

April 2014

Newsletter

CLEAVER OF TRUTH
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**“Though April showers may come your way;
 They bring the flowers that bloom in May.”**

Dear Family and Friends,

When I was young this was a popular song. I lived during the time when most songs told a story and had better meanings. (They were not loaded with sexual innuendos, loud repetitions etc.) Today I can't even understand the words that are being chanted, especially the rap music. Of course there are some exceptions but most modern music does not have very good moral meanings.

Everyone has a right to their choice of music as well as how they live their lives. God gives us all free choices in this life. And we must not prevail against anyone's choice of 'anything' either! But sometimes it is sad to see what some of those choices are!

God gives us a free choice to love and serve Him or we can go our own way and live however we want. But I will say this; someday there will be an accounting made of our choices. Let us search our hearts and be sure our choices are the right ones!

Our message this month is: IS YOUR CHURCH A CULT?

A TRUE STORY by Catherine Moore

"Watch out! You nearly broadsided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. A lump rose in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle.

"I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt.

Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back. At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts... dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What could I do about him?

Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often.

The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess.

The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he couldn't lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever anyone teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man.

Four days after his sixty-seventh birthday, he had a heart attack. An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing.

At the hospital, Dad was rushed into an operating room. He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would help him adjust.

Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I



was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

Alarmed, Dick sought our pastor and explained the situation. Our clergyman set up weekly counseling appointments for us. At the close of each session he prayed, asking God to soothe Dad's troubled mind. But the months wore on and God was silent. Something had to be done and it was up to me to do it.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain.

Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices suddenly exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article."

I listened as she read. The article described a remarkable study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons too big, too small, too much hair. As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. It was a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed.

Years had etched his face and muzzle with shades of gray. His hip bones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention; Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?"

The officer looked then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appeared out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?"

"Ma'am," he said gently, "that's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog." Again the calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said.

I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch...

"Ta-da...Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

Dad looked then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it" Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!"

Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed.

At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then slowly, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently then Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer 'Cheyenne'. Together he and Cheyenne explored the community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for tasty trout. They even started to attend church services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends.

Then late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly sometime during the night.

Two days later, my shock and grief deepened when I found Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed.

I wrapped his still form in the rag rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me in restoring Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I

walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church.

The pastor began his eulogy; It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life.

And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. "Do not neglect to show hospitality to strangers, for by this some have entertained angels without knowing it." "I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the right article... Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter...his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father and the proximity of their deaths. And suddenly I understood...I knew that God had answered my prayers after all.

Life is too short for drama or petty things, so laugh hard, love truly and forgive quickly. Live while you are alive. Forgive now those who made you cry. You might not get a second time.

HEALTH NUGGET

HEALTH SECRETS OF THE HUNZAS

How would you like to live in a land where cancer has not yet been invented? A land where an optometrist discovers to his amazement that everyone has perfect 20-20 vision? A land where cardiologists cannot find a single trace of coronary heart disease? How would you like to live in a land where no one ever gets ulcers, appendicitis or gout? A land where men of 80 and 90 father children, and there's nothing unusual about men and women enjoying vigorous life at the age of 100 or 120? Or even to survive to the incredible age of 145?

If you want the benefits of pure air, pure water and the mental and spiritual peace that comes from living in a land where there is no crime, taxes, social striving or generation gaps, no banks or stores-in fact,-no money-where are you going to find it?

Most of you have already guessed the answer: The beautiful land of HUNZA. This land has come to be known as "the roof of the world – Hunza is a tiny country with a population of only 30,000, hidden in the mountain passes of northwest Pakistan situated at the extreme northern point of India, where the borders of Kashmir, China, India and Afghanistan meet.

It is said that this tiny group of people, residing in an inaccessible valley about (9000 feet) above sea level, are more or less completely cut off from the outside

world. It is also said that they are the happiest people on earth.

Another important point to understand is that the health of the Hunzas is not characterized by the simple absence of disease, although that in itself is quite an accomplishment. More than just not being affected by diseases that strike down so many of our peers in the prime of life, the Hunzas seem to possess boundless energy and enthusiasm, and at the same time are surprisingly serene. Compared to the average Hunza, a westerner of the same age - even one who is considered extremely fit - would seem sickly. And not only seem sickly, but actually be sick!

The life expectancy of the average Westerner is about 70 years. The life expectancy of the average Hunza falls onto a different scale altogether - these people reach both physical and intellectual maturity at the venerable age of one hundred! This fact emphasizes the relative nature of what we refer to as normal.

At one hundred years old, a Hunza is considered neither old nor even elderly. Even more extraordinary is the fact that Hunzas remain surprisingly youthful in all ways, no matter what their chronological age is.

According to a number of sources, it is not uncommon for 90 year old Hunza men to father children. Hunza women of 80 or more look no older than a western woman of 40 - and not only any woman, but one who is in excellent shape.

Are the Hunzas really all that healthy? That was the question on the mind of cardiologists Dr. Paul D. White and Dr. Edward G. Toomey, who made the difficult trip up the mountain paths to Hunza, toting along with them a portable, battery-operated electrocardiograph. In the American Heart Journal for December, 1964, the doctors say they used the equipment to study 25 Hunza men, who were, "on fairly good evidence, between 90 and 110 years old." Blood pressure and cholesterol levels were also tested. They reported that not one of these men showed a single sign of coronary heart disease, high blood pressure or high cholesterol.

An optometrist, Dr. Allen E. Banik, also made the journey to Hunza to see for himself if the people were as healthy as they were reputed to be, and published his report in Hunza Land (Whitehorn Publishing Co., 1960). "It wasn't long before I discovered that everything that I had read about perpetual life and health in this tiny country is true," Dr. Banik declared. "I examined the eyes of some of Hunza's oldest citizens and found them to be perfect."

Beyond more freedom from disease, many observers have been startled by the positive side of Hunza health.

Dr. Banik, for example, relates that "many Hunza people are so strong that in the winter they exercise by breaking holes in the ice-covered streams and take a swim down under the ice." Other intrepid visitors who have been there report their amazement at seeing men 80,90,and 100 years old repairing the always-crumbling rocky roads, and lifting large stones and boulders to repair the retaining walls around their terrace gardens. The oldsters think nothing of playing competitive games in the hot sun against men 50 years their juniors.

The energy and endurance of the Hunzas can probably be credited as much to what they don't eat as what they do eat. First of all, they don't eat a great deal of anything. The United States Department of Agriculture estimates that the average daily food intake for Americans of all ages amounts to 3,300 calories, with 100 grams of protein, 157 grams of fat and 380 grams of carbohydrates. In contrast, studies by Pakistani doctors show that adult males of Hunza consume a little more than 1,900 calories daily, with only 50 grams of protein, 36 grams of fat, and 354 grams of carbohydrates. Both the protein and fat are largely of vegetable origin (Dr. Alexander Leaf, National Geographic, January, 1973).

That amounts to just half the protein, one-third the fat, but about the same amount of carbohydrates that we Americans eat. Of course, the carbohydrate that the Hunzas eat is undefined or complex carbohydrate found in fruits, vegetables and grains, while we Americans largely eat our carbohydrates in the form of nutritionless white sugar and refined flour.

Needless to say, the Hunzas eat no processed food. Everything is as fresh as it can possibly be, and in its original unsalted state. The only "processing" consists of drying some fresh fruits in the sun, and making butter and cheese out of milk. No chemicals or artificial fertilizers are used in their gardens. In fact, it is against the law of Hunza to spray gardens with pesticides. Renee Taylor, in her book, *Hunza Health Secrets* (Prentice-Hall 1964) says that the Mir, or ruler of Hunza, was recently instructed by Pakistani authorities to spray the orchards of Hunza with pesticide, to protect them from an expected invasion of insects. But the Hunzas would have none of it. They refused to use the toxic pesticide, and instead sprayed their trees with a mixture of water and ashes, which adequately protected the trees without poisoning the fruit and the entire environment. In a word, the Hunzas eat as they live -organically

Interestingly enough, the Hunza approach resembles that outlined by Hippocrates, father of modern medicine, who lived over 2000 years ago in ancient Greece. The basic precept of their common notion of what con-

stitutes a proper diet is simple: the food you eat is your best medicine.

The basis of the Hunza diet, which to a large extent is dictated by the rather harsh climatic and geographical conditions of their home country, can be summed up in one word: frugality.

Hunzas eat only two meals a day. The first meal is served at twelve noon, although the Hunzas are up every morning at five a.m. This may sound surprising, since most nutrition experts here in the west stress the importance of a hearty breakfast, even though our lifestyle is relatively sedentary compared to that of the Hunzas, who engage in demanding physical labor all morning long on an empty stomach.

Unlike most Westerners, Hunzas eat primarily for the establishment and maintenance of health rather than for pleasure, although they are very meticulous when preparing their food, which, by the way, happens to be delicious!

A large part of their diet is composed of grains: barley, millet, buckwheat and wheat.

They also eat fruits and vegetables on a regular basis. For the most part, these are consumed fresh and raw, although some vegetables are cooked for a short time. Their preferred fruits and vegetables include potatoes, string beans, peas, carrots, turnip, squash, spinach, lettuce, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, cherries and blackberries. They also have a particular fondness for apricot pits. (You can get apricot seeds in your health food store, get only the dried ones which don't have all the important enzymes killed off). Almonds are eaten whole, or used to make oil through a process that has been transmitted from generation to generation.

Milk and cheese are important sources of animal protein. Meat, although not completely eliminated, is consumed only very rarely, reserved for special occasions like marriages or festivals. This fact is no doubt one of the reasons why the Hunzas have such healthy digestive systems. Even when meat is served, portions are very small: meat is cut into small pieces and stewed for a long time. Beef and mutton are rarely used - chicken is their most common source of animal protein.

Although the Hunzas are not wholly vegetarian, meat forms a very minimal part of their daily diet. They generally eat meat only once a week, if that often, and live longer and stay healthier than we do.

Like grains, fruits and vegetables, yogurt is also a staple of the Hunza diet. Yogurt, which replenishes intestinal flora, is extremely beneficial for the human organism.

Walnuts, hazelnuts, almonds, beechnuts, etc. also comprise an important part of the Hunza diet. Along with fruit, or mixed into salads, nuts often constitute an entire meal.

Of all their organically-grown food, perhaps their favorite, and one of their dietary mainstays, is the apricot. Apricot orchards are seen everywhere in Hunza, and a family's economic stability is measured by the number of trees they have under cultivation.

They eat their apricots fresh in season, and dry a great deal more in the sun for eating throughout the long cold winter. They puree the dried apricots and mix them with snow to make ice cream. Like their apricot jam, this ice cream needs no sugar because the apricots are so sweet naturally. But that is only the beginning. The Hunzas cut the pits from the fruits, crack them, and remove the almond-like nuts. The women hand-grind these kernels with stone mortars, then squeeze the meal between a hand stone and a flat rock to express the oil. The oil is used in cooking, for fuel, as a salad dressing on fresh garden greens, and even as a facial lotion (Renee Taylor says Hunza women have beautiful complexions).

Do these kernels have important protective powers which in some way play an important role in the extraordinary health and longevity of the Hunza people?

The evidence suggest they very well might. Cancer and arthritis are both very rare among the Taos (New Mexico) Pueblo Indians. Their traditional beverages is made from the group kernels of cherries, peaches and apricots. Robert G. Houston told PREVENTION that he enjoyed this beverage when he was in New Mexico gathering material for a book dealing with blender shakes based on an Indian recipe. Into a glass of milk or juice, he mixed a tablespoon of honey with freshly ground apricot kernels (1/4 of an ounce or two dozen kernels) which had been roasted for 10 minutes at 300°.

It is vitally important to roast the kernels first. Houston points out, "in order to insure safety when you are using the pits in such quantities." roasting destroys enzymes which could upset your stomach if you eat too many at one time. In any event the drink was so delicious that Houston kept having it daily. On the third day of drinking this concoction, Houston says that a funny thing happened. Two little benign skin growths on his arm, which formerly were pink had turned brown. The next day, he noticed that the growths were black and shriveled. On the seventh morning, the smaller more recent growths had vanished completely and the larger one, about the size of a grain of rice, had simply fallen off.

Houston says that two of his friends have since tried the apricot shakes and report similar elimination of benign skin growths in one or two weeks. What is there in apricot pits that could produce this remarkable effect? Some foods, especially the kernels of certain fruits and grains, contain elements known as the nitrilosides (also known as amygdalin or vitamin B 17) says Dr. Ernst T. Krebs, Jr., biochemist and co-discoverer of Laetrile, a controversial cancer treatment(Laetrile is the proprietary name for one nitriloside) Nitrilosides, says Dr. Krebs, are non-toxic water-soluble, accessory food factors found in abundance in the seeds of almost all fruits. They are also found in over 100 other plants. Wherever primitive people have been found to have exceptional health, with marked absence of malignant or degenerative disease, their diet has been shown to be high in the naturally occurring nitrilosides, Dr. Krebs maintains.

To be continued.....

NOTABLE NEWS

Fort Hood Shooter on Drugs

By [Nick Allen](#), Fort Hood, Texas 03 Apr 2014

The Army Specialist who shot dead three comrades and wounded 16 others before killing himself was on a cocktail of prescription drugs and had managed to smuggle a semi-automatic handgun on to one of America's largest military bases. Specialist Ivan Lopez, 34, who had been on prescribed drugs including antidepressants and Ambien for insomnia (Ambien is a powerful delirium drug) had been deployed to Iraq as a truck driver for four months in 2011.

After his return he told senior officers he had suffered a traumatic brain injury, but military officials said he had not been directly involved in combat and had not been wounded. A reporter from infowars.com asked specifically about the names and types of drugs Lopez had been prescribed. The Army's response, given by Lt. Gen. Mark A Milley: "He was on medications, that's correct."

According to National Journal and other reports, 22 veterans a day, on average, are committing suicide; since the beginning of the year, more than 2,000 have done so, based on Veterans Administration figures. It's gotten out of hand. Quite clearly, the military is facing what advocates call a "suicide epidemic." But nobody seems ready, willing or able to find statistics on how

many of these veterans who killed themselves this year were placed on one or more of these mind-altering drugs.

Steve Watson (infowars)

Robert Hawkins, the 19 year old who killed himself and eight other people with an assault rifle in Omaha, Nebraska had a history of treatment with psychiatric drugs for depression and ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder) and was on prozac according to [press reports](#).

Hawkins is one in a long line of shooters, all of which were on prescribed antidepressants before they snapped and decided to kill as many people as they could before taking their own lives.

Investigators believe that Cho Seung Hui, the Virginia Tech murderer, had been taking anti-depressant medication at some point before the shootings last April, according to [The Chicago Tribune](#).

Columbine shooters Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold, as well as 15-year-old Kip Kinkel, the Oregon killer who gunned down his parents and classmates, were all on psychotropic drugs.

Jeff Weise, the Red Lake High School killer [was on prozac](#), "Unabomber" Ted Kaczinski, Michael McDermott, John Hinckley, Jr., Byran Uyesugi, Mark David Chapman and Charles Carl Roberts IV, the Amish school killer, were all on SSRI psychotropic drugs.

Antidepressant drugs have never been tested on children nor approved by the FDA for use on children, however, [Scientific studies](#) proving that prozac encourages suicidal tendencies in young people and span back nearly a decade.

In 2005, it was revealed that Eli Lilly had full knowledge of a [1200% increase in suicide risk](#) for takers of their Prozac. This evidence came in the wake of findings published in the [British Medical Journal](#) a year previously.

In 2006 a report was published outlining the fact that anti-depressant drug [Paxil doubles the risk of violent behavior](#). Another study [published in the Archives of General Psychiatry](#) revealed that teens taking antidepressant drugs are more likely to commit suicide.

However, prescriptions of antidepressants and other mind-altering drugs among schoolchildren has [more than quadrupled](#) in that time, while use of behaviour-altering drugs, including Ritalin, for attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), and Modafinil, for daytime sleepiness, has soared ten-fold.

It is a well known fact among the makers of these drugs that they are directly linked to behavioral disturbances including agitation, panic attacks and extreme

aggression, yet their use is so commonplace that they have now even [found their way into our drinking water](#).

Since these deadly drugs are prevalent in almost all mass shooting incidents, where is the call to ban prozac? Where is the investigation into these drugs and the big pharma corporations that are pushing them and gaining record profits? Why is the knee-jerk reaction always to attack the 2nd Amendment rights of Americans to self-defense, [a right that was exercised in January 2002](#) when students subdued a shooter at another Virginia university before he could kill more than three people because they were allowed guns on campus?

We don't need gun control we need **pharmaceutical control!**

FROM KATIE'S COOKBOOKS

EGG-FREE SALAD SANDWICH

Lunchtime! Split up those long work days and school days with a energy-packed lunch. For those of you who love(d) the taste of egg salad, this version tastes fantastic, is better for you, and is easy to whip up ahead of time so you can pack a sandwich in a flash.

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 pounds firm tofu, mashed
- 1/2 cup egg-free mayonnaise (like Veganaise)
- 1/2 medium onion, chopped
- 2 stalks celery, chopped
- 1 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 Tbsp. mustard (I make my own)
- 1/4 tsp. turmeric (for color)
- 1/4 cup parsley (optional)
- 1 Tbsp. sweet relish (optional) (I use sweet pickles made with lemon juice)

Directions: Combine all ingredients in a large bowl. Spread generously on sandwiches or crackers.

We'll see you next month.

Remember God loves you and so do we!

Katie and Rodney

IS YOUR CHURCH A CULT?



IS THIS YOUR LEADER?

We are living in the age of deception.

“And Jesus answered and said unto them, Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.” Matthew 24:4, 5

“And **many** false prophets shall rise, and shall deceive **many**.” Matthew 24:11

“Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?” 2 Corinthians 13:5

When something is repeated in scripture it is seriously important.

A religious cult is a group of people ‘whose devotion’ is to someone **other** than Jesus Christ.

Definitions of cult (n)

cult [kult]

1: a system of religious or spiritual beliefs, especially an informal and transient belief system regarded by others as misguided, unorthodox, extremist, or false, and directed by a charismatic, authoritarian leader

2: religious group: a group of people who share religious or spiritual beliefs, especially beliefs regarded by others as misguided, unorthodox, extremist, or false

From the definitions in the dictionaries most religious groups can be determined to be a cult, ***depending upon WHO is doing the defining.*** Your church can be determined to be a cult just because it is not popular or not appreciated by other churches.

Truth has never been popular and never will be. This sets up religious groups to be called a cult when they are only being peculiar as Christians are supposed to be. (We are supposed to be different from the world).

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” 1 John 2:15

Today It is difficult to distinguish Christians from non-Christians. We should be able to distinguish a Christian by his speech and demeanor.

Who are we really following? Could it be our pastor? If we take the pastor’s word for everything, and are not willing to study the word for ourselves, we are following man not God. No man is infallible and worthy of our devotion.

Taking man’s word for the gospel, without proving it by scripture, is how cults are formed; man following man instead of Christ.

“I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known me:” Isaiah 45:5

A **true** church is more likely to be called a cult, because of it being unpopular.

You can determine if you are prone to be cultic by your willingness to follow a leader **without proving his words**.

There are true doctrines that are not being practiced and followed because following them might cause a person to be looked down upon, criticized, and called a fanatic.

If I know truth and am not practicing it, I am not only rejecting God's word **but God Himself**.

The moment I reject truth **I Reject Jesus**. If I say I am a Christian after rejecting truth I am living a lie and following another leader other than Christ. This makes me Cultic.

Is your church not practicing true doctrines, or practicing doctrines you know are questionable? If so they are following a false leader other than Jesus.

Persons not willing to thoroughly investigate their beliefs by proving them by scripture are setting themselves up to be deceived.

We cannot form a belief or doctrine with just one or two scriptures. Scripture must be compared with scripture.

"Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little, and there a little." Isaiah 28:9, 10

Are you willing to stake your life on what you believe? Whether you realize it or not you are.

To insure that we are not in a cult we need to know what Jesus believed and taught and closely follow Him. What did He teach about death, hell, the sabbath, baptism, the second coming and other controversial doctrines? Remember He is our example

in **ALL** things. In order to follow Him we need to walk as He walked. This means to be baptized as He was baptized, keep the same worship day as He did and believe what He taught (even though it is not popular). Remember, if we **are not following Jesus** we are **following another leader and are in a cult**.

There are various groups of believers considered to be a 'cult' by main line churches. We must be careful who we call a cult lest we end up calling **Jesus a cult leader**. Just because people don't believe exactly as we do does not make them a cult. To make it simple a cult has a leader which gets devotion which only Christ deserves.

The Roman Catholic Church is the mother of cults. The pope claims to be God on earth and Mary is worshiped instead of Jesus.

The Roman Catholic Church catechism states: "**The Pope takes the place of Jesus Christ on earth...by divine right the Pope has supreme and full power in faith, in morals over each and every pastor and his flock**. He is the **true vicar**, the **head of the entire church**, the **teacher of all Christians**. He is the **infallible ruler**, the founder of dogmas, the author and the judge of councils, the **universal ruler of truth**, the arbiter of the world, the **supreme judge of heaven and earth**, the judge of all, **judged by no one. God himself on earth**"

"Most Christians assume that Sunday is the biblically approved day of worship. The **Catholic Church protests that it transferred Christian worship from the biblical Sabbath (Saturday) to Sunday**, and that to try to argue that the change was made in the Bible is both dishonest and a denial of Catholic authority. If Protestantism wants to base its teachings only on the Bible, it should worship on Saturday." (Rome's Challenge) www.immaculateheart.com/maryonline Dec 2003

Dear Christian friend, according to the Catholic Church if you worship on Sunday instead of the Bible Sabbath you are **following a cult**.

