as god. This was not a sound decision.

The prophet Isaiah, looking forward to the time of Satan's overthrow, exclaims: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! ... Thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: ... I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that *opened not the house of his prisoners?*" Isaiah 14:12-17

Adam and Eve were created in the image of God, a little lower than the angels. "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness. ... So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Genesis 1:26, 27

"Adam and Eve were made but 'little lower' than the angels." (Hebrews 2:7)

When Adam and Eve chose to disobey God and to partake of the forbidden fruit of *the tree of the knowledge of good and evil* they also made an insane choice; thereby causing their offspring, all the inhabitants of earth, to be born with a mental, spiritual and physical defect. We are dwarfs mentally, spiritually and physically compared to our first parents when they were created.

As soon as sin entered the earth mankind began to deteriorate in every way. Cain in a fit of jealousy killed his brother Abel. God honored Abel and his choice of a sacrifice where Cain's sacrifice was not honored because he did not bring what God asked of him.

"When the fire was not kindled under the offering of Cain, he was exceedingly wroth, not with himself, but with Abel and the Lord. The hot fire of passion burned in his heart. Condescending to come down to his level, the Lord met Cain, and said, "Why are thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, (obey the word of the Lord) shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door." {Lt71-1896 1.7100} Genesis 4: 6, 7

A sane choice would have been to repent and obey God.

If Adam and Eve had obeyed God and not sinned the earth would have been inhabited with holy, happy, loving and super intelligent healthy beings.

In Noah's day there must have been millions of inhabitants on the earth. (Just think, people lived almost a thousand years. How many children can a woman have in that length of time?) Because of their wickedness God destroyed the world in the great flood. Only eight persons were saved. This is insanity!!!

As a result of their bad reasoning, the inhabitants of Sodom, Gomorrah and the other cities of the plain had turned to a life of homosexuality. "Abraham pleaded with God not to destroy them and God said if there be ten righteous inhabitants He would not destroy them. "Peradventure ten will be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake." Genesis 18:32} Ten persons could not be found and only three persons were saved. This is insanity!!!

God gave to the Israelites His holy oracles, the Ten Commandments, to live by and share with the world. What did they do with them? They disregarded them and refused to share them. In Christ's day they were in bondage to the Romans because of their insane choices. God promised He would give them prosperity in every way if they would obey Him.

"The Lord hath avouched thee this day to be His peculiar people, as He hath promised thee, and that thou shouldest keep all His commandments; and to make thee high above all nations which He hath made, in praise, and in name, and in honor; and that thou mayest be an holy people unto the Lord thy God, as He hath spoken." Deuteronomy 26:18, 19.

"And all these blessings shall come on thee, and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the

Lord thy God. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field. Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out." Deuteronomy 28:2-6

"Take heed to yourselves," the Lord had admonished His people, "that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them; and then the Lord's wrath be kindled against you, and He shut up the heaven, that there be no rain, and that the land yield not her fruit; and lest ye perish quickly from off the good land which the Lord giveth you." Deuteronomy 11:10-17.

My friends, look around you, is it not insanity? What do you see but sickness and suffering because the majority of people refuse to honor God by obeying him? Every pain, death, sorrow, war or calamity where lives are lost is due to insane choices. When will we learn? Why will we continue to disregard God's pleas to repent, obey Him and love and treat our fellow humans fairly? This is what God's Ten Commandments are all about. Just read the ten commands straight from the Bible and not the abbreviated versions.

You will see that the first four have to do with our relationship with God. I think the reason most people will not yield to God is they want to control their own lives. They say, "it's my life and I will live it the way I choose." I beg to differ with them because **no one** is in charge of their own life. If we do not choose to let God be our master Satan will become our master by default. Look around you and you will see the results of people thinking they are making their own choices.

The last six commandments have to do with our family, neighbors and the rest of the world. It is selfishness and pride, the attributes we inherited from God's enemy, Satan, which causes us to treat others unfairly.

We are to honor our mothers and fathers. Just recently I saw in the news that a teenager killed his entire family in New Mexico.

We are not to murder, steal, commit adultery, lie, or covet other's property. Yet there are ministers who

preach it is impossible to keep the Ten Commandments; I will have to agree with them.

What we need to do is get rid of selfishness and pride. The only way to rid ourselves of these attributes is to surrender ourselves and our decisions to Jesus and let Him help us with our choices. We cannot do it on our own because we are not our own. "For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." 1 Corinthians 6:19, 20 You belong to Jesus because **He created you**.

"Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: Who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature: For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Colossians 1:13-17

Dear friend there is a way out of this mess we are in and it is through Jesus. His mission is to restore us to the condition Adam and Eve were in before they sinned. **We can overcome this insanity.** God has plans to give us a new life in eternity, in the new world He will make of this degenerated one.

"I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.... And I John saw the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Revelation 21:1, 2

**"But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.** For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Matthew 24: 37-39

Friends this present life is very short at best. Even though some may live to be a hundred years old, it is nothing compared to what God has in store for us.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Corinthians 2:9



