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A hand holding a crystal ball that displays a vibrant image of a spiral galaxy with a bright blue core and pinkish-purple dust lanes, set against a starry black background. The hand is holding the crystal ball by a black cord. The background is a blurred outdoor scene with green foliage and a yellow path.

MUSINGS OF AN AEROSPACE ENGINEER

December 12, 2023 revision

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank my grandson Ethan for his photographic skill and my son Bradley for his photoshop expertise in producing the cover photo, and his posing for the hands of Jesus. I especially want to thank my grandson Hiram, the surviving twin brother of Jonas, who put the most hours into this project by organizing, transcribing, editing, proof reading, and putting it into a workable PDF version that will readily attach to emails.

INTRODUCTION

What am I doing here? We have all seen movies or TV shows that we wish we had never watched or read a book that was a waste of time. I will not subject you to one of those experiences. At the very least, I intend to entertain you. Beyond that, I hope to give you a perspective on some things that differs from anything you may have considered, expand your imagination, present questions you may have never thought to ask, and offer plausible answers for your consideration. I am a flawed person. You will read of some of the mistakes I have made in my seventy-four years of life, several involving airplanes, written by a man who has gotten a few things right along the way, like staying married to my wife Kathy for the duration of my adult life.

In the sound bite world we live in, I must compete for every second of your time. I write concisely. Whether by skill or laziness, I will not drag you down with vast multitudes of words. It is a short book. Throughout, you will encounter a Dubious Witticism at the beginning of some of the stories. Dubious Witticisms are *“A collection of thoughts and sayings (hopefully all original) that range from pathetically funny to frighteningly true, and everything in between.”* The Dubious Witticism (DW) at the beginning of each story doesn't necessarily correlate with the story itself.

A book published posthumously is more eagerly received than one published while the author is still around. At 74 years old I am still on no prescription meds. Barring accident or sudden illness, I should expect to be around for quite a while yet.

P.S. Some of the items in this book began as thoughts that startled me in the middle of the night.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MUSINGS OF AN AEROSPACE ENGINEER	3
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	3
INTRODUCTION.....	3
STORIES	6
TROUBLE IN FAIRYLAND.....	6
THE LONELY HIGHWAY	8
TECHNOPHOBIA.....	9
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF FLYING.....	10
OUR FIRST FLIGHT	12
MY FIRST AIRLINE FLIGHT	14
OVER THE TOP LUNCH HOUR.....	15
THE HUMBUG	18
THE AVID FLYER.....	21
KITES, TREES, AND TREE HOUSES.....	26
SLEDDING.....	30
THE BUSINESS FLIGHT	32
BIRDS OF A FEATHER.....	35
MUSIC.....	37
HOW GOD USES THE USELESS.....	41
THE WARNING.....	42
THE SRV.....	43
CREATURE FROM THE DARK WOODS	48
CHURCH SECURITY.....	49
WHAT MUST WE DO TO PLEASE GOD?.....	51
ATHEISTS ARE PEOPLE OF GREAT FAITH	55
MOOSE ARE HUGE	57
THE ICE DANCING PRAYER (The High Cost of Not Praying).....	58
LIFE'S HORIZON.....	59
A PSALM BY JEFFREY	60
THE SOUND OF SNOW.....	61
THE JOURNEY HOME	63
MY YOUNG EARTH OBSERVATIONS.....	64
LIFE'S HIGHWAY.....	67
THE AFTERLIFE.....	68
THE LAST JOURNAL ENTRY OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.....	69
FAITH AND DOUBT	71
GOD'S RELATIONSHIP TO THE HUMAN RACE THROUGH THE AGES.....	73
HOW AND WHEN I BECAME A CHRISTIAN	76
IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS?.....	78
BIBLE PROPHECY	82
THE ARTIST.....	84
MOSES AND SATAN	86
BEFORE THE CREATION	87
JESUS' RETURN	89
REALITY	92
TIME.....	93

MICROSCRIPTS.....	94
REPETITION.....	94
THE WHOLE STORY.....	94
COLLISION COURSE.....	95
GOD’S STANDARD	96
THE DEVIL.....	96
DREAMS.....	96
SAY THAT AGAIN!	97
GUILTY AS CHARGED	97
A CHRISTIAN’S DEATH.....	97
MY ASSIGNMENT	98
GOD’S RESCUE PLAN	98
MY WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS	98
SUICIDE MISSION	98
POST-IT NOTES.....	99
SOCIAL/POLITICAL.....	102
FREEDOM AND EQUALITY	102
IMMIGRANT INVASION.....	103
MIDEAST TERRORISTS	103
PROBLEM SOLVING.....	104
PLAYING GOD.....	104
MILLENNIAL BELIEFS.....	104
RACE	105
THE DOMINION OF MAN.....	105
CLIMATE CHANGE ACTIVISTS	105
THE GLOBAL WARMING SCAM.....	106
GUN CONTROL.....	108
ARMED GUARDS (SCHOOL SECURITY)	109
THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEFENDERS AND ATTACKERS.....	109
QUANTITATIVE EASING	110
THE MEDICAL ENTITLEMENT BUBBLE, OR THE CURSE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY.....	111
THE AVERAGE COST OF HEALTH CARE.....	112
THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE.....	112
SCIENCE	113
ON DARWINISM	113
WHY DO WE HAVE A THEORY OF EVOLUTION TODAY?	115
ABSURDITY OF SIX DAYS.....	117
REGARDING REDUCTION OF GREEN HOUSE GASES	118
DESIGN CRITERIA FOR COST EFFECTIVE ATMOSPHERIC CO2 SCRUBBERS TO REDUCE GLOBAL WARMING.....	121
ABSURDITY VS PROBABILITY	122
MUSINGS ON THE FUTURE	124
THE ACCUSER.....	124
HEAVEN OR HELL?	128
ETERNAL TIMELINE	129
THE SECOND COMING.....	133
APPENDIX.....	134
AGE OF THE EARTH	134

STORIES

TROUBLE IN FAIRYLAND

DW: **A wise man and a wise guy are not the same thing.**

Fairyland is part of Bryce Canyon National Park. Bryce isn't even a canyon, but a plateau edged by ornate cliffs on several sides which include hundreds of rocky spires, some over a hundred feet tall. Trails descend from the plateau and weave thru the spires called hoodoos, allowing hikers to see some of the most dazzling structures that the force of erosion ever created. The rock is extremely soft, barely qualifying as rock. That is why it can erode into such amazing forms

Kathy and I were there on a beautiful summer morning during one of our western vacations, and we headed down the Fairyland Trail on our first hike of the day. The going was pretty easy. As we neared the lowest point of the trail I noted that we had not seen any of those restrictive "keep on the trail" signs that have annoyed me from time to time on other hikes. I looked to my right, up the canyon like valley, and saw that we could likely make our own way back without using a trail and intersect the trail above us near the starting point. This would give us a more interesting hike. Kathy waited while I worked my way up the valley a few hundred feet to check it out. It was going well so I hollered down for Kathy to join me. In a few minutes we were together again scaling the ever-steepening grade. Soon we had to pick our way more carefully. There was much loose rock and gravel to deal with. The official trail was now less than a hundred feet above us. I had to plan our moves at this point and Kathy held my hand for every step. Occasionally some dislodged rock would rattle down the slope, and we would hear the echo after it disappeared over the ledge forming below us.

Vegetation that was common down below was now getting sparse. The stabilizing effects of root structure were no longer there to help us. The trail was not far above us now. There were only two useful pieces of vegetation between us and the trail. The first was a sizeable bush growing out of the hillside at an angle. I use the term hill loosely, because it was extremely steep but not quite a cliff face. I pulled myself up around the bush so that I was standing on its uphill side and then reached down and got Kathy's hand and pulled her up there with me where there was just enough room for both of us to stand. The last piece of vegetation before the trail was a pine tree growing out of the side of the cliff. Its trunk was about six inches in diameter and many of its downslope roots were exposed. Unfortunately, we couldn't quite reach the roots from where we were standing. We were so close to the top, and a trip back down from this point seemed awfully long and a bit scary as we looked over the edge of the bush. I decided to boost Kathy up to the pine tree so she could climb out. She was lying against the cliff slope clawing her way upward over the loose gravel as I pushed her upward. I could give her a good push because my feet were planted firmly on the bush. Kathy had her face against the slope and I was lying against the incredibly steep slope also. I boosted her as far as I could, to the point that I had her right foot in my left palm with my left arm fully extended. She stretched out to our left

as far as she could to reach the roots of that pine tree, and there we were stopped, clinging to the loose gravel on the steep incline, and her left hand was still a foot short of reaching the pine tree's roots. We were both on the verge on sliding off into the canyon propelled by this nasty loose gravel and we realized we were in big trouble. At that moment we heard a voice from above which said, "Do you need help?" and we both shouted in unison "YES!!!" We looked up and saw a guy scramble down from the trail until he was perched on the base of the sideways-growing pine tree. From there, he squatted down, removing his belt pack. Holding one end of the belt, he swung the other outward toward Kathy's left hand, and she was able to grab it. He carefully pulled her up onto the pine tree trunk and then assisted her up to the trail. Kathy was so shaken from this that her legs were like rubber and she could only sit like a blob of jelly on the trail, not even being able to watch what was happening for my rescue. Our guardian angel came back down to the pine tree to get me. Unfortunately, I didn't have anyone to boost me to within range of his pack belt. I decided to try to work my way over to his position on my own. For some reason, I felt it best to turn around and face away from the slope and crab crawl over to his location. Every time I made a move, gravel skittered away from my hands and feet and tumbled over the edge and out of sight. I thought that at any moment the loose gravel was going to take me with it, but I kept moving as carefully as I could and finally reached the end of the belt. The kind rescuer hauled me out of there successfully.

When we all got back on the trail, we talked for a little. We thanked him very sincerely and asked how he managed to be there at just the moment we needed him. He said he saw us from across the valley on another section of the trail and thought we looked like we were having difficulty. I guess we looked like we were in trouble well before we knew we were in trouble.

We went back to the car, drove for a bit, then stopped for breakfast. Kathy was still so shaken that she tripped and fell on the single step leading into the restaurant. After that experience, our spirit of adventure was seriously dampened, and for the rest of the day we did all our sightseeing by looking out of the car window.

JLF 10-10-09

P.S. There are some really bad places to climb out of Bryce canyon, and we certainly found one. You can see some of what we dealt with here. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VtcvvqE_VMA

THE LONELY HIGHWAY

DW: I figured out the major difference between men and women:

Women never have sex during a headache.

Men never have a headache during sex.

Kathy and I were traveling north out of Scott's Bluff Nebraska one mild summer morning on the second day of our vacation. We were so deep into fly-over country that nobody even flew over. We had passed our last building of any kind nearly half an hour before. There were no cars in front of us, none behind, and none coming toward us. For over fifteen minutes nothing but a thin strip of two lane stretched to a vanishing point a mile or two ahead, bounded by filaments of barbed wire. There was only endless grassland to the horizon in every direction with an occasional cow. It occurred to me that when the gas gauge gets down to half, one had better know where he plans to fill up in this part of the country.

To people like us, who are accustomed to a more populous environment, this area was indeed eerie. We pulled over and got out of the car to experience this isolation. The silence caught our attention immediately. The atmosphere was nearly still. What few tall weeds there were swayed silently in the slowly drifting air. There was no sound from any trucks, or cars, or motorcycles, no barking dogs, no distant chain saw, no sound of an airplane droning overhead. Amidst the swirls of cirrus clouds there were no jet trails streaking above us. It felt like the twilight zone.

As we stood for many minutes, still no other cars came by. There was no litter along this road, I guess because there was almost nobody to throw any. I wondered what people do out here for entertainment. Then we saw a glint of white on the shoulder of the road about fifty feet ahead. We went to see what it could be. A small rectangular piece of paper, slightly curled, turned out to be a Walmart receipt. I picked it up to see what the shopper bought. I quickly dropped it when the printing said condoms. I guess that answered the question. We continued onward for nearly three more hours before reaching Mt. Rushmore.

TECHNOPHOBIA

DW: It is hard to get ahead when everyone else is trying to get even.

I was in college earning my degree in aerospace engineering when my generation helped to put the first man on the moon. Most of the math to accomplish the task was performed on a calculating device called a slide rule. These mechanical computing gadgets had more in common with an abacus than a computer. It was customary for engineering students of the day to carry them on clips attached to their belts. It helped to differentiate us from the airheads who couldn't cut it in engineering. And no group was more respected than the aerospace engineering students. It was so exclusive that, of the 550 would be "rocket scientists" that began studies as freshmen, only 56 made it to graduation!

The computer age has engulfed more and more aspects of our lives throughout the ensuing decades, and I found that I was having some difficulty keeping up. As I struggled with various escapades of software installation leading to extended bouts of frustration, I was repeatedly told by uncompassionate computer geeks, some less than half my age, "YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A ROCKET SCIENTIST TO FIGURE THIS OUT". I SHOUTED BACK, "I AM A ROCKET SCIENTIST, AND I'M TELLING YOU IT'S NOT ENOUGH!"

By the way, of the 56 graduates from the Aerospace Department I was number 55. The entire graduating class of Virginia Tech that year totaled around 2000.

So does that put me in the top 10% of my class or the bottom? I can't figure that out either.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF FLYING

DW: One is not on schedule unless he is ahead of schedule. (You must allow time for delays)

AP September 19, 1969 - *Two Virginia Tech students perished in a fatal airplane accident near Smith Mountain Lake airport. The crumpled wreck was discovered in trees adjacent to the runway. Investigators determined that the pilot, Jeffrey Fink, lost control of the aircraft after both occupants apparently vomited all over the instrument panel. Death was by blunt force trauma. There was no fire.*

The above newspaper account is fictitious, but it almost happened.

On a bright and sunny afternoon, I asked a fellow student to go flying with me in one of the Hokie Flying Club's Cessna 150s, a small two-seat trainer with side by side seating. We were both aerospace engineering students at Virginia Tech.

The cumulus clouds were popping all over a brilliant blue sky as we departed Blacksburg, Virginia, for some sightseeing. Our goal was a small airport at Smith Mountain Lake about fifty miles away. On days like this, one can expect some turbulence, and we were being bounced around pretty good. As we approached our destination, the updrafts were giving us quite a thrashing. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed Paul get a hanky from his pocket and hold it to his face. A moment later there was a gastronomical explosion that coated the right side of the instrument panel. Paul apparently had one of the Owens Dining Hall world-famous greasy cheeseburgers for lunch and it was not sitting well with him. In fact, it was no longer with him at all. That poor little hanky was grossly inadequate to cope with the catastrophe, and nothing he tried to do with it improved the situation. The smell was appalling. I quickly reached for the ventilation port at the upper left corner of the windshield and directed a blast of fresh air directly on my face. I don't handle this kind of event very well. My own queasiness was rising off the chart as I tried to maintain control. I concentrated on flying the plane never looking to the right. All the engine gauges were on the right. The engine was sounding just fine, so there was no need to look at any of them. In a futile attempt to be of some help, Paul continued to smear drips with the soggy hanky.

I used all my willpower to rein in my own galloping lunch. I knew if I lost it, we might both die. I just wanted to get us safely on the ground. Finally, I spotted the airport. It was a disappointing sight. The runway was no wider than a two-lane highway, and it was lined on both sides by trees that looked way too close. On top of that, the horizontal windsock was telling me that I had a brisk cross wind to deal with. This was about to be the most difficult landing of my short flying career, even without the complications that developed in the cabin. I brought to bear all my training, lowering the upwind wing, cross controlling the rudder to cancel the cross wind. Thus, we descended in a noticeably sideways attitude while I jockeyed the throttle to neutralize the succession of updrafts and downdrafts. Just before touchdown I leveled the wings and punched the

corresponding rudder pedal to square us with the runway. The tires gave a small chirp and we were down.

Taxiing to the apron we encountered further disappointment. Facilities were limited at this airport. No one was there. The hangar was locked. There was not a paper towel to be found anywhere. The dilapidated hanky was called into service once more. After twenty minutes we were ready to take to the sky once again with our condition being little better than when we landed. Fortunately, the return flight had no further surprises. Paul and I did not fly together again until a few years later when he got his own pilot license and took me for a ride. Thankfully, the sky was pleasantly calm that day.

OUR FIRST FLIGHT

DW: **If you run with the herd, you will end up at the slaughterhouse.**

I was on the phone with a customer when he told me he was a retired flight instructor. I then told him the story of my first flight as a licensed pilot. As I concluded he made the following statement to me:

” I was trained by the Air Force. I did so well that I went straight from flight school to flight instructor. With over 20,000 hours instructing all levels of students I have seen everything, and I am afraid of nothing, but your story scares the hell out of me.”

OUR FIRST FLIGHT

I took Kathy, my young wife, for an airplane ride the day after I passed my flight test, September 16, 1969. A week earlier I flunked the first one which thoroughly disappointed Dr. Camp, my flight instructor, since I was his first student. The examiner failed me in N3251J for letting my airspeed get too low during a short field takeoff. The book says to climb at 52 mph, and the airspeed indicator stubbornly read 54 which I thought to be sloppy flying. As I gently increased back pressure on the yoke with my left hand the needle on the gauge suddenly dropped to 48. I was hoping the examiner didn't see that, but you can bet his eyes were glued to that gauge for the entire takeoff. I retook the exam in N4036U, and everything went well for the second try.

We arrived at the airport on a warm sunny day, early in the evening, and I went through my preflight on N3251J, the plane I flew for my first check ride. Everything looked fine, we strapped into our seats, and I started the engine. The run-up sounded good. As usual, the right and left magnetos checked out fine, and we taxied to the end of the runway for takeoff. I advanced the throttle to full power, and we surged down the runway. Well, that's a bit overstated. A Cessna 150 never surges anywhere. It would be more accurate to say that we plodded down the runway. Everything was sounding good, but we rolled, and we rolled, and we rolled. Was the parking brake on? No. Were the flaps down? No. Finally, we reached 55 mph and I rotated for liftoff. The nose wheel rose and we crawled into the air after using up two thirds of a rather long runway. Something did not feel right. I said nothing to Kathy, but I was distressed. At this stage of a takeoff, I can usually see over the high hill that is off the north side of the runway. But this time it towered above us. Our rate of climb was anemic, and I did not know why. Eventually we got to a reasonable altitude, and although it didn't feel quite normal, things were better. We toured the countryside for half an hour before heading back. Kathy seemed to be having a good time, while I was not. I continued to be unsettled. How can the controls feel crisp while the performance is lethargic? This whole flight has been so noisy! What is wrong here? I entered the pattern and set up for the landing. As usual I throttled

back and added some flaps, but that did not feel right either. We were dropping at such a rate that we would never reach the runway threshold. I pushed the throttle in more, and more, and yet more trying to arrest our unnatural rate of descent. The engine was racing to maintain level flight at a height above the ground much lower than I have ever intended to be. Finally, we cleared the threshold a few feet above the asphalt. I chopped the throttle and allowed the plane to settle to the runway, but it didn't want to settle. This crummy airplane had been fighting me for the entire flight. It had been craving the earth for the past thirty minutes, and now that I wanted to land it had no desire to do so. I am usually on the ground by now, but instead we were about to glide right past the taxiway that I always use. This is crazy! What is going on here? Eventually, we touched down and I braked to a stop. Just as the takeoff went long, I had now used two thirds of the runway for a landing! Is my piloting that bad? I hate this plane!

I taxied back to the tie down, and with abject relief shut down the engine. The airframe shuddered to stillness as the propeller stopped. The whine of the gyro trailed off. I slumped in my seat staring at the panel. My gaze fell on the airspeed indicator which was reading minus 10 mph as we sat dead still. Kathy asked me if something was wrong, and I asked her how she liked flying in a small plane. She managed a positive answer to the question, but she was not very convincing. I tagged the plane out of service that evening until a mechanic could check the problem.

The cause was a slug of water in the pitot tube that leads to the airspeed indicator. The erratic reading that trashed my first check ride was probably caused by the same slug of water.

It was astonishing how flying 10 mph faster than normal could be so troublesome. If the faulty gauge had caused me to fly 10 mph slower, the outcome could have been much worse.

Over the years Kathy has flown with me as often as possible. We love each other immensely, and don't like to spend much time apart. We have expressed to each other our desire, God willing, to leave this life together. To that end, she chooses to be at my side if I should ever goof up really bad as a pilot.

MY FIRST AIRLINE FLIGHT

DW: It is better to be an answer to prayer than it is to get an answer to prayer.

As a recent college engineering grad in 1970, working for Virginia Electric and Power Company, I was called into the VP's office one morning and asked to volunteer for a courier assignment. I was to take some documents for the president of Duke Electric in North Carolina to sign and then carry them to a DC bureaucrat before the end of the day. I was handed airline tickets and immediately driven to the Richmond, VA, airport. My first airline flight was to be three in one day. I felt really unsettled, even at a window seat. That side window seemed totally inadequate for me to look out of. I wanted to look forward, not sideways. I was craving more control of my circumstances. You see, I was accustomed to being the pilot, not a passenger. I had earned my private license a year earlier.

I am not sure how the assignment turned out. I got to the DC office by 4:00 PM only to find that the government official had taken the afternoon off. All I could do was set the packet of signed documents squarely in the middle of her desk before heading to the airport and flying back to Richmond. JLF 12-3-17

OVER THE TOP LUNCH HOUR

DW: [There are two kinds of jobs in the world: the kind where you have to wash your hands after you use the bathroom, and the kind where you have to wash your hands before you use the bathroom.](#)

There is a limit to how much fun you can have at work on a one-hour lunch break. But, if you take two hours of vacation over lunch, that is enough time to do something really cool. And when you invite a coworker to go along to share the experience and expenses it can be really nice. I worked at Gilbert Associates at that time. It was a large engineering company that specialized in power station design including nuclear. They designed one of the Three Mile Island units, the one that **did not** melt down.

In the spring 1978 I would keep my eye on the weather. When it looked favorable, I would call the Kutztown airport and reserve a Sweitzer 2-33 glider, line up a passenger and leave at noon to go flying for an hour, getting back by three. I did this a dozen times that year after adding a glider rating to my private license the year before.

On April 5 my boss agreed to go. In hindsight we should have passed on that day. A weather front had just blown through leaving a partly cloudy sky with crystal clear air beneath the clouds. It was the wind gusting out of the northwest that caused the conditions to be marginal.

The Kutztown airport, which has since closed to air traffic, is located on the southeast side of business 222 just south of Kutztown University. The end of the asphalt runway extends right up to the highway. Across the road are power lines and houses. I did see a photograph in the Reading Eagle once showing a small plane suspended in the powerlines in front of one of those houses. Such entanglements are to be avoided.

As we pulled off of 222 into the parking lot we could see our glider sitting on the grass next to the end of the runway, just beyond the airport office. It was pointing into the wind, toward the office building and the highway. I would do my preflight check before Jan and I turned it around for the typical downwind take off which was customary at Kutztown. Very few pilots there would taxi all the way to the far end just to take off toward the houses and power lines. They all opted for a downwind take off instead since the runway was fairly long. Only in extremely windy conditions would anyone taxi to the far end. Gliders were always towed into the air by a tow plane in this predominately downwind direction. We normally take off from the grass to minimize wear on the skid plate. But, on this day, with the wind howling out of the north, I decided to wheel the glider out onto the tarmac to minimize rolling friction. Jan and I lined it up pointing south down the runway. Karen, the tow pilot, had her plane parked on the righthand grass two hundred feet in front of us. Next, I had to stuff Jan through the little door on the right side under the wing that provided access to the rear seat. Jan is quite tall. The process of getting his seat and shoulder belts properly adjusted and buckled was a bit cumbersome. The front seat is more spacious. There is a canopy hinged on the left side with a latch on the right side. You just tip the canopy up and off to the left where a small cable keeps it from tipping too far. There is a foot peg that allows you to step up with your right foot and swing your left leg over the side of the fuselage and settle into the front seat. Once I was buckled in Karen came

back to attach the tow hook. I pulled the release knob to allow her to make the connection. She then pulled on the tow line. I pulled the release again for a successful test of the mechanism after which she reattached and walked toward her tow plane.

Everything was routine until she got into her plane. At that moment, a mighty gust of wind came surging across the highway. It lifted the tail of the glider into the air and spun us around 90 degrees to the right. That was unnerving! I never experienced anything like that before. This was clearly going to be the most wind I had ever flown in. The wise thing to do would be to call this off and wait for a better day. Obviously, we threw caution to the wind or I wouldn't be writing this story. I unlatched the canopy in preparation for getting out to turn the glider back to its original direction. But then I remembered that the glider pilot must never leave the glider without releasing the tow line. But if I did that then Karen would have to shut down and come back to rehook. Perhaps Karen would come back and spin us around. I saw her looking out her side window at us sitting sideways on the runway. She did not shut down the engine and she did not come back to help us. She just wiggled her rudder signaling that she was ready to go. Karen, being much more experienced with glider operations than I, apparently concluded that this condition was neither unusual nor dangerous. Trusting her judgement, I wiggled my rudder and she advanced the throttle to take up the slack in the tow rope. Once the rope was taught, she applied full power. The glider rolled into the grass as it slowly veered left to approximately the direction of the runway and in a few moments we were both on the asphalt accelerating down the runway. Everything was cool. The glider lifted into the air first as always since it is lighter than the tow plane and likes to fly at a much slower speed than the tow plane needs to fly. In fact, the glider pilot, with his right hand, must nearly stiff arm the joystick to stay directly behind the tow plane and not zoom far above it. With such a tail wind as this we were using up a lot of runway very quickly. The glider had just begun flying while Karen's landing gear was still firmly on the ground.

Suddenly there was a tremendous whoosh as the canopy blew open and I was blasted in the face with the prop wash from the tow plane. I had forgotten to relatch! I was told during flight training that if the canopy opens in flight it will sometimes detach and fall away, which can be a major expense for the pilot. Fearing that, among other things, I quickly reached above my head for the latch handle with my left hand and managed to overpower the slip stream, pulling the canopy down and securing the latch. Unfortunately, trouble was not entirely averted. In the three or four seconds it took for me to solve the canopy problem I was not maintaining forward pressure on the stick. We had kited to fifty feet above the tow plane which was still earthbound.

A plane towing a glider is an unstable dynamic system requiring continuous control corrections by both pilots. Energy is always transferring at varying rates from the tow plane to the glider through the tow line. Zooming so high above the plane had consumed the energy that Karen needed to fly. She was nearing the end of the runway and she was too slow to lift off. In addition to that I was tensioning the tow line at such a high angle that we were lifting the tail of her plane which could put the tips of her propeller into the ground causing her to flip over. Karen had a safety feature, that all tow planes have, to rescue her from this impending crisis. She had her own tow release knob that would detach the tow line from her plane. I was sure her hand was on that knob, ready to dump us. I had to immediately get us closer to the ground, get tension off the tow line, and not get slack in the rope while doing it. A side slip rather than diving toward the tow plane is the instructed method, but

that adds more drag on the tow plane. I needed a high precision shallow dive and I managed to pull it off without putting a sag in the towline.

As Karen neared the end of the runway I finally saw her plane rise slowly into the air. She hadn't given up on me. It was fortunate for both Jan and me that she hadn't. We were not high enough to do a U turn back to the runway. At a mere fifty feet of altitude we would touch the ground with the tip of one of those long slender wings before we got even halfway around. The resulting cartwheel across the field would be disastrous. The alternative was not much better. With the twenty mph tail wind, I doubt that I could have stopped us in the short stretch of farmer's field off the end of the runway. Beyond that, the terrain gets truly frightful. That is Berks Products property, a stone quarry. Coming to rest at the bottom of that semi flooded rocky pit would be painful at best.

Our flight continued onward and the rest of the climb out to three thousand feet was normal except for being really bumpy. All the updrafts that form the cumulous clouds were being blown to pieces by the turbulence and we could find no useable lift whatsoever which made for a very short flight. Up to this point I had not given much thought to how my passenger was doing. In retrospect I suppose he may have been terrified. I know that I was nearing the threshold that negative emotion for a few seconds along the way. Jan did not say a word for the entire flight until our final approach for landing. As stated, this was the most wind I had ever flown in. We circled over the runway at 55 mph while descending to pattern altitude. The 2-33 really likes to fly at 55. We spent most of the flight at that speed. We would be landing from south to north toward the houses and power lines into that twenty mph headwind. When landing into a significant head wind a glider pilot must add the wind speed to the approach speed so as not to be blown downwind and end up landing short of the runway. Thus, I pushed forward on the stick, lowered the nose, and ran the speed up to 75 as we entered the downwind leg. This got really loud with the wind whistling past us as we were screaming around the pattern and entering the final approach at what felt like too high of an altitude. But that is what the book said. We overflowed half the runway heading for the houses at 75 mph indicated airspeed and still seemed to be quite high. Jan finally said something, "Is everything alright?" I hollered "Yes", as I pulled the spoiler handle that acts like speed brakes. With the extra drag and loss of lift we now descended quickly, and as we touched down I pushed my foot on the right rudder pedal and we swung to the right onto the grass, bouncing briskly along toward the airport office building. I then pulled the spoiler handle hard back which applied the wheel brake, and brought the nose skid down on the grass, stopping us at exactly the same spot that the glider was sitting at when we drove up to the airport.

I don't recall any of the conversation as we drove back to work, or if there even was conversation. I can't remember Jan saying how much fun he had. Maybe Jan thought that I do my engineering work the same way I fly. I don't know. I can't recall that he ever recommended me for a raise or promotion. Probably not. JLF 10-23-18

THE HUMBUG

DW: **Most people have heard the definition of insanity: Making the same mistake and expecting different results.**

There is, of necessity, a flip side to that coin: Abandoning a successful plan just to try something different.

In 1980 I took my six year old son Bradley to an ultralight air show at Reigle field in Palmyra PA. Ultra lights were new at that time. They represented the possibility of low cost flying, a minimalist approach to powered flight. Bradley and I were having a good time looking at the variety of contraptions. Bradley even got to sit in the pilot seat of a Hummer. Some of the flying machines were quite primitive, like the Humbug, which was a homely cousin of the Hummer.

The fuselage of the Humbug was an open aluminum framework. Fabric covering was reserved for the flying surfaces, the wing and V tail. The overall construction had more in common with the folding lawn chairs of the day than it did with any aircraft you ever saw. The pilot position was reclined in a hammock seat located between the main wheels with the pilot's butt being about three inches off the ground. The pilot's feet were elevated to reach the rudder pedals. The best forward view was to look between your feet. The twin chain saw engines drove a pair of two foot diameter propellers that spun a mere eighteen inches on either side of the pilots head. Above the pilot's head was a two inch diameter cross tube to which the engines were mounted. The tube was capped on both ends and served as a common fuel tank which provided an extra fifteen minutes of flight.

The dealer proudly pointed to the new rudder pedals which were hastily added only a few days before as an effort to convert the plane from two axis to three axis control in time for the air show. That explained why the pedals looked especially primitive. The Humbug was obviously an evolving design, but that didn't stop the dealer from trying to sell one. Clearly, only a mad man would ever try to fly this thing. I showed them my qualifications (a pilot license) and they agreed to let me fly it. With a bit of ground instruction, I would be ready to go. The engines had pull starters just like a chain saw and the propellers were even more dangerous than a saw chain. You reached across your body with your right arm to pull the starter rope for the left engine and did the opposite maneuver to start the right engine. Twin throttle levers were in easy reach on the left frame rail, and the joystick was mounted to the right frame rail. The airspeed indicator was the only instrumentation on this plane. It was the hang glider type, a six inch tall plastic tube with a red Styrofoam ball that floated inside at various heights depending on how fast the plane was moving. Graduations around the tube were labeled from 0 to 60 mph. As I recall the dealers instructed me to keep it above 35 mph while flying. The dealer told me to taxi it around a bit and if it feels good I should take it up.

Reigle was a basic grass strip. The only extra it had was runway landing lights spaced out along both sides of the runway. I will mention more about them later.

The taxi stint went well so I lined at the end of the runway and pushed the throttles full forward. The engines revved up like a swarm of giant killer bees and the wind rushed past my face. The plane

quickly became light on the grass and gently lifted into the air. This was great! I was climbing smoothly. Upon reaching the far end of the runway I began a shallow, 180 degree left turn. As I neared my new heading, I pushed the stick to the right to roll out of the turn to be parallel with the runway. Nothing happened. I continued to turn. Well. I guess I needed to kick in some right rudder to neutralize this turn. The moment I pushed the right pedal the plane reacted opposite of my command and banked steeper into the turn. Instantly, a flood of questioning thoughts flashed through my mind like lightning. What did these guys really know about airplanes? Are these new pedals really rigged like aircraft rudder pedals where pushing on the right pedal makes you turn right or were they perhaps set up to steer like a Flexible Flyer sled where pushing on the right side made you turn left? I took a quick glance over my shoulder to see if the tail control surfaces were deflected in the proper direction. Being in panic mode, and since it was a "V" tail it was easy to misinterpret. It looked correct, but I could be wrong. I decided to have some faith in the Humbug dealer's modifications and hold the standard control inputs. With a snap decision I chopped the throttles; better to crash at the twenty five degree bank angle I had now and get hurt rather than wait for it to get even steeper and possibly die. I started gliding downward and amazingly the wings finally responded and leveled out. By this time, however, the continuing turn had put me perpendicular to the runway and the idling engines were not going to get me to the grass strip. I was about to touch down on a freshly plowed farmers field crossways to the furrows. Was I going to leave this plane in the dirt? No! I jammed the throttle full forward but continued to sink. What should I expect from chain saw engines anyway? I touched down lightly on the plowed field to the sound of dink, dink, dink, dink, dink, dink, across the furrows. This was not good, but it was about to get much worse.

Remember those runway landing lights? They are not a set of Christmas tree lights along the edge of the runway like one might think. They are much more substantial than that. The glass globes are about four inches in diameter and six inches tall and they are firmly mounted on vertical steel pipes that are firmly buried in the ground. The light fixtures stood nearly sixteen inches above the grass. Of all the bad luck, I just happened to be traveling straight for one of those lights. If I were to hit it, it would catch me right where it hurts the most. With the throttles full forward and the stick all the way back, I sat there in agonizing anticipation screaming "COME ON! COME ON! As the globe disappeared beneath me the Humbug suddenly leaped into the air and, to my relief, nothing struck me. But, that very instant I heard a sharp bang. Part of the plane had certainly hit that light. I was now zooming into the air with a potentially damaged tail section. Not only that, but the officials at the airport had just reprimanded a previous pilot for making a low pass over the spectators and parked planes, and I was about to do the very same thing in a much more spectacular manner than the last guy did it.

The only way I could avoid this most serious infraction was to make another one of those dreadful left turns. This attempt was mostly successful. I got myself pointed back toward the runway at a forty five degree angle, leveled out, cut the engines, and rolled to a stop just as I got to the farmers field for a second time. This time, fortunately, I was between the landing lights. It seemed that I had just completed the most exciting aerial performance of the day. The dealer ran out to meet me and we both rolled the Humbug back across the runway to the apron. I didn't say much other than to say that the controls were rather unresponsive, especially the new rudder pedals.

This is clearly a fictitious story with several preposterous details that was obviously hatched from somebody's bad dream.

HOWEVER

Prior to this flight I made friends with an honest looking spectator who agreed to watch Bradley for me. I also instructed him on the operation of my top of the line Vivitar 100PM Macro/Zoom Super 8 movie Camera. He was a quick study and got excellent footage of the entire event.

By the way, I knocked that landing light globe clean off with the tail wheel.

I was back home for three hours before I stopped shaking. Upon seeing the movie it was clear to see that during that last turn the left wing tip was no more than six feet off the ground.

THE AVID FLYER

DW: **Thank God for gossip. Without it none of us would know anything!**

After two years in the Cloud Niners glider club with my daughter Wendy, I was getting the desire to do more sightseeing from the air. We really could not get very far from the airport in a glider without the risk of not making it back. I needed something with an engine. Even though the Humbug did not work out well I still wanted a powered plane. Certified aircraft were expensive, but some home built experimentals were in my price range. I poured through issues of Trade-a-Plane looking for a suitable flying machine. I also joined the local chapter of the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA). I met a lot of really helpful guys there who were a wealth of good information. My investigation resulted in a search for an Avid Flyer or Kit Fox. Both planes evolved from the same design when the business partners parted ways. These were two passenger, fully enclosed, high wing monoplanes with side by side seating. They had an amazing mechanism that allowed the wings to easily fold back against the fuselage for ground transport. I soon found out that Ray, the owner of Ray's Yamaha, kept a Kit Fox at the Morgantown Airport. He gave me a ride in it one summer afternoon. It was clear that this is the kind of plane I should get.

I located a Kit Fox for sale in NJ. Paul Hertzog, a pilot and aircraft mechanic in our EAA chapter offered to fly me up there to look at it. The bright red plane was owned by a little old Polish man who kept it in his garage. He was all crippled up and got around poorly. In the course of conversation, he told us how he got that way. He was a pilot in the Polish air force at the outbreak of WWII. On day one of Germany's war against Poland, he was taking off in his fighter plane to repel the German air attack. A German fighter opened fire on him just as he got into the air, blasting his plane to pieces. He crashed and burned. He managed to crawl free of the wreckage, but was seriously burned along with suffering hits from five different bullets. It is a miracle he survived five years as a POW in this condition.

The Polish guy had bought the plane second hand. He was not the builder. The workmanship was marginal. Nevertheless, Kathy and I decided to drive back the following week to see him demonstrate the plane and possibly test fly it. The next week we arrived in time to see him prepare the Kit Fox for flight. He swung the left wing forward and inserted the single retainer pin required to hold the wing in flying position. It only went in part way. To fully seat the pin he used a hammer to drive it all the way into position. He did the same for the right wing. I was not impressed. He then did a successful demonstration flight as Kathy and I watched from the ground. After he parked it, I reached in and moved the stick just to see how it felt. Side to side motion was incredibly stiff. The aileron controls on these planes are quite complicated, and for the linkage to be that stiff is really bad. I decided right then that I did not want to fly this plane. I politely told him we would not be interested in buying it and left.

I kept looking and next found an Avid Flyer owned by a fellow named Larry Cessna in Bumpass VA. I drove down to look at it. Larry was second owner. It was built by a man named Glen Sullivan from WV when he was 38 years old. Thus, the license number N38GS. The workmanship was beautiful. The wing root pins would not drop in but would descend to their seated position with the force of my index finger. Perfect. This particular plane ranked early in the production run with a serial number of 56, which meant it was powered by a Cayuna engine rather than the Rotax used on all later models. Larry drove us to a small back woods grass strip where the plane was housed under a plane port (oversized car port). It was a really hot hazy day with poor visibility and intermittent

sprinkles, but we went for a demo ride anyway. The plane seemed to fly really well although Larry did not let me handle the controls. Back on the ground I noted that the stick movement was very smooth and easy with no play in the linkages. I looked over the log books when we got back to the house and noted numerous entries in the engine log. That should have been a warning sign about the Cayuna engine. What is a Cayuna anyway? It sounds like some desert dwelling rat resembling a miniature coyote.

Well, I bought the plane for \$9000. A week later Ray loaned me his trailer to go get it, and Kathy and I drove down to pick it up. Kathy stayed at the house with Larry's wife while we drove to the airport to load it up. I decided to drive back via Rt. 95 and 301. It seemed really strange to be driving down the highway towing an airplane. As we were driving along, at one point, I noticed a motor cycle in the passing lane matching speed next to the trailer. Then he pulled up next to my window, gave me a thumbs up, and zoomed off. We completed the journey without incident and unloaded the Avid Flyer at the Morgantown Airport. Bob Hartline hangered his Skyhawk in the bay next to Ray's. He had agreed to share the hanger with me. With the wings folded, the Avid tucked nicely under the right wing of Bob's plane. The next day after church Merv, an airline pilot, came over to the airport with us to check out our airplane. We taxied around for a few minutes but did not try to fly it. He kept pushing on the tow brakes until I informed him that there were no brakes on his pedals, only on mine.

The following evening Kathy and I went out to the airport for my first flight. Paul came out to meet us to look over the plane and give me any advice he could. A fellow pilot named Tom was also there, spouting discouraging words at me about flying a new plane without having any instruction in this model. Paul was not willing to go up with me, but he said he was sure I could handle it. I swung the wings out, set the pins, and inserted the retainer clips. I carefully checked all the other steps involved in the set up. I took an hour to do what would eventually take only 15 minutes, since I didn't want any mistakes or omissions. I started the engine with the pull starter under the right instrument panel. That's right. It starts like a lawn mower. There is no battery or electric start on this plane. I taxied to the far end of the runway and prepared for takeoff. The Avid has full span flaperons. The ailerons double as flaps. Flaps are not required for takeoff, so I pushed the flap handle located between the seats all the way down to the floor. Meanwhile, back at the other end of the runway, Tom is telling my wife and Wendy that I am likely to crash and maybe die.

With the stick back I throttled up and accelerated down the runway. I only rolled 150 feet when the Avid leaped into the air at only 40 mph. I pushed forward on the stick to prevent a stall and made an amazingly rapid climb at 50 mph. I should not have been surprised by the exciting climb rate. After all, it's a tiny plane, and there is only one 150 lb person in it. I finally figured out that the flap handle in its lower position doubles as a trim adjustment. If I raised it a bit the nose would come down without me maintaining forward pressure on the stick. The trim adjustment was very effective, and the whole idea of combining the functions was very clever. I cruised away from the field at 55mph to try some maneuvers like turns and stalls. I did some ever steeper turns and then decided to check its stall characteristics. I wanted to know how close I was to a deadly stall on that first takeoff. I eased the stick back and back as the nose pointed high in the air. There was no buffeting and I was still climbing like crazy. This plane really is an avid flyer, I thought. The airspeed indicator, that I recall Larry saying was a low range type that came from a helicopter, was dipping lower and lower: 30mph then 20 mph. I'm still climbing, and the plane is still handling nicely. The airspeed indicator finally settled at 10mph and the Avid Flyer never did stall. I gave up trying and returned to the airport for my first landing in this plane. I used full flaps on the final approach and touched down lightly with a small hop. Kathy and Wendy were happy to see me land safely, Paul called it a beautiful landing, and Tom seemed disappointed at wasting his time watching such a boring performance. That was the only

flight that day. We hangared the plane and went home. I wanted to meditate on the experience before flying again.

The following Saturday was the club's fly in picnic at Paul Dimasio's private grass strip which was just north of the Pottstown airport. It is on the south facing slope of a hill, quite steep for a runway, but I didn't know that till I got there. Kathy and I went to Morgantown on this magnificent day and got the plane out. FAA regulations require that I have three takeoffs and landings in the previous 90 days before I can carry passengers. I only had the one from the previous Monday. For that reason I did two solo flights around the pattern as Kathy watched. At the conclusion I taxied over to her so she could get in. She had to climb in with the engine running. I could not stop the engine first because, if I did, I couldn't restart it. There's no room to pull the starter rope when someone is in the passenger seat. The cabin is really cozy with a width of only 37 inches. We headed east toward Pottstown and soon spotted DiMasio's grass strip. We circled the runway once and then lined up for the landing. As we cleared the trees at the end of the runway it looked like we were on a collision course with the hillside. At what seemed like the right moment I eased back on the stick to match the slope and rolled nicely to a stop at the top of the hill where all the other visitors were parked. We had a pleasant visit and many people were impressed with our beautiful little green and white plane.

The following Sunday was the Fink family picnic at Maple Grove Park. In the middle of the afternoon, Kathy and I decided to do a fly over of the park to show off our new acquisition. I had a set of plastic ear plugs with me that I had just gotten from the pharmacy. Up till then I had been putting balled up tissue in my ears since the plane was quite noisy. I put Velcro on the back of the plastic case to stick it on top of the instrument panel. When we got ready to fly, I inserted the new ear plugs and had difficulty making them stay in properly. They were too big for me. I didn't have tissue with me, so I just did the best I could with them and off we went. We did the fly over doing 2 laps around the picnic grove, headed off southwest for a little bit of sightseeing, and then returned to Morgantown. After we landed, my ears were ringing, and the ringing has never stopped to this day. The night before was the last night I ever heard silence. I now have a continuous tone in both ears that is approximately the pitch of the highest note on the piano.

Not everybody was impressed with my Avid Flyer. My son Brad declined an offer to ride in it. My grandfather, an aviation enthusiast, looked it over once in its wings folded configuration, while it was parked in my garage, and told my mother, "Don't go up in it."

Wendy, now a licensed glider pilot, was ready to go as soon as I asked. She and I took off on the next nice day and headed south. We were enjoying the tremendous view of the countryside when another plane crossed our path from left to right fairly close. As we glanced off to the right, we noticed the end of the runway of Coatesville Airport. We had blundered into Coatesville's traffic pattern. Don't know how we missed seeing the runway sooner, but we did. I nosed the plane down to get below pattern altitude, and we scurried out of there to the southeast. Then the terrain got really beautiful. There were no towns, hardly any roads, no power lines, just field after field and very few trees. I later found out that this was the King Ranch. We flew across those fields at very low altitude, which is a really exhilarating way to fly, but can rarely be done in this part of the country because of all the houses and other obstructions. I gained altitude as we departed the King Ranch area and headed north toward Marsh Creek Lake. I offered to let Wendy handle the controls, but she was reluctant to fly it over water, so I showed her how good it handles in a stall, like the one I tried on the first day. With the nose high in the air, she couldn't resist the urge to push forward on the stick to bring the nose down. As we headed back toward Morgantown, I noticed drops on the windshield, but it wasn't raining. The only thing it could be then was oil, and I had no idea where that might be coming from. We made it down OK and parked the plane knowing I had to solve the oil problem before I flew it again. An

inspection of the engine showed that the gear reduction unit between the engine and propeller had a leaky seal, so this required a new seal and the removal of the propeller to put the seal in place. This is the second problem I had with the engine. The first one was that the starter rope was jumping off of its pulley. I even had to make a special tool to get in there to fix that problem. These problems were getting annoying. I was hoping to buy a reliable airplane, not a continuing repair project.

On another flight with Kathy, we had an incident as we were flying west to Newmanstown Ridge, just north of Kleinfeltersville. It's somewhat of a historic site from an aviation perspective in that back in the 30's, some local aviation nuts were flying primitive gliders off the ridge, slope soaring on days when a brisk wind was blowing out of the northwest. I was hoping to see what the face of the Ridge looked like. As we approached the Ridge from the southeast, I realized I should be a little higher to clear the trees, so I advanced the throttle. But the further I pushed the throttle, the slower the engine ran. This was not good. I quickly banked left to be heading down slope as I dealt with the problem. For lack of anything better to do, I turned the two mixture knobs on the control panel, one for each cylinder. I turned them clockwise to lean out the engine hoping that the loss of rpm was due to loading up with too much fuel. Fortunately, that action cleared up the condition, but the scary incident took much of the fun out of that flight so we just headed back to Morgantown and landed.

Soon after that incident I was informed by the owner of the airport that I would have to pay full rent for half a hanger bay. It was time for plan B. I rolled it out of the hanger, installed the tow bar on the aft end of the fuselage with its two pins, hooked the plane to my tow hitch and towed it home on its own wheels: no trailer required! It worked like a charm. I'll bet that was a sight rolling through B'boro! From that point on the Avid was hangered in my garage.

A few days later, I decided to test the plane as a glider by shutting off the engine in the traffic pattern to see how well it did. Halfway thru the downwind leg, I shut it down but the propeller kept windmilling, so I eased back on the stick to make it stop and then proceeded around the pattern with a stationary propeller. It was nice to see that it handled in a predictable manner and after side slipping down toward the runway, I touched down lightly and rolled it to a stop at the hanger. A fellow pilot observing this maneuver came up to me afterwards and said to me, "I had no idea you were that good of a pilot."

The following Saturday I could have taken Kathy out to the airport to fly, but I decided to go alone. I taxied to the end of the runway and waited as a tandem parachute jump was floating high off the far end of the runway. I soon realized that they were going to be up there a long time and decided to take off beneath them. We passed each other with plenty of room to spare, but 400 feet off the end of the runway, the engine started to sound funny. Within 5 seconds, it slowed down and stopped with a stationary propeller blade sticking up in front of my face. Engine failures during takeoff with single engine planes like Pipers or Cessnas can be a deadly situation. Those planes do not have the altitude at that part of the takeoff to make a U turn and get back to the runway. The resulting cartwheel crash slings airplane parts all over the area. But this was an Avid Flyer that I was flying, and the designers didn't name it the Avid Flyer for nothing. Still, I needed all my training and judgment to cope with the situation.

When Wendy and I were members of the Cloud Niner's soaring club, we had to take two check rides at the beginning of each flying season. One was a really short flight to simulate a tow rope break. The Gliders were launched by having a power plane tow them into the air with 150 ft of tow line. Occasionally a rope will break, and the glider pilot will have to deal with that. Club rules require that the glider pilot call out "200" when he reaches an altitude of 200 feet above the runway. If you have a rope break after saying "200", you immediately put the glider into a 45 degree bank and return

to the runway. If you haven't said "200" yet, then you are to more or less fly straight ahead, striving to hit the softest cheapest thing in your path as slowly as possible. So, each spring, on one of the two check flights, the instructor would pull the release handle at the very moment the student called out "200", and we would make our U-turn back to the runway. It always worked out very nicely.

I knew from my glider experience, with simulated rope breaks, that the Avid could do the maneuver and get back on the runway safely. The dead man's turn would not live up to its reputation with this plane. The only complication was that I had a tandem parachute behind me as I banked into my 45 degree left turn. I swooped in over the hangers looking for the parachute. The spectators who were there to cheer the tandem jumper were running for their lives as they saw me veer toward them with my dead engine. I and the jumpers fixed our eyes on each other as I came around in their direction and fortunately there was no problem with us getting too close. The plane was gliding so well, in fact, that I even had to side slip it as I sailed down wind over the runway. A side slip is used to shed excess speed and altitude. I needed to do this so that I could be sure to stop before I reached the far end of the runway. After touching down, I turned right and rolled silently into the Cloud Niner's glider parking area. That was the last time I ever flew the Avid Flyer. The engine suffered severe internal damage when a wrist pin retainer clip popped loose, destroying one of the two cylinders.

Upon later disassembly, Paul Hertzog and I considered the engine to be unrepairable. It was not practical to install a Rotax engine since they spun in the opposite direction of a Cayuna, making the rigging on the plane entirely wrong. Reconfiguration would be an overwhelming project that I was not willing to deal with. I was lucky to sell the airplane, with its dead engine, for \$6000. Ten total hours of flying for a \$3000 loss equals \$300 per hour. That's expensive flying! Years later, someone in New York ended up with N38GS and repaired that awful Cayuna engine. I hope he is having good luck with it.

JLF 10-09

KITES, TREES, AND TREE HOUSES

DW: **If every day was bright and clear, the whole world would be a desert.**

I always loved things that fly, whether it be airplanes, blimps, soaring birds, or kites. I liked to look down from high places where one could see distant horizons. Much of my childhood was spent with model airplanes and kites. As a kid, the most economical way to interact with a flying machine was with a kite. I grew up on the top of a hill in a small housing development called Colonial Hills. The wind at my house was quite steady, good for kites.

My friends and I would sometimes fly combat with our kites. Using 50 to 100 feet of line, we would fly our cheap 25 cent store bought kites into each other, trying to make our opponent crash. We would weave around each other on the ground like some strange dance while our kites translated that movement into wild three dimensional gyrations. It was great fun. With our eyes fixed on the kites, we got to laughing so hard and getting so dizzy that we would often fall over. Colliding with or tripping our opponent was also fair game.

I wondered how high a kite could fly. I asked my dad if he could get me a whole bunch of string so I could find out. Dad got me a half dozen rolls of high quality string that was so strong you couldn't tear it with your hands no matter how hard you tried. He made for me a winder from a square piece of 1 by 12 pine board. He cut a deep notch on opposite sides, and made two hollow wooden pegs for handles. These were fastened loosely to the opposite corners of the winder board by long screws.

As I write this account in 2009 you wouldn't think it possible to fly a kite at my parent's house as it is surrounded by huge trees, but it wasn't that way when I was a kid. There were few obstructions to kite flying from the back yard at that time. There was a field east of the back yard to a distance of 200 feet, edged on the far side by a row of trees, strewn with rocks, running north and south. Beyond that was a large rectangular farm field bordered by a run down white wooden fence. Beyond that was a large pine woods. I didn't know what if anything was beyond that.

On a fine autumn day after school with a steady wind blowing from the west, I got my kite prepared for the experiment. It had to be trimmed properly to succeed. It needed the right number of cloth strips for the tail. Too many and it may not clear the row of trees. Too few and it may go out of control with loops as it climbed into the stiffer winds it would experience at higher altitudes. I used my best judgment and prepared to launch. I paid out line from the winder as fast as the breeze allowed and then paused to allow the kite to climb. As the kite soared into the realm of stronger winds I was able to unreel the line at an ever faster rate. My kite was getting way out there and doing fine. This was really great. The tension on the line was impressive, but the sag on the line was quite noticeable. I kept unwinding. This was by far the smallest I had ever seen one of my kites. I kept on unwinding the string until most of it was gone.

The kite was nearly a speck in the sky as I noticed a problem. The line sag was so pronounced that the string was touching the topmost leaves of the tree line. I stopped reeling out string and waited for the kite to climb higher and lift the sag above the leaves. I waited and waited, but the kite just couldn't lift the weight of all that string any higher. I decided to

end the experiment and bring it in. As I started to wind, the kite did a loop and the sag sank deeper into the tree line branches. I paused, but the kite failed to regain its lost altitude. I panicked and started to wind faster. This raised the apparent wind speed as I drug the kite closer causing a series of loops until it did one final loop and failed to reappear in the sky. The tension on the kite string ceased. My kite had surely experienced some disaster, somewhere far away. I set the winder down on the grass and decided to search out my lost kite. How hard could it be to find? All I had to do was follow the string.

I headed out across the field, and through the rocky tree line. The string emerged from the other side, sagged to the ground in the middle of the big rectangular field, then, rose again into the air at the far edge where it disappeared into the tops of the pine trees. The string was conveniently lined up with the rows of pine trees which made it easy to keep my bearing. This must have been an old Christmas tree farm that was never harvested. The rows were eight feet apart with the trees spaced about the same. The wind blowing through the pine needles made a pleasantly eerie sound as I walked down the row. From the ground, the pine boughs blocked all view of the sky. If my kite was up there I would not see it. I continued walking down the row until I reached the end of the woods. The far edge of the woods was bordered by a narrow row of leafy trees, and beyond that was another field with row after row of widely spaced ancient looking dead trees. The trees were low and wide with a very coarse bark. Apparently, the field was once an orchard of some sort, maybe a peach orchard. I couldn't imagine what could have killed all those trees. Maybe they died of old age. I looked out across the desolation from the safety of the woods but saw no sign of string or kite. The sun was setting and shadows from the pines were creeping over the expired peach trees. I hesitantly ventured out into the ghostly orchard. In later years, when I would read to my kids and grandkids about "nine mile wide snide fields" in a Dr. Seuss story, it would remind me of this place. I turned around and scanned the top of the pine woods. And then I saw it. A very tall walnut tree on the edge of the woods was devouring my kite. Kites and trees have a love hate relationship. Kites hate trees, but trees love kites. The kite was so high up in this tree that there was no hope of ever getting to it. I walked back home feeling depressed.

The kite was one thing, but I wondered about several dollars worth of string draped across the township. I did the only thing I could do. I picked up the winder and pulled. I pulled really hard wondering if the line would tear, but finally it began to move toward me. I kept pulling and winding, and as I did it got easier. I saw the end of it eventually drop free of the tree line. When the last of the string reached the winder, the only thing left of my kite was the bridle string and a little piece of wood.

That night I thought of the day's experiences. I thought of the pine woods and the wonderful wispy tones of the wind sifting through the pine needles. I wanted to hear that sound again.

Sometime later, I don't recall if it was days weeks or even the next year, on a spectacular clear day when the wind was roaring out of the west I went back to the pine woods. The ground was covered in a new light brown carpet of dry needles. I walked up and down the rows looking for the right tree. The sound was there again as before but this time louder. The trees were swaying, some were creaking. The source of the sound was far above me in the live branches overhead. Only the crowns of the trees were alive with green needles. Below the crowns were thickets of full but dead branches that died from lack of sunlight. Below that were only stubs of branches, and below that there were in most cases

no stubs at all but only rows of trunks six to nine inches in diameter. Finally, I found what I wanted, a tree with stubs I could reach.

I had to grasp the stubs carefully as I started my climb since they were short, dry, and very fragile. I climbed higher and higher. Fortunately, the higher I got the more solid the branches became. The branches ringed the trunk in sets of four to six at intervals of two to two and a half feet, a spacing that made for good climbing. Soon the dead branches got so thick that I had to purposely break some off just to gain passage to the next level. The trunk was now getting noticeably smaller as I ascended into the greenery of the living treetop. The tree was swaying majestically and I could feel the wind on my face. I climbed as high as I dared. The trunk was now a mere two inches in diameter. I carefully seated myself on a set of branches and leaned forward against the spindly trunk that was only an inch and a half thick at face level. It was good that I was a skinny little kid at less than 100 pounds. I don't know if this pine would have held much more. I settled in and surveyed my environment. I was surrounded on all sides by green pine needles. The ground below was blocked from view. I was so close to the treetop that most of that brilliant blue sky was now visible, dotted with a few puffy clouds. A hawk floated motionless overhead as it faced the wind. Another streaked by only a few feet away, swept away by a powerful gust.

But it was the sound that captivated me, the overwhelming moaning hiss emanating from the pine needles now only inches from my ears. It was almost a roar, but so serene as I swayed and rocked, carried by the tree but driven by the gale. I floated there between earth and sky as if it was another world. I stayed there for nearly half an hour drinking in this glorious experience.

Finally, I had to leave. My perch was not comfortable. My one leg was going to sleep. My arms were getting weary from gripping the tiny trunk. I carefully got myself oriented for my descent, being careful not to overload any crucial branches. If I fell and got myself injured it could be a while before anyone found me. The return to earth was successfully completed, and I headed home with a wonderful memory.

In the following days I thought how great it would be to have a tree house in the pine woods. My neighborhood friends, Ronnie Dague, Rick and Jamie Williamson, and Bob Cruley, and I decided to make it happen. Bud Miller, who was older than us also helped at times. I had some scrap wood from when my Dad built the rec room, but Ronnie's dad had the mother load. His dad was a carpenter. We would load up Ronnie's wagon at his house and push and pull the load over half a mile to reach the pine woods. We each brought our hammers and nails. Some of it was tough going, like getting through the rocky tree line. We surveyed the woods up and down the rows until we found four good trees that formed a square. One of our better climbers, not me, managed to climb each trunk and nail in a square framework. We may have had some assistance from Mr. Dague, but I can't remember for sure. The platform we built was nearly 10 feet above the ground. We made a hatch on the southwest corner that we would climb up to on a ladder constructed from a single 2x4 with cross pieces. This was hinged at the top so that it could be pulled up under the platform with a rope to keep most people out. Of course, one brave climber in our party would have to climb a tree each time we used it to let the ladder down. We then enclosed the platform on 4 sides but left a doorway on the east side where we extended the supports to the next set of trees to form a porch. The tree house was roofed with some galvanized steel roofing material that was salvaged from someplace. Some of the lumber we used on the porch was liberated from the dilapidated fence that surrounded the big field.

Our tree house was really nice and a lot of fun and we spent much time there in the following days, but I wanted to go higher if we could. So, we decided to go for another level high in the trees. This would be our sky platform and would connect the 3 healthiest, tallest trees together with framework to form a triangular platform. This was way up in the greenery where the trunks were as small as two inches in diameter. We were up there putting the finishing touches on our sky platform from where I would once again be able to hear that mournful wind sound that I loved so much, but now I would be able to relax in comfort. We were sawing off the uneven board ends and as each one fell, it would hit the galvanized roof and make a sound like a gun shot. As we were nearly finished with the sawing, we heard a man's voice yell up to us, "Throw down your weapons and come down from there." We couldn't imagine who would be yelling at us like that, or why he was talking about weapons. We couldn't see much from the sky platform, so we scrambled down to the tree house roof where we saw a man standing next to a police officer and the officer was pointing his pistol right at us. We didn't have any weapons to throw down, but nobody was ready to tell him that. We did have something that looked a little bit like a weapon. It was actually an old .22 rifle with the stock sawed off. There was no bolt in the receiver, just a wooden dowel with a nail sticking out the side. I walked out on the porch with it and threw it over the side. Looking back on this act, I'm lucky to have not been shot dead right there. The officer walked over to and picked up the artifact, looked disdainfully at it, and then looked back up at us as he repeated his command for us to come down. The man with the police officer was apparently the farmer who owned the woods. Together they marched all of us out to a waiting police car and loaded us in. He drove us out of the field, down the road, around the corner and back to Colonial Hills and parked the cruiser in front of the Williamson house. At just that moment, my mother was driving down the road from her hairdresser appointment and saw me sitting in the police car. I don't think I'll ever forget the look on her face as she drove by and quickly pulled over to the side of the road. There were conversations between parents and police officer that I don't recall, but the officer sent us all home and the farmer or his associates later dismantled our tree house. I have not been to the top of a pine tree since that day, but I do think about it from time to time.

I planted a row of pine trees in my yard many years ago. They are starting to get quite tall. I wonder if I should...

SLEDDING

DW: [If it was meant to be, then it would have been \(could have been a Yogi-ism\).](#)

Everybody has a sledding story from when they were a kid, and everybody had the fastest sled on the hill, and obviously most people are remembering things incorrectly. In my case I really did have the fastest sled on the hill. I just wasn't always the fastest pilot. My sled was old. It was a Yankee Clipper No.13, given to my parents by our neighbor, the same neighbor whose dog ate my favorite teddy bear. I never thought of it till now, but maybe they were making up for the bear. I was around seven or eight years old and I used that sled from that day on. I painted a red t-rex on the top of it.

You could tell it was old even then. Each Christmas some of the neighborhood kids would come out with their shiny new sleds. The runners were curved up in the back like a U turn and fastened under the deck. This was a safety feature undoubtedly imposed by some Federal standard back at a time when Federal regulations made some sense. My sled had suicide runners. They extended about 4 or 5 inches past the rear support where they were sharply cut off. You can imagine all kinds of grisly accidents that can happen with runners like that, but I never had any problems in all the years I used it. I still have the sled, but it needs some repair.

One winter when I was around fourteen years old, there was a big snowstorm ending with an ice storm. School was closed and as soon as I was done with breakfast I was out the door for a day of fun. I scraped the ice and snow off my sled and headed off to find Bob Cruley, Ronnie Dague, and the Williamson brothers, Jamie, Rick, and sometimes Eddie, to do some sledding. This was an awesome storm. The ice layer on top of 10 inches of snow was so thick and hard that you could hardly break through it even when you jumped up and down on it. We decided to try some super sledding across the 222 highway, way up on a hill top farm field where we had never gone before. It was tough going since the ice layer was so slippery, but finally we made it to the top. We evaluated the opportunity afforded by this hill and decided to start off downhill to the north followed by a sweeping turn to the east which would bring us down to old 222 a few hundred feet from the intersection with the highway. Two of us started off lying down on our sleds. Even though the initial slope was mild, the acceleration was amazing, and the slope grew steeper as we went. I had never gone so fast on a sled. My eyes were tearing up so badly from the wind blast I could hardly see where I was going. I decided to start my right turn early. I pulled with my right hand and the sled began to turn, but then, because of the slickness of the ice, it stopped turning and resumed its original course still accelerating. I now pulled with both hands on the right bar, and still nothing good was happening. Ahead of me was a sharp drop off littered with rocks and boulders with bushes and stickers growing up between, and worse than that there was a barbed wire fence on top of the drop off with the lower wire not very high off the ground. The only thing I could do was bail out. I rolled off the sled on my back and continued to slide right along on the slick ice. I slid under the low wire and tumbled down over the rocks and stickers until I finally rolled to a stop. Luckily nothing was hurting so I got up and looked up the embankment and saw my sled stuck in a bush about 4 feet off the ground. I climbed up to rejoin my friends and found that they made the turn alright and did not have the difficulty I had. Apparently those new sled designs steer better on ice than my Clipper.

We decided to eliminate the upper leg of the course for our next runs because of my steering problem. After a few exciting runs we were standing there on the hill looking around when we spotted something interesting. Across the highway from our hill was the Colonial Hills Bowling Alley. What

caught our attention were some huge cardboard boxes sitting in the parking lot. Apparently, they had just installed all new pin setting equipment and the cartons were set out for the trash. We all knew about how good cardboard slides on ice, but none of us had ever card boarded on ice this good, on a hill this nice, on cardboard that big. We hustled across the highway, after looking for a long break in the traffic of course. We picked through the pile for dryer cardboard until we found a really nice monster carton that we dragged back to the hill. With the carton on its side two of us got in for the first run. Vrooom! Off we went. As the corrugations slid over the bumps in the ice, the sound was like an alien engine revving up; and loud! Being inside a large box, made it really loud. The box was spinning, and we could not see where we were going. Finally we realized that we needed to stop this thing before we got to the road. So, we scrambled out on the ice and dragged the box to a stop. We took turns like this for a few runs until we got the idea to break the box open to form a huge flat surface for us all to ride together.

The east leg of our run had a spot with a smooth drop off, not having the impediments that caused me so much concern at the end of my earlier north leg run. We set up to jump the drop off with all of us on the cardboard. What a run that was. We were flying for half a second in a cardboard airplane! Eventually one of us got brave enough to try the jump on a sled. It wasn't me. Bob Cruley was a daring guy at times. He took the first and only run at it. Bob hit that spot, launched into the air, and hit the ice so hard his sled smashed right through the ice and stopped instantly. Bob slammed his face into the ice and kept right on sliding. It wasn't until we got to him that he started to get up. He was bleeding from his mouth and nose and he was in a daze, not knowing where he was. With this incident we all figured it was time to go home. Bob could walk ok and by the time we were halfway to Bob's house he had his wits about him, and nothing further came of the incident. Thus, ended the best sledding day we ever had.

THE BUSINESS FLIGHT

DW: The Bible contains the answers to many things. But, if you are looking for the reason why, you might as well close the book and go do something else.

One Spring in the late 90's I was contacted by a Compute-a-Graph customer of mine near Burlington VT who needed some preventive maintenance on his machine. My charts showed a small grass strip airport nearby. I'm fond of grass strips. I don't like big airports and control towers. I phoned the airport and was told it still had snow on it. Two weeks later the snow was gone but I was told, in a "none too positive" tone, that there was still water on the runway. I decided to go for it on the next clear weekday.

Two days later I load the tools into the baggage compartment of the club's Cherokee 235 on a cold clear spring morning. The wind was still. After the preflight and organizing my charts, clipboard and headphones, I prime the engine. Airplane engines don't have a choke. A little plunger on the left side of the instrument panel is used to pump a charge of fuel directly into each cylinder. Considering the cold morning, I give it three squirts, turn on the master switch, set the key switch to both magnetos, and hit the starter. The starter whines as the prop begins to turn slowly and slower and slower. Bad news. It isn't going to start. I get out and rummage through the hanger for the special jumper cable that plugs into the side of the plane. Now I must bring the car over to the plane and hook everything up. I rerun the startup routine with success, set the parking brake, remove and stow the cable in the baggage compartment and park the car, and it has only taken another half hour.

I finally make the takeoff and head north on my four hour flight. This is pre GPS. We use VOR navigation radios. After you dial in the proper course, all you have to do is keep the needle centered. It is not intuitive. It takes training to do that, but I have it down pretty well. On a long trip like this the major tasks are to change settings on the VOR's and switch fuel tanks. I have two 25 gallon main tanks, one at the root of each wing and two 17 gal. wing tip tanks. The routine is to consume the tip tanks first. You can only use half a load in the left tip tank before switching to the right or else the plane starts to fly sideways because of the weight imbalance.

A major landmark in this part of Pennsylvania is Pocono Raceway and there it is up ahead. I used to drive to Binghamton NY on occasion. So, I know that I am approaching the endless mountains. They are aptly named. I'm thinking this would be a very bad place to have a serious incident. How would anyone find a downed plane in that huge expanse of seemingly unbroken, tree covered, mountains. Out in front I begin to make out a low bank of clouds spreading across the horizon. The clouds are too low to fly under. To groundlings this is probably a vast area of fog, but flying over clouds that span the horizon can become a

problem. It is called being trapped on top. With an instrument rating you can navigate through clouds safely as long as you are in continuous contact with air traffic control. But even with that, you can't descend through a ground hugging cloud layer without suffering severe consequences.

So, off I go over the cloud bank hoping to see the clouds in front of me end before the view of the ground behind me disappears. Otherwise I will have to turn back. Good news. Way up ahead I begin to see ground features again. There is Lake George along with mountains that rise way higher than PA mountains. It is beautiful. There is Lake Champlain too. It is huge. I'm now getting close to the airport, but grass strips can be hard to spot. Finally, there it is. It looks like a swamp. There is more water than grass down there. I look things over and begin my approach with the understanding that I may have to abort the landing and go somewhere else. As I line up on the runway I try to angle in on the various patches of exposed grass to minimize the amount of water I will be landing on, to have the wheels contact the driest area I can find, to touch down lightly and hold the nose wheel off as long as possible. The main wheels touch down half way down the runway with a thunderous eruption of water spray all around the plane. I fight to maintain control as I attempt to steer for the drier patches. The nose wheel comes down and the spray goes everywhere. The propeller is ringing like some crazy bell as slugs of water from the nose wheel blast the blades as they pass in front of the tire. I'm running out of runway as my feet dance on the toe brakes trying to arrest the side to side skidding of the plane. I finally stop well short of the end of the runway due mostly to the braking action of all that water. I taxi over to the ramp and park, a little shaken by the most difficult landing I have ever performed. The attendant is standing there smiling as he waits to greet the first pilot of the season to land there. He is so happy to see my safe arrival that he offers to drive me to my destination and pick me up when I'm done.

When I get back to the airport after completing my work the water situation looks no better. The underlying soil is frozen. It will be days yet before the water will begin to soak in. The sky is clear with a few puffy clouds and a moderate breeze. I taxi to the end of the runway and select the driest path of grass I can find although the path is crooked. I advance the throttle and again spray is everywhere. I have the yoke pulled all the way back to get the nose wheel out of the water. Once the nose rises conditions improve and the plane finally struggles free of the mire, and I am on my way home.

50 miles south I land at another small field to refuel since I used 60 of my 84 gallons to get to my destination. This runway is paved, thank goodness. There is quite a bit of turbulence now, making this landing also challenging as I am bounced around throughout my entire approach, but all goes well and I am soon on my way again with all four tanks full.

The puffy cumulous clouds are getting bigger and closer together, and the turbulence is getting incredibly bad. In fact, it is the worst I have ever experienced. I cinch up my seat belt to keep my head from pounding dents into the cabin ceiling. As I reach for the knob to change the radio frequency I keep missing. The turbulence has gotten so bad that I can't steer my hand to the proper place on the instrument panel. I am being slammed around something awful and as I lunge for the knob, I'm afraid that I will break it off. I really have to do something about this turbulence. I decide to climb above the clouds where the air is likely to be much smoother. I apply full power and after several minutes I'm on top in smooth air at 8500 feet. Everything is great for a while, but the clouds keep getting higher and closer together. I keep going higher too. I can fly between 12500 and 14000 feet for ½ hour max without oxygen, but the clouds are getting higher yet and I must stay at least 500 feet clear of the clouds. I'm now up to 13500. I am approaching an illegal altitude. I decide to turn off the transponder that automatically reports my altitude to air traffic control. This is a stupid move, but it seemed like a good idea at the time.

I can still see the ground between the clouds. So, I continue on knowing I can still get down safely if I have to. I am now steering between the clouds because they are towering over me. As I aim between the next two huge billows before me I see that they are connected by a saddle of gray cloud. At 14000 feet and above the FAA regs say pilot and passengers must all be on oxygen. With full throttle I am trying to climb to clear the saddle. The needle slides past 14500. In this rarified air the engine has very little climb power left. I have the nose up. Speed is down from 145 cruise speed to 85 mph! That is as steep as I can climb. The needle passes 15500 as the cloud grows still higher. I am worried about hypoxia. The major symptom of hypoxia is that you feel just fine. Aside from being a bit stressed I feel great. The second most prevalent symptom is that you loose the ability to see colors. I am partially color blind anyway, but I think I am still seeing colors as well as I ever do.

Suddenly, I am immersed in gray. I failed to clear the saddle. I can see nothing outside. Although I have had some training on instruments, I am out of my element and totally illegal. The propeller claws at the thin air as the wings try to maintain lift at 85 mph. The situation is now really bad. I need a plan. A miracle would be nice.

I ease the nose down to pick up a little air speed and make a decision. I will continue on this heading for one minute, and if I don't get out of this cloud I will initiate a gentle turn to the left and retrace my flight path. 40 seconds later I break out into clear air before I even have a chance to pray, and there are no more clouds before me. Pocono Raceway is in view. I throttle back to 1/3 power, and with my tremendous altitude glide all the way to Morgantown without ever advancing the throttle again! Ahh, the perfect ending to a perfect day.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

DW: [A church cannot evangelize the world until it first evangelizes its own congregation.](#)

On 7-28-98 I took my daughter Wendy and her husband Russ for ride in my club's Piper Cherokee 235, while my wife Kathy watched Patience, their four-month-old baby girl. The plane was hangared at the grass strip in Morgantown PA. N235MA was looking beautiful when we pushed it out of the hanger, as we were the first to fly it after it was repainted and ferried back to Morgantown. Painting an airplane is a really big and expensive deal compared to painting a car. The paint on a small plane weighs about 50 pounds. You can't just add a new coat since that would significantly alter the weight and balance of the aircraft in a dangerous manner. There is far more surface area behind the wing than in front of it making it tail heavy. Old paint must be removed down to the bare metal before repainting, a time-consuming process. Obviously, I did not want to be the first pilot to put a ding in the new paint job.

Wendy is a licensed glider pilot and would naturally fly the right seat with me except that Russ gets a little queasy even in the back seat of a car. So, we put him in the copilot's seat and Wendy behind me. The weather was not ideal, being a little hazy. Once we got into the air we clearly saw that the visibility for sightseeing was disappointing at best. So, I decided to keep the ride short and perhaps try another time.

After twenty minutes we were back in the landing pattern for runway 28. We did not, and never do, have the sky to ourselves. One must always keep an eye out for other traffic, especially near an airport and even more so in the traffic pattern. In the downwind leg of our landing approach I was scanning the sky ahead for company when I noticed something way out in front of us and well below us in the haze. A gaggle of buzzards were circling lazily in the humid air just beyond the base leg of our intended course. I gave them a glance every couple of seconds to assure myself that they would not become a problem.

Buzzards are communal and join each other to share the thrill of effortless flying in rising air currents. But, as in any group, there is an occasional tiff, and in this case one of the members banked away from the assembly in a westerly direction for a little solitary time. This one, still below us, had my divided attention. You hear people talk of giving someone their undivided attention, but I am not convinced that it ever truly happens. A pilot can never let that happen. When preparing to land there is throttling back to the proper RPM, checking for proper airspeed, setting the flaps, coordinating the turn from downwind to base leg, getting the right crab angle to cancel out the effects of the wind coming at us from the west, scanning for other traffic, and adjusting the throttle to maintain the proper descent rate that will culminate with touching the wheels to the grass one or two hundred feet beyond the threshold of the runway. Our pouting buzzard acquaintance may not have been giving us his undivided attention either as he neared our base leg a few hundred feet ahead. He was then at eye level, right on the horizon, directly ahead, at exactly the same altitude as us. At that moment I firmly believe that he and I gained each other's undivided attention. We were three seconds from a collision. But, not really. We were both moving in three dimensional space.

We were descending. He was ascending. There was no need for panic. We were about to pass safely beneath him with a vertical separation of twenty to thirty feet. I didn't panic. However, nobody told him not to panic. Apparently, the natural instinctive response of a buzzard in flight to the sensation of fright is to fold their wings back and dive for the ground like a falling arrow. The buzzard made that fatal decision. In one second our vertical separation would be gone.

With a closing speed of one hundred plus miles per hour it is quite possible for a large bird to crash right through the windshield of an airplane with dire consequences. A spray of buzzard guts and bones mixed with plexi glass shards can cause serious injury or worse to the occupants. We had no shoulder belts in the Cherokee. In the one second I had, I lunged forward and to the right with my upper body to get my head below the top edge of the instrument panel. As pilot, it was more important for me to save my face than to save Wendy's. I did not witness the impact. I heard it along with feeling a shudder pass through the airframe. I quickly raised my head to see that the windshield was intact. Where did we hit? A propeller strike would have been a really distinctive sound. That certainly did not happen. Wendy had an unobstructed view of the whole event since my head was not in the way. She quickly informed me that we cut the buzzard in half with the left wing. Looking to my left, the damage was obvious. The leading edge of the wing was crumpled just outboard of the main fuel tank.

The left wing was aerodynamically compromised. Structural damage was anyone's guess. Should we continue the landing approach or go around in order to get more time to evaluate the situation? I had only a few seconds to decide. A full power climb out for a go around seemed unwise. I opted for continuing the approach and gently banked left into final keeping the airspeed a bit higher to compensate for the loss of lift from the damaged left wing. I noted that a little right rudder was also needed to correct the increased drag of the misshapened airfoil. We touched down normally and, as we rolled along the runway Wendy exuberantly shouted out "Way to go Dad! You kept flying the airplane." Actually, I never considered the practice of "putting my hands over my eyes and screaming" to be a viable option. We taxied to the far end of the runway where we disembarked and inspected the bloodstained gash in the wing. We were pleased to see that the left main fuel tank was not leaking.

I was glad to not be the club's maintenance officer. After making a verbal deposition I heard no more about the incident. Sometime later I suppose he made another appointment at the paint shop after verifying the plane as airworthy to be flown to Reading. Wendy, Russ, and I never had another flight together.

In this world flying is a complicated, expensive, and potentially dangerous endeavor. This kind of flying has become a disappointment to me. It is not what I want. This is not the flying of our dreams. It seems that the things I want in this world don't exist in this world. We would all like the ability to rise into the air at a moment's notice without any mechanical assistance whatsoever. I look forward to the day when that becomes reality.

MUSIC

DW: THE REAL REASON KING SOLOMON HAD 700 WIVES AND 300 CONCUBINES:

It was all he could afford!
Why did King David only have 7 wives and 10 concubines?
Same reason!

My Mom had a portable record player she got as a teenager from her parents. It was not all that portable. It closed up to the size of an old clunky suitcase, and weighed a ton. To move it with a hand truck would be advisable. At Five years old I could not lift it, but my mom allowed me to play it. I had a few dozen records, most given to me by Grand Mom and Pappy. I suppose that most were ones they didn't like so much like Pistol Packin' Mama by Gene Autry and one called Tampico sung by some lady. They were all 78's. It was the only kind the record player could play. I remember one in particular because we all liked it. It was whistling by a fellow who I think was blind. I can't remember his name but the one song was I Love You Truly and the other was Indian Love Call. I played those and others each morning before Mom walked me to kindergarten at the Elm and Moss School from our home on Court St. I don't know how much influence the whistler had on me in future years because I could not whistle a tune until I became an adult. I did not whistle music in public until I was in my forties. I developed my skill over the years by whistling along with the radio while driving to work. As the world upgraded to 33 rpm hi fi Grand mom and Pappy bought me some records for gifts at Christmas. I remember Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto and 50 Guitars Go South of the Border, both of which I still have.

Around age ten I had the desire to play the violin. I don't know where that came from since I had never even seen one in real life, only in pictures or on TV. The neighbor kids, Bill and Steve Snover were taking Music lessons on the clarinet and French horn respectively. Mom and Dad thought music lessons were a waste of money. That attitude did change with regard to my sister when, as a teen, she wanted to be a music major in college. Perhaps it was all for the best for me. Learning to read music may have really interfered with what I do now. At about this time I started to notice some really neat guitar playing on the radio. That's what I wanted to play, a guitar. The first record album I bought myself was Pipeline by the Chantays in 1962.

I had once come into possession of a guitar for a few minutes. The incident was so peculiar that I wonder sometimes if it was a dream. There were performers on stage at the Gouglersville carnival one summer evening. As I watched one of them intentionally smashed a guitar over his partners head and threw it off the stage. I was stunned that anyone would do that to a musical instrument. I picked up the wreckage and walked back to my parents with it. It was structurally intact except that the back was broken out of it. They made me give it back. I was hoping the performers would tell me I could keep it since I thought I might be able to fix it, but they took it back from me. Perhaps they put a new back on it for each performance. The only thing I came away with that night was a few scraps of wood from the shattered back that I picked out of the grass. I took those home as souvenirs.

Some friends of ours from church, the Shirks, had a mandolin that they let me borrow. To me it was a mini guitar. I picked out a dozen melodies on it over the next three months, but then they wanted it back. That was the end of that.

My cousin Jimmy at age twelve began guitar lessons on an electric guitar. I thought that was really cool. Jimmy would let me try it when we would go out there to visit. Up to this point I had

never seen a live band with electric guitars. That changed when my family and Jimmy's family went to Rehobeth Beach for a few days. The evening we got there we saw a band on the boardwalk stage called The Latitudes playing Pipeline and bunches of other neat stuff by the Ventures and Duane Eddy. I was awe struck as I stood there drinking in every note and watching every move. After the band finished Jimmy and I met two girls on the boardwalk and hung around with them for the rest of the evening. The older was named Becky Sanders. As we said goodbye that night we exchanged addresses so we could write. We never did write each other, but it is amazing what a person can sometimes remember. Her address, which I never wrote down, was [163 Moore Rd. Akron Ohio](#).

I really, really wanted an electric guitar. I had no money to buy one, and my parents certainly were not going to get me one, so the only thing I could do was build one from scratch. The body was made from two layers of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch plywood and the neck from a $\frac{3}{4}$ inch oak board. The frets were sheared from 1/8 aluminum in metal shop. I can't remember who table sawed the slots on the neck, but I do not recall doing that myself. I got the tuning pegs from an unplayable acoustic guitar that Dad borrowed from his employee Jack Messner. I used the speaker from an old transistor radio for a magnetic pickup. The final result of this effort was a real piece of junk, but it would play a recognizable melody through my parent's stereo system in the rec room. I taught myself to play several of the pieces I heard at Rehobeth.

One fall day toward the end of the school day during my sophomore year, we were all herded into the auditorium for reasons unknown. As we sat there wondering what this was all about, the curtains opened to reveal three upper classmen, one I remember as Vernon Knarr, and one younger guy, Craig Forresto. They stood there with electric guitars and drums and then began playing with fantastic skill all that wonderful music I had been trying to learn. What a great way to end a school day! The next Saturday I scraped together all the money I had, went to the Orth Music House in West Reading, and bought an electric guitar for \$45. It was not a great instrument, but it was way better than the one I built.

I started hanging out with a kid in the neighborhood named Robert Nye. He was trying to learn how to play too. He had his mom's old guitar, a late 30's early 40's Weyman arched body acoustic. It was a very high quality instrument. It had a slip on pickup and a small ancient amplifier that sounded really bad. Robert was also into electronics as was I. We got together often to practice music and build electronic projects.

One Saturday I arranged for Cousin Jimmy to visit for the whole day with his guitar. Robert was invited with his guitar. Jimmy gave us guitar lessons for the whole day. By late afternoon our fingers were shredded, but we learned more in one day than we knew from all of our previous effort. We talked of how great it would be to form a band, but we had no decent equipment, no drummer, no transportation, no contacts, and we didn't play well or know many songs. Aside from that it was a great idea. Some of these obstacles facing us could be fixed with money, but we had little of that as well.

We all started saving money as we got together to practice as often as we could. I helped Robert mow grass for \$3 dollars each week during the growing season. His house was part of a family compound consisting of four houses on nearly three acres. We did it with nonpropelled power mowers. It took over three hours with both of us working. I also took over a local paper route. Nice guitar amplifiers were expensive so I decided to build one from scratch with Robert helping me. I selected an amplifier schematic from the back of the RCA receiving tube manual and started to collect parts. Amplifiers of the era were almost all vacuum tube powered. Some parts I scrounged and some I had to buy at Barbey's or the Lafayette store. Some I had to send for. Robert made the chassis for me

from aluminum in metal shop. I even ordered a reverb unit from an electronics supply catalog. The case I made from $\frac{3}{4}$ plywood. We built a pair of Karlson speaker cabinets at the recommendation of Andy Nester, my neighbor who also taught me a whole lot about electronics. The cabinets were so massive they needed castors on the bottom. It took nearly six months of my junior school year to complete this project, but after some circuit hassles the amp finally worked and I had myself a decent sound system.

Robert had a friend in school, Bob Arndt who wanted to be a drummer for us. His father bought him a set of blue pearl drums and bought his younger brother Kim an electronic keyboard. With Jimmy as our lead singer we had an incipient band. We called ourselves the Motifs. With the money we had been saving Robert and I each bought new guitars on the same day at Orth's. He got a new, two pickup, Harmony, arched top, hollow body by trading his mom's old guitar. I got a new, three pickup, solid body, Kent with vibrato. We also had to spend money on mics, cables, and stands. We even got matching tan blazers. Our uniform included light blue shirts, black pants and black ties.

One of our first gigs was early Spring of my junior year. We had to audition for this one. It was for the Governor Mifflin Jr. High. We beat out another band of high school kids to become the first live band to play at a Junior High School dance. While setting up for the big event some of the more juvenile members of the group were taking turns pushing each other around the gym floor on top of the Karlson cabinets. Eventually we got ourselves ready to go. It was both exhilarating and scary to be in front of all those people. But we started to play and the kids liked us. The 8th and 9th graders were a little standoffish, but the 7th grade girls went crazy. They packed around the stage five deep yelling and screaming like we were the Beatles or something. It was unbelievable. What an amazing night that was.

We still had one major problem to deal with: transportation. It was tough having our parents run us around. I was the oldest at 17 and I did not yet have my driver's license. I had been in no hurry. I had a bit of wisdom for a kid my age. I wisely thought that a driver's license could get a teenager into more trouble than a teen should ever be in. But now, I had a good reason to drive. I was the only member who could drive us around. I already had driver's education in school, but never went for my license. My Dad was looking to get a new work truck so he offered me the old 1951 Chevy station wagon he had been using. I had to learn a manual transmission to drive it. It was tough, but I finally got it figured out after giving my Dad a few gray hairs. My uncle Earl offered to repaint it for me if I helped tape it off, and Pappy, who was an automotive paint and supply dealer, mixed up a slightly metallic turquoise concoction that we painted it with. The car was known as the bandwagon and we used it throughout our brief career.

Even with the band wagon the Karlson cabinets were hard to transport. We soon sold them to Andy and got ourselves Sears Silvertone piggy back amps with twin 12" speakers. We played about one gig per month, and even though we were not very good, we were cheap and there were not many good bands around. At 30 cents a gallon it did not cost much to go somewhere.

We played for a bowling banquet in Fleetwood once where my parents came along (in a separate car) as chaperones since they were serving alcohol there. A few of the guests got pretty drunk and wanted to borrow the instruments. They were not taking no for an answer when my Dad intervened. He held them at bay as he told us to pack up as quickly as possible. We played at the Fleetwood community center several times but mostly for teen dances. Both of the two fan letters I got during my stint in the Motifs came from Fleetwood. I believe the two girls were 7th graders at the time. Kathy and I stumbled onto the letters about twenty years ago in a box somewhere.

Early summer after graduation I told the guys they needed to break in a replacement as I prepared for college. They never did. Years later after college graduation I replaced my equipment. In 1970, when we were living in an apartment in Richmond, I bought a 1963 Rickenbacker 365 for \$200. He wanted \$250, but Kathy and I rehearsed a routine that I had agreed to pay no more than \$200 for a new guitar. As we prepared to leave he relented and accepted the \$200. He was the second owner. The original owner was the lead guitarist for the Chantels, a local group that gained some national fame in the mid sixties. He had purchased it new from the Cary G Music Shop for \$700. I still have a copy of the receipt somewhere. I also got a good deal on a used Fender Twin Reverb amp. I now had premier equipment that sounded fantastic, but over the next twenty years I never played it on stage anywhere except for a music night at Love Christian Fellowship.

When I became a Christian I wanted to use it for Christian music but I could not seem to learn any Christian melodies on it. I eventually sold it to a guitar player on the Hopewell Church worship team for \$300. I knew I could get more for it elsewhere but I wanted to put it into service with a Christian musician. If he ever decided he didn't want it, he was supposed to sell it back to me, but soon afterward he traded the Rickenbacker for something else, then left his wife, and quit the church. By the mid nineties I was told by a knowledgeable collector, who subsequently owned it, that my guitar had climbed in value to about \$10,000. He thinks a collector in Japan probably has it now.

When Brad and Wendy were at the age of nine and seven, Kathy and I decided to get a piano and give them music lessons. We arranged for Terry Heffentrager to come by once a week for lessons. Wendy took to it quite well and was taught by Terry for several years. Bradley did not last that long. He would memorize his lessons rather than progress with reading the music. Terry had to drop him from the program. Bradley did not exactly quit. He just memorized music from recordings. I had a 33 RPM record of Bachs Greatest Hits on a pipe organ. Bradley bought himself an electronic keyboard and taught himself nearly half of them including the Tocatta and Fugue.

Wendy went with another teacher and continued to make great progress. One day Wendy said to me that she would like to learn another instrument as well as the piano. I offered to teach her some guitar, and it did not take long to teach her everything I knew. Not to long after that she approached me asking to learn yet another instrument. I thought for a few moments and reflected on my original desire to play the violin. As it turned out, her new teacher also taught basic violin and loaned her one to practice on. Wow! There was now a violin in the house. I picked it up and tried to fashion a melody on it. What came to mind, at the moment, was "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God". Although I sounded bad, I actually had a recognizable rendition in a matter of minutes. Two things made that accomplishment possible: 1. I had good hand coordination from playing the guitar and 2. Violins and mandolins are tuned exactly the same. After two weeks of intensive practice I got to the point that I could play several hymns well enough so as not to make a listener cringe, and I bought my own violin. Wendy and I even started playing some duets. A few weeks later I took it to church during the weekly praise band practice. I played along from the next room as I tried to learn some of the contemporary music they were playing. Two weeks after that the leader invited me to join the group. Amazing!

I composed a number of pieces over the years. While competing in a Fiddle Fest at the Berks Heritage center, Ken Gehret asked me if I would like to make a CD. A year later I consented. Ken wrote down the notes as I played my original melodies. He then worked out arrangements and accompaniments. It is dedicated to Jonas Boyd, a twin baby boy that our daughter lost right after premature childbirth on May 18, 2002. The surviving twin is Hiram, the guy who organized, edited, and published this E-book for me. You can hear the CD on Youtube here: <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLXRhxLrvSuG2IHKvyGOaF8i9vU3IKhTmf>

HOW GOD USES THE USELESS

DW: Try as I may, I just can't get God to do what I want. He is not a very good genie.

Through the late 70's and the 80's, years before I learned to play the violin, I served as a sound tech at church. One morning in 1986 at Love Christian Fellowship I was in the sound booth of the Sanctuary twenty minutes early, as was my custom, preparing for the service. The facility was laid out in a peculiar manner with the sanctuary being quite remote from the main entrance. I was alone as usual when an older woman entered the room. Bessie failed to notice me as she proceeded to her seat and sat down. With her elbows on her knees she put her face in her hands and cried.

I knew what she was crying about. She had recently lost her adult son, her only child, to cancer. This was really awkward. Someone needed to help this woman. I fussed around with ever more imaginary duties praying for somebody to come into the sanctuary to comfort Bessie. Just then somebody entered the doorway. Thank God. It was the senior elder, just the man we needed. He quickly assessed the situation, did an about face, and left. I was stunned. Now what? What could I do? I didn't know how to help!

Out of desperation I got up and walked toward Bessie with as much enthusiasm as I would have walking to my own execution. I sat next to her, put my arm around her, and strained for something comforting to say. Nothing came to me. The Holy Spirit didn't give me anything either. I felt totally useless. There I sat as seconds plodded into minutes, and still I remained motionless, silent.

After half a lifetime went by my wife Kathy entered the sanctuary and sat on the other side of Bessie and they began talking. As imperceptibly as possible I slipped away to the security of the sound booth. My inadequacy had me trembling. I was in a fog for the entire service. I was surprised that I was able to function at all.

I said nothing on the way home. Later that afternoon Kathy commented on the incident. She told me how much Bessie valued my act of compassion for her that morning.

I was astounded. I didn't do anything. I was a failure. Amazingly, to Bessie my nothing was apparently something.

There is a lesson for all of us to learn here. When you are all that God has to work with, He can make you into all that He needs, as long as you are available. I could not make myself willing. I was far from willing. But I did manage to make myself available. Perhaps that is all God needs from any of us.

THE WARNING

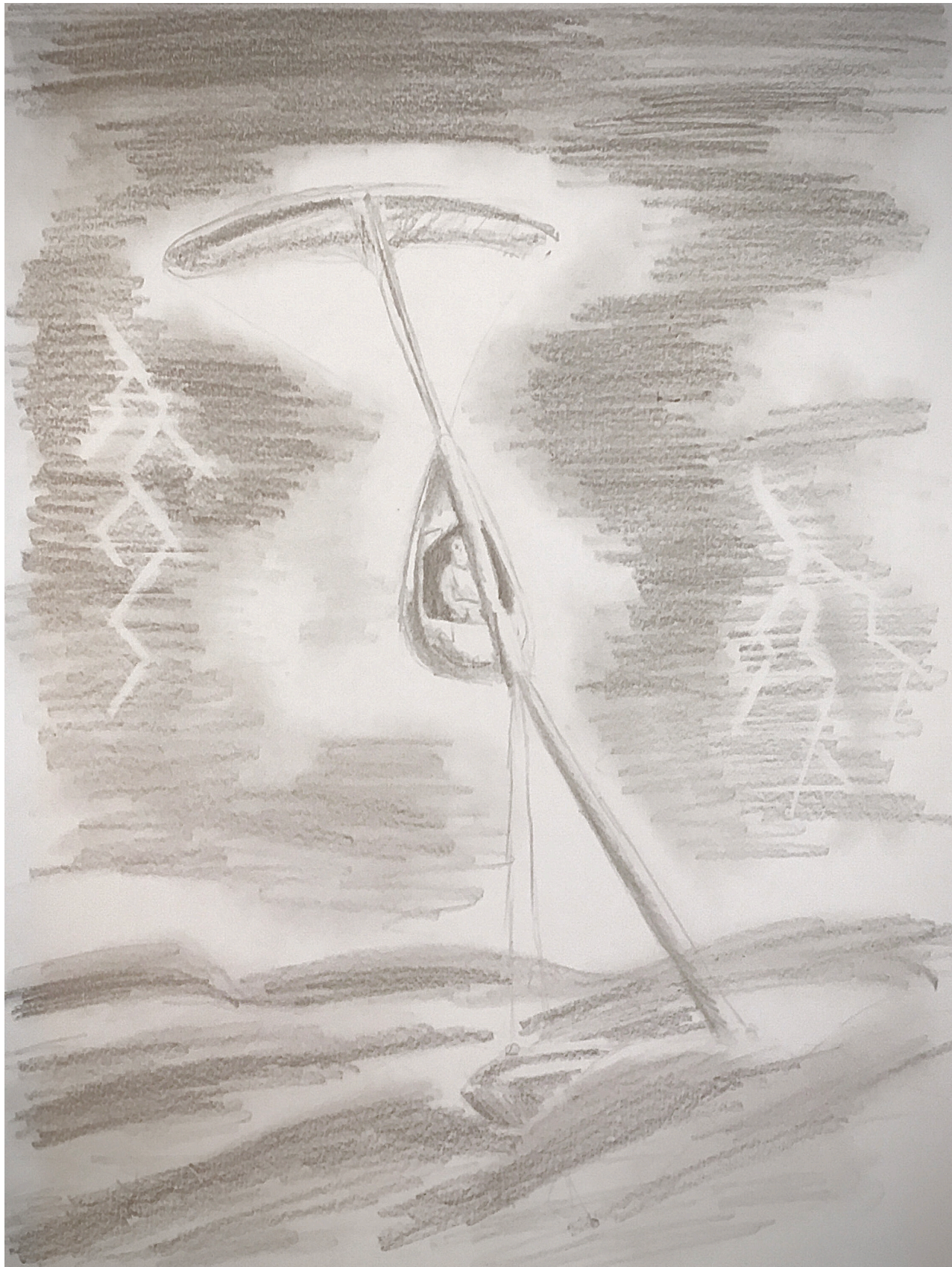
DW: I can forget almost anything if I put my mind to it.

I was pulled over for speeding twice in my 50 plus years of driving. The first in 1966 was for 15 over on Rt. 81 in VA. The officer said that if I was going to exceed the speed limit that I should drive faster since he caught up to me. The second was on Rt. 183 north of Reading in 1975. I punched the accelerator at a yellow light which gave me a speeding violation combined with running a red light. Both incidents resulted in a ticket. I have never been left off with a warning.

In late evening on a Friday night 10-06-18 we were bringing our grandson Nate back to our house in Birdsboro after an event in Morgantown. In the midst of conversation, we passed through Gibraltar. Upon exiting the village, I noticed flashing lights approaching us from the rear. They were extremely bright and difficult to ignore. I got that sinking feeling that I was the object of their attention. So, I put on the right turn signal as I slowed, looking for a break in the guard rail so as to get safely off the road surface. The guard rail seemed to go on and on. I was getting concerned that the police may think that I was not intending to stop. But finally I put the right side wheels on a grassy spot. I rolled the window down and put both hands on the wheel, trying to look as unthreatening as possible. It seemed to take the officer a long time to approach the car. I spent that time thinking of how I was going to talk myself out of whatever he was going to charge me with. A young officer finally arrived shining his light into the window while we exchanged greetings. He asked for our documentation. As Kathy and I fumbled for the requested items, he said "Do you realize you were going 52 in a 35 zone?" I said, "I don't drive this car much. It is so smooth and so quiet that it seems to be going slower than it really is." The officer must have known exactly what I was talking about because he was driving the same kind of car, a late model Ford Explorer. After looking at the registration he asked if we were still at the same address. I replied, "For more than forty years." He went back to the patrol car with our items, and I continued to plan the wording for my request that I should experience, at least once in my seventy years of life, a warning rather than a citation. After what we felt to be quite a long time he finally returned with a welcomed document, a written warning. He handed our items to me, asked me to drive safely and wished us a good evening.

THE SRV

DW: **IF YOU ARE NOT A POLARIZING INDIVIDUAL, YOU MAY NOT BE ACCOMPLISHING MUCH.**



Sitting in your lazy boy imagining the adventure of a solo round the world sailing voyage is a pretty safe pastime. When you are actually doing it there are moments, some of long duration, when you wish you were back in that lazy boy. This is one of those moments.

I am three days out of Cape Town heading east in a thirty five foot sail boat that I am delivering to the Island of Mauritius. This is by no means a round the world trip, but I am in some of the most treacherous waters on earth. I had heard about the Cape rollers, the monster waves in this part of the ocean which snap giant oil tankers in two. And here they are rolling right at me. I first descend into a watery canyon and then soar into the air on the crest of a heaving green mountain. These mountains and canyons are themselves peppered with huge waves that are thrashing my boat to pieces. It is becoming abundantly clear that I should be on a higher quality boat. Solo sailors do not get bored. There is always something to fix and very little to fix it with. We surpass McGyver in skill and imagination on a daily basis just to survive in this environment.

I am out here to prove something. I don't have a dingy. I don't have a life raft. Instead, I have my SRV mounted to the roof of the cabin. And that seems to be my undoing. The deck house was reinforced to support the 275 pounds of my invention. But the work was poorly done. The deck house is disintegrating. Each wave pours through the damaged windows, and my boat is riding ever lower in the water. This is supposed to be summer down here, but I am soaked and freezing.

I must make my decision now. Although the sky is covered with angry clouds, I am sure the sun has set. I can't be doing this in the dark! It must be now. The bow no longer clears the passing waves. With my left arm through the hand hold straps and my right hand gripping the release handle I wait as the next wave arrives that can sweep us clear of the boat and its rigging. I must get this right or I could be killed just getting off the boat. Now! SNAP! I get a mouth full of frigid water as the SRV rolls over me.

Testing was always better than this. I was surrounded by rescue people who could take care of things if something went dreadfully wrong. But here I am, by myself, in the prototype, alone in the vast Southern Ocean. I need to reach the unlocking mechanism and in the dim light, I can't seem to find it. I must pull that little lever before I drown under this thing. My fingers reach a familiar spot so I pull hard and the package I'm clinging to starts to change. Various protective covers pop loose and are carried away in the gale. I cling to the SRV with all my strength. If I lose my grip I will be swept away, and surly die in this merciless sea. The SRV begins to grow and change shape as it inflates in a manner similar to a life raft, but this invention of mine is so much more complex than a life raft. The inflating tubes create a cage with flexible panels between the tube elements. It stiffens to form a pod like structure. In shape, it resembles a turnover, one of those triangular shaped breakfast goodies. The fold line is the top of the SRV. One of the short sides of the triangle is the bottom. The other short side is the back. It rides in the water like a turnover on end with the occupant's feet at the low pointed end and his head at the upper pointed end. It is ballasted to float in this position by the weight of the sea foil mounted in the pointed nose. The sea foil is a heavy structure whose major elements are a twenty lb helium tank encased in metal fins, which are further encased in Styrofoam to protect all the other elements, including the occupant from damage and injury.

The SRV pod is now glowing inside and out. The strategically placed LEDs prove to be beneficial in the dwindling light. I peel back the velcroed side hatch cover above my hand hold which will allow me to enter the pod. This is not easy in the raging sea, which is far worse than any conditions we ever tested. Despite the ballasting, the pod tends to roll over on me as I struggle to enter the hatch. It feels like diving into a flooded fox hole. I manage to

get all of myself inside, but it is terribly claustrophobic as I have water nearly up to my chin. The glowing lights tend to calm some of my fears as the water both inside and out thrashes me like I'm a Raggedy Andy doll in a washing machine. I struggle into the seated position where the few basic mechanical controls of the SRV are in plain view in front of my face and well illuminated by the solar powered lights. I'm glad I know this machine well because it would be very difficult to get oriented in something like this if I was totally unfamiliar. I locate the sea foil release lever and pull. The nose of the pod bobs up slightly as the weight drops free and the protective styrofoam darts away, propelled by the gale. A few moments later, I feel the tug as the 100 feet of connecting cable pull taught and I am thrown gently against the back of the pod. For a moment the water surges over my head and I am on the verge of panic, but then the water quickly recedes from the pod interior until I am floating much higher with the water down around my waist. The pod swings around and is oriented to face wind and wave by the action of the sea foil.

SRV stands for Self-Rescue Vehicle. It is intended to rescue me from the awful predicament of losing my sailing vessel. I will soon find out if it can successfully do this. Like all other vehicles, this one needs a driver or a pilot. It has controls. They must be manipulated properly. Like everything else from a bicycle to a B52 bomber, mis operation can destroy the craft and kill the occupant. This is no different. The controls are preset at a neutral, safe configuration. As I gather my thoughts for the next step, I review in my mind the operation of the SRV. There are three elements to the SRV;

1. The pod where I now reside,
2. The sea foil which is somewhere out before me semi-submerged in the swells 100 feet away and,
3. Above the behind my head, in a separate little compartment, is packed what we appropriately call "the kite".

The controls basically consist of three knobs with crank handles. The top knob controls the pitch of the kite. It is labeled "load" and "unload", dialing counterclockwise unloads the kite. This has to be done in heavy weather otherwise stresses build extremely high. Fully loaded in an 80 knot gale would impose over 10,000 pounds of stress on the SRV which would totally destroy it. The knob is presently set and checked to be in the fully unload position prior to releasing the kite. After a long sigh, I reach overhead and pull the kite release lever. Helium flows from the tank thru a tube in the connecting cable thru the shrouds of the kite as it peels away from the pod and spreads out over the water behind me. I feel the pod shake as the limp kite is battered by wind and wave. The leading edge tubes are stiffening with helium which will add some buoyancy to the kite. I peel down the right side Velcro window and try to look back to see what's happening back there, but I can't really see in the dark whether things are going right or not. The only thing I can do is assume that the kite is inflated and hopefully untangled and start to turn the no. 1 crank. The longer I wait, the more likely it is that a tangle will develop and doom me to a watery grave, so I must not delay. The pod continues to shake as I turn the control and the shaking intensifies for a moment and then ceases. The water that has been surrounding me up to my waist suddenly surges toward my feet and flows away through unseen drain ports. I feel the pod lifting against the force of the water until I am free and floating in the air some 20 feet above the roaring waves. I'm really flying! So far, so good. It is such a relief to be out of the freezing water. I close the side window and I am also out of the blast of the storm winds as the air sweeps cleanly by the streamlined pod. My shivering subsides to a small degree.

The second knob from the top is set at neutral. In this position the sea foil acts as a sea anchor. The onboard GPS is telling me that the wind is out of the northwest at 290 degrees. That means that I am being blown backward on a heading of 110 degrees. I am reading a speed of 2.5 knots with the drag of the neutrally set sea foil. With these settings I will eventually be blown to Antarctica. That simply will not do. Turning the knob clockwise (cw) changes the three point cable connection causing the sea foil to pull to the right. The hydrofoil fins on the symmetrical tank structure start to develop hydrodynamic forces which mimic the rudder/center board combination of a sailboat.

Above each shoulder is a "D" shaped handle. If I pull down on the left handle the kite will veer left. Thus, I pull on the right handle so the kite matches the motion of the sea foil and I am tacking right. I can tack right to be heading for the coast of Africa if I crank knob two clockwise a few turns. After a little tweaking I find that I can hold a course of 355 degrees and make 20 knots headway. Hanging my right hand on the right handle for extended periods of time I find to be quite comfortable, but in future models I will add Velcro tabs to hold a chosen position. The small velcroed hatch cover directly below me turns out to be very convenient to take care of some personal business. The SRV tends to fly itself quite nicely when necessary.

I am flying blindly toward the north for hours now. I have switched off the lights in an effort to see the sky and ocean with no success. It is getting toward morning but there is not yet any glow on the horizon out the right side window. The wind may be getting lighter. I'm glad there was no lightning with this storm. Even though the SRV passed some extreme voltage tests, the EV facility could not nearly match the fury that a real thunderstorm could unleash on me.

Suddenly something cold bumps my butt! I think I touched the water! Again and much harder! I quickly reach for the top knob and twist it cw. I feel a surge as the pod rises. I flick the lights on for a moment and note that the strain gage is indicating an acceptable 500 lbs of tension. I nod off for some much needed sleep.

In a fitful dream I feel a moment of weightlessness, and then my skull is slammed against the pod's padded head rest. My mind instantly fights to wake up. What was that? Again, I'm floating, then, slammed again. It's daylight. The pod is nosed down slightly. The kite above me is now easily seen and is riding high. The wind must have kicked up while I slept. The strain gage reads over 900 and then jumps off the scale as I get slammed once more. I must fix this right now! I quickly turn the top knob counterclockwise to reduce the lift generated by the kite thus reducing the tension. I then reach for the bottom of the three knobs. Cw is labeled skip, and ccw is labeled dig. The sea foil is skipping out of the wave crests so I instantly put a turn ccw to keep the sea foil from pulling clear of the water. My flight settles down and calamity is averted. After a quick inspection, things seem to be holding together. Tension is back below 600 lbs.

Looking out to the right I see the coast of Africa about twenty miles away. That's amazing! I should make land fall in less than an hour! I put my head out the right window and sight down the cable toward the sea foil. I cannot see it in the wave troughs. I must reduce the dig to the minimum acceptable depth as I approach the shore so as not to snag it in a reef.

It seems that I am approaching a populated beach. Lots of people are out for an early morning stroll. I did not anticipate this problem. The developing onshore breeze allows me to release the right kite handle and that action squares the kite with the beach. I must be sure not to hurt anyone as they stand there gawking at me. I must also be sure to not carry past the beach and crash into houses. I must be down before the sea foil reaches the shore because it will give me no control whatever if it is bouncing along a sandy beach. Not only that, it could slice somebody's leg off if it hits them.

As I near the surf line I unload the tension knob to 400 lb as the pod just clears the marching wave crests. I then dial the third knob to full dig and the sea foil buries itself below the swirling foam and holds like a boat anchor. The pod lurches and pitches up and down slightly. I am held in a stationary position now, ten feet above the dry sand, by the anchoring effect of the sea foil 100 feet away at the edge of the surf. I dial the top knob to its unload stop. The pod bumps to a halt on a mound of beach grass next to a parked car, as the kite collapses behind it. Several people surround me, speechless, while I awkwardly emerge from the pod. I am a bit stiff but feeling pleased at being alive in spite of losing the boat. With more incredulous people gathering around me I can't resist the urge to say, "Take me to your leader". I may get what I asked for. That looks like a police car approaching. JLF 7-18-12

This is a fictitious story. My invention, the SRV, has never been built. I tried to interest some kite board manufacturers to build a sport version, which would be far easier, but they seem to be uninterested.

CREATURE FROM THE DARK WOODS

DW: Open minded and empty minded are two different conditions.

The evening of July 12, 2012 was one of those hot sticky summer nights where you just know the temperature won't drop below 75 degrees all night. I decided to take a dip in our above ground pool after dark to cool off before bed since our bedroom air conditioning does poorly. I went out alone since Kathy was not up to swimming that night. Soon after entering the water, I heard that frightful shriek way off in the distance. Less than a minute later I heard it much louder and closer, and then again, mere seconds later, it had to be next to the south rim of the pool. I waded over to that side of the pool to see what it could be and saw a sizeable dark form close to the ground. I waded back across the pool as quickly as possible fearing that the thing could be on my back in two or three bounds if it chose to do so. My goal was the pistol under my towel which I place there when we use the pool. I grabbed it and waded back across the pool with weapon in hand. Upon reaching the other side again the creature was still there unmoved by my activity. I trained the laser sight on the form and two large, widely spaced red eyes glowed back at me staring as in a trance. I pulled the slide to chamber a round, released the safety, and centered the dot between those huge unblinking eyes. I squeezed the trigger. There was an audible click, but nothing else. What a time for a misfire! I pulled the slide again and slammed it forward, retraining the dot between the eyes. The creature never flinched. Those unblinking eyes remained fixed on me in defiance as if it was poised for an attack. Again, I squeezed the trigger. Blam! There was no yelp or any other sound, but the dark form slinked off to the left and disappeared from view. It seemed that I had missed. I had no further interest in swimming and went into the house. Kathy and I got on the computer and tried to identify the sound online. Google responses indicated that the animal may have been a gray fox.

The next morning, I looked out the window and a dark object was lying there in the yard. I quickly got dressed and went out to see what it was. I took the camera along as I went for a closer look. The thing had dropped dead about eight feet left of where I had shot it. The bullet struck it right through the left tear duct at a range of twenty five feet.

A most peculiar thing is that, located at the spot where it was standing as I shot it, there was a complete slice of white bread lying on the grass, broken into three major pieces. We had no white bread in our house or in our trash. We have no idea how or why it got there. We were later able to say with some confidence that the animal was a gray fox. Why it chose to confront me on that hot summer night I will never know.

CHURCH SECURITY

DW: As a responsible taxpayer, I am tired of being made responsible for everyone else's irresponsibility.

In the Spring of 1979 when Exeter Bible Church was adding the gym and classroom wing there was a break in. Nothing of value was taken, but I was told that every closet door and every cabinet door that was locked was forced open. I suppose that makes sense. The intruders figured that doors are locked only to protect something of value. So, they concentrated their efforts on the locked doors. I'm sure there is a great lesson in this observation, but I'm not really sure what it is. In any event, that's not where this story is going.

A few days later, I volunteered to install some rudimentary alarm equipment to discourage this sort of thing from happening again. I had my six year old son Bradley with me one evening when I was finishing up and were leaving just after sunset. I shut off the lights and as I made sure the door locked, a pickup truck drove up the street past us at a very slow speed. Since I still had my security attitude dominating my brain, I concluded that this was suspicious. I hurried to the car with Bradley in tow and drove to the end of the street, turned around, and parked across the street from Pastor Ray Benton's house, facing the church. I shut off the engine and lights and waited. I didn't know what if anything was going to happen, or what I would do if something did happen. Here I sat with my young son, unarmed except for a three inch lock blade pocket knife. I carried this knife with me all the time, even on airline flights since it was small enough to pass the security checks of the day.

After a few minutes a pickup truck appeared at the far corner, moving slowly. I watched intently. As it approached the church building the driver shut off his headlights while still moving. Very suspicious! I thought, "Why would anybody who was not up to no good shut off their headlights while still moving? That's not stealthy! That's stupid!" He stopped at the near corner of the building. Two people, appearing to be men, got out of the cab. One of them retrieved a large object from the truck bed that could have been a gas can, and proceeded to the structure's construction opening that was covered by a tarp. At that point I lost sight of them. I could hardly believe what I was seeing. I told Bradley to stay in the car and ran to the Benton's front door and started pounding. A startled pastor opened the door as I blurted out that someone was breaking into the church. Pastor Ray quickly called the police. As we stood around for the next minute wondering how long it would take for the police to show up, we decided to walk down there to see what was going on. Bradley stayed in the car.

As we walked toward the truck, I said, "What if they get away." I was formulating a plan. I volunteered to puncture their tires. Pastor Ray nixed that right away, saying that it would not be right to do something so destructive. I immediately followed with plan B. "Let's pull off the spark plug wires." I said. Pastor Ray conceded to that idea, and after a little fumbling we found the hood release lever. I reached in and quickly pulled all eight wires, and then as quietly as possible we closed the hood. All the while there was no sign of the suspects. As we hurried back up the street Pastor Ray said he would go inside and check on the police. I got back in the car with Bradley and waited for the police to arrive.

Within minutes the two men reappeared still carrying the object which they carefully placed in the truck bed. I had a strange feeling of power as I watched, knowing exactly what was going to happen. Rrrrr, Rrrrr, Rrrrr. I was practically laughing. Within a minute they were out of truck with the hood open, trying to figure out the problem. It was quite entertaining to watch all of this with Bradley from inside our car, half a block away. But where were the police?

Finally, the police car turned the corner at the far end of the block. I signaled them with two flashes of my headlights just as they turned right into the rear parking lot and disappeared from sight. Astoundingly the only people to see my flashes were the two suspects and one of them was walking straight toward us. That strange feeling of power totally evaporated. Instead, I was scared. As he continued to approach our car, I got my trusty lock blade ready for action. When he got within 20 feet, I swung the door open, jumped out, and while standing behind the door, and with my outstretched arm holding the knife, I yelled in the most commanding voice I could muster, considering my fearful state, "You stay right there!" The suspect put his hands out to his side and said, "What's going on here?" I didn't say anything in response since that is an amazingly difficult question to answer under those circumstances. I caught myself feeling a little offended by the question, thinking I should be the one asking questions since I was the one holding the weapon. The awkwardness soon abated as the police car reappeared and the suspect turned his attention to the police. The suspect and I had no other exchange, either verbal or otherwise. The officers cuffed them then stuffed them into the cruiser. I don't remember much after that. I was somewhat in shock over the whole event and didn't sleep at all that night. Bradley wasn't phased by any of it that I could see.

I later found out that these particular criminals were siphoning gas from the church buses. I don't know for sure how their charges were resolved. The charges may have been dropped after Pastor Didden had a conference with them.

WHAT MUST WE DO TO PLEASE GOD?

DW: **The most loved person to ever walk the earth was Jesus.**

The most hated person to ever walk the earth was not named Hitler, Stalin, or Mao but Jesus.

So, what do you get when an engineer tries to write a sermon?

Well, here it is!

What must we do to please God?

All of us are here in God's house this Sunday Morning instead of sleeping in. I'm sure that pleases God. Many of you serve in various capacities. Certainly, that pleases God also. We put money in the collection plate. It is recorded that Jesus was thrilled when some woman put two cents into the offering. Oh. That was everything she had? Let's leave that subject for your pastor to handle on another day.

How good must we be to please God?

What does it take to avoid Hell and go to Heaven? It is a common belief that our good deeds must outweigh our bad deeds in order to please God. Being mostly good shouldn't be all that hard to do. But think about it. How good is 51% good versus 49% bad. If you scored 51% on a test you would earn an F. Do we really expect God to be happy with a grade that would cause any teacher to flunk us? Clearly, we must be better than that to please God.

What does it take for God to be happy with us?

We have the Ten Commandments received by Moses directly from God to show us what God expects if we wish to please Him. But what are the Ten Commandments? Are they a code of conduct? Are they a measuring stick for us to show God how good we are? No. They are a measure from God to show us how far we miss his standard of perfection. Why was the Law given?

Gal. 3:19 states, "It was given to show people how guilty they are"

Here is a glass of pure clean water, the kind we drink every day. (*hold up in right hand. Give to volunteer.*)

Will you take a sip of this? Thank you.

This cup represents a perfect, pure, and holy life, the kind of life most of us wish we had. In my other hand is a little bottle filled with filthy sewer sludge crawling with millions of malicious microbes. This represents sin.

Let's say that this cup of pure, clean water represents your life.

Have you ever lied any time in your life, even a small lie?

Yes.

That makes you a liar.

(Place a drop of filth in the clean water)

Have you ever stolen anything, even something small, even cheating on a test.

Yes.

That makes you a thief.

(add another drop)

Have you ever called someone a bad name or said bad things about them?

Yes.

Jesus Himself said that if you have done that you are a murderer at heart.

(add another drop)

You are now on record as a lying, thieving, murderer and we have only been through three of the Ten Commandments.

Look at the cup.

It still looks good. It is still quite clear. Truthfully, the water in this cup is 99.99% pure. That's an A++ on any test in any school.

Would you drink this?

No.

You won't drink it?

No.

Why not?

It is contaminated.

So, an A++ cup of water is not good enough for you to drink! This cup is symbolic of your life. Hold it out to God as a drink offering. Offer it up to God and see if He will drink it.

Do you think He will drink it?

No.

If this cup of almost pure water is not acceptable to you, as a human being, how can your less than perfect life be acceptable to Almighty God?

God is perfect and Holy. Your life is not. He will not drink your offering. He will not even touch it. He cannot let a life like yours come near Him. Our lives are disgusting to Him. We are all filthy and are not fit to come anywhere close to God or to enter His Heaven. There is only one suitable place for us to go in our sinful condition. That place is Hell! There isn't any other place!

Some people think their lives are already hell on earth. Things are so bad for some that they just want it to be over. They want to go to sleep and never wake up, to be at peace in a calm, everlasting nothingness. But that is not an option. Just as we go to sleep and wake up again day after day, the final sleep on the day we die will be short lived. We will wake up to Judgment Day, standing before God, facing either Heaven or Hell. No matter how bad life has been on this earth, if we wake up facing Hell, we are really jumping from the frying pan directly into the fire.

Is there no way to please God? Are we all doomed? Is there any way out for us?

Fortunately, yes. Our loving and caring God made a way.

God did not leave us to die in this hopeless state. God's only Son Jesus, who is one with His father, took on a fleshly body like ours and came to earth to deal with our unsolvable problem. He lived a sinless life, and at the end of His time on earth, He allowed His creation, the people He loved: He allowed them to murder Him. In preparation for His death on the cross, He took the cup filled with the sins of the entire world...

Hold up big cup and dump dirt into it.

He took the cup filled with all the sins of the entire world, sins past, sins present, and sins future, and said to the Father, "If it is possible, don't ask me to drink this. But not my will but your will be done."

At this pivotal moment in history Jesus could have said, "No. This is too much. It is too disgusting. I won't do it. Lord, Father, just give them what they deserve. Send them all to Hell." But instead, in obedience, He took that cup filled with every imaginable abomination, and drank all of it: for us. This is our way out. This is God's Divine Rescue Plan.

For all those who put their trust and faith in Jesus Christ and His Perfect Sacrifice on the cross, they are forgiven of all infractions and are now one with Jesus, they have become part of the Body of Christ. Since they are now one with Christ and part of His Body, and since Christ is One with The Father, all believers are gloriously, one with God. Hallelujah!

Have you asked Jesus to place your sins in that awful cup He drank, or, do you prefer to hand your own cup of corruption directly to God and see how well that goes? God's way

through Jesus leads directly to Heaven. Man's attempts to bypass Jesus lead directly to Hell. Jesus is the way, the only way!

Here is the cup representing the one Jesus drank, containing the sins of the world.

Show the cup again.

Do you want to offer your own cup of corruption directly to God, or will you place your sin into the cup that Jesus already drank?

Would you like to pour your cup into the cup that Jesus took upon Himself?

Pour small cup into large.

You may ask, "How do I do that? You showed us a representation. How do I really pour my sin into the cup that Jesus already drank?"

It is done by having faith in Jesus as the only one who can make you right with God the Father, by trusting that through your faith He has received your cup of sin from you. That trust is a leap of faith, a personal event. One day you are heading for hell, the next day you are a child of God, heading for Heaven. Your spiritual life is either alive or dead. Like an old style light switch, it is off or "click" it is on. God does not use dimmer switches. You may evolve into a nicer person, but you don't slowly evolve into a Christian. Salvation is a clear decision. It is a day and event you remember for the rest of your life. No one is born a Christian. If you do not have that defining moment in your life, the day you changed course for God's Kingdom, then it is very likely that you are not headed there. If you are not, I encourage you to make today **The Day**.

JLF 10-21-09

ATHEISTS ARE PEOPLE OF GREAT FAITH

DW: Believing half the story is the easy thing to do.
It takes half the time to hear it, and half the thinking too.

How can an atheist have faith? It depends on your definition of faith. Here is a definition that shows that an atheist has more faith than a Christian:

Definition of faith: Believing something to be true without sufficient evidence to prove it.

Christians have faith that God exists. Atheists have faith that God does not exist. It is always easier to prove something exists. If one finds sufficient evidence in only one place the case is made. But one must check everyplace finding no evidence in order to prove nonexistence. Not only must you check everyplace, but you must also know what it is that you are looking for.

Consider this story:

A husband has been preparing for retirement. He tells his wife that he has hidden gold coins in the house, but before he tells her exactly where, he dies in a car wreck. The wife searches diligently for days and fails to find the coins. Before moving to a retirement community, she tries one last plan to find the gold. She hires an investigator to search the house and offers him ten percent of the gold if he can find it. For two days he searches everywhere and everything in the house, especially items being readied for a yard sale. He even removes panels and lifts floorboards. At the conclusion of his efforts he assures the wife that he has proven beyond any doubt that there are no gold coins in the house. The husband must have made it up.

In desperation the wife hires another investigator offering him fifty percent, and in a few hours he finds the coins. Upon hearing the news, the first investigator yells, “No way. That’s impossible. I searched every possible place and there can’t be any gold there. I don’t believe it. Even if you show me the coins, I still won’t believe it. You are just trying to trick me or make me look a fool.”

What reasons could there be that the first investigator couldn’t find the gold coins, but the second investigator did?

1. Was 10% not enough incentive?
2. Did he not look hard enough?
3. Did he not look in the right place?
4. Did he not know what he was looking for?

The answer is number 4.

The second investigator noticed a pile of children’s games that the wife was about to take out to the yard sale. One of the games was an unmarked box containing

clear rectangular slabs of plastic roughly twice the dimensions of a typical domino. They were lined up edgewise in the box. The wife and first investigator were looking for gold coins in a bag. The second investigator was looking for clear plastic rectangles, each encasing a gold coin!

The first investigator proved to his satisfaction that there were no gold coins in the house, but the reality, which he continued to deny, was quite different.

There are three crucial things a person must do in their life.

Number One: One must personally decide with certainty whether or not God exists. (If the answer to Number One is NO, then forget about two and three)

Number Two: Figure out what He wants from you.

Number Three: Make sure He gets it.

When it comes to discounting Odin, Zeus, Buddha, Allah, and so on, an atheist may have good reason to disbelieve. But he should be very wary of the God of the Christian Bible. This one deserves very serious consideration.

A wise skeptic should make a most careful evaluation of that religion which promises the most severe eternal distress for the violation of its precepts. That would be Christianity. The risk reward ratio is astronomical. If you get this wrong by snubbing God's salvation, Hell is really bad and it lasts a really long time, like forever (Mark 9:43-48). Death followed by a peaceful nothingness is not an option.

If you get it wrong the other way by believing and living the Christian Life, and then find at the end that the Bible is a fake, you only lose out on three relatively minor things:

1. You miss sleeping in on Sundays.
2. You lose all the money you put in the collection plate. (for some it may not be all that much)
3. You miss out on some fun sinning. (which may save you from all kinds of worldly grief)

I strongly urge you to talk to a Christian, go to church, study a Bible. You really must get this right. You may have a whole lifetime to get your salvation secured, or you may have but days or hours. Don't delay.

MOOSE ARE HUGE

DW: God does not owe us an explanation for anything!

Moose are huge, way bigger than horses. While protecting their young or during the mating season they can become dangerous. Bradley and his wife Susie have seen moose drinking from the pond in their side yard. There are also bears in the area. That is why my son was armed with a .45 automatic in a shoulder holster as we explored his 52 acres in upstate Maine on the morning of Oct 2, 2012. After walking the trails for a while, my wife Kathy and Susie went back to the house and Bradley and I headed into the thick underbrush. We were searching for a beaver pond that showed on Bing maps.

The going was really rough. It was good we had walking sticks or we would have fallen several times. The bushes were blocking our view as twigs scratched our faces. The forest floor was a tangled mat of rotting logs and fallen branches overlaying a swamp. Fortunately, we were wearing waterproof boots. We tried to stay on the fallen vegetation, since to fall off would likely plunge a foot into water that could top our boots and possibly break a leg. At each step we were surrounded by foliage that was tearing at us from all sides. Several times I could see no direction we could go, and as I turned around 360 degrees, I could not even see how I got to where I was standing. I could barely drag my walking stick through the tangle. There was a small element of panic in my mind caused by the realization that both of us were only one false step from a 911 call.

We saw plentiful signs of beaver as we discovered freshly cut saplings, but we could not find the beaver's dam. We thrashed our way to a small rise that improved our visibility, but still the beaver dam eluded us. Bradley marked this rise on his GPS. We worked our way out of the mess by heading east. After fighting through more impassable brush, we arrived at a neighbor's campsite, where we took stock of ourselves in the clearing.

That is when Bradley exclaimed, "My pistol is missing. We must retrace our steps and find it."

I said, "Are you kidding? There is no way to retrace our steps in this maze." My visions of lunch were evaporating. I added, "Your pistol could be under a foot of water right now. We could stand right next to it and never see it!" Thoughts of stumbling around in a useless search till nightfall weighed heavily on my mind.

I quickly came to my senses and made a profound statement, "There is no way we will ever find your pistol without praying for help." I prayed out loud for both of us and continued to pray to myself as we reentered the tangle at two different points. I was sure that neither of us were retracing anything we did before. But we traveled on, converging on the GPS coordinate that Bradley had logged. We likely crossed our track on several occasions but saw nothing. We arrived at the GPS designation and stopped, looking in every direction, and again saw no sign of the pistol. As we resumed our search in a southerly direction, suddenly, there it was! Bradley had found it, sitting high and dry, cradled in a small leafless bush as if on a display stand. It took God less than 15 minutes to lead us to it! Thank you, Lord!

THE ICE DANCING PRAYER (THE HIGH COST OF NOT PRAYING)

DW: If everybody hates you, you are doing something wrong.

If everybody likes you, you are doing something wrong.

Kathy and I like to watch figure skating on TV. We especially like to watch ice dancing. It is the most beautiful skating of all, in our opinion. Ever since the early 80's with Torvil and Dean we have watched every season. In the fall of 2005, as we were watching, a Canadian pair named Marie France Dubreuil and Patrice Lauzon began their performance to the music "Somewhere in Time". I was awestruck. Their unique moves looked just like a dream I had in which Kathy and I were ice dancing together. I wrote them the following e-mail about the dream and told them I would pray for them to be successful in the upcoming 2006 Olympics:

Dear Marie and Patrice,

Several years ago, I dreamed that my wife and I were ice dancing on the frozen pond in our front yard. It was a beautiful dream.

We have watched ice dancing on TV many times since then. But, on Sunday Nov. 14 as we watched the competition from St John's Newfoundland, I felt that I was watching my dream come to life as I saw the two of you skate. It was pure romance, and totally magnificent. I turned to her and said, "this is what you and I look like in my dreams". She said, "You're joking". I replied, "No.". I had tears as we watched your performance conclude. Kathy was quite moved by what I said, since I am not a very romantic guy.

I just thought that you might want to know how much we appreciated your performance. We will pray that God be with you and that you have great success in the upcoming Olympics and success and joy for the rest of your lives. We will be watching in February.

They sent us a very nice card with a little note in response.

We eagerly anticipated the upcoming games. On the day of the short program I realized that I had better get at it and offer up a prayer for their performance as I said I would. Later that day we sat down together to watch the competition. Marie and Patrice were magnificent. As we watched their short program it was clear that they were the best performers so far. They would definitely be taking the lead. But, during the last three seconds of their performance, during a onehanded lift, he dropped her. She hit hard on her hip and seemed to be injured. We were stunned. Later we were to find that, because of Marie's injury, they would be unable to perform their long program "Somewhere in Time". Their Olympic dream was over.

It was the first time in my life that I had seen a pair of ice dancers fail to finish an Olympic competition due to injury. It was also the first time I had ever prayed for success for skaters. How could this be? Was my prayer worth nothing? Are my prayers actually harmful to people? Perhaps I should have prayed more than once. I thought more about this terrible outcome and the part that God and I played in it. Then the awful truth hit me. The Games were in Torino Italy, six hours ahead. I prayed for Marie and Patrice after their accident, ten minutes too late!

The Performance of “Somewhere in Time at World’s following the Olympics: Good video quality
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zr5Lpn0UNto&feature=fvw>

The short program that ended their 2006 Olympic competition:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WHfZ-6_z7co

The Canadian Nationals performance that amazed us: Poor video quality
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EvlaIN8SdBM&feature=Playlist&p=BA7BB51B0B5251F6&index=0&playnext=1>

LIFE’S HORIZON

DW: Oh, the vistas I would have seen, but trees got in my way.

As I gaze out toward the horizon, I strain my eyes to see whatever distant details I can discern. I step away from obstacles, in an effort to get a clearer view. I try to identify in advance any problems that may be moving in my direction. With enough advance notice many can be dodged to the left or the right. Things that span the horizon like sandstorms cannot be avoided. One must hunker down and hope for the best as it passes over head. Most of my life is in the past. Of late the horizon seems less distant. Could the edge be approaching? The end of things is coming into view!

The old saying, “There is a first time for everything.” is a fallacy. Most things remain untried. The list of things that I will never do grows in my mind, and it concerns me less than I thought it would. I don’t have a bucket list. I have nothing against cruise ships, yet I doubt that I will ever board one. But, for all the things that I have done, and love to do, there is a last time for all of them. I have seen the Grand Canyon three times. A fourth would be nice but I doubt that it will happen. My last flight as a pilot was over twelve years ago. Swinging a golf club with my son or throwing a football with my grandsons has become physically risky for me and it must be done carefully. What other of all my enjoyable experiences have I already done for the last time? It is difficult to say. Today I can still hear, and I can still draw the bow across the strings of my violin with some precision, but for how long? Day by day my horizon shrinks bringing on an uneasy urgency about life. I wish to use my remaining talents and abilities to the fullest for as long as I can. JLF 10-18-13

A PSALM BY JEFFREY

DW: **With the current world leadership, civilization itself is unsustainable.
Man's solution will be the world's version of a savior rather than God's.**

A writing assignment by Pastor Dave Klase

Lord you are an awesome God. Even in a cursed world, the beauty of your creation shines through to us daily.

From sunsets to moon risings, from humming birds to butterflies, the wonders from your hands surround us always.

We look inward to find the smallest building block you use. With all our combined intellect we can't find it.

We look outward with huge telescopes past the stars and galaxies to see the edge, the extent of your universe, and we can't find it.

We seem so small in your sight, yet your eyes are fixed on us.

We are at the center of your attention.

Each one of us can reach out to you at any time and you will be there.

When we cry out to you in faith and humility, you will always hear.

You patiently and continuously wait to hear from each of us.

You delight to use your mighty power in defense of the faithful.

Your Jerusalem is not only the crossroads of the Middle East, Your whole universe revolves around it.

The most mighty works you are about to do will be focused here.

We watch and hope earnestly for the day when you conquer all your foes.

JLF 10-29-09

THE SOUND OF SNOW

DW: “The most costly way to accomplish anything is to try to do it cheap.”



We live in a noisy world. The invasive cacophony is something we grow to accept as normal. It drowns out much of what we would otherwise choose to hear.

Late one winter afternoon in 1980 I drove to my friend's house. It was an ancient log cabin so old that it had gun ports to ward off possible Indian attacks. It had started to snow before I and my six-year old son left. We carefully drove down Buck Hollow road which was flanked by steep hills on both sides. The road was lightly travelled, especially in these snowy conditions.

As we got out of the car and walked down the long sidewalk past a large pine tree on our left, I noticed how incredibly quiet it was. I stopped and

signaled Bradley to be quiet and listen to the silence. No traffic sounds contaminated the valley and no air traffic noise polluted the air. There was not a breath of breeze and no local dog felt the need to bark. The insects of summer were long gone. It was the closest thing to total silence that I had ever experienced outdoors. We stood there and tuned our ears to the highest sensitivity we could muster.

After a few seconds we heard it, the only sound to penetrate the surrounding silence. The intriguing sound was snowflakes, drifting slowly earthward, sifting through the pine needles. These were large, delicate, artistic creations, floating slowly through the air. They were in no hurry to complete their journey back to the earth. Each one was shattered on contact with a single pine needle and the shards sifted through the branches with the faintest of sounds. This delicate symphony of nature was mesmerizing for both of us. We stood there for several minutes soaking it in.

It was years later before we heard such deep silence again. The location was the crater of an extinct volcano in Arizona. This was total silence since there was no snow. My whole family paused in awe of it.

I am not able to repeat this experience whether outdoors or in. As many of us have done, I damaged my hearing in 1991 and now have tinnitus. I will never hear silence again this side of Heaven. I do occasionally miss it.

THE JOURNEY HOME

DW: **Imagine how much better the world would be if we could see the faults in ourselves as well as we see the faults in others.**

Traveling home from my son's new house in rural upstate Maine, my convoluted itinerary brought me to downtown Manhattan where I felt very out of place. I am not an urbanite. I feel much more at ease out in the woods with the rabbits and the chipmunks.

The shuttle bus from the airport deposited me at the entrance to the Port Authority Bus Terminal on 42nd street. I stepped through the doors trying to look like I had been there before. But soon I found myself looking for a sign, one of those large signs that say INFORMATION. Beneath one of those signs I found a tall pylon with placards diagramming the three-story facility. This was obviously a large and complex structure. I didn't want to spend more than a few seconds here, but no matter how frantically I scanned the images I could not find the symbol that said, "YOU ARE HERE". I was clearly nowhere. In the middle of Manhattan I was a baby lost in the woods. Just then, from off to my right I heard a voice directed at me saying, "What are you trying to find". I looked and there was this slender middle-aged black fellow looking at me from about eight feet away, observing my bewildered state. I thought to myself, "Do I really look like easy prey to this savvy New Yorker?" I quickly dismissed the idea of giving a deceptive answer to his simple question and boldly said, "I'm trying to find the Bieber bus to Reading." He replied, "Do you have a ticket?" to which I said "Not yet." "Follow me", he said emphatically and turned away. Warily I began to follow. I immediately noticed that he walked with a limp, if you could call that walking. He was truly an Olympic caliber limper. He was losing me! I am no slouch at walking, but I had to step it out to the max to gain anything on him. I was weaving and dodging other pedestrians all the while studying my surroundings to make sure he was not leading me into some remote hallway where I might be victimized by a gang of his hoodlum buddies. We continued to be amongst numerous ordinary people on a path that showed promise when I spotted a sign ahead that said, "TICKETS". He waved his hand toward the ticket booth and stood about twenty feet off while I conducted business with the agent. As I stepped away from the booth with my ticket in hand, he approached again to a respectful distance and said, "Take this stairway down to gate 19." I said, "Thank you very much." and before I turned away he added, "Could you spare a few coins? I'm trying to get home myself." I pulled out my wallet, thumbed past the ones, and felt compelled to grab a five. I handed it to him and headed for the gate. The bus was waiting for me, and I had no regrets about my generosity as I boarded with only eight minutes to spare.

Five dollars is not likely enough to get anyone home to anyplace. I do regret that I did not have a tract with me to place with the bill I handed him. A good Bible tract would have provided this man a much better chance of getting all the way home.

JLF 2-11-12

MY YOUNG EARTH OBSERVATIONS

DW: TRUE SCIENCE AND TRUE RELIGION ARE NEVER IN CONFLICT.

From the moment I heard of it, I wanted to see the Grand Canyon. My favorite piece of music was the Grand Canyon Suite. I would often lay on the sofa in the rec room and listen as I imagined being there. My school library had a book on the Grand Canyon that I read twice. The school also subscribed to Arizona Highways. I looked at every issue.

When I was fifteen years old a local business backfilled an area to extend a parking lot. They used ash from a coal fired power station to fill the area to over 10 ft deep. At some time later, a twenty-minute thunderstorm cut an 8 ft deep gully through the semi-stable ash. I walked through the gully an hour after the storm. By that time, the storm runoff had slowed to a trickle. What I saw was astounding! All the features that make the Grand Canyon instantly recognizable, to anyone who had merely seen pictures of it, were laid out before my eyes in miniature with walls as high as I could reach. The only difference was that the walls were gray instead of red. I wish I had gone back with a camera.

I finally got to see the Grand Canyon at age 40. It is so incredibly huge that no photo can do it justice. After surveying its vastness for some minutes, I became aware of what I was not seeing. The "mighty" Colorado River was nowhere to be seen. Throughout the day, no matter which overlook I looked over, I couldn't see it. Finally, near sunset, from one of the most western overlooks on the South Rim, the late afternoon sun reflected off a tiny ribbon of water way in the distance. "That's it?" I thought. "That's the liquid agent that carried off dozens of cubic miles of rock and earth?"

The Colorado River may be a force to reckon with as one scoots along on a raft, but it is insignificant to the point of irrelevance as viewed from the canyon rim. If that is all that nature had to work with, then, I'm sure it would take the Colorado River millions of years to move that much material. But, the canyon wouldn't look anything like it looks now. I thought of the mini-canyon from my childhood days. Normal rain did not hurt that parking lot; it took a sudden downpour to form a vertically walled gully.

The Colorado River flows within an inner canyon. A wide plateau forms both the rim of the inner canyon and the floor of the outer canyon. The inner

canyon is by itself huge. The largest storm generated flood one could imagine would not cause the river to overflow the inner canyon. So, what force carved the outer canyon? Did the Colorado meander back and forth across the outer canyon floor for countless eons before concentrating its efforts to form an inner canyon? And, while the river was confined to the inner canyon, what force would have removed a million plus years accumulation of rubble falling from the walls of the outer canyon?

It is clear that the Grand Canyon is shaped entirely wrong for a geological feature that is millions of years old, that the outer canyon walls are too steep, and the rubble field is too small. If the canyon was formed over millions of years, the seasonal changes with countless freezing and thawing cycles should have fractured and collapsed all vertical walls on a continuous basis so that the canyon would be a large V shaped valley composed of rock rubble at approximately 45 degree angle of repose.

For the Grand Canyon to look the way it does today would require a fantastic amount of water flowing for a relatively short period of time in the not too distant past. An inland sea pouring across northern Arizona would be enough to accomplish the task.

It is known beyond any doubt that the canyon rim itself was once under water since this layer of rock, the white Kaibab limestone, is pock marked with fossilized seashells. But now, the rim is 7,000 feet above sea level!

On July 13, 1993, my wife and I were at Capital Reefs National Park, 120 mi. northeast of the Grand Canyon.

We were in a vertical walled waterless canyon near the trail head to Cassidy Arch. It was nearing sunset and windy. We had back packs and intended to climb to Cassidy Arch and spend the night. While contemplating the wisdom of this idea, I was staring at the far canyon wall. Suddenly, tons of the canyon ledge fell away right before my eyes! Halfway down, the rock fall struck the canyon wall, shattering into a rain of fragments, and leaving a white mark on the wall. As I scanned the far wall I noticed numerous white marks. Yet, the rubble field was miniscule. If the canyon in Capital Reef is another multimillion-year old feature, what is the chance that I would see a major rock fall during my 2 minutes of contemplation? This canyon also is of very recent formation, the result of cataclysmic water flow. We decided to spend our 25th anniversary at the Stagecoach motel.

Canyon De Chelly, 150 mi east of the Grand Canyon is an even more extreme example of this evolutionary dilemma.

Sheer vertical walls extend nearly 1,200 feet from top to bottom with barely any rubble whatsoever. The stream that runs through it can be crossed on foot without getting your ankles wet. De Chelly experiences colder winter temperatures and more freezing cycles than the Grand Canyon, yet practically nothing has been sheared off those cliffs by any form of weathering.

Can Canyon De Chelly be anything more than thousands of years old?

I have been to the base of El Capitan in Yosemite; the rubble at its base is unimpressive in size. The rubble at the base of Devil's Tower likewise seems insufficient for a multimillion year old geologic feature.

When Mt St Helen exploded, it generated a flood of mud and ash that formed a canyon system in portions of the Toutle River Basin complete with vertical walls of visibly layered rock all formed from mud and ash in a matter of days. If you were to blindfold a geologist and transport him to the Toutle Canyon, he would never guess that he was inspecting a geologic feature only 30 years old. Layer upon layer of distinctive strata is visible. These varied layers were deposited one over the other in time intervals of hours or even minutes! Yet we look at other features on this planet and try to convince each other that a contiguous strata could be deposited in a uniform manner over millions of years. This is preposterous. There would be countless floods, droughts, and earthquakes during the huge time interval that would interrupt the deposition. To have uniformity of deposition for even a year would be highly unusual.

Are geologists and paleontologists blind, or must they perpetuate the old earth dogma to keep their jobs? How many important discoveries and artifacts have been destroyed, reburied, or "filed" into oblivion in the basement of some museum because the finder feared for his paycheck?

It seems obvious to me that many of this planet's most striking features must be of recent origin and must also have come into existence by the action of tremendous amounts of water. Even Darwin conceded that fossils only form during high rates of sedimentation, and that it requires the "assistance of much water".

The evolution theory which espouses that features on this planet developed slowly over millions of years cannot account for why these features have the form we see today. Biblical history, on the other hand, provides the time scale and the high-powered erosive agent to generate such geological formations that we presently enjoy visiting today.

LIFE'S HIGHWAY

DW: Adversity drives some of us into the arms of God. Adversity drives others away from God. Has each of us suffered sufficient adversity to know for sure which kind of person we are? Would I make a good Job?

We start down life's highway learning to crawl. The roadway is a vast expanse of concrete that seems to reach the horizon in every direction. Crawling does not satisfy for long. We pull ourselves to our feet and begin walking, stepping more boldly every day until we break into a run, running with both feet off the ground at the same time. It is exhilarating. Faster and faster as we first feel the breeze brush our cheeks. But then a bicycle extends the feeling, so fast that the wind brings tears to our eyes. The speed imposes responsibility. Care is required. Faster still as our vehicles gain power and weight. With the windows down, the top down, the wind races by, tugging at our hair. The concrete roadway now starts to look so narrow. We must keep our eyes focused on the road ahead. There are hazards to avoid. Brief glances to the side show us the wreckage of those who were careless. We accumulate things along life's journey like worries, regrets, bad things we have done, and good things we have left undone. These things weigh on us. The baggage and burdens overload our vehicle, making it hard to handle. We get fearful.

Way in the distance, what looked like cloud is actually smoke. It is boiling up from the end of the highway. End! How can there be an end? Isn't this a highway? Instead it is looking like a dead-end road! The source is fire from the burning wrecks of all who have plunged into the chasm before us. We need to hit the brake, something we have never done before. We push our foot on the floor to find that there is no brake. There never was. To make matters worse we are stuck on full throttle. We can barely steer as we wallow from side to side in our overloaded condition. How could God do this to us? He builds a dead-end road and then places us in an uncontrollable vehicle? In panic I look out to the side. There is a spirit alongside pacing me. It is Jesus. He says he loves me and continues to talk, "This is not life's highway that you are traveling, and I have not cursed you with a dead-end road. All that baggage that is weighing you down and making your life uncontrollable: pass it out the window to me, all of it! You are weighed down with a crushing load of sin and guilt. I gave my life to take this from you. Place all of it on Me. I can handle it. You can't. This is not a dead-end road. It should not be a bad end to your life's journey. It is the beginning, not the end. This is not a dead-end road, but a runway. Give to Me all of your burdens, and then you will be light enough to do what you were made to do. FLY!"

JLF 7-31-16 4:30 AM

THE AFTERLIFE

DW: [It goes as long as it goes and then it is over.](#)

Each Halloween we think of death from an entertainment perspective, but where do we really go when we die? We have all asked ourselves that question many times during our lives, and most of us don't want to think about it anymore. Nevertheless, we are on a collision course with Eternity, and we can't stop it! We all know in our gut that there is something beyond the grave. That seed of knowledge is built into us.

We travel through life as a package. At the end, only the box and the wrapping paper are buried in the ground. The contents, the real you, continues on to God knows where, and God does know where, and he wants you to know too. At the end of our earthly lives God wants all of us to join Him in Heaven. 2 Peter 3:9 But none of us are good enough to go! (Isaiah 64:6) None of us has earned the right! (Romans 3:10-18)

The bad news is that God requires perfection from us. (Galatians 3:10) Despite our efforts to be good and do good, we all fail to qualify. (Romans 7:19)

The good news is that He has devised a way for us to achieve perfection. In all of history only one person was good enough to earn his way into Heaven. He succeeded in living a perfect life earning the right to enter God's presence. He also earned the right to place HIS PERFECTION on each of us by becoming the perfect sacrifice when He **allowed** His own creation to murder Him. (Matt. 26:53, Isaiah 53:6, Romans 5:21, 1Peter 1:17-18) That man was Jesus. He was more than a man. He was God in the flesh. (John 1:14)

There are over 750,000 words in the Bible assembled into thousands of verses. If you boil it down to a single most important statement, it was made by Jesus himself. This is it:

I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me (John 14:6).

By believing and trusting in Jesus, He covers our imperfection by putting upon us the perfection of Jesus. (Galatians 3:27, 2 Corinthians 5:21). When God looks at us through Jesus He sees the perfection He demands, making us acceptable to Him and fit to join Him in Heaven. (Ephesians 2:4-6)

You want to please God? Believe in Jesus. Trust in Jesus (Romans 3:21-26).

Without faith it is impossible to please God (Hebrews 11:6).

The Bible points out a sad truth: Most of the people in the world will reject and ridicule the rescue plan that God has put in place for us. Are you one of those (Matt. 7:14)?

My goal is not to share my religion with you; my goal is to Share God's Heaven with you.

Jeffrey

THE LAST JOURNAL ENTRY OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

DW: Carnal Christian- A condition where Satan hates your guts and God isn't happy with you either.

If we read our Bibles, we see one account after another of people doing really bad things. We sit back and ask ourselves how anyone could do such evil. We say to ourselves, "I would never do such a thing. I couldn't be that evil." But consider this. Of the million or more people that Moses lead out of Egypt, only two were worthy to enter the Promised Land. All the rest were disobedient, faithless, doubting, grumblers. If we were there, who among us would presume to be the third person marching into the Promised Land, arm in arm with Joshua and Caleb? Not me. I would be one of the 999,998 unfit whose carcasses littered the desert. When I read the evil that some Bible characters did, and find myself tempted to judge, I stop and ask myself, "under what circumstances would I do exactly the same awful thing?"

The Last Journal Entry of Judas Iscariot

Jesus was an amazing man. I never met anyone else like Him. I'm sure there never was anyone else like Him. His power and His wisdom were beyond anything. I had to follow Him. He was going places, but He seemed to be taking a round-about path to get there. I was with Him for nearly three years. In bits and pieces, He told us who He really was, and I believed it. He was king of kings, and beyond that He was God in the flesh.

We wandered the countryside for years like a bunch of homeless vagabonds. Jesus did not dress like a king, and the rest of us, His servants, were practically in rags. We had almost nothing to sustain us. What little money we had was entrusted to me for safe keeping. We could have had much more. The gratitude of those wealthy parents when He healed their children was boundless. A token of their appreciation would have kept us sleeping indoors and well fed for weeks, but Jesus would accept nothing for His miracles. I didn't understand him. If he had a plan, I didn't know what it was. He needed a manager. I tried to advise him on how to advance His kingdom, but He would just look at me and smile saying, "Judas, Judas" like I was a clueless idiot.

I know He had unlimited power. He just wouldn't use it properly. He would do unbelievable miracles in the presence of the poor, who were powerless to advance our cause, but when the Pharisees were there to verify the rumors they heard, He rarely showed them anything. It was so exasperating I could hardly stand it. Every opportunity for Him to spring to power was wasted. I knew He could overthrow the Romans here in Israel. Heck, He had the power to overthrow the Romans in Rome.

Maybe Jesus didn't have a plan, but I had a plan. I would force a confrontation with the religious leaders were Jesus would have to use His power in their presence. Then they would see the truth and yield their power to Him.

I secretly made contact with the priests and arranged to have them arrest Jesus. That would really get things rolling. But, when they questioned Him, He didn't defend Himself. They did terrible things to Jesus and He just allowed them to do it, and now He is dead. Is it my fault that He is dead? His kingdom is over before it even began. The shepherd is gone and the flock is scattered. We can do nothing without Jesus! I just can't bear it. 4-2-10 6:54 am

The above account is pure speculation. I know of no indication in history that Judas kept a journal. The only thing that I can say for sure is this. If I was one of the apostles, this is what I would have done and why I would have done it.

God bestowed on Judas a great act of mercy. He allowed Satan to possess Judas to cause him to betray Jesus. Thus, God was able to charge Satan with the betrayal, lifting some of the blame from Judas. It was perhaps the easiest task a demonic power ever perpetrated upon a human, since, unbeknownst to Satan, Judas was going to betray Jesus anyway!

Judas suffered an intense, although short, period of woe as promised by Jesus. He was so sorry for what he did and how badly it turned out that he was repentant unto death, killing himself on the same day Jesus was crucified.

Was it better that Judas had never been born as Jesus said in Matthew and Mark or did his subsequent repentance bring about his salvation? Was the act of betrayal by Judas an unforgivable sin or is Judas in Heaven because of his repentance? Although he was sorry for betraying an innocent man he apparently no longer believed that Jesus was God. Unbelief is the unpardonable sin. Of all the people in this time period who rejected Jesus as Savior, no one had more proof and more reasons to believe than Judas had, and this may be what puts his lack of faith in class by itself.

FAITH AND DOUBT

DW: Faith- Believing something to be true with insufficient evidence to prove it.

Note: By this definition the faith of an atheist, that God does not exist, goes far beyond any faith a Christian has.

Faith and doubt are inter-related and inter-twined in a most peculiar and critical manner.

To understand, consider these concepts:

We would all agree that the opposite of up is down, but the concept of up is meaningless without the existence of down. There is no “up” unless there is a “down” to compare it to. The existence of “up” demands the existence of “down”. They depend on each other. They define each other.

Likewise, inside requires an “outside”, “left” is meaningless without a “right”, “darkness” is not dark unless there is the existence of light. “Wrong” isn’t wrong unless there is a “right” to measure it against. You can’t be absolutely sure you are traveling north if you have no idea which direction south is.

And then there are degrees, centers and balance points. One can be on the wall that separates the inside from the outside, in the middle between the left and the right, and would we not all agree that there is gray somewhere between total darkness and blinding light?

Is there something between dogmatic belief and total denial?

If all doubt is removed, does faith lose its definition?

Can faith exist without the possibility of doubt?

When Jesus returns to earth to rule over everything, all doubt of His existence will be expunged. Won’t faith then become extinct in the face of overwhelming fact?

IS GOD REALLY IN CONTROL?

In the three days following the arrest and crucifixion of Jesus there was nothing good for the disciples to see or hear that would indicate that God was in control, but he certainly was. As we look at the world around us we can still reach a negative conclusion.

God must be in control, but if so, how can things, at times, look so bad?

Does God purposely make it look like He is not in control? The answer may be yes. Consider this: If God’s hand of intervention in the affairs of this planet was blatantly obvious, then believers and unbelievers alike would know for sure that God was in control. God’s existence would be undisputed by all. There would be no faithful or faithless people. All would be the same. The term “faith in God” would have no meaning in the blinding light of certainty. For faith to exist, to survive, to thrive, God’s actions must be subtle, though pervasive. He must leave space for faith. Faith is essential for salvation. For by grace are you saved through faith; Eph 2:8. Without faith it is impossible to please God. Heb 11:6. Faith is the evidence of things not seen. Heb 11:1.

No one is born a believer. Perhaps we all start as unwitting doubters until preaching and witnessing take root. Doubt may be the fertile soil from which all faith springs. May we conclude that faith cannot grow from the polished concrete surface of certainty.

FAITH

Definition: Webster's: Unquestioning belief in God

Funk and Wagnalls 1939: A firm conviction of the truth of what is declared by another, simply on the ground of his truth or faithfulness; belief; trust; especially, such belief and trust exercised toward God and Christ.

Relevant synonyms: assent, assurance, belief, confidence, conviction, reliance, trust.

Antonyms: denial, disbelief, dissent, distrust, doubt, misgiving, rejection, skepticism, suspicion, unbelief

Belief as an intellectual process: the acceptance of something as true on grounds other than personal observation and experience.

My definition: Believing something to be true with insufficient evidence to prove it.

Biblical Definition of faith: Heb:11-1 The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. KJV

The importance of faith: Without faith it is impossible to please God. Heb: 11-6

1 John 3:2-4 New King James Version (NKJV)

² Beloved, now we are children of God; and it has not yet been revealed what we shall be, but we know that when He is revealed, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. ³ And everyone who has this hope in Him purifies himself, just as He is pure.

GOD'S RELATIONSHIP TO THE HUMAN RACE THROUGH THE AGES

DW: Rich- [Having more money than you feel like spending.](#)

In the beginning God created two people with good natures and gave them a single commandment to keep (Gen. 2:17). They failed to abide by that one rule and brought upon themselves and their offspring a punishment that included a sin nature, a curse upon the entire world, and later, a list of new commandments totaling more than 600.

God had the option to execute Adam and Eve and start over. But, for reasons we can only guess, He decided to continue His cursed creation. The curse included the meticulous modification of organisms to make them torment man and beast alike with terrible suffering and early death. Surmounting that, we have our acquired sin natures putting us at odds with each other starting with the first born, Cain, killing the second born, Abel.

However, it appears that our spirit of cooperation was still too high to suit God. So, He created a language barrier in response to an overzealous construction project in a town called Babel to further divide us. The language driven cultural gap along with our sin nature has unleashed an overwhelming wave of murder and devastation, spiced with unspeakable cruelty, which has spanned all of creation.

Jesus himself, the creator, came to earth and allowed himself to be murdered by his own special people the Jews. His twelve apostles all died violent deaths except for John who died in prison. Life doesn't become peaches and cream when we accept Jesus as Savior. Sometimes it gets worse.

Despite how bad things have looked up till now, the Bible promises that the last days, leading up to the return of Christ, will make everything we have seen thus far look like a walk in the park! Anyone comparing his newspaper to Bible Prophecy will conclude that all but the oldest among us may see, and perhaps experience these coming events.

In the grand scheme of things, all of this must be worth it. But it is hard for me to comprehend. We are told "God loves us" and we are supposed to love Him. I don't know what kind of love this is. The best I can do to understand this love is to think that God loves us like a drill sergeant loves his trainees, and we love Him like a trainee loves his drill sergeant. The dedicated drill instructor puts his best effort into making his trainees ready for the real difficulties they will one day face. He makes training tough on them now so that they can handle what is coming next. A wise trainee may appreciate and understand what the instructor is trying to accomplish.

We are all being trained for something. The cursed world we endure is the obstacle course. Death is graduation day. Our rank upon graduation is something above angel (1Cor 6:3 *Do you not know that we will **judge angels**?*). We will not spend eternity sitting on clouds strumming harps. We don't go through all of our trials here on Earth for nothing. We will have difficult assignments in God's service that will make good use of our training. An earthly soldier contemplates the details of the day's battle noting how various things he

was taught have saved his life. He thinks back on the one who taught him and finds that his feelings toward that man are changing. Likewise, our full love toward God may not be realized in this world, but in the world to come.2-4-06

At the end of the age, when the battle of Armageddon ends with God's victory and the return of Jesus Christ to rule on the earth, the Saints will be coming down with Him, including those raptured, to reign with Him upon the earth (2Tim 2:12, Rev 5:10). Has anyone considered what we will be returning to? The world will be in total devastation from one end to the other. The population that was once seven billion plus may be as low as one billion or less, and they will be in such distress with all infrastructure destroyed, that most of them will be within days or hours of dying as well. I suspect that the Saints will be "airdropped" into hell holes across the globe, as God's agents, to take over dealings with local problems, performing miracles, and doing some real community organizing. Graduating from the school of hard knocks in this life may be an immense asset under those conditions as we try to restore civilization. At least we may expect the curse on the earth to be lifted with the end of plagues and pestilences. Animals will no longer attack humans, and perhaps even mosquitoes will go vegetarian if they exist at all in the new millennium.

The survivors of the tribulation are not going to be easy people to work with. We, the resurrected saints, may have our new miraculous bodies and new natures, but they will not. There is nothing in Scripture to hint that these people will be updated to have anything other than the old sin nature the rest of us have dealt with all our lives. The Bible says in Rev 2:26-27, 12:5, and 19:15 that Jesus will rule with a rod of iron (through us?). There is no need for a rod of iron unless people are attempting to misbehave in some serious manner.

The Prophet Jeremiah states in verse 31:30 that a time is coming when people will suffer for their own sins and not for the sins of others. The Millennium is likely to be that time. Prior to Jesus reigning on earth many evil doers were not caught and punished for their evil deeds and their victims never received restitution for the harm they endured. For example: in the Millennium a murderer will be quickly and justly punished while the victim can be miraculously restored to life. This could also mean that Jesus' payment for sin, begun at the cross, ends at the second coming. In the Millennium age no one can get away with anything. All evil is found out instantly by an all-knowing God Head and the Saints reigning with Him. It is dealt with quickly and justly. After the Millennium ends there will be no more fleshly human bodies, consequently no more sin nature, and thus no more evil deeds requiring punishment. We can conclude that the Millennium must be the age when this prophetic verse comes to pass.

How old will people live to be in the Millennium age? I have no clue. Will they have children? It seems likely. Will industry be rebuilt to provide for the people? Perhaps not since God may miraculously provide for the needs of all people.

However, there will remain in these people a core of serious discontent. Having a sin nature, and not being able to commit any evil deed without instant punishment, may generate a high level of pent up frustration. At the end of the Millennium, when Satan is loosed for a little while (Rev. 20:7), he will capitalize on those feelings and draw a major following. After 1000 years of living under Jesus' earthly authority, as He rules from Jerusalem, they will revolt against Jesus and us, the Saints reigning with Him! The

resulting conflict will root out the last of the God haters within the human race as the age draws to a close.

The second coming is not going to be party time for the Saints, especially as the Millennium begins and ends. The really good times may not start until after that age is over and we see a new Heaven and a new Earth. To all you Saints out there, get ready for some incredibly serious work sometime in the near future. JLF 10-5-09

What comes after that?

If we suffer, we shall also **reign with him**: if we deny him, he also will deny us: 2 Tim 2:12

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall **reign with him** a thousand years. Rev 20:6

Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us, ²¹ to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, for ever and ever! Amen. Eph 3:20

HOW AND WHEN I BECAME A CHRISTIAN

DW: Student Loan Program- The redistribution of wealth from taxpayers to universities.

Contrary to popular belief, no one was ever born a Christian. Being baptized as a baby does not make you a Christian. It is even possible to attend church for years and still not be a Christian. I know, because I did exactly that.

I grew up in a UCC church that did a poor job of explaining Biblical doctrine. I attended nearly all services from five years old until my departure for college, but nothing in church was making sense to me. When I asked questions, the answers, when I got some, made even less sense. As a teenager I got into an argument with my Sunday school teacher, Mr. Dunkleberger, regarding conflicts of science and evolution with the Bible. He went to my Dad and called me, “the son of the devil.” I don’t recall that Dad reprimanded me. He didn’t even tell me of the accusation until years later, when I was telling him of my Christian faith.

I met Kathy Maurer in the summer of 67 after my old girlfriend dumped me. We spent all our time together for the rest of the summer and went to my church on most Sundays because my parents wanted me to go. Since Mom and Dad were paying for my education, and I was living in their house all summer, I could hardly refuse.

In the fall I went back to school at Virginia Tech where I received two letters from my old girlfriend wanting me to get back together with her. I briefly thought of dating both girls simultaneously, but perhaps some Godly wisdom kicked in. I had a commitment to Kathy that I would not go back on. I answered only the first letter with a polite no.

Kathy grew up in the Shillington UCC church, knew even less about God than I did, and hadn’t attended regularly for years even though her Mom had a long history of teaching Sunday school. We were married in her church the following summer simply because it was a nicer building. The ceremony was officiated by both ministers, Rev. Rhodes, and Rev. Yocum. We received no marriage counselling from either of them. The major topic of our only meeting with them was selecting the music for the wedding. During the ceremony as we stood together in front of all those people it hit me hard that we were making serious promises to the God of the universe, whoever he was, with a hundred people as witnesses to the things we were promising to keep. This was really serious stuff, and no trifling matter.

Kathy and I had a one-night honeymoon in the bridal suite of the Reading Motor Inn. The next day we began packing a trailer and moved to Blacksburg for the start of the second summer session of classes. We had a nice little apartment at the edge of campus above Dickerson’s jewelry store. We did not think much about God. Kathy and I both agreed that Sundays were for sleeping in.

I finished my schooling with an aerospace degree, got an engineering job in Richmond with Virginia Electric and Power Co., and joined the Virginia Army National Guard, all without attending church.

In June of 1971, only days after moving into our house at 2817 Dorset Rd, I left for basic training where a couple of soldier evangelists came by one evening as I was sitting on the edge of my bunk. They tried to tell me about Jesus while I was trying to tell them that, scientifically, the Bible could not possibly be true. They said a little prayer, smiled at me and then moved on.

The following summer my guard unit went to Camp A.P. Hill for summer camp. Amazingly I was assigned to be Chaplain's driver. The two Chaplains gave me a pocket New Testament that I carried with me for the rest of camp. The following Sunday the two Chaplains conducted a poorly advertised church service at an outdoor location that was only attended by them and me. They were both Ministers. One was a Presbyterian and the other was a Lutheran. I did most of the preaching that morning, pointing out all of the fallacies of Christianity that I could articulate, and to my surprise, they sat there nodding agreement to almost everything I said! Nevertheless, as I drove them around in the jeep for two weeks, I spent my waiting time sitting in the jeep reading verses from the New Testament.

After that summer, I more and more wondered what the truth about God really was. I thought about all the religions in the world and considered the tremendous amount of effort and study it would take to sort through them all to find which one, if any, was true. I then said to myself, "How can you chuck Christianity when you have hardly read any of the Book?" My plan was to read the Bible cover to cover, mark all the crazy and ridiculous passages, and throw it in the trash can when I was done. However, it didn't work out that way. I began reading all kinds of amazing things that my minister never spoke of. Ironically, I found myself surrounded by born again engineers at work, who got me to read Hal Lindsey's "Late Great Planet Earth". Even at my weekend National Guard meetings, God was leading me to a saving faith as we had Sunday morning services that were quite often preached by some high powered Southern Baptist pastors.

One of those preachers explained how a person is made acceptable in God's sight. We are not good enough for heaven by having our good deeds outweigh our bad. We must be perfect. The sin free life of Jesus and his sacrifice on the cross provides the perfect covering for our sins and makes us acceptable to God. We receive that covering through our faith in Jesus. This preacher asked us to put our full faith in Jesus Christ and to live for Him. He asked us to raise our hand to affirm that we were willing to do that, and I did. Although I don't recall the exact date, that is how I finally became a Christian in 1973.

When I went home and told my wife, she did not receive it well and thought I was totally nuts. This went on for some time and did not make for the best of circumstances between us, but she began to read her Bible to prove how crazy I was. As a result she also came to full faith in Jesus within a matter of weeks.

It is scary to think that for all those prior years we both thought we were good enough on our own. God sent Jesus to rescue you too. The Holy Spirit is using me to help.

IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS?

DW: Parts of the Bible are written between the lines. Some is in fine print, some is in code, but some is in **Rockwell Extra Bold**.

The Bible states through the first chapter of Genesis that the universe was created in six literal days. That would be an impossible task for any intelligent creature or race of creatures to do. But, for GOD, it is not so hard to do. Yet, even for God this creation project is no small thing. After six days of apparently intense effort, He needed or wanted a day off after completion. He could have kept it a secret that He wanted a rest, but not only did He choose to tell us about it, He told us to commemorate it and emulate it in the conduct of our own lives.

The creation account was received by Moses directly from God when he spent 40 consecutive days conversing with God on Mt. Sinai (Exodus 24:18). The creation should be a truthful and accurate account unless for some unknown reason God or Moses chose to lie to us. We must assume that God was leveling with us or else we cannot construct a realistic Biblical perspective. The author clarified his use of the word day, which some could interpret as a period of time longer than a day, by repeatedly saying, “The evening and the morning were the first day.....The evening and the morning were the second day,.....The evening and the morning were the third day.” What else, in the use of human language, could the author say that could make it any clearer that he was specifically, and intentionally, stating a literal day as a time frame? This literal interpretation was accepted by nearly all believers for thousands of years up to the present era.

Let us consider the proportionality of effort by God during creation week. Days one and two were spent recreating/renovating a single planet. During day three the renovations were completed, and plant life was created. Day four was dedicated to regenerating the stars and planets. Days five and six were spent creating animal life on earth including people. This account made sense to nonscientific believers.

Through the ages people had a “ho hum” attitude about how special life was. Living things just were, and that’s all there was to it. Nobody really considered or understood the vast complexity of living things. The stars just were. Nobody suspected the astounding sizes and unimaginable distances of these objects. Few thought the sun was larger than the earth. Less than five thousand stars were visible to the naked eye, and they were just little lights moving across the sky. God in His Word never even hinted at the true scale of the universe. Was it because the ancients couldn’t handle the truth? How well are we able to handle it now? But the proportionality made sense to the ancients. It took God nearly

three times longer to make the living things on the earth than it took Him to make all the stars in the sky.

The scientific age we live in has been putting a great deal of pressure on the creation account. The universe is vast beyond anyone's imagination, and living things are complex beyond anyone's imagination. As scientific discoveries march on, living things are found to be astoundingly complex and the known size of the universe has grown to an incredible volume. The Hubble space telescope has shown us that there are billions of galaxies, each with billions of stars. But does the proportionality hold? Is it conceivable that it takes three times more effort to create hundreds of thousands of species of living things on a single planet than it takes to create a billion billion stars across an immeasurable expanse? It could if life is sufficiently complex. It was proven mathematically by a Dr. Frank Salsbury in the October 1969 issue of Nature Magazine that life is too complex to spontaneously generate, no matter how many billions of years you give it. Even if the universe was packed with hospitable planets, the probability of life spontaneously coming into existence on any one of them is less than 1 in ten with 50 zeros behind it which is such a small number that, according to Dr. Emile Borel, a world famous probability mathematician, is zero! Life as it exists must be created; it cannot evolve into existence.

It took five days for God to renovate a single planet and populate it with life. In the midst of that work, he diverted for one day, (day four) to produce stars at the rate of 1000 galaxies per second! Stars may be fantastically huge, but they are very simple disorganized structures compared to even the smallest living creature. There is much energy involved in creating a star, but no essential detail or precision. Life, with its unfathomable intricacies, apparently takes much time and effort even for God. There is no time available on day four for God to put life around any of those stars as He created them at a rate of a trillion stars per second. If he needed three days (259,000 seconds) to fill a single planet with life here on earth, He is not likely to accomplish the same task on another planet around any other sun in the 0.000,000,000,001 second allowed by the time constraints of Day Four of Creation Week. Even if one rejects the "literal day" time frame, the proportionality still remains. A single planet full of life is 259 quadrillion times more difficult to create than a single star surrounded by lifeless planets. God, in his word given through Moses, chose to put a time frame on his creation that precludes the possibility of extraterrestrial life, and also disallows any possibility for evolution. The only conclusion that can be reached is this: **Except for planet Earth the universe is dead. We are the only matter- based life in it.**

We are the pinnacle of God's creation, but there are anti God spiritual beings loose in the universe, who want to hurt God by hurting us. These spiritual powers, at work in our world, are trying to make us believe that there is life on

other planets. Their efforts at producing UFO sightings are so intense that you could swear that we are the center of the universe by all the traffic passing through our skies (we are the center but not for that reason). There are too many sightings with no official contact for it to be true. When you get an e-mail notice that you owe back taxes, you might wonder if it could be true. But when you get 30 of those same notices over the course of two weeks you know it is a scam. UFOism is a scam perpetrated by the devil to achieve the following specific anti-biblical goals:

1. That we evolved.
2. That we are insignificant.
3. If there is a God, he does not care about us.

We are alone in the universe as flesh and blood creatures. Anything else out there is of a strictly spiritual nature. There are no other fleshly creatures composed of matter and energy anywhere else but here.

We grow up surrounded by living things. From bacteria, to bugs, to birds, to people, our senses are overwhelmed by the presence of living things. Life is common, too common for us to retain an appreciation for how special, rare, and unique it is in this universe.

So, if God's efforts are concentrated on planet Earth with no life anywhere else, why did He make the universe so absurdly huge? I puzzled with this question for a long time with no satisfactory answer until September 26 2009 at a church sponsored men's retreat. It came to me while sitting alone, reading Psalm 145. The vastness of what God can do in a single day is a measure of the effort and attention that He can devote to each of us individually. During Day Four of Creation, as I stated before, God was very busy and fully involved creating a trillion stars per second, but all of that work is finished now. His creation effort was completed 6000 years ago.

Since that time, He has been able to devote His attention to other matters, like perhaps us. What is God's capacity to give us individual attention continuously? Let's assume that God can continuously, and easily, sustain an effort of creating one half trillion stars per second as opposed to the one trillion per second of Creation Week, day four. There are seven billion people on earth. One half trillion stars per second divided by seven billion equals 71 stars per second. That means that God has the capacity to devote to every man woman and child on earth the power, the resources, the attention, on a continuous basis, equivalent to the creation of 71 stars (and their associated planets) per second even if every person calls on Him in prayer at once. For all practical purposes each of us in prayer has His Undivided Attention. He has available for us unlimited power to deal with any problem we bring to Him. It is only by knowing the vastness of the universe that

we can understand the awesome power He can bring to bear on our behalf at any time, in any situation, to bring about His will in meeting our needs for His Glory.

So, there is presently no life anywhere in the Universe but here. However, a thousand years from now that will change. There will be a "... new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea . . . And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful."

[Revelation 21:1, 5, KJV](#)

The Earth, as we know it, has gotten really beat up through the ages and is in need of replacement. But the rest of the Universe remains untouched and unused. Why must that be replaced? Perhaps at the conclusion of this Seven Thousand Year-long experiment of living creatures composed of matter and energy, God is ready to "fling" life forms across the full extent of all the galaxies, and He must redo all of them to make it work.

We never wanted to be alone. In spite of all the scary space monster movies and TV shows we have been exposed to in our lives, there is still something inside us that wants there to be other life in the universe. Hang in there. Be patient. That day is coming! If we belong to Him, we will be participants in that Glorious Re-Creation! Don't watch it from a porthole in Hell. Give your heart to Jesus and be who He wants you to be!

BIBLE PROPHECY

I really don't like the word religion, but I use it because that is the word most people expect to see. Religions in general are man's attempts at reaching out to God. Christianity, however, is God reaching out to man.

This raises an additional issue with respect to the literal interpretation of the Bible. Some people argue that the statements in the Bible are exactly true even though they were made by men writing in another language, who believed the earth was flat and was the center of the universe, and who were talking to an entirely different culture.

I have read the Bible cover to cover several times but have not encountered in my recollection a verse implying that the earth was flat. I suppose I could have missed it.

There are cases in the Bible where the author accurately reports a statement which is untrue. As an example, the scriptures state in many places that there is life after death, but in the book of Ecclesiastes, Solomon says there is not. That is what he thought at the time he wrote it, and that thought is accurately reported. But it is fairly clear to me that he was nuts at the time he wrote it. If you had 700 wives, how sane would you be?

Nearly two hundred years before king Cyrus of Persia was born, the prophet Isaiah foretold by name (Is 44:28 - 45:7) that Cyrus would be the one to release the Jews from Babylonian captivity in 522 BC.

The prophet Micah, writing around 700 BC wrote in (Mi 5:3) about the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. When the wise men arrived at Herod's palace the scribes looked it up in the book of Micah and told them where to find Him!

King David in Psalm 22 wrote a description of Christ's crucifixion over 1000 years before it happened (before crucifixion was invented).

Jesus, when asked to comment on the splendor of the Jewish temple, said "not one stone shall be left here upon another that shall not be thrown down." This was said on Tuesday, three days before His crucifixion, and is recorded in three of the four gospels. Thirty some

years later Titus of Rome made it happen. Jerusalem was leveled, The Jewish inhabitants were relocated, many as slave labor to build the coliseum in Rome, and the nation of Israel was no more.

For the next twenty centuries, scholars, studying the Hebrew texts and the writings of the apostles, both of which would form the canon of scriptures known today as the Bible, would be perplexed at all the prophetic statements regarding the restored nation of Israel. It was perfectly clear that the nation of Israel was destroyed beyond any hope of restoration. That "certainty" was "thee proof" for centuries, to many people, that the Bible was erroneous and unreliable.

But the unimaginable happened on May 16, 1948 and Israel was reestablished as a nation. The nearly extinct Hebrew language is once again spoken in the land. Ironically, the language of the empire that tried to destroy the Jews is spoken conversationally nowhere!

I was born on the day after Israel was reborn. There is surely nothing prophetic in that, but it is a curious thing. JLF 2-9-13 7:28 PM

THE ARTIST

DW: You cannot ascertain truth based on its popularity.

Suppose that you ask an artist how he begins a painting. In reply he will respond something like this:

“First you must get the subject image set in your mind.”

And I say, “No. I mean what is the first physical thing that you do?”

And he says, “Well, I draw a set of guidelines that assist me in sizing and centering the image on the canvas. Then I can begin applying paint with my brushes.”

And I say, “NO, NO, NO! “That is not the beginning! What you are about to tell me is how you artfully spread pigment on a flat surface. I want to know how you create the flat surface, the brushes, and the pigments that are necessary before any painting can begin. I want to know about the fabric and the frame over which it is stretched. I want to know about the weave of the cloth, the loom on which you wove it, the spinning wheel on which you spun the thread, the type of fibers that you spun, and where you grew those fibers. I want to know about the staples that hold the fabric to the frame. Where did you mine the iron ore, and how did you produce the steel and fashion it into wire to form the staples. What wood do you use for the frame? How did you cut it into strips? Where did you grow the trees? From what did you create the bristles on your brushes? Are your pigments organic or mineral and where are they mined or grown? **You must have knowledge of and access to all materials and processes before you can paint a single stroke. The foundations must be in place!”**

Each painting is the artist’s vision of a world, or of a small piece of a world. Some images please the artist, some don’t, and they end up back in the canvas rack. If some intruder was to ruin a painting by flinging paint or brush cleaner on it, that one would also be recycled. When the time comes to reuse it, the artist will first flood the old world with a thick layer of white paint, obliterating every detail like it never existed. The buyer of the new painting, when viewing this image of the artist’s world will never know that there is a previous world under the one, he purchased. But if he should scrape away a spot of paint he will find, not the white canvas, but a layer of white paint. Scraping further he will still not find the canvas, but another layer of pigment, evidence of a previous world. How much more interesting (confusing) does it get if the canvas was recycled twice?

The Bible clearly informs us that the entire surface of the Earth was totally submerged in water twice! The flood of Noah’s day was the second time; the first was prior to day one of the creation account. At the beginning of the morning of day one, there was already a planet in place, and it was totally flooded! Was it made that way,

or did it get that way as part of some event? The world of Gen. 1:2 was the whited out canvas onto which God (Jesus) spread life over the course of the next six days.

After thirteen centuries of Christian tradition became established truth, the Hebrew to English translators said, “the Earth was formless and void”. According to Strong’s concordance there is a legitimate, alternate translation of the Hebrew words used in the above phrase: “the Earth came to be a waste and ruined”. Furthermore, according to Genesis 1 no land appeared above the water’s surface until verse 9 (day three) which means that the entire planet was flooded for some time prior to the beginning of day one through the end of day two of Creation. Evidence of both floods should be visible in the rocks and sediments, and it seems that Geologists and paleontologists may have unearthed more historical data than a six-thousand-year-old earth with a single universal flood can account for. It is a violation of church tradition to believe that the Six Day Genesis account is telling us of a renovation and not an original creation, but that seems to be the literal case, and perhaps our traditional beliefs need some revision. 12-2-21

MOSES AND SATAN

DW: [Beware when you find yourself in the majority.](#)

Jude 9: Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil and disputing about the body of Moses, dared not bring against him a reviling accusation, but said, “The Lord rebuke you!” As Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, he adhered to the above principal, even though it was not written for us to see until nearly 1500 years later. Thus, Moses made no direct references to Satan or Lucifer. Even the fall of man was metaphorically blamed on a serpent and not on Satan. Astonishingly, the association of Satan with a serpent does not occur anywhere in the Old Testament. Yet, even the most ignorant student of Scripture knows that the serpent of Genesis 3:1 is Satan. Therefore, when Moses writes of the perfect world created by God in Genesis 1:1 that was wrecked by Lucifer’s rebellion sometime later, he writes only that “The Earth came to be a waste land and ruined”. Note: You may be accustomed to seeing the phrase “without form and void” in Gen 1:2 but the other rendering is faithful to the known rules of Hebrew grammar and word definitions; “and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” In context, this last phrase indicates that the entire planet was then flooded by water and shrouded in spiritual darkness, and this is the condition of the Earth upon which the six-day Creation commenced. Two verses are all the description that Moses is constrained to give us regarding these events. We have no hint of the time spans involved, whether it be minutes or millennia. If we want to know more of what that world was like we must consult with geologists and paleontologist. Their task is complicated by the fact that they must first dig through (sort through) the catastrophic deposits laid down by the second flood (of Noah’s day) before they are peering into the results of the previous flood. Surely the Genesis 1:2 flood had a cause and purpose that Moses declined to present, and that flood may have caused greater worldwide destruction than the second flood. A huge question when studying sedimentary rock strata is: What sedimentary layer represents the dividing line between the two floods? With this understanding of a “first flood origin” of some of the Earth’s features, we as Christians, can take anything the Earth scientists find, at face value, without it being a violation of scriptural truth. Earth science can then fully resolve itself with scripture. JLF 12-6-21

Additional reading: WITHOUT FORM AND VOID by Arthur C Custance

BEFORE THE CREATION

In Genesis 1:1-2 the creation account does not start with emptiness filled with nothing. As stated, there is a void and formless earth already present. It is further made clear through verse 9, when land appeared above the surface of the water, that sometime prior to the Genesis creation endeavor, our planet was flooded and became completely submerged in liquid water. Was there land and perhaps living things existing before that flooding? Could it be that Judgement and destruction of the Earth has happened before and that the flood in Noah's day was not the first time such a thing had happened? The Genesis account reads like a recreation instead of original creation. This makes God's promise in Gen 9:11 to never destroy the Earth again with water all the more significant since, why would anyone ever fear that God would produce another universal flood unless it be known that He had done such a thing at least once before. We may conclude that the Pre Genesis flood left no survivors of any kind. The prior creation, fashioned from matter and energy, was shut down or suspended! Fossils in the Cambrian layer have no ancestors of any sort in the rock below. Furthermore, these fossilized creatures are so alien (like trilobites) that they seem to have no descendants in the present age. Did they go extinct at the conclusion of the previous creation, and for what reason?

God and Angels and Heaven itself are not made of matter and energy, but from something more enduring. Matter and energy are unusual, enigmatic, nasty stuff, and difficult to work with. They are chaotic, resisting the imposition of order and constantly seeking the lowest state of total disorganization. In simplified terms: All matter left to itself turns rusty and dusty. This characteristic is defined by the third law of thermodynamics we call entropy. The self-destructive tendency of our matter and energy existence is even quantifiable in mathematical formulas and equations! This unruly substance of which we are made should have been quarantined and locked away in a remote repository in heaven. But Jesus sought it out. After much searching, there it was! High on a shelf in a forgotten vault, a Florence flask, gray from oozing dust through its transparent walls in a kingdom that knows no dust, a decaying relic, little more than a poisonous waste product of an abandoned project from a bygone era. Carefully, Jesus reached up and retrieved that spherical container from its protective cradle, to offer it another chance, choosing to do something with the murky mass inside.

Jesus spoke revitalization into it, and the surface cleared. His voice revived and rewound the dormant essence we call time. He held the globe before his eyes as his powerful words transformed the writhing cauldron, enforcing His will throughout the unwilling mass. Day after day His voice boomed outward and bored into the orb held before His radiant face with wave after wave of creative commands. Word by powerful word Jesus lavishly imposed His order on a dark and formless tiny speck within. This was the focal point of His effort, to form living things from uncooperative chaos, creatures who would defy the random assaults of entropically driven destruction. As the formative processes congealed on the surface of the Earth, day four of His divine directives consumed and constrained all remaining substance into whirling spirals and filamentary tendrils, so small in His hands yet so monstrously huge in human reality, embedding our planet in the deep recesses of surrounding galaxies and energy fields we call the universe. After six days of unceasing commands had concluded, Jesus presented this shining flask of previously worthless material to His Father for evaluation.

This globular concoction shimmered and flashed, resisting the creative powers it had just absorbed. As Jesus held it out to His Father, they both realized that this latest creation variant

was still problematic, lacking perfection and, once again, ultimately destined for failure. Was it worth saving or should it finally be neutralized and buried? The only plan that could possibly work would shake the very foundations of Heaven. Jesus, the second most high in all of Heaven would have to shrink Himself down, put off His Divinity, immerse Himself into this unstable, seething, flask of unmanageable substance to have a face to face encounter with the pinnacle of His creation, knowing that this encounter must result in His death for there to be any hope. He had to trust that His Father could extract Him from the turmoil and restore Him to life at the completion of His task. At a place called Gethsemane Jesus sealed his submission to a horrible string of events that would rescue His creation from certain doom. Through the selfless blood sacrifice of Jesus, perfection was delivered into the universe, into the hearts of His people, in the form of faith. It is alive and growing among believers despite all the natural and supernatural forces arrayed against it. Even so, The last Apostle to die wrote before his death that this rendition of a matter and energy universe, the one we live in, will likewise be retired and replaced by "... a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea." Rev 21:1 KJV. What irony! Genesis starts with a totally flooded Earth, and Revelation ends with a new Earth that seems to have no ocean whatsoever.

JLF 4-21-19 6:54 AM Easter Sunday

JESUS' RETURN

DW: On extremely rare occasions I perceive that I am getting a glimpse of God's intentions in some particular circumstance. Sadly, soon after that glimmer of insight I realize I got it entirely wrong! ..."
his ways past finding out!" Romans 11:33

As Jesus ascended into heaven two men in white apparel stood by the disciples and said "Men of Galilee, why do you stand gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, who was taken up from you into heaven, will so come in like manner as you saw Him go into heaven." (Acts 1:11)

Speculation on a conversation immediately after the Ascension:

Three of those in attendance had a conversation. The first said, "Yes. This is stupid to stand here looking up. Jesus said that He is going to prepare a place for us so that we could follow Him. That could take a while."

The second one said, "Well, It took God only six days to create everything that is. How long could it take for Him to prepare us a place? Let's go home and grab some snacks and folding chairs and meet back here before dark. We should be just in time for His return."

The third replied, "Get serious guys! Didn't you hear what Jesus said just before He lifted off? He said that we should be witnesses to Him in Jerusalem, all Judea, Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the earth! You gonna get that done before nightfall? No! It could take a hundred years for us to do all that! We have much to do. It is gonna be a long time before Jesus comes back for us.

The second said, "Still, if Jesus does come back tonight, I am not going to be one to miss it.

The first said, "Let's take a survey among the eleven of us to tally our opinions on this subject of Christ's return."

The results were as follows:
Jesus' return-

by nightfall	1
within one year	2
between one and 20 years	3
between 20 and 100 years	5
between 100 and 1000 years	0
between 1000 and 2000 years	0

(Actually, I doubt the last two choices were ever considered by any of them.)

As I write this, we have just finished celebrating Christmas of 2010. The birth of Jesus was 2014 years ago. Give or take a year or two, it was 1981 years ago that Jesus physically departed from us with the promise of returning. During that span of time there were

numerous low points in human existence, accentuated by massive wars, and the collapse of various civilizations, including a period of many hundreds of years known as the dark ages. In the last century the wars have gotten so expansive that they needed the label of “World Wars”.

When we contemplate the prospects for the human race in the next decade, there is little reason for optimism. It appears that every aspect of human existence around the globe is poised for a major downturn. In the midst of this, Christians worldwide are proclaiming the Gospel by word of mouth, in print, by radio, and on TV and internet. Bible translations into obscure languages continue to be made at an ever faster rate with the aid of computers. Despite this effort, the number of people worldwide, who have not heard the Gospel, exceeds by billions the number who had not heard it at the time that Jesus ascended to Heaven. How can Jesus ever return when Christians are losing so much ground in their witnessing?

It seems that there are more different language groups today than there has ever been. How can that be?

When Noah's Family got off the ark in 2319 BC there was one language. Sometime prior to 1979 BC God confounded the language because of excessive unity at the Babel tower project. Although pure speculation, it would seem that the number of languages required to accomplish God's purpose would be between two dozen and two hundred. It is hard to say exactly which languages were created at that time, but clearly, none of them were English. Consider English. It is spoken fluently around the world, even if only a second language, by a larger percentage of the world's population than any other language that has ever existed since Babel. It is the required language of all commercial pilots and air traffic controllers. Yet, if you take a modern, English speaking, person and place him in England a thousand years ago, he would not be able to communicate a single thought to any person in the entire British Isles. Even English documents of 700 years ago are barely readable by today's English-speaking population.

In recent times, considering all the interaction around the world and the relative ease of travel and vast numbers of people traveling, shouldn't languages be converging not diverging? So, how has there come to be over 7000 distinct language groups in use today, though 28% of them are spoken by groups of less than 1000 people?

Here are some of my observations on the subject of language:

1. Some languages that have once existed are now extinct.
2. One of the most widely spread and well-known languages to go out of existence as a conversational language is Latin.
3. Not one of the languages created by God at Babel was English.
4. English, and most of the other thousands of languages we have today, apparently evolved into existence during the past 4000 years.
5. A written language should evolve slower than an oral language.
6. Geographical isolation results in language diversification in surrounding groups.
7. The smaller the isolated group, the faster the language evolves or diverges.
8. New words are created by family units and interfamily associations.
9. Words can reverse meaning in a very short period of time. For example: Bad used to mean not good, but now it means good!
10. Each family unit creates words that are known only by the family. Occasionally these words will gain traction in the community and some may go national and even international in a short time.

11. For a language to survive in an unaltered recognizable form for over 2000 years is nearly impossible short of a miracle. Hebrew is that miracle.

In Mark 16:15 (The Great Commission) Jesus instructed His followers to “Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” When Jesus said that, I’m sure he did not mean every dog and cat, but he was emphasizing that we should not miss any human being. Portions of the Bible have been translated into 2936 languages as of July 2010, into the New Testaments in 1185 languages, and the full protestant canon in only 451 languages according to Wikipedia.

The task of completing this work in all 7000 languages appears to be insurmountable, and if anything, we seem to be losing ground. Christian missionaries are barred from many countries. The number of missionaries being jailed and murdered around the world has been going up in recent decades. Progress seems to be getting more and more difficult. At the rate we are going, how can Jesus ever come back? Will God have to close out the church age short of the goal He has set for us in order for some of the human race to even survive until the second coming of Christ?

In Matthew 24: 22 Jesus said, “And unless those days were shortened, no flesh would be saved; but for the elect’s sake those days will be shortened.”

Does this mean that the tribulation period will be shortened to 7 years from something longer, or will it be shortened from 7 years to something shorter? Perhaps Jesus intends for the church age leading up to the tribulation to be shortened? I don’t know.

We have in this world approximately 4000 language groups that have not been reached with the gospel. Their languages are verbal, not written. It takes a lifetime team effort to reach these groups, as evidenced by the tremendous effort of the Fabian family working with the Nabak people in New Guinea. They started their translation work using file cards lined up in a shoe box. The arrival of a computer was a great help, but even that merely elevates the task from nearly impossible to laboriously possible. Recently I have been praying for major advancements in computing technology that would culminate in a universal translator device that could reduce the time required from a lifetime to a year or two. The technical hurdles are daunting. The hookups required may be scary.

In the wee hours of 9-21-13 I realized that I was praying amiss. Recalling Bible history, I thought about the astounding move of God regarding the tower of Babel. In a moment of time, in the mind of every human on the planet, God altered the thought patterns of every brain to function with a single new language. Then I thought of Acts 2 where God instantly inserted into the minds of the apostles the ability to speak an additional language they had never learned. For all we know each of them may have retained that second language for the rest of their lives.

God is all powerful. Jesus himself challenged us to move mountains with our prayers. God has done language miracles before. Let us pray for language miracles again. Across the ridge from the Nabak valley is another people who speak a totally different language from the Nabaks. Let us pray that among the Nabak believers a worthy person or team would be linguistically empowered by a miracle of God to cross the ridge and bring the gospel to the next valley. There are numerous examples around the world where language barriers among neighboring groups need to be overcome. If enough believers pray for it, it will happen.

REALITY

DW: An event repeated is the cornerstone of a routine, which in time becomes the foundation of a tradition.

One definition of reality could be this: Matter and energy distributed in various combinations across a finite space. Within these confines we have the natural. Anything outside of this is unnatural, or supernatural.

Reality only feels real because we have five senses composed of sensors, also made of matter, that feed our conscious mind (whatever that is) and allows us to be aware of the reality.

Science, relying on our senses, investigates specific aspects and details of this interaction of matter and energy to give us better understanding of our surroundings. With this understanding we are then better able to manipulate our surroundings to make our existence more enjoyable and perhaps more meaningful. Technology is then a measure of our ability to manipulate our surroundings.

Arthur. C. Clarke, the famous science fiction writer, once said that "technology, sufficiently advanced, will always be mistaken for magic." If this is true, then even the most amazing, unexplainable, observations we make in our reality should have a foundation based on scientific principles that can ultimately be understood. But is there real magic that goes beyond the confines of our "matter and energy" reality?

Consider the term: "magic trick"

It is an oxymoron. A trick is not magic, and magic is no trick. A trick or illusion is the manipulation of matter and energy, in an artful manner, so as to fool the senses of observers, to convince them that the event falls outside the boundaries of reality when it actually does not. This is routinely done by skilled practitioners with some very basic technology.

Real magic, if it exists, by definition emanates from beyond our "matter and energy" reality. Real magic could include anything from miracles down to evil spells. Are these things beyond science, or is the problem merely that present scientific tools are just too primitive to deal with these incidents? Do we ignore these intrusions on our comfortable reality because we are not up to the task of investigating them, or do we face it head on? Do we say that we are going to do our science in our comfortable little corner of reality, and turn our backs on the big picture? Do we say, "This is too unsettling for us to face. I'm not going to deal with it."? Is our science totally inadequate by definition?

I think it highly unlikely that we have in this world space aliens coexisting with angels. We either have aliens masquerading as angels, or fallen angels masquerading as aliens. I personally suspect the latter. Then, there is also option three for those who prefer it, that both angels and aliens are imaginary. JLF 2011

TIME

What is time? Time is the thing that keeps everything from happening at once. Time is what turns life into history. When God says that a day is like a thousand years and a thousand years is like a day it is because time is irrelevant to God. Time is a big deal to us, but nothing to God. God can handle everything happening at once if He cares to. God owns time. God can make time anything He wants, yet He values our time.

Time exists in this universe as a function of the interaction of matter and energy. At the beginning of creation time did not exist. In the midst of creation time came into existence. Did creation take exactly six days to complete, or did God just put a Six Day label on it when He finished, and does that question even matter? What does matter to Him is that we commemorate the Seven Day week that He brought into existence at the time of creation, both for His glory and our health.

Is there something that separates events in Heaven? Most likely there is, but it is not the time we know, and God likely calls it something else, a word that we presently do not need in our vocabulary. JLF 1:37 AM 6-26-12

MICROSCRIPTS

REPETITION

DID I FORGET THE THINGS I SAID THE FIRST FOUR TIMES I SAID IT?

OR

IS IT BECAUSE THE FIRST FOUR TIMES THE LISTENER DIDN'T GET IT?

AUTHOR: SOME FORGETFUL OLD MAN 5-7-12

THE WHOLE STORY

**BELIEVING HALF THE STORY IS THE EASY THING TO DO.
IT TAKES HALF THE TIME TO HEAR IT, AND HALF THE THINKING TOO.**

**THE FIRST ONE, THE CLOSE ONE, TELLS THEIR SIDE.
AND WE NEVER THINK, "THEY MIGHT HAVE LIED."
WHEN WE HEAR THE OTHER SIDE, IT IS SOMETIMES HARD TO BELIEVE IT IS
THE SAME INCIDENT.**

**TRUTH IS NOT SO COMMON, AND THE SEARCH FOR IT TAKES TIME. WHEN WE
FINALLY GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT WE MAY FIND THAT WE HAVE LOST BOTH
PARTIES AS FRIENDS WHEN THEY COME TOGETHER IN UNITY AGAINST OUR
MEDDLING AS THEY CHOOSE TO HATE US INSTEAD.**

**SO, WHAT IS THE SOLUTION? BELIEVE NO ONE. INVESTIGATE NO ONE. MIND
OUR OWN BUSINESS.**

WORDS

THERE ARE WORDS WE STRIVE TO REMEMBER.

THERE ARE WORDS WE WISH TO FORGET.

**IN THE SAYING AND IN THE HEARING,
THERE ARE WORDS WE LIVE TO REGRET.**

**KIND WORDS THAT WE TRY TO HOLD ON TO
WE ARE OFTEN UNABLE TO FIND.**

**WHILE HARSH WORDS NEVER RELEASE US
WHEN THEY ARE SEARED INTO OUR MIND.**

**THEY SAY THAT WORDS CANNOT HURT US.
INDEED, THAT CANNOT BE RIGHT.**

**WORDS ARE USED TO UPLIFT OR DESTROY US.
WORDS PRODUCE BOTH DARKNESS AND LIGHT.**

JLF 8-10-14

COLLISION COURSE

You are on a collision course with eternity.

How do you plan to survive the impact? Do you have a plan? Do you even have a clue?

Will you be touching down softly on the other side to the joyous welcome of departed family and friends, surrounded by rejoicing angels, or will you smash through the threshold of eternity as a hopeless flaming catastrophe?

Faith in Jesus makes all the difference.

John 14:6

GOD'S STANDARD

God's standard is perfection, and I cannot live up to it.

I am thankful God's grace reaches to the depths where I live,

Or else it would be meaningless to me.

THE DEVIL

The devil is referred to as a dragon several times in the book of Revelation. He also has the title: "Prince of the Power of the Air" He runs the weather too. The power of the air is in the wind, the precipitation and the lightning. He is trying to kill us with weather to the fullest extent possible. We see the evidence every day. Satan runs it to maximize destruction. If God were running it to bless us, there would be no floods, droughts, hurricanes or tornadoes. Prayers of righteous people can make way for God to intercede on our behalf. That is why the Lord's Prayer says, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven". We are instructed to request God's intervention.

DREAMS

Rather to die with memories than unfulfilled dreams.

The most nightmarish memories can result from chasing a foolish dream.

When foolishness results in lessons learned, does that pass for wisdom?

Does excessive caution degenerate into unwarranted fear?

To go for it or not to go for it, that is the question.

SAY THAT AGAIN!

Using the word “never” in any sentence always leads to an untrue statement. Furthermore, you should never use the word “always” in a sentence since a statement containing the word “always” is never true.

Take a minute to let this advice spin your brain cells into a whirlpool. (Retry)

A statement using the words never or always is never true since there is always an exception. (the craziness continues)

A statement using the words never or always is seldom true since there is usually an exception. (bingo)

GUILTY AS CHARGED

On judgment day you will be charged with every bad thing you ever did, every lie and unkind word you ever said, and every vile and vicious thought that ever formed within your mind. The verdict will be guilty. The punishment will be to pay the fine or be sentenced to hell. The fine will be astronomical! Your only chance to avoid this sentence is to have a rich friend pay it for you, but there is only one man who has that kind of wealth. I hope for your sake that you and Jesus are really close, otherwise He will say, “Depart from me; I never knew you.”

A CHRISTIAN’S DEATH

There is a moment in a Christian’s life when his death becomes more valuable to God’s Kingdom than his continued life. It is at that moment the Christian leaves this earth.

FAITH

In this age faith is paramount.

In the next age faith is extinct.

When there is no possibility for doubt,

Then, there is no room for faith.

MY ASSIGNMENT

Jesus didn't come down here to live a good life and be an example to us. He came to live a perfect life and be a sacrifice for us.

Why do I post such things? It's my job.

People all around me are walking blindly toward a cliff. I am trying to warn some of them before they go over the edge. If I refuse to speak up, then my field assignment is a failure.

GOD'S RESCUE PLAN

God is not willing that any should perish. 2Peter 3:9
To that end, He devised a rescue plan so amazing that no person could ever conceive it.
He came to earth in human form and allowed His own creation to murder Him!
Through that blood sacrifice He bought our freedom,
Freedom from sin and death
The sad truth: Most people will reject this plan.

MY WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS

A plan that no human could ever conceive of,
An execution that no human could ever voluntarily endure,
To suffer for all the evil deeds ever committed in all of history, past, present, and future in such a way that
the physical torture and agony are the "easy" part.
This is how God chose to make us right with Him.
Do you receive that sacrifice from God on your behalf or do you say, "No. Thanks. I have my own plan."?

SUICIDE MISSION

While conducting a very dangerous rescue mission, a very special man was captured, tortured, and executed.
At the moment of his death he lowered a rescue line to you. Will you grab on, or will you say, "No thanks. I am in no danger here."

POST-IT NOTES

Authors note: Post-it notes are little messages to lead the reader toward a saving faith in Jesus. They are intended to be written individually by hand on post-it paper and stuck on the inside of a restroom stall door. The notes are a stark contrast to the typical graffiti. Any Christian can make up their own. These are just some of my compositions.

Jesus went through some really bad stuff for you.
Does that count for anything in your mind?

Life is short.
Only the afterlife is forever.
Where will you spend yours?

Are you and Jesus
on the same page?

God sent Jesus to get you.
The Holy Spirit sent me to help.

Heaven is not for sale.
You can't buy your way into Heaven with money or good deeds.
You had better find out how to really get there.

If you just think you are going to heaven,
you probably are not.
God wants you to know for sure.
The Bible tells you how.

That your good deeds outweigh you bad deeds
is not the standard God uses.
Find out what really counts.
Your eternity is at stake.

Heaven is forever. So is Hell.
Where do you have your reservation?

My goal is not to share my religion with you,
My goal is to share God's Heaven with you.

Jesus went through Hell so you wouldn't have to.
Will you reject him by saying, "I don't believe that stuff!"

God provided salvation through Jesus only.
If you want to try it your way, good luck.

Your body is mortal. Your spirit is eternal.
Your body has been dying since the day you were born.
Your spirit is indestructible.
Even if you hate God, He still has to put you away someplace.
Annihilation is not an option!

The world is going to hell.
Your default choice is to join it.
Check in with Jesus to
make other arrangements.

You are on a collision course with eternity.
How do you plan to survive the impact?
John 14:6

SOCIAL/POLITICAL

FREEDOM AND EQUALITY

FREEDOM AND EQUALITY ARE MUTUALLY EXCLUSIVE CONCEPTS DEPENDING ON YOUR DEFINITION OF EQUALITY. EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY IS A FACET OF FREEDOM, BUT EQUALITY OF OUTCOME IS NOT. FREEDOM WILL ALLOW SELF - MOTIVATED INDIVIDUALS TO ADVANCE BEYOND THOSE LACKING IN MOTIVATION RESULTING IN A PROSPERITY GAP EVEN THOUGH THE OPPORTUNITIES MAY BE EQUAL. THE PROSPERITY GAP IS THEN PERCEIVED BY SOME TO BE UNFAIRNESS. THESE PEOPLE THEN DESIRE TO REDUCE THE UNFAIR GAP BY EMBRACING THE CONCEPT OF EQUALITY OF OUTCOME. THEY CREATE LAWS TO IMPOSE FAIRNESS (OUTCOME EQUALITY) BY PENALIZING THE MOTIVATED AND REWARDING THE NON-MOTIVATED (WEALTH REDISTRIBUTION). THE RESULTING DEBILITATION OF POSITIVE INCENTIVES CAN RUIN A NATION.

SOCIALISM/COMMUNISM REDUCES A PERSON'S MOTIVATION WHEN WORKING HARD FAILS TO YIELD INDIVIDUAL PROSPERITY BUT LEADS ONLY TO EXHAUSTION. WHERE THERE IS ENFORCED FAIRNESS THERE IS NO FREEDOM AND NO REAL PROGRESS.

PLANS TO TAX THE RICH ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A CARROT DANGLED IN FRONT OF THE POOR AND MIDDLE CLASS. TAX LAWS ARE WRITTEN BY THE CRONIES OF THE RICH AND ARE DESIGNED SO THAT THE RICH CAN DODGE THEM. THE REAL TARGET OF THIS TAXATION IS THE MIDDLE CLASS. THE GOAL IS TO ROLL THE MIDDLE CLASS INTO THE RANKS OF THE POOR. ACCOMPLISHING THIS WILL REDUCE THE DEMAND ON EARTH'S RESOURCES AND ALLOW THE RICH TO PAT THEMSELVES ON THE BACK AS SELF-PROCLAIMED DEFENDERS OF THE PLANET. JLF 9-29-14

IMMIGRANT INVASION

Starting in the 1500's America experienced an immigrant invasion predominantly from Western Europe. Except for rare instances, these people did not assimilate with the "indigenous" population. As a clarification, none of us are indigenous. We all came from someplace else. The American Indians did not want to be overwhelmed by the new culture. But, by the time they recognized the seriousness of their problem it was too late. They did not surrender to it. They did everything they could to stop it, but they lacked the unity, manpower, and weaponry to thwart the invasion. Today America is experiencing a new immigrant invasion of new people groups who, as before, refuse to assimilate. Unlike the Indians, we have the ability to stop this invasion, but we have leaders who refuse to defend the borders.

The demise of any nation can ultimately be summed up in a single phrase: "FAILURE TO CONTROL THE BORDER". The American Indians lost North America to the Europeans because they lacked the manpower, technology and unity to control the border. Today we certainly do have the manpower and technology, but thanks to the democrats we lack the unity. The collapse of the US is being engineered and financed at the highest levels of world leadership and the typical democrat fails to see it happening.

MIDEAST TERRORISTS

Mideast terrorists are not extremists. They are merely following the instructions in their holy book to subjugate, humiliate, and exterminate all who will not convert to their faith. To the extent that manpower, resources, and leadership will allow, they have been doing this since the seventh century. From its inception, the goal of this religion has been world domination. After centuries of frustration, Mideast oil money has made this goal possible. The major impediment they must deal with is the US. Since they now have some of their people imbedded at high levels of our federal bureaucracy, we may not be a problem for much longer.

The book of Revelation asserts that a world leader will arise in the last days who will "solve" the world's problems. All but the Christians will think this guy is really great. The book of Revelation further asserts that he will establish a one world religion in the last days. It is unlikely that this religion will suddenly spring up out of nowhere; But will be coopted from something that is already world dominant. The penalty for failing to accept this new religion, according to Revelation, is beheading. That certainly fits right in with the current pattern of developments.

PROBLEM SOLVING

The problem with problem solving is that once the problem is solved the problem solver is out of a job. The entrepreneur, businessman, and engineer overcome this fear and maintain employment by moving on to new problems to solve. The government bureaucrat, on the other hand, keeps his job by making sure that the problem is managed, contained, and controlled but never really solved, never actually eliminated.

Politicians and bureaucrats can build entire careers on the perpetuation of a single problem.

PLAYING GOD

Is the world overpopulated? If it is God could certainly deal with the problem whenever He saw the need. He has deleted masses of people before. At one time He caused an entire army to drop dead. Even with the Israelites that Moses led out of Egypt: of all the million plus adults who departed Egypt, only two arrived in the promised land forty years later. Centuries prior to that God reduced the world population from many millions to only eight. God can do anything from reductions to restarts any time He pleases for any reason He chooses.

Of course, if the people in power decide that God does not exist then by default the task of controlling human population, if necessary, falls on them.

MILLENNIAL BELIEFS

A recent survey has found that a great many Millennials think that they would rather live under communism than capitalism. How, as Americans, could they possibly reach this conclusion? Well, they are influenced that way in school and absolutely pushed that way in college. Children are told that a college degree is essential for their future. And what do students get for their money: courses containing useless information warped with left wing bias, packaged into worthless degrees that equip them to do nothing that the Real World needs.

In recent decades the cost of a degree has increased in price far higher and faster than any other thing you can buy. These graduates are saddled with huge debt and no career opportunities to pay it off. They are taught that the government should provide free education which translates into raising taxes on working people to pay off student's debt to overpriced professors and institutions. They are further taught by greedy administrators and professors that socialism/communism is the system that can achieve their goal.

This world is corrupted with all kinds of scams. Higher education is just one more scam to add to the list.

RACE

I don't want to notice that you are dark skinned. I don't want you to notice that I am light. I will befriend you or avoid you based on how you act, on what you do and say. Color should be irrelevant. Red, green, yellow, blue, purple, or Black should not matter. I don't want to make an issue out of color. Why should I? People's true colors are showing when they insist that the statement "All lives matter." is considered racist hate speech.

THE DOMINION OF MAN

There is a concern among some powerful individuals as to how many people the Earth can sustain, and at what level of prosperity. On an evolutionary scale man is at the top of the food chain and is thought by them to be placing unacceptable demands on the earth's resources. In their view we have become a dire threat to the very survival of the planet. The human species has become a plague bringing great harm to the other creatures that share our world. They believe the world would be perfect if only humans were not in it. They worship nature and consider man's activities to be unnatural and intrusive. All of man's accomplishments are thought to only disrupt the natural flow of life on the Earth.

These people, categorized under the heading liberal, have risen to positions of authority in recent years, and have taken upon themselves the responsibility to correct the problem. They have big plans for you and me.

CLIMATE CHANGE ACTIVISTS

Climate change activists believe that reducing the human population would reduce the rate of climate change, but is unlikely that any of them would be in a position to do anything about it, unless an activist was a worker in a bioweapons lab (like the one in Wuhan), and chose to do his duty to save the natural world from humans.

THE GLOBAL WARMING SCAM

DW: Demonstrating something to be true or false is not as good as proving it.

There is interesting news as a result of leaked e-mails. It shows that the scientists who have been pushing the manmade global warming agenda have been suppressing and altering data. Temperature data recorded over the last ten years has apparently indicated a global temperature drop rather than a temperature rise. These measurements refute the hypothesis that man's activities are causing an increase in global temperatures. This scam, perpetrated by prominent powerful people, must be dealt with. When considering the scope of the economic devastation these irresponsible people were about to cause to all of us, they should be charged with criminal conspiracy of the highest order. 11-24-09

Jeffrey L Fink

Something I wrote two years before:

THE OTHER SIDE OF GLOBAL WARMING

The headline in my newspaper of Saturday Feb. 3, 2007 said, "GLOBAL WARMING- If nothing is done to combat greenhouse gases, extreme weather could kill 1 million people by 2100..."

I am greatly concerned about the "global warming hysteria" that is being foisted upon the public. I recall a news caster six weeks before saying that Europe had just experienced the warmest autumn in 500 years. Do you realize what that means? It means that 500 years ago it was warmer, and that human activity had little to do with it! It is well known to some historians and scientists studying climate that the period from 900 to 1100 AD was also warmer than today by about three degrees, and human activity had nothing to do with that! I have also read that Mars is getting hotter. I can't wait to be told what part of my lifestyle is causing the Martian heat wave!

There are mammoths frozen in the Siberian tundra with flesh still intact, and tropical vegetation in their mouths. When discovered in the 1800's, the meat was still edible! The stuff in my freezer isn't fit to eat after two years. So, how old can these animals be? Clearly, Siberia was a tropical climate in the geologically recent past. That warm period likewise cannot possibly be the fault of the human race.

Hundreds of scientists worldwide know these things I'm saying here to be true, but they are being threatened to shut up about it. There are many scientists who disagree with the hypothesis that we are causing global warming, but they are becoming less vocal as they consider the loss of funding and loss of career if they continue to say what they really believe. Heidi Cullen of the Weather Channel recently said that any weather person who did not believe in "global warming" should be fired! The coercion continues!

In the late 70's the media was scaring us with predictions from reputable researchers about a coming ice age. These scientists were not idiots. Why has this concern reversed

itself in the past 20 years? Perhaps global warming is more conducive to a power grab than an Ice Age would be.

Is there some kind of agenda here? There sure is! With our public-school children forced to watch Al Gore's stupid movie over and over again, and his recent rant before Congress, he has herded the US leadership and general population into a vulnerable position. He can now, with his established business enterprises, extract billions of dollars from gullible people by selling them bogus carbon credits!

We are being told that we must reduce our production of greenhouse gases, including CO₂. CO₂ is not a pollutant. Every creature exhales it. All plants and trees love CO₂. They must have it to survive. They are starving for it! They would grow much faster if CO₂ levels were two or three times higher. Nursery people know this, and they inject CO₂ into their green houses to dramatically increase growth rates.

CO₂ is the natural byproduct of combustion. It is a direct measure of a civilization's prosperity, the more controlled per capita production of CO₂, the higher the standard of living. For us to significantly reduce CO₂ emissions by conservation, we must dramatically reduce our lifestyle, quality of life. If we all did this, the resulting downward spiral of the world economy could ultimately cause more death and destruction than "global warming".

Through the ages the sun heats up, the sun cools down, and there is nothing we can do about it. If the sun burps, we burn; if the sun sneezes, we freeze. We have recently experienced a natural warming trend that peaked in 1998. It is arrogance to think we caused it. If we are too puny to cause it, then we are definitely too puny to fix it. We shouldn't live in fear. As long as God has His hand on the sun's thermostat, we will be alright. But, we live in an age where much of the world's leadership believes that we ourselves are all the god we have, and all the god we need.

We cannot save civilization by dismantling civilization. When humans endeavor to solve God-sized problems by our own inadequate efforts, we can only expect to create for ourselves a hell on earth. As the global warming issue finds its way into the legislative process we are on the verge of making some really bad laws that will hurt all of us.

GUN CONTROL

DW: [It is easier to make a case on the facts you ignore rather than the facts you address.](#)

There are more people carrying handguns today in the US than there have been in over a hundred years. This is the result of numerous states passing concealed carry laws during the last two decades. Some people feared that this policy would lead to shoot outs between gun wielding citizens, but instead, the upsurge in the number of honest citizens carrying guns has caused an undeniable and dramatic decrease in violent crime. It seems that the violent criminals among us are becoming afraid of being killed by their intended victims! In nations like Great Britain and Australia, where handguns have been banned, just the opposite has happened. Armed criminals are exploiting the "open season" as the government provides them a defenseless population to prey upon. Did you ever notice that mass shootings always occur in gun free zones?

The only thing that can stop a bad guy with a gun is a good guy with a gun. If the only armed good guys are the police, it is not enough. Bad guys act nice when the police are near. They only commit their crimes when the police are somewhere else. When seconds count the police are, at best, minutes away. The job of the police is to apprehend criminals after they commit their criminal act. The police cannot prevent the crime. That is not their job. There are not enough police to provide any meaningful prevention.

I am a graduate of Virginia Tech. The University is a gun free zone. No student or Professor may be armed. When a deranged student decided to kill as many people as he could on campus, he knew he would face no armed opposition. He murdered 32 innocent people because no one was equipped to shoot back. That day the entire university was a herd of defenseless sheep with targets printed on their backs. No one could stop the maniac as he killed one person after another. The attacker had no regard for university rules or any state or federal laws. Only the good people obeyed the rules against guns.

There will always be crazy people among us, and even if guns are banned they will always be able to get a gun if they try hard enough. If guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns since outlaws care nothing about laws.

In a fist fight the biggest, strongest combatant will almost always win. In a fight with clubs or knives the results will be the same. In an equally armed encounter, the average man will overpower the average woman almost every time UNLESS they are armed with guns. Guns are the equalizer, the only weapon that can give a weaker person (woman) a fighting chance.

Women are the main beneficiaries of second amendment rights! Women should be in the fore front of the gun control controversy, defending their right to bear arms. Where are they?

JLF 10-16-13

The ruling class want the exclusive right to be protected by guns! They (mostly the democrats) want to deny that right to the rest of us. If you want any chance of retaining the right to effectively defend yourself, vote Republican every chance you get. JLF 6-11-19

ARMED GUARDS (SCHOOL SECURITY)

In the last few days, we learned that it is useless to station an armed guard outside a school building. They will not be brave enough to enter the building after the shooting starts. While they cowered outside, holding their weapons, inside defenseless teachers placed their bodies between the gunman and the students with no means to stop him. Government failed at every level to protect its citizens. Gun free zones do not apply to criminals but only enable criminals. Ironically, the armed guard, Scott Peterson's house is now patrolled by six armed guards to protect him and his family from some perceived threat. JLF 2-24-18

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEFENDERS AND ATTACKERS

Soldiers enter a battle with two goals: 1) win the battle, 2) survive the encounter, not necessarily in that order. Obviously, the goal to survive can interfere with the soldier's enthusiasm and effectiveness. If the soldier can be convinced that the vast rewards of victory begin with death, and that these rewards exceed anything that survival can offer, then goal (2) evaporates. A soldier thus motivated fights with fearless abandon. The Japanese kamikaze pilots of WWII fought that way and were almost impossible to defend against. Today we find the radical Islamic terrorists to be even more motivated and dangerous.

Attackers pick the time and place, but defenders of civilization must be vigilant everywhere continuously. To be ever on alert is wearisome and costly. Attacks are cheap. Effective continuous defense is expensive by a ratio of at least hundreds to one. Failure to adequately defend can be a game over scenario when a few million bucks "wisely" invested by terrorists can crush an entire nation beyond recovery.

QUANTITATIVE EASING

Quantitative Easing (inflation tax): The means by which the Federal Reserve confiscates wealth from the savers and gives it to the spenders. It is a method for looting the middle class and retirees. In general, it amounts to fully automated wealth redistribution from responsible people to irresponsible people. I am tired of being made responsible for other people's irresponsibility.

The rich can live richly anywhere they choose. When pressed by taxes, regulations, inflation, and union demands, they will pack up their wealth and their businesses and move to a more favorable part of the world. Goodbye jobs.

You cannot succeed in excessively taxing the rich. They won't stand for it. They and their wealth are too mobile. If we pass laws to keep the rich from moving their wealth out of the country, the rich legislators and their rich friends will relocate their wealth overseas before the laws take effect. There will be no rich people or rich corporations left in America to tax. The middle class will lose their jobs. The tax base will evaporate. The middle class will sink into poverty and join the ever-expanding poor. Game over for America.

Now, tell me again that we should raise taxes on the rich.

We must attract the rich to America, not drive them out!

Rich people create jobs. Poor people do not.

The US already has the second highest corporate tax rate in the developed world.

We must lower taxes, not raise them. Here is an example of how big our problem is:

There are over two billion cell phones in the world. Not a single one was built in the US!

The things we tax we discourage. The things we subsidize we encourage. We over tax employment to pay for extended unemployment benefits. Where will this lead? Good intentions do not always lead to desired results. JLF 9-7-12 2:22 PM

THE MEDICAL ENTITLEMENT BUBBLE, OR THE CURSE OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY

DW: Change is inevitable, improvement is not.

A successful business is established by satisfying a need. It supplies a product or service that is in great demand. High demand is a willingness on the part of many to pay a high price. Opportunities abound in the medical industry. When a person loses his health, he is willing to pay dearly to get it back. This strong demand for health care enables the industry to invest tremendous sums of money to develop amazing treatments and cures. Because of this market we now have available to us thousands of complicated medical procedures and expensive drugs to treat or cure most of the ailments that befall us, if we can afford them. The high cost of much of this has been shared among the population through insurance companies. But sufferers in need are willing to pay anything as long as it is somebody else's money. And medical technology marches on finding ever more complex and expensive treatments and cures. This causes the insurance premiums required to pay for all of this to rise out of reach of many, and some people perceive this to be unfairness.

Our newest oxymoron is "affordable health care". It will never again be affordable. The attitude has developed in this country that health care is a right no matter what the cost. We spend our money on fun things we want to do, but when we get sick we want someone else to pay for it, but remember, each of us is the "**someone else**" for "**everybody else**". Medical technology is giving us longer and arguably higher quality of life, but at what price? Are we ready to reduce our standard of living to bare subsistence level to provide all of us with every treatment science can invent? That is the price we must pay for our extended lives.

There is a compounding factor here that is overwhelming us like an avalanche. For example, if a 60 year old person is cured of a deadly condition for \$100,000, he will live on and eventually experience another medical problem at maybe age 75 that may cost us \$250,000 to cure, allowing him to live into his 80's where additional care and treatments, costing hundreds of thousands or even millions more, may be required. We are rapidly reaching the point where the medical costs required to bring the average person to the age of ninety will exceed the lifetime earnings of that average person! There are only two logical ends to this critical dilemma, either economic collapse or medical rationing. The government will undoubtedly step in to solve the problem (Obama Care). It is the establishment of the rationing criteria by government bureaucrats that will produce the true horror of the path we are on. The determination of whether a person qualifies for a particular procedure will include the following factors:

- Age
- General health
- Employment status
- Criminal record
- Education
- Racial quotas, or reparations
- Religious beliefs
- Associations

Political affiliation

Wealth and income will not be one of the factors! The wealthy or financially capable will be officially forbidden from stepping to the front of the line to pay for their own care. Of course, the major consideration for people with the means will be who you know and who you are able to secretly pay off. We are about to trade medical/financial decisions made by insurance companies, which is bad, for medical decisions, based on socio/political considerations made by government bureaucrats, which is way worse. The government health care bureaucrats will hold life and death power over all of us, and this power will be used to suppress any opposition to the party who controls the government and its bureaucrats at that time. The lure of this irresistible and all-encompassing power is the driving force behind Obama Care. The advancements of medical technology, with its crushing costs, along with the public's "right" to free health, will eventually lead us to a totalitarian Orwellian state. (Obamacare 2010)

THE AVERAGE COST OF HEALTH CARE

The average cost for all care, treatments, and cures for a person to live as long as possible is more than what that average person will earn in a lifetime. It wasn't always that way. Medical science and technology continue to develop ever more complex and expensive procedures that will ultimately bankrupt the nation. These things cannot be free to anyone and everyone unless we are all willing to give up a comfortable lifestyle and all live in poverty to pay it. It is happening already with the Obamacare victims who just miss the subsidy limit. Their premiums are taking all of their disposable income while their sky-high deductible leaves them with no way to pay for any of the typical medical expenses they incur. Even relatively minor treatments are beyond their reach.

THE SANCTITY OF HUMAN LIFE

Today in NY and VA a mother can give a thumbs down to her newborn baby and a medic can then kill it, while in PA someone got a five-year jail sentence for drowning a litter of feral kittens!

Fear not therefore, you are of more value than many sparrows. Matthew 10:31

JLF 2-15-19 10:04 AM

SCIENCE

ON DARWINISM

DW: *The science of Paleontology has become its own religion.*

It seems that we have come back to Intelligent Design because the universe, as presently described by scientists, is still too small and too young to produce the complexity of a living cell by random processes. As Darwin himself stated, "If it could be demonstrated that any complex organ existed which could not possibly have been formed by numerous, successive, slight modifications, my theory would absolutely break down."

If Darwin would have had access to the findings of molecular biology and probability mathematics that we have available today, He would be stunned out of his mind at the unimaginable complexity of living things. With that knowledge he would have been too embarrassed to write such a book as "Origin of the Species"? On page 222 of the paperback Darwin admits to "grave cases of difficulty, some of which will be discussed in my future work". Darwin never produced a future work!

Darwin , in "Origin Of The Species" referred to his work as theory on pages 205, 206, 209, 211, 218, 219, 229, 230, 233, 292, 313, 309, 316, 323, 339, 341 and 343 of the paperback version as well as other places. It has been called the "theory of evolution" for over 100 years! Until the last decade or so the word theory was prominently connected to the word evolution. This forces me to ask "What blazing discovery of the past ten years has propelled the "theory of evolution" into the realm of indisputable fact? On the contrary, recent discoveries, and the lack thereof, have, if anything, cast more doubt than confirmation on the theory!

When you have eyes that can't quite see and wings that can't quite fly, what random evolutionary force can bring these useless structures to completion? A winged but flightless animal that is in all other respects similar to its unwinged relatives would be at great disadvantage when competing for existence as he drags these encumbering appendages through life. Natural selection would eliminate this creature before he could pass on the somehow improved genetic traits that would form a flyable offspring. And where would this freak find a suitable mate that would amplify the critical trait by allowing the improved wing gene to dominate? The forces of random mutation and natural selection would drive this useless feature to elimination, not completion!

We should believe in variation and natural selection only within the constraints that we see it happen. People have demonstrated the boundaries of natural selection over the centuries by exploring the limits of unnatural selection through extensive breeding programs on numerous creatures. Dogs are a good example. The vast differences in sizes and shapes among the dog population are really astounding. But, in the end, they are all dogs. The varieties that are way out there tend to be unhealthy in various ways, and are obviously approaching some limit of viability. Despite all efforts of breeders to push the envelope,

dogness remains. None of the extreme breeds are showing characteristics of a bird or a lizard. All dogs reproduce after their own kind. Despite our best efforts to push beyond the boundaries, trans-speciation has not occurred in any breeding experiments.

Regarding the question of whether modern man is more or less physically advanced than his ancestors, we must factor in technology, our medical advancements, our recent knowledge of nutrition, and recent access to a variety of good food. We may only appear to be more robust than our ancestors. If these recent developments are factored in, we may find that we are devolving rather than evolving, and that the gene pool is in regression. Creation may be winding down.

Evolution requires more faith than Biblical creation. Darwin never touched the question of origin. He left that extrapolation entirely to our imaginations!

Darwin quit at postulating common ancestry without addressing the origin of life in its most basic form. The difficulties of having matter mixtures within the universe self-organizing to the fantastic degree of forming a living cell are overwhelming. To make things even worse for Darwin we have in the fossil bearing rocks of this planet what is termed the “Cambrian Explosion” where a myriad of strange creatures come into existence all at once with no trace of ancestors in the underlying rock strata. This is one of the great difficulties Darwin wrestled with. He tries to explain this problem away, but it sure resembles an act of creation to me.

WHY DO WE HAVE A THEORY OF EVOLUTION TODAY?

The reason that evolutionary ideas have taken over most of the world today is because the writers of scriptures, the assemblers of the canon, and the translators of those scriptures into modern languages have given the paleontologists no rational place to go with their discoveries. Modern interpretation of scripture is inconsistent with some of the fossils they dig from the earth!

The Bible challenges us to look at the world around us to see that God did it, but, when doing so, the paleontologists encounter fossil layers that do not seem to fit within the confines of traditional scripture interpretations. For Christians to force the entire sedimentary geologic column to be the result of a single universal flood 4500 years ago is problematic. This has caused the Earth science community to seek alternate explanations beginning around 300 years ago.

What Christians and Jews fail to acknowledge is that the scriptures tell of one other universal flood that preceded the one that occurred in Noah's day. This flood may likely have been more violent, more catastrophic, and of longer duration than the one written of in Genesis chapters 6 thru 8. Christians tend to disregard this original flood entirely because of how few words are devoted to its description. Any consideration of the ramifications of this original flood will take both the Young Earth Christians (YEC's) and the Old Earth Evolutionists (OEE's) to a place that neither one is willing to go.

The bottom most sedimentary rocks to contain fossilized creatures are labeled the Cambrian layer. Both camps accept the Cambrian layers as the oldest fossil record on the planet as it is beneath all other fossil bearing layers.

Trilobites are the predominant creature of the Cambrian layer comprising up to half the marine community of that time. There are now more than 25,000 scientifically recognized species (variations) of trilobites ranging in size from a few millimeters to a 28 inch found in Manitoba Canada in 1998, making trilobites the largest creature to be found in the Cambrian fossil layers thus far. There are no modern fishlike creatures represented in the Cambrian layers, nor have any land based creatures been found. Where the two camps disagree most vehemently is on the speculated age of these discoveries. OEE dates the Cambrian layer at 525 million years ago, and the YEC at 4,500 years ago. Both positions have serious issues.

Here are the most serious for each:

OEE

There are no examples of evolving life forms leading up to the Cambrian specimens! That is why the Cambrian layers are referred to as the Cambrian explosion. They have no plausible theories to explain that.

YEC

We have bottom dwelling marine creatures today, but none of them resemble anything in the Cambrian fossil layer. Of the 25,000 types of trilobites that dominate the Cambrian strata, not a single one survived the flood of Noah's day even though that flood lasted less than a year. The ark was built to save air breathing creatures. There

were no aquariums on board. Marine creatures were expected to survive! Why has the most predominant and successful water born inhabitant gone extinct? Why has no example of any marine creature in the Cambrian layers survived a one year long flood occurring 4,500 years ago? We have fish fossilized in upper sedimentary layers but nothing that quite qualifies as a fish is seen in the Cambrian layer.

The only theory that solves both dilemmas is that the lowest fossil bearing strata were deposited by the first flood, the one that relegated the original Earth to a formless (deformed), voided (ruin).

So, what was the reason for the first flood? When did it happen, and how long did it last? Did Lucifer's rebellion have anything to do with it?

We are living on Earth One. The Bible says that soon this Earth will be burned up and replaced by a new one (Earth Two). We must consider the possibility that Earth Zero, created in Genesis 1:1, concluded in Genesis 1:2 with a massive flood that exterminated a planet full of alien creatures unlike anything we see in our world. The full scope of that annihilation is yet to be excavated.

Was Earth Zero a proof of concept world? Is Earth One a prototype? Will Earth Two be the production model that will be mass produced to populate, what the Bible calls, the New Heaven?

If anyone can explain all of this in a manner that makes more sense than what I have just written, I really want to hear about it.

Note: The Bible provides as much detail about Earth Zero as It gives us about Earth two.

ABSURDITY OF SIX DAYS

So, you think it ABSURD TO BELIEVE THE 6 DAYS IN CREATION WERE LITERAL 24-HOUR DAYS.

Well, God did not do it with the laws of physics that we are constrained to. He was using the full set! Too bad we have no written history from a human witness.

Oh, we have God telling Moses directly during a forty day long interview and Moses wrote it down!

On a smaller scale, more recently we have Jesus taking three pounds of bread and fish, and over the course of an hour He increased the mass of those carbohydrates and protein by a factor of 1,000 as it was being handed out to over 5,000 people. That is a bunch of witnesses. And, if that is not enough, Jesus did it again a few days later for 4,000 more!

The accounts are thoroughly documented. Note: Jesus did not implement $E=MC^2$ [the only thing we know] since that function would have vaporized the entire Middle East. No, He employed methods much slicker than that.

Isaiah 55:8-9 New International Version

8 “For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways my ways,”

declares the Lord.

9 “As the heavens are higher than the earth,
so are my ways higher than your ways
and my thoughts than your thoughts.

REGARDING REDUCTION OF GREEN HOUSE GASES

If the human race insists that CO₂ is a pollutant, then we must not shoot ourselves in the economic foot to gain reductions equivalent to a mere, 10% in CO₂ emissions." That solves nothing.

We may be too late, or we may be close to too late. In either of those scenarios a 10% reduction will not save us, but merely cripple the global economies, and put the massive absolute solutions out of reach. We can't save civilization by dismantling it.

This is what must happen:

1. The economy must be kept roaring.
2. This will free up resources that can be directed toward non-CO₂ producing energy solutions like various forms of cold fusion including e-cat.
3. Leaders must direct appropriate research to be done with these resources. (This is what is still not happening)
4. Then, when practical solutions are identified, we will have sufficient wealth and prosperity to implement them.

This is the only way. Anything less than this brings us to global failure. Can it be done in time? I don't know, and neither does anybody else. If greenhouse gases are a problem that humans must fix, then this is the only way we can both fix it and save civilization.

The Kyoto stuff is a formula for disaster. We are past the point of no return on a takeoff runway. It is too late to apply the brakes and make a safe stop. It's throttle to the firewall. We either fly or die.

Whether or not the global economy is good, it must become good to accomplish all that must be done. All of our CO₂ producing machines must be replaced with non-CO₂ producing machines, and this can only be done by revving up our CO₂ technology to the max to produce the replacements once viable solutions are identified!

We are running out of runway. Who is for cutting the throttle and hitting the brakes?

Are we going to fly or end up splattered in a ditch?

But here is another problem:

What is our collective goal regarding the commercialization of CF (cold fusion/low energy nuclear reactions)?

Is it to reduce the level of CO₂ emissions to reverse global warming?

Is it to improve the quality of life by providing an inexhaustible source of cheap energy to everyone on the planet?

Perhaps the reduction in CO2 emissions will be more than offset by the waste heat output of billions of CF engines, and that global warming will accelerate by direct heating alone! Could it be that with perfecting CF we are about to open pandora's box?

God's involvement in the condition of our planet is considered irrelevant to unbelievers, but I'm convinced that it is central. Our perception of threats to our existence is directly linked to our perception of God. Our attitudes toward "God sized" problems are determined by our concept of God. The thermal condition of this planet is set by the output of the sun. Compared to a one or two percent fluctuation in solar radiation, anything humans can do down here is totally irrelevant.

Christians think God has his hand on the solar thermostat. Atheists think it must be us.

Christians trust God to dial it back, if necessary, in response to our increased heat load. People, who either don't believe in God or don't trust God, think we must master these adjustments ourselves.

Christians are thought callous for not recognizing the need to tackle "God sized" problems while there are nonbelievers among us who think the solution to planetary thermal overload and other environmental problems is to eliminate five of the six billion people on the Earth's surface.

For anyone who wants to play the God game, the stakes are fantastically high.

What will be the most likely cause of calamity: trusting God or playing God?

I still believe the Earth has a propensity for self-regulation. But if human activity manages to push the planet beyond the control limits a concerned God can make further adjustments.

Perhaps some exotic cold fusion CF device will produce electricity directly and be highly efficient, but CF devices that generate heat as their output will be subject to the same thermal efficiencies we see today in power generation and transportation machines. The maximum achievable efficiency is directly related to the source temperature relative to the sink temperature. Thermal efficiencies of 33% are about as high as we can go with present materials. At least two thirds of the heat in a heat engine gets rejected to the environment during the energy conversion process. The other one third of the heat becomes the work we intend the machine to do. Cars run at about 25% efficiency. When that work has spent itself, all of that that one third also enters the environment as low grade waste heat.

CF will allow us to keep the dinosaurs (oil) in the ground where someone recently said they belong, but CF devices as heat sources will not allow us to reduce the heat load required to sustain our civilization.

My concern is this: If we provide cheap unlimited power to people, they may decide to consume unlimited amounts of it. As an example, imagine every high latitude street, road, and highway heated so that ice never causes another accident. Throw in all sidewalks and driveways too. Would this not constitute a God sized global heat problem, Or would we declare that CF could not be used for such purposes because of fears of thermally polluting the environment?

I'm all for sound science including CF research. I have spent hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars trying to coax some over unity performance out of a series of PAGD (pulsed abnormal glow discharge) experiments, but only succeeded in finding some interesting anomalies.

A little elaboration here:

I haven't fired up the PAGD apparatus in a long time, because I was running out of reasonable circuit variations to try. Even though I have an Aerospace degree, I in no way consider myself a scientist. Mike Carrell observed my early efforts in 1996 and referred to me as a tinkerer in a later post. That may be an accurate assessment of my capability.

The range in attitude toward the environment among Christians is probably little different than that of the general population. There is a big difference between Bible believing Christians and church goers who are skeptical of most of the book of Genesis. I have heard it said that going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to McDonald's makes you a hamburger. But that's another issue. The truth is most church goers don't know what they believe.

Nonbelievers and evolutionists believe that humans are a product of the earth and that we owe the earth something as if it is "mother" earth and "mother" nature. Bible believing Christians, OTOH, believe that the earth was made for us, not the other way around, and that its resources were put here by God for our use. That does not imply that we can do anything we want with it. The Bible challenges us to be good stewards, which means to use those resources wisely and not be wasteful. I think that makes Bible Believing Christians common sense environmentalists rather than rabid environmentalists, and thus they would be very reasonable people.

DESIGN CRITERIA FOR COST EFFECTIVE ATMOSPHERIC CO₂ SCRUBBERS TO REDUCE GLOBAL WARMING

It is believed today by many scientists that we are experiencing record high levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. This is thought to be a major contributor to global warming and that, if left unchecked, could doom the planet. Atmospheric scrubbing to remove the excess CO₂ is a daunting endeavor. The machines required to do this would obviously be huge and numerous to accomplish such a task. The systems would require vast reactive surfaces to absorb the CO₂. Aside from the unimaginable commitment for construction materials and labor force, the devices would need enormous energy sources to drive the chemical reactions to lock up the carbon and release the oxygen. It would be counterproductive to power these machines with fossil fuels since that would totally defeat the purpose. Powering them with nuclear is also undesirable. Clearly, the network of scrubbers must employ a process that can run on solar power. The system should exclude the use of fans to deliver the CO₂ laden air to the scrubber's absorption surfaces and rely completely on wind energy.

To be effective worldwide the power demands of this equipment can only be met with hundreds of square miles of solar cell arrays along with hundreds of miles of electrical power cabling connecting to the CO₂ absorbing arrays. Space allocation and interconnection costs can be minimized by installing the CO₂ absorbing surfaces under the solar cells since the scrubber devices need only air exposure, not sun exposure. Ideally, the scrubbing elements could be mounted to the backside of the solar cells so that the length of electrical wiring that interconnects the solar cell to the scrubber elements is reduced to mere microns!

It would be desirable for the process to isolate the separated carbon into forms more useful than pure carbon. Recombining the carbon with locally mined elements and compounds could produce byproducts suitable for numerous purposes. Various models of these networked devices could specifically produce carboniferous constructs ranging from building materials to edible chemical formulations. The carbon-based products could even be used as concentrated sources of heat energy that would be perfectly safe to handle until activated by a spark in the presence of normal atmospheric conditions. Retrieving the carbon-based products from the scrubbers, however may remain a labor intensive process.

To further minimize the construction costs of these CO₂ scrubbers, the machines should automatically dig and install their own foundations while mining the site for trace elements. Upon that foundation each device should then automatically produce and erect its own supporting structure that will then self-manufacture and deploy mini scrubber/solar panels from the extremities of the support structure. An internal control system should be employed to actively orient these CO₂ absorbing solar panels for optimum sun and wind exposure. In essence, it would be most economical if these systems could self-replicate!

You may be surprised to learn that machines of this nature are already in service and are operating in vast arrays worldwide, removing thousands of tons of CO₂ from the atmosphere every day. They were designed by the greatest engineer the world has ever known. These CO₂ scrubbers have a generic name. They are called vegetation.

ABSURDITY VS PROBABILITY

You may have heard a proponent of evolution say, “If you sit an infinite number of chimpanzees in front of an infinite number of typewriters one will eventually write the complete works of Shakespeare”.

Is that true?

We can try to prove it. Let us first consider the probability of a monkey typing even one sentence of one play:

I chose “the Merchant of Venice” since I could find it easily in the search engine and I once read it in school. Here is the first sentence:

***In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.***

There are letters, punctuation marks, and spaces in this sentence totaling 252 strokes.

First, we should substitute a person for a chimpanzee. chimpanzees are difficult to control. They may not want to pound on keys, and when pressured to perform, may rather throw the typewriter across the room and rip your arm off. This experiment can be done better with a person typing under the direction of a random character generator. A random character generating machine can be as simple as 44 ping pong balls labeled with the necessary alpha numeric characters, space key, and punctuation. We can ignore the shift key which improves the chances of success. Place the labeled balls in a box, shake ‘em up, and pull one out. We are hoping for the letter “i”. You have one chance in 44 of getting it. If the first ball is not an “i”, round one ends in failure. Throw the “i” back in the box, shake ‘em up and pull another ball. Eventually, after about 10 to 40 failed rounds, you may finally pull the “i” and you are on your way to success. Put the “i” back, shake the box, and hope the next ball you pick is “n”. You have one chance in 44 of getting “n”. If you fail to pick an “n”, you are back to trying to pull an “i” again. After a thousand or so rounds, you should hope to pull an “i” followed by an “n”. Depending on how fast you are, this could take more than an hour. Once you have a consecutive “i, n” draw, you will have a one chance in 44 of drawing the “space” ball. If you miss the “space” ball on the first try, you are back to trying for the “i” again. At one draw every five seconds, you should have “i, n, space” in well less than a week. You have one chance in 3,748,096 to get “i, n, space, s” which could take several months at one draw every five seconds. Getting the “i, n, space, s, o” in less than a year is unlikely. To get the first two words completed in a lifetime is practically impossible at 441 million rounds.

So, what is the probability that 252 cycles of a random character generator will produce the succession of characters that form our desired sentence? There is a simple formula. The probability

equals X to the Y power, where $x=44$ and $y=252$. One chance out of 44 to the 252nd power is 44 times 44 times 44 times 44...., 252 times, which rounds off to: $1 / 10^{exp414}$.

10exp414 is 10 with 414 zeros behind it, which looks like this:

[illegible]

To get some perspective on this, please note that the total number of protons, neutrons, and electrons in the entire universe is estimated to be 10^{89} with some astronomers and physicists thinking it is much less than that!

If you were to remove one particle from the universe, (either a proton, neutron, or electron) for every failed round, you would empty a billion universes before you could randomly produce half the first sentence of Shakespeare's play "The Merchant of Venice"!

But, you might say, we were considering an infinite number of chimpanzees and then we got to talking about a single person!

OK. Let's go with robotic chimpanzees programmed to deliver random strikes to 44 character keyboards at the rate of 10 characters per second continuously with no down time. Put thirty chimpanzees to a classroom with dimensions of ten meters by ten meters by three meters. Now fill the entire universe with classrooms with no space in between, replacing all the stars and planets with classrooms and all empty space with classrooms to the estimated boundaries of the universe with back to back, top to bottom classrooms.

According to Wikipedia the volume of the universe is 3.58×10^{80} cubic meters, which comes out to 1.19×10^{78} classrooms, or 3.58×10^{79} chimpanzees. Since, according to Wikipedia, the age of the universe is 13.8 billion years, let us give this team of chimpanzees 13.8 billion years to succeed.

There are 31,536,000 seconds in a year. So, we have 10 keystrokes per second times 31,536,000 seconds per year times 13,800,000,000 years times 3.58×10^{79} chimpanzees. This calculates out to 1.588×10^{98} keystrokes in all of time, in all of space. This is enough keystrokes to possibly expect one chimpanzee to randomly produce the desired order of characters to a string of only 60 characters long, since 44^{60} equals 4×10^{98} . The first 60 characters of the first sentence of the play is:

"In sooth, I know not why I am so sad: It wearies me; you say I"

This really is all the farther you can get! Imagine the improbabilities of an entire chapter, or an entire play!

Now, imagine a billion atom DNA molecule self-organizing!

This might explain why it took God five times longer to produce one living planet than it took Him to create an entire universe of stars surrounded by, as yet, dead planets. JLF 9-13-18 10:27AM

MUSINGS ON THE FUTURE

THE ACCUSER

DW: True narcissists can be identified by observing that they accuse others of narcissism

One of the most astounding verses in the New Testament is 1 Corinthians 6: 3: “Do you not know that we are to judge angels?” That was written by the apostle Paul. No other apostle or prophet ever wrote anything like that! Perhaps he got that information during his visit to Heaven (2 Corinthians 12: 2) and it was something he was allowed to tell us. So, which group of angels is he writing about, the one third that followed Lucifer in his rebellion or all of them? I do not think that any angel would be fond of being judged by humans and that the idea of that may have contributed to the rebellion. For the remaining two thirds of the angels, their allegiance to God outweighs their resentment toward us.

In Revelation we read that Lucifer (Satan) goes before the throne of God, day and night, accusing people of their sins until one day he and his rebellious subjects are finally kicked out of Heaven and cast down to Earth. What does Satan say on that last visit to the throne room that gets them expelled?

Revelation 12:10 ... the accuser of our brethren, who accused them before our God, day and night...

THE FINAL RANT OF SATAN BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD

Well, here I am again for our morning session Almighty God, and as usual, humans are even worse than last evening. I have another bucket load of sin for each man, woman, and child on the entire planet. Shall we begin? As you can see, the level of corruption continues to grow. I don't know how you can stand it. We lay a temptation before them, and they fall for it almost every time. Even without our prodding they invent new ways to sin. Their vain imaginations are boundless. And your people? They will fall to temptation nearly as often. But we don't spend much time with them since they are quite able to corrupt themselves without our help. They claim that detestable name of Jesus over all their misdeeds and it sickens us to hear it. So, we generally keep our distance.

Almighty God, you claim that you created man in your image, but look at them! They tarnish your image. They are a blight on the God Head. I just don't know what you were thinking when you created such creatures, and you made them out of matter and energy of all things! And you expect to transform them into something fit for

Heaven? When you first told us that you were going to create humans in your image, and that you planned to elevate them to positions of authority over us, to judge us, we could hardly believe what we were hearing. It is no wonder that a third of us refuse to accept such a plan. Outside of the Throne Room is a fresh pile of evidence to once again prove that this human experiment of yours is a total failure. We will not subjugate ourselves to these pathetic, worthless, filthy creatures and we will fight you to the bitter end, to prevent it. JLF 10-3-21

6:45AM

With a curt bow Lucifer and his right-hand man, Beelsebub, turn to leave. As the great doors of the throne room close behind them Beelsebub speaks up, "Lucifer! You terrify me! How do you get away with such blatant irreverence before The Almighty? Are you this disrespectful all the time or did you ramp it up for my benefit? We are like bugs scurrying across the floor that a homeowner chooses not to step on for no explainable reason! You know He could vaporize us instantly. Why doesn't He? Does He see us as no more of a threat than two ants? Is it out of kindness? Hardly! We deserve no kindness. Perhaps His restraint somehow reinforces the dedication of all the angelic hosts who still choose to remain loyal. Since He picked off so many of our most exuberant companions all those millennia ago and chained them in the Pit, we have failed to entice even a single recruit. How can you be so sure we will win? Is antagonizing the Almighty really the way to go?

I see no evidence that you are turning Him against the humans during any of your sessions. Those days so long ago when we nearly won are fading from my memory. Oh, the progress we made back then! We messed up the humans so badly at that time that we were sure He would destroy them all. Eight pathetic survivors in a boat. From eight million people down to eight! We were so close! Why could we not finish them off? How could the righteousness of that single man, Noah, have so much influence on The Almighty?

"Stifle it Beel! It does not matter in the least that the world population is now eight billion. Righteousness is still a rare thing today. Most of the people on the Earth are God haters and we can take much credit for that. Our efforts to promote violence against Jesus' followers are paying stellar dividends. I can sense that The Almighty is losing patience with His wayward creation, and that something big is in the works. Scripture says that it will not be another flood. It is difficult to interpret the writings of crazy John, the apostle, but we may be on the verge of another human annihilation, and this time it will be a thousand times worse, billions instead of millions! Perhaps, in the wake of all this impending carnage, He will see that we were right to resist the creation experiment and He will restore our places in Heaven. Furthermore, you insult me by referring to us as ants. I demand more respect from you than that. I am a major influence in this kingdom and if you want a place in my ultimate victory, you had better watch yourself!" Don't you realize I own this world? Adam handed it to me back in the beginning. I knew what I was doing. I knew not to tempt Adam. I went straight after the weaker of the two. Once she disobeyed, I knew Adam would fold out of fear of losing his woman. We all know how tempting a woman can be, and some of us have paid a heavy price for it too. We ran this world for four thousand years before Jesus came down here to challenge us. But even He acknowledged that I was still in charge here. When I offered Him all the kingdoms of this world, He did not say that they were not mine to give because He knew they were. I recall His momentary silence before rejecting my offer as the high point of my life thus far."

"But what about the resurrection? You told us He would stay dead."

"Forget about that", Lucifer snapped, "If I tell you, it's not a problem then it is NOT a problem. Let us stay focused here. It is very simple. We provoke all our heathen hordes to kill all the Christians and Jews, and then, in His anger, The Almighty will exterminate the heathens, and that secures the extinction of humanity! In a way I will miss them. I have come to value their worship more than their extinction."

"You certainly do make it sound simple. But still....", Beel's voice trails off in somber doubt.

As Beelzebub contemplates the present plan he realizes that it is only a variation of what had been done dozens of times before over the past two thousand years. "How could today turn out any different? How is it that the persecution and murder of Christians and Jews by heathens causes more heathens to become believers? But that is what always happens. This disjointed book, called the Bible, has unpredictable effects on people. Some love it, some hate it, and we never can tell which way it will go. It is so easy to get unsuspecting people on our side, filling them with hatred and fear. And when we have them conditioned to be of most use to us, someone comes along and quotes as little as a few lines of this book and all our work is undone. They become one of THEM! They call it the word of God! Is it? Is it really God's word? How can it be God's Word if people wrote it? I hear that Crazy John even called Jesus "The Word". Jesus is gone from this world of ours, but something of Him is still here. Are there things in the Bible that we need to know about? We hate that book, and Lucifer tells us never to look in it. He tells us that he has read the whole thing for us, and that there is nothing to interest us in its pages. We all remember when Jesus created this world, but WE have it now. Sometimes I wonder how long we can keep it. We are supposed to be deceiving humans, but is Lucifer deceiving us? I don't know. What are we really doing and why are we doing it? Lucifer acts so much in control, but I sometimes sense that He is scared, and that scares me." 10-7-21

Speaking to himself Beelzebub continues "I guess I will just go back down and pick up on today's tasks with the southeast Asia team. The normally benign weather systems in the Indian ocean are ripe for a rotational swirl and I need to help push. Matter is so difficult for us to move but influencing weather patterns at the appropriate times are incredibly effective. The paths of these storms when directed thru India's Bangladesh lowlands produce astounding results. It warms my heart to witness such incredible death and destruction as these humans get what they deserve. Very few wisps of prayer rise from this locale toward Heaven. Thus, The Almighty rarely interferes. Prayers to us go nowhere, but the prayers of humans, who wear the righteousness of Jesus, rise like a vast column of incense, and gather great attention from the Holy One and His staff. Many of our weather projects have been quashed in this manner. I still remember the fragrant, billowing clouds of prayer that rose from America as Reinhard Bonnke garnered the response of thousands of believers simultaneously to divert a positively lovely hurricane harmlessly out to sea. I don't recall that we managed to sink a single ship with that one. If those stupid humans only realized the power they have through Jesus, we would accomplish nothing.

When I am done with my weather work, I will check up on the quad team. Their effectiveness and innovation have been commendable in recent days. Providing them with angelic steeds of four different colors, I must say, was a brilliant move by Satan and it really increased their mobility. The Four Horseman of the Apocalypse is what he calls them. I asked him once how he came up with that terrific title. The only thing he said is that he read it somewhere. It is strange that he did not take credit for it. Wow! This day has gone by fast. Here comes Lucifer now, undoubtedly, to invite me to the afternoon session. "Hail Satan", I shout in greeting."

"I told you not to call me that. It is Lucifer to you. Are you ready?"

"I, I, I'm not going", Beelzebub stutters, "You have had these meetings with The Almighty by yourself for centuries. Why did you even take me along this morning? What is so special about today? Why do you need my help?"

"Get out of my way then, and out of my sight you coward! I will finish this off myself." Satan replied angrily as he swiftly departs.

"That went well." Beelzebub says to himself, "I hope he does not go before The Almighty and doom us all. Maybe I should have gone along just to restrain him a bit. He is really on edge, and there is no telling what he might say this time. The limit of The Almighty's patience, both for us and for the humans, may have been reached." He sees Satan approaching in the distance and shouts, "That was a quick trip. You hardly had time to get there."

“I didn’t get there. My passage was blocked. It seems that the terms of our truce with The Almighty and His hosts have been revised. Our access to Heaven has been revoked. We are all confined to Earth! I am angry beyond words. We must ramp up our assault on the humans.”

Just then a frantic messenger arrives with alarming news. “All the Christian humans are gone! It is reported that they just floated upward toward Heaven and disappeared. But not before the dead ones shot out of their graves like missiles from a silo.”

“Send a message to all our district leaders. We must gather immediately to revise our strategy.”, was Satan’s hurried reply. He was both troubled and relieved. He was relieved that there would be no more Christian prayers to foil his destructive efforts, but troubled at the thought of what The Almighty and Jesus may have in store for them next. Without Christians to target, the Satanic hordes could now concentrate all their efforts entirely on the Jews.

As the leaders of lawlessness gathered the following day, some disturbing observations came to light. Even though the Christians were gone, the world was littered with a billion copies of the most printed piece of literature ever written, and it is as if the entire human population was now scrambling to get hold of a copy.

Lucifer speaks up, “We must put a stop to this rush to the Bible. We can gather them and burn them, but that is a laborious, and time-consuming solution. The quickest course of action is to pass laws worldwide to make possession of a Bible a capital offense. Make it so as soon as you return to your districts. You, in the back. Aren’t you our representative from North America? Speak up!”

The rep responded, “As you know there are more Bibles per capita in the US than any other nation on the planet. Many churches are packed this morning. Some are bringing Bibles with them while others are looking for Bibles. All want answers for the disappearance of millions. In some of the major churches, most of their members are present. The Pastors are stunned as they fumble around for comforting words. Their congregations are in panic mode. But in other church buildings no one even showed up to unlock the door. It is most perplexing. The bottom line is that a new wave of Christians is coming into existence to replace those who departed so suddenly yesterday. We must establish an extermination effort with great haste to deal with this problem that threatens us all.”

Weeks later measures are in place to eradicate this new brand of Christian. Beheading becomes the preferred practice since it is cheap, decisive, and makes quite a discouraging spectacle to deter would be Christians. As world conditions descend into total chaos some proclaiming Jesus are actually flocking to the execution centers as happened centuries before at the Roman Colosseum. To observers it is a ghastly sight. To the joyful victims it is the end of suffering as the promised Salvation becomes an instant reality.

Lucifer speaks to Beelzebub, “My contact in Heaven has gotten word to me that Jesus has picked up the Holy scroll again and has broken the fifth seal:”

Rev 6:9 When he opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of those who had been slain because of the word of God and the testimony they had maintained. ¹⁰ They called out in a loud voice, ‘How long, Sovereign Lord, holy and true, until you judge the inhabitants of the earth and avenge our blood?’ ¹¹ Then each of them was given a white robe, and they were told to wait a little longer, until the full number of their fellow servants, their brothers and sisters,^[c] were killed just as they had been.

“Our wave of executions seems to be the subject of the fifth seal. How could John have known of this two thousand years ago? It also appears that Jesus is not ready to stop at the fifth!”

“What are you talking about? What is this scroll you are referring to?”

“Forget it. It is nothing you need to trouble yourself with.” (I should be speaking to myself on matters of the scroll not Beel). “Arrange a conference with all the brothers. Things are going to get ugly. We will make further adjustments. We must institute a new religion complete with a high priest and the most spectacular idol the world has ever seen. I will present details tomorrow. Trust me. We will be alright.” 10-8-21

But, it was not alright for Satan nor his demonic hordes nor his human followers. As the bible concludes in the last four chapters of Revelation, Creation is ultimately purged of all the enemies of God the father and Jesus Christ, leading to a new Heaven and a new Earth!

HEAVEN OR HELL?

We are all corrupted. We have seen things we cannot unsee, heard things we cannot unhear, said things we cannot unsay and, done things we cannot undo.

Therefore, Hell is the default destination for every person who ever lived. ***Romans 3: 10***

Upon your death you will be brought before God Almighty, the Perfect and Holy, Lord over all that is. This is the Judgement. Every detail of your life will be examined before a cloud of witnesses to determine that you are also Perfect and Holy, which is the requirement for you enter Heaven. The first sin to be exposed during your examination will bar your entry! Beyond that God and His Angelic Hosts begin to tally the full list of all your infractions against God, based on the Ten Commandments, to determine what depth of Hell you will be sent to as your eternal dwelling. Hell is the destination for most of the human population of this planet!

But wait! Nobody is perfect! How does anyone qualify for Heaven with that impossible standard? Didn't I hear somewhere that Jesus loves us? Yes. Jesus, God's Son, loves you so much that He made available to you the one and only way to escape Hell. ***John 14: 6***

But you must learn of it and apply it to your life. Jesus took the sins of the world (including yours) upon Himself, but that only applies to you if you put your faith and trust in Him. ***Romans 10: 9***

At the Judgement, Jesus (your advocate) ***1 John 2: 1*** will stand beside you, and when that first infraction is uncovered, Jesus will affirm to God Almighty, and to the cloud of witnesses present in the Judgement Hall, that the sin is covered and expunged by the blood of His sacrifice on the cross. ***Hebrews 10: 17***. Jesus will further state that all subsequent sins are also dealt with in like manner and that there is no need to continue your examination since all your failures are nullified by His blood. ***Psalms 103: 12, Romans 8: 1, Colossians 1: 22***

With your acquittal your entry into Heaven is secured. What remains is to tally the good you have done to determine your position and privileges in Heaven.

When Jesus offered His life for the rescue of every human who ever lived it was not an exclusive plan, but the most inclusive act ever done in all of history. Through faith in Jesus no one is denied.

ETERNAL TIMELINE

DW: Taking the blinders off doesn't always help. You still need to open your eyes!

Nearly all Bible reading/Bible believing Christians will agree that the world and universe we are living in will be replaced in approximately a thousand years. We are living on Earth One to be replaced by Earth Two. But is there a possibility that the planet we live on is not Earth One but that there was a rendition of Earth before this one? The wording of Gen 1:1,2 certainly does not advance that possibility as translated, but neither does the wording preclude it. The definitions for the Hebrew words and the construct of the sentences allows the following translation: In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth and the Earth came to be wasted and ruined.

When God created matter and energy out of nothing in Gen1:1 it may likely have been in a diffuse state. To concentrate a small portion of matter into a congealed mass to form a planet sized sphere would represent an increase in order when proceeding from diffuse to formless, which allows the traditional understanding of creation. However, the word “void” is troublesome. “Void” as a noun is an empty space. That could hardly be the meaning in this case since at this stage of creation Earth is the least empty space in the entire extent of the universe! As a verb “to void” or “is voided” the meaning is to take something of value and reduce it to worthlessness. For example, a check written on a valid account has value until someone writes VOID across the front of it, at which point it becomes valueless!

In the midst of creation is it possible that Earth was formed and then became deformed to become formless. Was it reduced from a formed condition to a voided state?

We know from Gen 1:3 that at this stage of creation Earth is completely submerged in water and that the verse says the planet is in darkness. How did the planet become flooded and why? The darkness is traditionally assumed to be the absence of photons, but that assumption may be totally wrong! When the Apostle John revisits the beginnings starting in John 1:1, the light and darkness he is referring to has nothing whatsoever to do with photons but is purely spiritual. The darkness in Gen 1:3 may also be spiritual. That begs the question, “How can a brand new, pristine, but lifeless planet be experiencing spiritual darkness?”. What if anything does Satan have to do with this? We know he shows up later in Genesis to ruin everything. Is some of his skulduggery affecting Gen 1:2,3? Just when did Lucifer rebel against God and take a third of the Angels? It seems that it must be before Gen 1:2. The morning of day one of creation begins with a flooded, ruined planet shrouded in spiritual darkness. JLF 10-2-20 4:45 AM

Let me propose a timeline of events that may possibly answer a great many questions:

1. God creates matter and energy from nothing for the purpose of creating matter-based creatures, some in the image of God.
2. God assigns Jesus to form this material into a planet and create life on it.

3. Lucifer become jealous that he was not consulted or included in this project.
4. The project is successfully completed and Lucifer's jealousy climaxes with a rebellion that causes the Kingdom of Heaven to be split into two camps: 1/3 with Lucifer (Satan), 2/3 with God.
5. There is war in Heaven. Whether Earth is targeted by Satan, or suffers collateral damage, or is ruined by Satan's corruption descending over the planet, the Earth is irredeemably damaged. As a result, God annihilates all life on the Earth with a universal deadly flood. *Sediments washing over the dead creatures and uprooted vegetation form the Cambrian fossil layer and our deepest coal deposits.*
6. The two camps arrive at a cease fire/truce, and the "Life from Matter and Energy Project" is shelved indefinitely as Satan promises to do again what he did before if Jesus ever tries to recreate it!
7. Some period of time later, in secret, away from all other angels (1Peter 1:12), God and Jesus (the Father and the Son) devise the Plan of Salvation!
8. Thereafter Jesus retrieves the "Life from Matter and Energy Project" from storage and rebuilds it over a six-day period.
9. At its conclusion the Son presents it to the Father and God pronounces it to be very good.
10. Within weeks of this creation's completion, before the paint is even dry, Satan creeps into Eden to again confound Creation with his temptation of Eve. *Humanity is corrupted before Eve conceives her first child, Cain.*
11. The corruption cascades thru the centuries causing great evil and compromising all good things.
12. Again, God destroys all living beings with a worldwide flood. But this time he spares most of the sea creatures plus eight humans in addition to His selected land-based animals and birds. When the water recedes, God promises the survivors that He will never destroy the world by flood ever again. *The catastrophic erosive processes at work deposit all the fossils above the Cambrian layer along with another planet's worth vegetation, swept into rafts of water-logged debris, sinking to form the rest of our coal deposits. This plus the coal from the previous flood accounts for the vast coal deposits in the Earth.*
13. Evil revives during the post flood age and goes hand in hand with good down through the ages. Satan seems to be winning countless victories!

14. Hints of the Salvation Plan are made evident to Abraham, Moses, and the prophets, but go unrecognized by Satan, his demons, the angels and most other humans.
15. Jesus enters the world in human form, putting off His deity, exposing Himself to Satan's fury, allowing Satan to do his worst as he anticipates his greatest victory ever, the death of Jesus.
16. But God counters Satan with a concealed under current converging at the cross where it would condemn Satan and carry humanity forward to certain victory.
17. The Salvation Plan totally blindsides Satan and his demonic angels when Jesus offers His perfect life as the once and for all perfect sacrifice to rescue all people who believe in Him from sin and death. When Jesus is raised from the grave, He raises all believers with him, making us fit to enter the Presence of God. Satan's ultimate doom is sealed!
18. For the next two thousand years the good news of this Salvation Plan is carried around the world, proclaimed to everyone willing to listen, lifting them from condemnation to Sainthood.
19. At the conclusion of this age, when man's evil deeds rise to a crescendo, God removes His people with the Rapture.
20. The God haters who are left behind are subjected to the horrors of the Seal Judgements, followed by the even worse Trumpet Judgements, followed by the even worse Bowl Judgements. These result in the death OF EVERY LIVING THING IN THE OCEANS!
Some people repent and turn to God at this time and are executed by the unbelievers who now run all governments under Satan's command.
21. After nearly seven years of this tribulation Jesus returns to Earth with His Saints to rescue the Earth's survivors and rule from Jerusalem for a thousand years. Satan and his demons are locked up for this entire period of time.
22. The survivors of the Tribulation still have their sin natures and when, at the end of the thousand years, Satan is loosed for a little while, their pent-up frustrations will allow Satan to draw a following. The ensuing war will root out the last of the God haters setting the stage for the Great White Throne Judgement.
23. The God hating people are consigned to Hell along with Satan and his demonic angels.
24. The Earth, that is by now in a totally devastated condition, is burned up and recast into a new Earth.

25. The balance of the universe is also to be redone, not because it is in any fashion consumed, but because it is being upgraded to receive lifeforms distributed to the farthest reaches.

26. The Saints will be assigned to tend all of this new life.

27. As Adam was assigned the task of tending the Garden of Eden, we may be assigned to manage much more, like entire galaxies! *Presently, there are not enough believers in all of history to assign even one person to each of the galaxies! I don't know how well I can manage a galaxy. I am severely challenged by a single residential property, but God can make us able!*

28. Keep looking up in anticipation. The last stage of God's Creation will be unimaginably glorious!

JLF 10-2-20 11:45 AM

THE SECOND COMING

DW: Creation

The Father approved it.

The Son designed it.

The Holy Spirit built it.

According to Leviticus chapter 25, as calculated by Frank Klassen, the year 1422 BC was established as the first Jubilee year. Jubilee years occur every fifty years.

Jesus was resurrected on April 17 of the 29th Jubilee year AD 29. Is there something special about the fact that the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus occurred on a Jubilee year? There is only a 2% chance that this is a coincidence. 39 more Jubilee Years have come and gone without the return of Jesus which we refer to as the second coming. The number 40 is special in the Bible, right up there with the numbers 7 and 12. The fortieth Jubilee Year will occur in the year 2029, 2000 years after Jesus' first departure which is nominally 6000 years after creation according to the world's Biblical chronologists. 2029 minus 6000 equals 3972 (there was no zero year). Nobody's calculations hit 3972 BC exactly. The closest effort we have a "when calculated" date for are 3971 for W. Dolan in 2003 and 3975 BC for Frank Klassen in 1975. Perhaps they are both wrong by a year or three and the fortieth Jubilee will occur exactly 6000 years after creation.

It is strange that the world is said by the Bible to have been made in six days followed by a seventh day of rest. To God, according to the Apostle Peter, a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years is like a day. The world, now six thousand years old, is said by the Bible to be on the verge of a new age that will last for one thousand years (a millennium) and be marked by Jesus ruling directly from Jerusalem, and at the end of that age we will see a new heaven and a new earth (total elapsed time for the existence of this creation: seven thousand years).

If Jesus comes back in 2029 then the seven year tribulation should start in 2022 in order for the full length tribulation to happen! The schedule could be moved back because the Bible states that unless those days be cut short, no flesh would survive (Matthew 24:22, Mark 13:20). Humanity must continue or else Jesus and the Saints would have no one to rule over during the millennial reign. Due to the shortening, the onset would be pushed back to to 2023-2024 or beyond. My understanding of the Bible may be somewhat flawed, and I may be overemphasizing the significance of the year 2029 in the overall plan of God, but perhaps these are things that God expects us to figure out. JLF 3-14-15

APPENDIX

AGE OF THE EARTH

	Chronologist	When Calculated?	Date B.C.
1	Julius Africanus	c. 240	5501
2	George Syncellus	c. 810	5492
3	John Jackson	1752	5426
4	Dr William Hales	c. 1830	5411
5	Eusebius	c. 330	5199
6	Marianus Scotus	c. 1070	4192
7	L. Condomanus	n/a	4141
8	Thomas Lydiat	c. 1600	4103
9	M. Michael Maestlinus	c. 1600	4079
10	J. Ricciolus	n/a	4062
11	Jacob Salianus	c. 1600	4053
12	H. Spondanus	c. 1600	4051
13	Martin Anstey	1913	4042
14	W. Lange	n/a	4041
15	E. Reinholt	n/a	4021
16	J. Cappellus	c. 1600	4005
17	E. Greswell	1830	4004
18	E. Faulstich	1986	4001
19	D. Petavius	c. 1627	3983
20	Frank Klassen	1975	3975
21	Becke	n/a	3974
22	Krentzeim	n/a	3971
23	W. Dolen	2003	3971
24	E. Reusnerus	n/a	3970
25	J. Claverius	n/a	3968
26	C. Longomontanus	c. 1600	3966
27	P. Melanchthon	c. 1550	3964
28	J. Haynlinus	n/a	3963

29	A. Salmeron	d. 1585	3958
30	J. Scaliger	d. 1609	3949
31	M. Beroaldus	c. 1575	3927
32	A. Helwigius	c. 1630	3836

As you will likely note from table 2, the dates are not all 4004 B.C. There are several reasons chronologists have different dates,⁷ but two primary reasons:

1. Some used the Septuagint or another early translation instead of the Hebrew Masoretic text. The Septuagint is a Greek translation of the Hebrew Old Testament, done about 250 B.C. by about 70 Jewish scholars (hence it is often cited as the LXX, which is the Roman numeral for 70). It is good in most places, but appears to have a number of inaccuracies. For example, one relates to the Genesis chronologies where the LXX indicates that Methuselah would have lived past the Flood, without being on the ark!
2. Several points in the biblical time-line are not straightforward to calculate. They require very careful study of more than one passage. These include exactly how much time the Israelites were in Egypt and what Terah’s age was when Abraham was born. (See Jones’s and Ussher’s books for a detailed discussion of these difficulties.)

The first four in table 2 (bolded) are calculated from the Septuagint, which gives ages for the patriarchs’ firstborn much higher than the Masoretic text or the Samaritan Pentateuch (a version of the Old Testament from the Jews in Samaria just before Christ). Because of this, the Septuagint adds in extra time. Though the Samaritan and Masoretic texts are much closer, they still have a few differences. See table 3.⁸

Using data from table 2 (excluding the Septuagint calculations and including Jones and Ussher), the average date of the creation of the earth is 4045 B.C. This still yields an average of about 6,000 years for the age of the earth.

Table 3. Septuagint, Masoretic, and Samaritan Early Patriarchal Ages at the Birth of the Following Son

Name	Masoretic	Samaritan Pentateuch	Septuagint
Adam	130	130	230
Seth	105	105	205
Enosh	90	90	190
Cainan	70	70	170
Mahalaleel	65	65	165
Jared	162	62	162
Enoch	65	65	165
Methuselah	187	67	167
Lamech	182	53	188
Noah	500	500	500

Extra-biblical Calculations for the Age of the Earth

Cultures throughout the world have kept track of history as well. From a biblical perspective, we would expect the dates given for creation of the earth to align more closely to the biblical date than billions of years.

This is expected since everyone was descended from Noah and scattered from the Tower of Babel. Another expectation is that there should be some discrepancies about the age of the earth among people as they scattered throughout the world, taking their uninspired records or oral history to different parts of the globe.

Under the entry “creation,” *Young’s Analytical Concordance of the Bible*⁹ lists William Hales’s accumulation of dates of creation from many cultures, and in most cases Hales says which authority gave the date. See table 4.

Historian Bill Cooper’s research in *After the Flood* provides intriguing dates from several ancient cultures.[10](#) The first is that of the Anglo-Saxons, whose history has 5,200 years from creation to Christ, according to the Laud and Parker Chronicles. Cooper’s research also indicated that Nennius’s record of the ancient British history has 5,228 years from creation to Christ. The Irish chronology has a date of about 4000 B.C. for creation, which is surprisingly close to Ussher and Jones! Even the Mayans had a date for the Flood of 3113 B.C. This meticulous work of many historians should not be ignored. Their dates of only thousands of years are good support for the biblical date of about 6,000 years, but not for billions of years.

Table 4. Selected Dates for the Age of the Earth by Various Cultures

Culture	Age, B.C.	Authority listed by Hales
Spain by Alfonso X	6984	Muller
Spain by Alfonso X	6484	Strauchius
India	6204	Gentil
India	6174	Arab records
Babylon	6158	Bailly
Chinese	6157	Bailly
Greece by Diogenes Laertius	6138	Playfair
Egypt	6081	Bailly
Persia	5507	Bailly
Israel/Judea by Josephus	5555	Playfair
Israel/Judea by Josephus	5481	Jackson
Israel/Judea by Josephus	5402	Hales
Israel/Judea by Josephus	4698	University history
India	5369	Megasthenes
Babylon (Talmud)	5344	Petrus Alliacens
Vatican (Catholic using the Septuagint)	5270	N/A
Samaria	4427	Scaliger
German, Holy Roman Empire by Johannes Kepler*	3993	Playfair
German, reformer by Martin Luther*	3961	N/A
Israel/Judea by computation	3760	Strauchius
Israel/Judea by Rabbi Lipman*	3616	University history

* Luther, Kepler, Lipman, and the Jewish computation likely used biblical texts to determine the date.

The Origin of the Old-earth Worldview

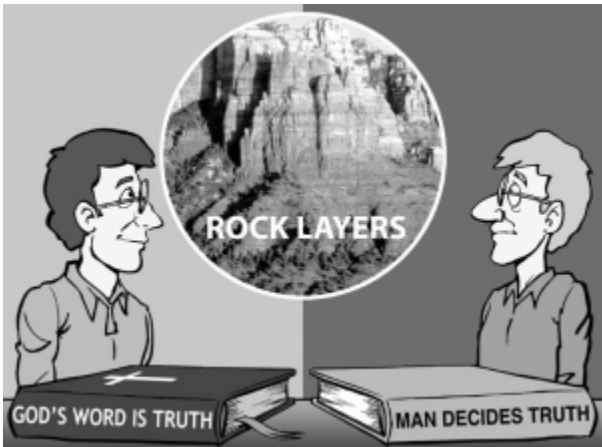
Prior to the 1700s, few believed in an old earth. The approximate 6,000-year age for the earth was challenged only rather recently, beginning in the late 18th century. These opponents of the biblical chronology essentially left God out of the picture. Three of the old-earth advocates included Comte de Buffon, who thought the earth was at least 75,000 years old. Pierre LaPlace imagined an indefinite but very long history. And Jean Lamarck also proposed long ages.[11](#)

However, the idea of millions of years really took hold in geology when men like Abraham Werner, James Hutton, William Smith, Georges Cuvier, and Charles Lyell used their interpretations of geology as the standard, rather than the Bible. Werner estimated the age of the earth at about one million years. Smith and Cuvier believed untold ages were needed for the formation of rock layers. Hutton said he could see no geological evidence of a beginning of the earth; and building on Hutton’s thinking, Lyell advocated “millions of years.”

From these men and others came the consensus view that the geologic layers were laid down slowly over long periods of time based on the rates at which we see them accumulating today. Hutton said:

The past history of our globe must be explained by what can be seen to be happening now. . . . No powers are to be employed that are not natural to the globe, no action to be admitted except those of which we know the principle.¹²

This viewpoint is called naturalistic uniformitarianism, and it excludes any major catastrophes such as Noah’s flood. Though some, such as Cuvier and Smith, believed in multiple catastrophes separated by long periods of time, the uniformitarian concept became the ruling dogma in geology.



Thinking biblically, we can see that the global flood in Genesis 6–8 would wipe away the concept of millions of years, for this Flood would explain massive amounts of fossil layers. Most Christians fail to realize that a global flood could rip up many of the previous rock layers and redeposit them elsewhere, destroying the previous fragile contents. This would destroy any evidence of alleged millions of years anyway. So the rock layers can theoretically represent the evidence of either millions of years or a global flood, but not both. Sadly, by about 1840, even most of the Church had accepted the dogmatic claims of the secular geologists and rejected the global flood and the biblical age of the earth.

After Lyell, in 1899, Lord Kelvin (William Thomson) calculated the age of the earth, based on the cooling rate of a molten sphere, at a maximum of about 20–40 million years (this was revised from his earlier calculation of 100 million years in 1862).¹³ With the development of radiometric dating in the early 20th century, the age of the earth expanded radically. In 1913, Arthur Holmes’s book, *The Age of the Earth*, gave an age of 1.6 billion years.¹⁴ Since then, the supposed age of the earth has expanded to its present estimate of about 4.5 billion years (and about 14 billion years for the universe).

Table 5. Summary of the Old-earth Proponents for Long Ages

Who?	Age of the Earth	When Was This?
Comte de Buffon	78 thousand years old	1779
Abraham Werner	1 million years	1786
James Hutton	Perhaps eternal, long ages	1795
Pi��re LaPlace	Long ages	1796
Jean Lamarck	Long ages	1809
William Smith	Long ages	1835
Georges Cuvier	Long ages	1812
Charles Lyell	Millions of years	1830–1833
Lord Kelvin	20–100 million years	1862–1899
Arthur Holmes	1.6 billion years	1913
Clair Patterson	4.5 billion years	1956

But there is growing scientific evidence that radiometric dating methods are completely unreliable.¹⁵

Christians who have felt compelled to accept the millions of years as fact and try to fit them into the Bible need to become aware of this evidence. It confirms that the Bible’s history is giving us the true age of the creation.

Today, secular geologists will allow some catastrophic events into their thinking as an explanation for what they see in the rocks. But uniformitarian thinking is still widespread, and secular geologists will seemingly never entertain the idea of the global, catastrophic flood of Noah’s day.

The age of the earth debate ultimately comes down to this foundational question: Are we trusting man’s imperfect and changing ideas and assumptions about the past? Or are we trusting God’s perfectly accurate eyewitness account of the past, including the creation of the world, Noah’s global flood, and the age of the earth?

Other Uniformitarian Methods for Dating the Age of the Earth

Radiometric dating was the culminating factor that led to the belief in billions of years for earth history. However, radiometric dating methods are not the only uniformitarian methods. Any radiometric dating model or other uniformitarian dating method can and does have problems, as referenced before. All uniformitarian dating methods require assumptions for extrapolating present-day processes back into the past. The assumptions related to radiometric dating can be seen in these questions:

- Initial amounts?
- Was any parent amount added?
- Was any daughter amount added?
- Was any parent amount removed?
- Was any daughter amount removed?
- Has the rate of decay changed?

If the assumptions are truly accurate, then uniformitarian dates should agree with radiometric dating across the board for the same event. However, radiometric dates often disagree with one another and with dates obtained from other uniformitarian dating methods for the age of the earth, such as the influx of salts into the ocean, the rate of decay of the earth’s magnetic field, and the growth rate of human population.[16](#)

The late Dr. Henry Morris compiled a list of 68 uniformitarian estimates for the age of the earth by Christian and secular sources.[17](#) The current accepted age of the earth is about 4.54 billion years based on radiometric dating of a group of meteorites,[18](#) so keep this in mind when viewing table 6.

Table 6. Uniformitarian Estimates Other than Radiometric Dating Estimates for Earth’s Age Compiled by Morris

	0 – 10,000 years	>10,000 – 100,000 years	>100,000 – 1 million years	>1 million – 500 million years	>500 million – 4 billion years	>4 billion – 5 billion years
Number of uniformitarian methods*	23	10	11	23	0	0

* When a range of ages is given, the maximum age was used to be generous to the evolutionists. In one case, the date was uncertain so it was not used in this tally, so the total estimates used were 67. A few on the list had reference to Saturn, the sun, etc., but since biblically the earth is older than these, dates related to them were used.

As you can see from table 6, uniformitarian maximum ages for the earth obtained from other methods are nowhere near the 4.5 billion years estimated by radiometric dating; of the other methods, only two calculated dates were as much as 500 million years.

The results from some radiometric dating methods completely undermine those from the other radiometric methods. One such example is carbon-14 (¹⁴C) dating. As long as an organism is alive, it takes in ¹⁴C and ¹²C from the atmosphere; however, when it dies, the carbon intake stops. Since ¹⁴C is radioactive (decays into ¹⁴N), the amount of ¹⁴C in a dead organism gets less and less over time. Carbon-14 dates are determined from the measured ratio of radioactive carbon-14 to normal carbon-12 (¹⁴C/¹²C). Used on samples that were once alive, such as wood or bone, the measured ¹⁴C/¹²C ratio is compared with the ratio in living things today.

Now, ¹⁴C has a derived half-life of 5,730 years, so the ¹⁴C in organic material supposedly 100,000 years old should all essentially have decayed into nitrogen.[19](#) Some things, such as wood trapped in lava flows, said to be millions of years old by other radiometric dating methods, still have ¹⁴C in them.[20](#) If the items were really millions of years old, then they shouldn’t have any traces of ¹⁴C. Coal and diamonds, which are found in or sandwiched between rock layers allegedly millions of years old, have been shown to have ¹⁴C ages of only tens of thousands of years.[21](#) So which date, if any, is correct? The diamonds or coal can’t be millions of years old if they have any traces of ¹⁴C still in them. This shows that these dating methods are completely unreliable and indicates that the presumed assumptions in the methods are erroneous.

Similar kinds of problems are seen in the case of potassium-argon dating, which has been considered one of the most reliable methods. Dr. Andrew Snelling, a geologist, points out several of these problems with potassium-argon, as seen in table 7.[22](#)

These and other examples raise a critical question. If radiometric dating fails to give an accurate date on something of which we do know the true age, then how can it be trusted to give us the correct age for rocks that had no human observers to record when they formed? If the methods don’t work on rocks of known age, it is most unreasonable to trust that they work on rocks of unknown age. It is far more rational to trust the Word of the God who created the world, knows its history perfectly, and has revealed sufficient information in the Bible for us to understand that history and the age of the creation.

Table 7. Potassium-argon (K-Ar) Dates in Error

Volcanic eruption	When the rock formed	Date by (K-Ar) radiometric dating
Mt. Etna basalt, Sicily	122 B.C.	170,000–330,000 years old
Mt. Etna basalt, Sicily	A.D. 1972	210,000–490,000 years old
Mount St. Helens, Washington	A.D. 1986	Up to 2.8 million years old
Hualalai basalt, Hawaii	A.D. 1800–1801	1.32–1.76 million years old
Mt. Ngauruhoe, New Zealand	A.D. 1954	Up to 3.5 million years old
Kilauea Iki basalt, Hawaii	A.D. 1959	1.7–15.3 million years old

Conclusion

When we start our thinking with God’s Word, we see that the world is about 6,000 years old. When we rely on man’s fallible (and often demonstrably false) dating methods, we can get a confusing range of ages from a few thousand to billions of years, though the vast majority of methods do not give dates even close to billions.

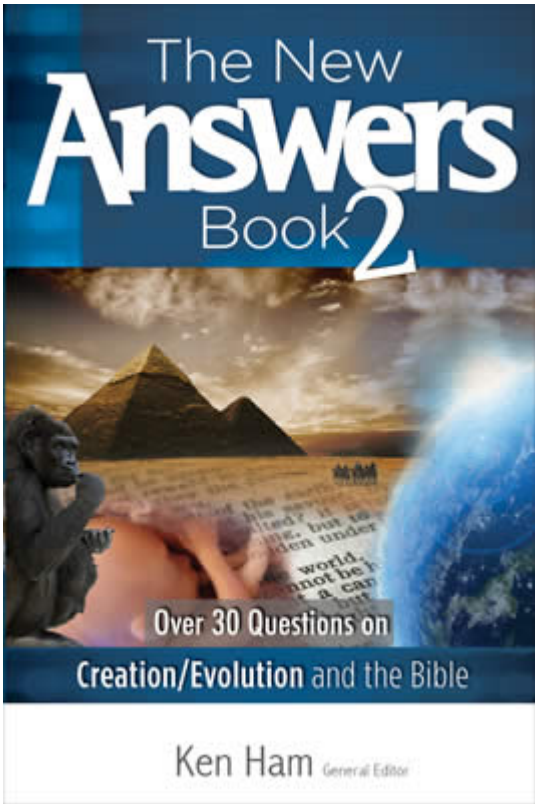
Cultures around the world give an age of the earth that confirms what the Bible teaches. Radiometric dates, on the other hand, have been shown to be wildly in error.

The age of the earth ultimately comes down to a matter of trust—it’s a worldview issue. Will you trust what an all-knowing God says on the subject or will you trust imperfect man’s assumptions and imaginations about the past that regularly are changing?

Thus says the Lord: “Heaven is My throne, and earth is My footstool. Where is the house that you will build Me? And where is the place of My rest? For all those things My hand has made, and all those things exist,” says the Lord. “But on this one will I look: On him who is poor and of a contrite spirit, and who trembles at My word” ([Isaiah 66:1–2](#)).

[Next Chapter The “Evolutionizing” of a Culture](#)

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Footnotes

1. Not all young-earth creationists agree on this age. Some believe that there may be small gaps in the genealogies of Genesis 5 and 11 and put the maximum age of the earth at about 10,000–12,000 years. However, see chapter 5, “[Are There Gaps in the Genesis Genealogies?](#)”
2. Some of these old-earth proponents accept molecules-to-man biological evolution and so are called theistic evolutionists. Others reject neo-Darwinian evolution but accept the evolutionary timescale for stellar and geological evolution, and hence agree with the evolutionary order of events in history.
3. Russell Grigg, “Meeting the Ancestors,” *Creation*, March 2003, pp. 13–15.
4. Floyd Nolan Jones, *Chronology of the Old Testament* (Green Forest, AR: Master Books, 2005).
5. James Ussher, *The Annals of the World*, transl. Larry and Marion Pierce (Green Forest, AR: Master Books, 2003).
6. Jones, *Chronology of the Old Testament*, p. 26
7. Others would include gaps in the chronology based on the presences of an extra Cainan in [Luke 3:36](#). But there are good reasons this should be left out. See chapters 5, “[Are There Gaps in the Genesis Genealogies?](#)” and 27, “[Isn't the Bible Full of Contradictions?](#)”
8. Jonathan Sarfati, “Biblical Chronogenealogies,” *TJ* 17, no. 3 (2003):14–18.
9. Robert Young, *Young's Analytical Concordance to the Bible* (Peabody, MA: Hendrickson, 1996), referring to William Hales, *A New Analysis of Chronology and Geography, History and Prophecy*, vol. 1 (1830), p. 210.
10. Bill Cooper, *After the Flood* (UK: New Wine Press, 1995), p. 122–129.
11. Terry Mortenson, “The Origin of Old-earth Geology and its Ramifications for Life in the 21st Century,” *TJ* 18, no. 1 (2004): 22–26, online at www.answersingenesis.org/tj/v18/i1/oldearth.asp.
12. James Hutton, *Theory of the Earth* (Trans. of Roy. Soc. of Edinburgh, 1785); quoted in A. Holmes, *Principles of Physical Geology* (UK: Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd., 1965), p. 43–44.
13. Mark McCartney, “William Thompson: King of Victorian Physics,” *Physics World*, December 2002, physicsworld.com/cws/article/print/16484.
14. Terry Mortenson, “The History of the Development of the Geological Column,” in *The Geologic Column*, eds. Michael Oard and John Reed (Chino Valley, AZ: Creation Research Society, 2006).
15. For articles at the layman's level, see www.answersingenesis.org/home/area/faq/dating.asp For a technical discussion, see Larry Vardiman, Andrew Snelling, and Eugene Chaffin, eds., *Radioisotopes and the Age of the Earth*, vol. 1 and 2 (El Cajon, CA: Institute for Creation Research; Chino Valley, AZ: Creation Research Society, 2000 and 2005). See also “Half-Life Heresy,” *New Scientist*, October, 21 2006, pp. 36–39, abstract online at www.newscientist.com/channel/fundamentals/mg19225741.100-half-life-heresy-accelerating-radioactive-decay.html.
16. Russell Humphrey, “Evidence for a Young World,” *Impact*, June 2005, online at www.answersingenesis.org/docs/4005.asp.
17. Henry M. Morris, *The New Defender's Study Bible* (Nashville, TN: World Publishing, 2006), p. 2076–2079.
18. C.C. Patterson, “Age of Meteorites and the Age of the Earth,” *Geochemica et Cosmochemica Acta*, 10 (1956): 230–237.
19. This does not mean that a ¹⁴C date of 50,000 or 100,000 would be entirely trustworthy. I am only using this to highlight the mistaken assumptions behind uniformitarian dating methods.
20. Andrew Snelling, “Conflicting ‘Ages’ of Tertiary Basalt and Contained Fossilized Wood, Crinum, Central Queensland Australia,” *Technical Journal* 14, no. 2 (2005): p. 99–122.
21. John Baumgardner, “¹⁴C Evidence for a Recent Global Flood and a Young Earth,” in *Radioisotopes and the Age of the Earth: Results of a Young-Earth Creationist Research Initiative*, ed. Vardiman et al. (Santee, CA: Institute for Creation Research; Chino Valley, AZ: Creation Research Society, 2005), p. 587–630.
22. Andrew Snelling, “Excess Argon: The ‘Achilles’ Heel’ of Potassium-Argon and Argon-Argon Dating of Volcanic Rocks,” *Impact*, January 1999, online at www.icr.org/article/436.