

Initiates of the Flame

THE HOUR OF THE TIME

Tape No. 454: "Initiates of the Flame"

Wednesday, October 5, 1994

Ladies and gentlemen, don't go away, because tonight is a heavy one. And you're going to learn some things you've never known before.

But first, I must outline the basis for tonight's broadcast.

Years ago, there was an organization called the Symbionese Liberation Army whose leader, Mr. Sink, came out of the California prison system and was involved in a mind-control experiment run by the United States government. It is our belief that it was this mind-control experiment that created the Symbionese Liberation Army. And, if you will remember, the last remaining members of that organization died in a fire set by the police, and they disappeared from history.

In Philadelphia, another group, the Move Group, died the same death, consumed in an overwhelming combustion of flame. They died by fire.

And they were not the only ones.

This has an ancient history; for if you go back to the days of the Inquisition, anyone who was considered to be politically incorrect, or did not go along with the status quo, was--again--tied to a stake, faggots were laid around their feet, and they were consumed in a fire. In a flame.

It is the history of a specific organization--a specific religious belief--that causes these things to happen.

Not long ago, in a town, in Waco, Texas, a church known as the Branch Davidians were--again--consumed by the flame. Burned in the fire.

In this hidden religion, they believe that all things in nature are renewed by fire. Their enemies are cleansed and cannot come back to get

them.

It is known to us as "The Waco Massacre".

Today on all the news media, you were told that in Switzerland, a religious cult, led by a man who called himself "the Messiah" or "Jesus", committed mass suicide.

And it was a lie.

You're going to learn the truth now. And then, during the rest of this hour, I'm going to reveal to you this Mystery Religion. I'm going to tell you who these people are who do these things, who eliminate their enemies, and burn them, consume them, in the flame.

The fire.

Remember, in Dallas, Texas, in Dealey Plaza, there is an obelisk representing the generative force of this religion. On the top of this obelisk is a flame.

A flame.

On the grave of John F. Kennedy burns an eternal flame put there in mockery by those who murdered him in a Temple of the Sun.

On Elm Street, he was the sacrificed king.

And in Cheiry, Switzerland, police, late last night (which was day there) found 48 bodies after fires in two Swiss villages, linked to a Canadian-based religion, led by a charismatic doctor who was said to have portrayed himself as a new Christ.

Does this sound familiar?

Twenty-two of the bodies, many clad in black and red cloaks--which is the colour of The Mystery School, Freemasonry--black and red cloaks and with bullet wounds to the head, were found in a hidden basement under a barn in Cheiry, a farming community in western Switzerland.

They did not commit suicide.

Another body, that of a 73-year-old Geneva man, who had rented the buildings four years ago, lay in a nearby farmhouse with a plastic bag over his head.

He had also been shot execution-style.

In the Alpine mountainside hamlet of Granges-sur-Salvan, 100 miles to the south, firemen pulled 25 corpses from the smouldering ruins of two chalets, and a police spokesman said it was feared more bodies were in another house still burning.

A local official and fireman, who was among the first to find the Cheiry bodies, said some were in a secret chapel, apparently set up by members of this religion, whom, they say, called themselves--and I quote: "The Order of the Solar Temple"--end quote--headed by the homeopathic doctor, Luc Jouret, 46, of Canada. Police said Jouret was also the owner of two of the chalets at Granges.

In Canada, police in Quebec told our representatives that a house he owned there had also burned late on Tuesday, and two people had been consumed by those flames.

There was no indication whether Jouret, reported to have fled from Canada to Switzerland after he and other members of his group were prosecuted for weapons offences, was among the dead in the three incidences.

Pillar told the news conference in Cheiry the bodies there were lying on their stomachs, or on their backs, in a resting position, with plastic bags over their heads.

There were no signs of struggle.

Notice?

They call this organization a cult.

They say that the cult was led by a charismatic doctor who was said to have portrayed himself as a new Christ, Jesus.

Many of the bodies were clad in black and red cloaks.

They had bullet wounds to the head.

They were executed.

Executed.

Executed.

They did not commit suicide.

They were all in several locations throughout Switzerland and Canada.

And they were all burned, consumed, in the flame.

Don't go away, ladies and gentlemen, and sheeple, for you have a lot to learn.

Many ages have elapsed since the Egyptian priest-king passed through the pillars of Thebes.

Ages before what they call "the sinking of Atlantis", thousands of years before the Christian Era, Egypt was a land--they say--of great truths.

It was certainly the land of The Mysteries.

The hand of the Great White Brotherhood was held out to the Empire of the Nile, and the passages of the ancient pyramid resounded with the chants of the initiates--yes--for they were never built as tombs, but temples of initiation. And it was then that the pharaoh, now called half-human and half-divine, reigned in ancient Egypt.

"Pharaoh" is the Egyptian word for "king".

Many of the later pharaohs were degenerate and of little account. It is only early pharaohs we now list among the priest-kings.

Try to picture for a moment the Great Hall of Luxor--or, if you will, the Luxor Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada.

The Great Hall of Luxor: its inscriptive columns holding up domes of solid granite; each column carved with the histories of the gods.

There, at the upper end of the chamber, sat the Pharaoh of the Nile in his robes of state; around him his counsellors, chief among them: the priest of the temple.

An imposing spectacle it was: the gigantic frame of the later-Atlantean, robed in gold and priceless jewels; on his head the Crown of the North and South, the double empire of the ancients; on his forehead, the coiled serpent of the initiate--the serpent which was raised in the wilderness, that all who looked upon it might live.

This uraeus represented the sleeping serpent-power in man, which coiled head-downward around the Tree of Life, drove him from the Garden of the Lord; but which, raised upon the cross, became the symbol of the Christ--in The Mysteries.

The pharaoh was an initiate of Scorpio. Scorpio.

Another word for "Scorpio" in The Mysteries is "Lucifer"; and the serpent is the transmuted Scorpio-energy which, working upward in the regenerated individual, is called "the Kundalini".

The serpent was the sign of initiation. It meant that within him the serpent had been raised; for the true pharaoh was a priest of god--which god, you will discover as we go--as well as a master of men.

He sat upon the cube altar-throne, indicating his mastery over the four elements of his physical body: a judge of the living and of the dead.

In spite of all his power and glory and the grandeur of the world's greatest empire, still he bowed in humble supplication to the will of

the gods--plural.

In his hand he carried the triple sceptre of the Nile; the flail, or whip; the shepherd's crook; and the anubis-headed staff. These were the symbols of his work. They represented the powers which he had mastered.

With the whip, he had subjugated his physical body.

With the shepherd's crook, he was the guardian and keeper of his emotional body.

With the anubis-headed staff, he was master of his mind and worthy to wield the powers of government over others because, first of all, he obeyed the laws himself.

With all his robes of state, with the scarab upon his breast, and with the all-seeing eye above his throne, there was still nothing as precious or as sacred to the ancient Egyptian priest-king as the triangular girdle, or apron, which was the symbol of his initiation--the apron which is still worn in the Lodges of the Suns of Light, the free-"macons", the Freemasons.

The apron of the ancient Egyptian carried with it the same symbolism as the Masonic apron of today. It symbolized the purification of the body.

When the seat of the lower emotions--Scorpio--was covered by the white sheepskin of purification, this symbol of his purification was the most precious belonging of the ancient pharaoh.

And this plain insignia, worn by many others below him in rank and dignity, but equal to him in spiritual purification, was the most precious of all things to the priest-king.

There he sat enthroned, adorned with the symbols of his purification and mastery, a wise king over a wise people. And it was through these priest-kings that the divine worked, for they were The Order of Melchizedek. Through them was formulated that doctrine which degeneracy has not been able entirely to obliterate, which we know as "the divine right of kings".

Divine, because through spirituality and growth, God was able to manifest through them. They were conscious instruments in the hands of a ready ruler, willing and proud to do the work of those with whom, through knowledge and truth, they had attuned themselves.

They--they--were the purveyors and the keepers of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

They were the gnostics--the knower's--of good and evil.

But the time came, as in all nations, when selfishness and egotism entered the heart of king and people alike; and slowly the hand of the Great White Brotherhood that had fed ancient Egypt was withdrawn; and the powers of darkness transformed the land of glory into one of ruins; and the names of mighty kings were buried beneath the oblivion.

Mighty cataclysms shook the world, and out of the land of darkness, the Great White Brotherhood led the faithful few into the Promised Land.

Egypt, the land of glory, disintegrated into dust. The great temples of the pharaohs are ruins, and the temples of Isis are but broken heaps of sandstone.

But what of the priest-kings who laboured there in the days of its glory?

Well, ladies and gentlemen, they are still with us, for those who were leaders before are leaders now if they have continued to walk the path.

Although his sceptre be gone and his priestly vestments molded away, the priest-king still walks the earth with the dignity and the power and the childlike simplicity that made him great before.

He no longer wears the robes of his Order. He wears a suit and a tie.

Yet although he bears no credentials, he bears the secret signs and handshakes and whispered passwords.

And he is as much a priest-king now as then, for he still bears the true

insignia of his rank.

The coiled serpent has given place to knowledge. [quiet laughter]

And lies. And deception.

The coiled serpent has given the world both good and evil.

The hand that bestowed the riches of the past does very little acts of kindness now.

Although he no longer carries the sceptres of self-mastery, still he manifests that mastery in his daily life, or so he manages to fool himself that he does.

And although the altar fires within the Temple of Karnak have long been dead, the true fire still burns and before it he still bows as he bowed in the days of Egypt's glory.

And while the Branch Davidians--the children, the men and women--were being consumed by the flames, agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms and the Federal Bureau of Investigation were seen to raise their arms into the air and bow to the fire.

Although the priest is no longer his counsellor, and the wise ones of his country no longer aid him in problems of state, still he is never alone; for the priests in white and the counsellors in blue still march with him and whisper words of strength when he needs them.

And there are always the hollow, sacred, secretive, secure halls of the Lodge.

And still--still--in the invisible ether about the pyramids of Giza, the initiations continue. Still, the initiate receives the insignia of his rank, the coiled serpent. Before that fire he makes his vows. And upon the burning altar of his own higher being he lays his crown and his sceptre, his robes and his jewels--his hates and his fears--and sanctifies his life as a priest-king, and swears to serve none but his own higher self: the god within.

The initiates of the flame.

"He who lives the life shall know the doctrine."

To all ancient peoples, fire was a symbol of the Divine One dwelling in the innermost parts of all things.

Robert Flood, a Rosicrucian mystic, writing in the seventeenth century, declared that the fire of the philosophers was divided into three parts:

First, a visible fire which is the source of physical light and heat;

Second, an invisible, or astral, fire which enlightens and warns the soul;

Third, a spiritual, or divine, fire which in the universe is known as God and in man as spirit.

The initiates, who took their oaths in the presence of the flame, renounced the lesser concerns of ordinary life. And, freed from the attachments of this material sphere, these purified souls became custodians of that symbolic flame of wisdom which--they say--is the true light of the world.

This light is a manifestation of what they call "the one universal life", that active agent whose impulses are the cause of all sidereal phenomenon.

Where in antiquity this flame of light, this spirit fire, was the object of a universal adoration and was worshipped as the very presence of God Himself, it now lies buried beneath the ruins of man's fallen temple. Obscured by the paramount interests of the flesh, it emits but the faintest gleam in this non-philosophic age, except--except--hidden behind the veil of The Mysteries, practised in secret, in the depths of the night in the Lodge, carried in symbolism and mystery throughout the world.

The Great White Brotherhood, I can assure you, lives and is in control.

Few realize that, even at the present stage of civilization in this world, there are souls who, like the priests of the ancient temples, walk the earth and watch and guard the sacred fires that burn upon the altar of humanity.

They call themselves "purified ones".

They are who have renounced the life of this sphere in order to guard and protect the flame, that spiritual principle in man now hidden beneath the ruins of his fallen temple.

And all this symbolic mumbo-jumbo means is secular humanism: the concept that man, himself, is God.

You see, they not only lie to you; they not only deceive you; they not only manipulate you; but they lie to themselves; they deceive themselves; and they manipulate those below them.

And as we think of the nations that are past, of Greece, and Rome, and the grandeur that was surely Egypt's, we sigh as we recall the story of their fall. And we watch the nations of today, not knowing which will be the next to draw its shroud around itself and join that great ghostly file of peoples that are dead.

But everywhere, even in the rise and fall of nations, we see through the haze of materiality, justice. Everywhere we see reward, not of man but of the invincible one, the eternal flame.

The eternal flame that burns in mockery upon the grave of our fallen President, John F. Kennedy.

The eternal flame that stands atop the obelisk in Dealey Plaza.

The fire that burns on the sacred altar of Cosmos, that great fire which is called "the never-dying spirit of god, the Sun".

Spelled S-U-N --lest there be any fools listening.

If we turn again to the races now dead, we shall, if we look, find the

cause of their destruction. It's not difficult.

It was a loss of morality, the disintegration of the family, the proliferation of greed--greed, selfishness, amongst those who were supposed to serve the government or the public. Degeneracy, lust and passion, hates and fears, crept into the souls of Greece and Rome, and black magic overshadowed Egypt. A mighty nation died, buried beneath the dead ashes of its own spiritual fire.

But the flame did not die. The flame has never died. Like spirit, of which it is the essence, it cannot die, because to The Mysteries, it is life. And life cannot cease to be.

In some wilderness of land or sea, it rested once again and there rose a mighty nation around that flame. So history goes on through the ages. As long as people are true to the flame, it remains. And when they cease to nourish it with their lives, it goes on to other lands and other worlds.

Those who worship this flame are now called "heathens" and this is why they hate Christians. Christians call them "heathens". Little do they realize that they are "heathen" themselves--and I'm talking about those who call these "heathens".

You see, in The Mysteries, they claim that they are baptized with the Holy Spirit, which is fire, for fire is light and the Children of the Flame are the Sons of Light even as God is light.

However, ladies and gentlemen, however much it sounds as if they believe the same as you, this again is a metaphor for the esoteric truth of what they really believe.

For they believe that the God of the Bible is an evil God who held man prisoner in the Garden of Eden in the bonds of the chains of ignorance; and that man was set free, given his opportunity, by Lucifer through his agent, Satan, with the gift of intellect; and that Lucifer is the God of Light, not Jesus Christ who said:

"I am the way, the truth, and the light:...." (sic: verse reads "life")

[John 14:6a]

There are those who have, for ages, labored with man to help him to kindle within themselves the spark which is--they say--man's divine birthright; and they live their lives by self-sacrifice and service to the Great Plan, the Great Work; and they tend this fire; and who, through ages of study, have learned the mystery it contained, those whom we now call--those who know now call--"the initiates of the flame", "the philosophers of fire."

For ages, they have labored toward the completion of what they call the "Great Work".

"The Plan" it's also called. And they've labored with man to help him to uncover what they call "the light within himself" and on the pages of history throughout the ages, they have left their seal: the seal of fire.

Unhonored and unsung, they have labored and now their lives are used as fairy stories to amuse children.

Ha! Ha!

And you've all taken your children to see these fairy stories, most of them put on the screen by Walt Disney.

But the time will yet come when the world shall know the work they did--and I can assure you that's not far off unless you awaken from your slumber.

And you must realize that our present civilization is raised upon the shoulders of these mighty demi-gods of the past.

You see, we stand as Faust stood with all our lore--fools, no wiser than before--because we refuse to take the truths of the world, walk out of fantasy-land, and live our lives according to what is right and what is true.

They want to be honoured, these Sons of the Flame, not by words, but by

so living that their sacrifice shall not be in vain.

You see, they believe in salvation by works, not in salvation by faith.

And I'm not making any judgments on their religion or upon yours, and I want you to understand it.

I'm a true Constitutionalist.

I believe that everyone has the right, protected by the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, to worship at whatever altar they choose. I have no qualms with that.

The problem I have with these people is that they lie, and they deceive, and they manipulate; and they have done so throughout history.

And they are not the only ones. For the Christian church has done the same.

And the Jewish rabbis have done the same.

And nations and governments have done the same.

And they do it because the people allow them to do it; for the people, for the most part--and this is absolutely true, no matter how angry you become upon hearing it--are nothing more than sheeple who never, ever use their brains. They look for someone else to tell them what is true and what is false. To tell them when to get up and when to go to bed. They look with envy upon the person who has elevated himself to a position of ownership, who has, through sweat and labour and toil and study, started a business that has succeeded; and because they cannot or will not use their brains, they must work for this person. And so they hate him.

Sheeple.

In The Mysteries, this phrase is used:

"A nation or world of people who will not use their intelligence are no

better than animals who do not have intelligence. Such people are beasts of burden and steaks on the table by choice and consent."

And you can take that to the bank.

The initiates of the flame and their robes of glory have passed behind the veil. They have accumulated and hoarded knowledge. And they hide it from the public. And they justify their selfishness, and their hoarding of the knowledge, and the wisdom, and the technology of the ages, by stating--even though, even though it is forbidden to mention the name of Jesus in the Lodge --they quote him when it is to their benefit, stating: "Do not cast your pearls before swine."

("...neither cast ye your pearls before swine,....") [Matthew 7:6b]

And that should give you some indication of what they think of you.

And no matter what they think of themselves, or how they manage to fool themselves, or the world, they are no more a fraternal organization existing for the good of the community than pigs wear bow ties and go to the prom.

For anyone who practices the lies and the deceit that these men do have no morals, cannot have good intentions; for what they are building is based upon a lie, it is based upon deceit, it is based upon manipulation. And anything born of a lie is just a bigger lie, and has been throughout the history of the world.

And in their deception, in their arrogance, they look upon the public as prey. And they, being beasts, feed lavishly upon the ignorance of the sheeple.

Do you want to know who they are?

Go down to your local Masonic Lodge.

Go down to the Ancient Order of the Rosy Cross.

Go down to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Nothing good is veiled in secrecy ever, for nothing good ever has to be. No one engaged in truth and goodness ever hides behind a lie.

If you want to see who they are, watch who enters the portals of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission.

Read the rolls of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Look to the bureaucrats who inhabit the halls of government in Washington, D.C.

Look to the upper echelons of the military services of the United States of America--the colonels and generals who have sold this nation out to a New World Order, a one-world, totalitarian, socialist government under the United Nations.

And it is not a conspiracy.

Don't call it a conspiracy. It is all out in the open.

And it stands upon the ignorance, apathy, and stupidity of the American people. That is the foundation upon which the New World Order is built.

Let us watch these mighty ones as they pass by.

First Orpheus playing, upon the seven-stringed lyre of his own being, the music of the spheres.

Then Hermes, the thrice greatest, with his emerald tablet of divine revelation.

Through the shades of the past, we dimly see Krishna, the illuminated, who on the battlefield of life taught man The Mysteries of his own soul.

Then we see the sublime Buddha, his yellow robe not half so glorious as the heart it covered.

And our own dear master, the man Jesus, his head surrounded with a halo

of golden flame and his brow serene with the calm of mastery.

Then Muhammad, Zoroaster, Confucius, Odin and Moses and others no less worthy pass by before the eyes of the student, the initiate; for in The Mysteries, they claim that these were the Sons of Flame.

"From the flame they came and to the flame they have returned. To us they beckon and bid us, in our robes of self-earned glory, to join them and serve the flame they love."

A direct quote.

They say that these were without creed or clan; that they served but the one great ideal: the Great Work, or the Great Plan.

They claim that Jesus was a member of gnostic sect and that he is a fiction born of The Mysteries.

The wound in the side, in The Mysteries--or the wound in the thigh--are metaphors for castration, the severance of the genitals.

It is represented in The Mysteries when the candidate lies in the coffin--as George Bush did, naked, in the crypt at Yale University, with a ribbon tied around his genitals--symbolizing the separation of the animal in man and the elevation of the intellect.

The same with Parsifal and the end of the tale of the search for the Holy Grail. After he had achieved his goal, after he had finally attained the Grail, he lay in bed with a woman who tried her best to coax him into making love to her and he said:

"I cannot, for I have a wound in the side."

In The Mysteries, you have to understand, ladies and gentlemen, that in history, the Holy Grail never existed until all the tales sprang up with the bards of Europe from the halls of the Templars. And wandering minstrels sang these stories of this Holy Grail in the Celtic kingdoms.

There was never any reference before that time of any Holy Grail. It

comes from The Mysteries.

And in the search, in the search for the unification of the male, the masculine, and the feminine, since the man could not take within himself a woman, he emasculated himself to get rid of the male; and thus, was said to be able to rise to great heights of wisdom, and intellect, and knowledge, and be able to prophesy and see into the future.

The Mystery of the spear with the three drops of blood--or the lance, as it is called--followed by the woman or the maiden carrying a platter with two perfect stones, followed by the grail cup containing a head surrounded by blood is nothing more than the testicles and the penis of the castrated fisher-king.

I have discovered the origin and the meaning of this myth. And I have just revealed it to you. You do not have to look any further.

It was never Christ's cup that he drank out of at the Last Supper, although the grail can be whatever those who seek it wish it to be.

In the halls of those who invented it, and in the halls of those who sang its glories, it is, and has always been, what I have just revealed to you: a shallow oblong dish.

These were the Sons of Flame, seeking the brilliance of intellect, knowledge, gnosis. And at times in history, they would obtain it anyway that they thought they could.

I have always tried to show you this thread, this great thread of living fire, that winds in and out of all religions and binds them together with a mutual ideal and mutual needs.

In the story of the grail and the legends of King Arthur, we find that thread wound around the table of the king and the Temple of Mt. Salvart.

The same thread of life that passes through the roses of the Rosicrucians winds among the petals of the lotus, and among the temple pillars of Luxor, and through the outer courtyard and the hidden depths of the Vatican.

There is but one religion in all the world known to all the priests of all the religions no matter what they are, and that is the worship of the spiritual flame of the universe.

Under many names, he is known in all lands, but as Ishwari or Amon or God or Lucifer. He is the same, the creator of the universe, and fire is his universal symbol.

But if you are not of the priesthood, you are told many different things, and you believe many different things--none of them believed by the minister or the priest that stands upon the pulpit and preaches out at you the deception and the lies which cause you to put your additional tax in the coffers of the priesthood, and to be manipulated by these lies, repeatedly, minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, down through the history, through the ages, through the centuries, through the millennium.

The sheep are led to the pens where they are sheared and then led to the slaughterhouse where they are slaughtered; all the while watched over by a benevolent shepherd who is seen as a good, wonderful, necessary ingredient in this great cosmic comedy that it seems man will never come out of.

And this is Mystery Babylon.

These priests are the flame-born.

They call themselves "the sons of God".

They believe that through their works they will become God, thrown out as sparks from the wheels of the Infinite.

And around the flame, they have built forms which have hidden their light, The Mysteries, the symbology, the veil. But as students or initiates, they are increasing the light of their religion by what you perceive to be love and service, until you shall again proclaim them the "Sons of the Eternal", "the Shepherd Kings".

And you shall bleat as sheep and bow to them.

And they will rule you.

And they will guarantee you a job.

And they will give you food.

And they will entertain you.

And they will create great circuses for your benefit.

And they will shear you.

And, when it is necessary, they will slaughter you, as they have done through out the history of the world, all claiming that it is in the best interest of humanity.

They claim that they are the true initiates of the universe; the ones with the only mature minds; those who have given all to the Infinite in the name of the flame within, the god that dwells within them.

And they want you to find that flame and also serve it.

They want to destroy whatever religion you belong to.

They want you to bow to this flame.

And if you do not bow to this flame, they will consume you in it. They will burn you in this flame.

And you had better awaken to this fact.

And bear in mind that your religion, whatever it is, is no better or worse than theirs; for they're all born, and conceived, and practised in lies and deception--all of them without exception.

And you can call me anything that you wish. I belong to a small --very small--group of men and women in this world who only want to know and

live our lives by the truth, no matter what it is and no matter who it hurts or helps.

And I have told you over and over and over again that I am a messenger.

And no matter what you think of me, no matter whether you like me, whether you hate me, you had better heed my message; for unless mankind, on an individual basis, all over this world, matures and becomes responsible and learns to pursue nothing but the truth, the same lies, and deceptions, and wars, and murders, and enslavements, and thefts will continue into the future as far as you can imagine.

And that is the legacy that you will leave to your children and their children, your progeny.

Our forefathers set up this nation to give us a chance to be free and responsible, and to make it work.

They have not betrayed us. We have betrayed them.

You can blame anybody you want for what is happening in this nation today, or around the world. But I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, whoever you are, wherever you are, it is our collective faults and no one else's.

No one else's.

The hours may seem long and the teachers cruel, but life is a school room. And each of us must walk the path through that school room. And Jesus Christ tried to teach us this: that the path is straight and narrow, and the gate is narrow. "Straight is the way and narrow is the gate," he said.

("...strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.") [Matthew 7:14]

And few--few--will ever make it through.

Only those ready to go onward are those who have passed through this

great school of life and who have learned something from it.
Most people live each day of their life and learn nothing, absolutely nothing.

They discuss nothing.

They attribute great importance to nothing.

They sit and watch television and ignore that which should mean the most to them.

And they amount to nothing.

And they create nothing.

And indeed, because of all of this, they are nothing.

Many people resent--resent--being confronted with truth in their life.
But that's too bad.

As long as you listen to this broadcast, ladies and gentlemen, you will get nothing but the closest thing to the truth that I can find in my life, and I will shove it down your throats until you either swallow it and begin to live by the truth; or I bury you with it and those who practice the lies and deception that you fall into on a daily basis enslave you once again and take away any chance that you have ever had.

And that is the ultimate truth with which you are faced today, this minute, this hour. And that, above all else, you had better understand.

Good night. And God bless you all. And there will be no more Waco's in this country--if I have to give my life to stop it. And if you care about anything in this entire universe, you had better be there with me.