



# **Chronicles of a Madman's Thoughts**

**Speak Truth**

**By Darren Joiner**

I want to thank my Beautiful Wife who has endured my countless  
Surgeries, struggles and shortcomings when others would have  
Kicked me to the curve. You have shown me what true  
Agape love looks like and I am forever grateful  
I thank God for allowing you to be part of my life  
Showing me that no matter how dark the days may get  
Life, Love, Hope, and Forgiveness abound greatly  
In the light and truth of Jesus Christ

I Love you more than I can say MLJ

Darren Joiner



### **Absolute Power = Absolute Corruption**

When those in positions of power—politicians, judges, and various government officials—transform into the very embodiment of thuggery, hoodlum behavior, and gangland tactics, the well-being of the populace falls far down their list of priorities, despite the hollow rhetoric they may utter. Instead of serving the public, they simmer with desires for vengeance and absolute authority, intent on controlling the national dialogue while suppressing any dissent against their newly crafted Political Social American Standard.

In this landscape, America has strayed from its founding principles, drifting away from being a government of the people, by the people, for the people, that shall not perish from the earth

Sadly, today these words rang hollow and fall on death ears

In those so-called hallowed halls of our nation's capital and beyond!

May God have mercy on the souls of the people, leadership and nation



### **Welcome into the Thoughts of a Madman's Mind**

You are about to get a peek into the soul of a man lost within himself desperately trying to find the path back to reality and truth set adrift in the muddy waters of fallacies and lies. While being found nowhere in the murky shadows of bewildered minds, violent hands and feet always running to instigate violence, death and destruction upon the lives of others and their communities along with the nation.

Inscribed on these pages are the restless thoughts and fervent words bubbling up from the shadowy recesses of a mind that perceives the looming reckoning cascading from the heavens upon a society that has forsaken the essence of truth and the integrity of justice. This nation has entwined itself with base desires, cloaked in the illusion of vanity, and fueled by the haughty pride of deceitful tongues that warp perception and incite feet to sprint toward chaos, while hands are driven to unleash acts of brutality.

Do not be swayed by enticing words, for they resemble double-edged swords, capable of inflicting deep wounds on both the speaker and the listener. Their lethal nature is undeniable, especially when wielded by those who have mastered the art of manipulation. Such individuals, skilled in the craft of rhetoric, can twist language to serve their own agendas, ensnaring the unsuspecting in a web of deceit that can lead to chaos, ruin and even death.

Let us plunge into the chaotic mind of Madman Jack, where turbulent thoughts collide and reverberate. His perception reveals a world he believes is engulfed in darkness, a tide of corruption that seeps into the very souls of its people, particularly the impressionable youth. In his eyes, the innocence of the young is tainted by the insidious whispers of a society that glorifies vice and trivializes virtue, leading them down a treacherous path littered with false idols and empty promises. As we navigate through his twisted reflections, we uncover the depth of his conviction that this moral decay threatens to consume the nation whole.

## Deuteronomy In My Mind

Jack settled into a worn, creaky chair. The wood groaned beneath his weight as he sought a moment of respite from the chaos swirling in his mind. A tattered notebook rested on his lap, and he flipped through pages filled with scrawled thoughts, eventually landing on his recent reflections on Deuteronomy. The verses danced before his eyes like shadows, each word echoing with a haunting resonance that spoke to his turbulent soul. He leaned closer, the dim light casting long, flickering shadows across the room, immersing himself in the ancient wisdom, searching for clarity amid spiraling doubts and fears.

His thoughts consumed him, a tempest raging within his mind, honing his sense of resolve. He envisioned a hazy silhouette of a man poised at the water's edge, gazing across the vast expanse toward a city governed by corrupt figures. The man turned to face the crowd that gathered around him, his voice rising above the murmur of discontent. "Citizens," he implored, "awaken your discernment, casting aside the suffocating veil of complacency. Seek out leaders who possess wisdom, understanding, and insight necessary to guide us from this abyss."

"Exercise discernment," he continued, "for leadership is a broad tapestry woven with diverse threads." He described figures who radiate charisma and others who ignite loyalty in only a select few. Yet amidst this array exists a rare breed—those who can guide even a modest gathering of ten with steadfast resolve.

The man shifted his focus back to the city. "Judges bear the weighty burden of administering justice without bias," he declared. His finger jabbed toward a solitary figure perched on the judicial bench.

"My brothers and sisters," he cried out with fervor. "The paths laid out by the divine are crafted with intention." His brow furrowed as he continued, "I know all too well that the most heart-wrenching betrayals often come from those we hold dear. Yet, stand resolute! Do not shrink away from the towering giants that block your way."

His gaze intensified, a fire igniting within him. "Remember, unlike mere mortals, God is impervious to bribes; His judgment remains steadfast, impartial, and absolute. Therefore, reject those who champion every shade of moral decay, corruption, and actions that oppose the divine will of God!"

"I must convey this truth," he said. "Avoid the path of the false witness; the consequences of your deceit will relentlessly pursue you."

He paused for a moment before continuing. "When the light of God's blessings shines upon your life, it draws the gaze of others. If you earnestly tune your ears to the Lord's voice and commit to walking in His commandments, a torrent of blessings will cascade into your days."

Jack's voice thundered with conviction. "Before you stand two paths: one leads to the role of a passive listener, a performer echoing vile machinations, while the other invites you to attune

your ears to the sacred whispers of God. Embrace His words, and they will reshape you into an authentic disciple. The choice is yours to make."

### **American Hate For itself**

Jack perched on the edge of his tattered armchair, peering through the grimy window of his cramped apartment. Below, pedestrians shuffled along the cracked pavement, their faces a blur of indifference. A pang of nostalgia gripped him, pulling him back to a time when patriotism and reverence for one's country were cherished ideals. His heart sank further as the shrill voices of protesters erupted from the television, chanting phrases laced with venom—"Death to America! Kill the cops! F\*\*\* the president!" The words slashed through the air like daggers. How had pride, humility, and discernment been replaced by arrogance, folly, and disdain? The very fabric of American youth seemed to unravel before his eyes.

Fury ignited within Jack as he contemplated those who endangered the lives of police officers and border patrol agents. They unleashed a torrent of doxing online, exposing personal details and identities in a cruel game of public shaming. Each leaked piece of information felt like a bullet aimed at these guardians of order. The sinister intent behind these actions was clear: to instill fear, to paralyze those sworn to protect and serve. Jack's mind raced with images of officers, once resolute, now haunted by violence that loomed over them.

Rage coursed through Jack's veins as he crouched behind a rusting sedan. The air crackled with gunfire and distant explosions, punctuated by cries of the wounded—voices filled with terror and desperation. His heart raced as he scanned the landscape of concrete and shattered glass. A glimmer from a nearby window seized his attention, and without hesitation, his rifle found its target. The shot rang out, and the glass exploded in a spray of shards mingling with dark crimson—a grim confirmation that the bullet had struck true. Adrenaline surging, Jack darted toward a doorway.

Inside, he spotted another figure hunched low. "What the hell is going on?" he demanded, urgency lacing his voice.

The stranger's eyes narrowed. "What kind of question is that, Jack?" she shot back. "Did you take a hit to the head or something?" She gestured toward the chaos outside. "We're at war with ourselves, battling against outsiders hell-bent on bringing this nation to its knees."

Jack squinted at the young woman. In a surreal moment, the layers of filth seemed to dissolve, unveiling the familiar features of his daughter Aimee. Desperation surged within him as he reached out, longing to pull her close. But just as quickly as she appeared, she vanished, leaving him alone once more in his armchair, an unsettling dread creeping over him as he pondered the impending chaos that threatened to engulf the nation.

## **The Struggle Is Real**

Jack strolled through the familiar streets, his mind wandering until a thunderous voice pierced the air, pulling him toward the park across the road. Intrigued, he veered off his path to investigate the commotion. As he approached, he spotted a throng of people encircling a man who stood tall, brandishing a Bible like a banner of defiance.

"I'm Street Preacher John!" The man's voice resonated with fervor. "I don't have a church or a congregation, for God has declared that the street is your sanctuary, and every passerby is your flock. Speak the truth to them, for their salvation hinges on your words; let them repent and seek redemption from their sins."

John stood tall, his gaze sweeping across the crowd, locking eyes with every man, woman, and child present. "Listen to me! The struggle is real!" His voice was unwavering and filled with urgency. "I know this truth firsthand, for I am fighting that very battle right now." He paused, taking a breath before continuing. "The enemy has thrown down the gauntlet, attacking me from every angle, seeking to lure me into renouncing God, to turn my back on Jesus Christ. They want me to reject the guiding light of the Holy Spirit, to sow seeds of doubt in the truth of God's word."

His eyes scanned the gathered faces as he confessed his past despair when his faith faltered because he had placed his trust in people rather than in God. He spoke of leaning on humanity's frail shoulders and believing empty rhetoric.

"I urge you," John continued, "if you find yourself engulfed in struggle or navigating through chaos, do not succumb to fear or despair. Just as He stood by the three Hebrew boys in the blazing furnace, so too will He stand with you during these turbulent times."

He implored them not to waver in their faith, not to bow to immorality, nor indulge in the corrupt machinations of politics. He urged them to resist gossip and false witness and to illuminate the shadows with the radiant light of Jesus Christ.

"Be the salt that ignites a yearning for God's word," John said, guiding them in fervent prayer.

Jack sank to his knees on the rough pavement, gazing skyward, desperation etched across his face. "The dragon is furious with the woman," he murmured. "He has set his sights on waging war against her offspring—those who uphold the commandments of God and bear witness to the teachings of Jesus Christ." A wave of bitterness washed over him as he thought of politicians eager to dismantle America's moral fabric. "May God have mercy on their souls," he whispered, his words heavy with sorrow and resolve.

## **Attack The Young**

Jack spent a sun-drenched afternoon with his daughter and her family, the air thick with laughter and the scent of fresh grass. He watched his two grandchildren, their faces alight with joy as they tumbled and chased each other, their giggles ringing like music against the backdrop of a serene

day. But amid the cheerful chaos, a shadow loomed in his mind—a haunting memory of his friend Lee, one of the brave officers ambushed by the so-called “ACLU American Freedom Fighters” and the “SPLC Community Reparation Force.” Suddenly, Lee materialized beside him, his presence a stark reminder of the darkness lurking just beyond the idyllic scene.

Turning to Lee, Jack's heart felt heavy. "What troubles you?" Lee asked, concern etched across his features. Jack's voice trembled as he replied, "I fear my grandkids are destined to become pawns in a sinister game, manipulated to erode the morality that should guide this nation's youth. I feel powerless to stop it." His words hung in the air, mingling with the laughter of children, a jarring contrast to the dread that settled deep within him.

"Beware of how industries exploit youth innocence," Lee warned. "They use them as tools to corrupt, manipulate and ignite fervor in their peers. This exploitation fuels a relentless campaign to introduce alternative lifestyles and specific sexual identities to children at an alarmingly tender age." His voice grew more intense. "This is precisely why certain political factions, activist groups and even some school boards are pushing to infiltrate elementary school libraries and classrooms with targeted literature. They aim to enlist the young as advocates for their ideologies."

"Jack, these people despise God and everything that is holy," Lee declared. "Some have become so intoxicated by their titles and praise from others that they've spiraled into arrogance. They twist the Bible and its teachings to fit their own desires. They allow political agendas and the latest social movements to dictate their interpretations."

Lee rose to his feet, a fierce determination in his eyes. "Remember, they have elevated their flawed desires above the truth of the Gospels. They do this in a desperate attempt to make themselves more appealing to those who have turned their backs on God."

"Either the Bible is the inspired and infallible word of God, or it isn't," he asserted. "The truth of God's word remains constant; it has not changed from yesterday, nor will it ever change." He paused, letting his message settle. "Yet here we stand, surrounded by individuals from various religious backgrounds and political ideologies, each claiming authority as representatives for the Divine."

Jack's ears perked up at the sound of his grandkids' laughter. Rising from the grass, he felt a swell of unease as troubling thoughts invaded his mind. He pondered the implications of a world where those in power clashed violently with divine teachings. Would they stand firm like Peter and John? The image of individuals offering hollow blessings over sin flickered through his mind—such proclamations did not absolve wrongdoing in the eyes of God.

Another thought crept into Jack's mind: Judgment begins at the house of God. He recalled 1 Peter 4:17, resonating with an urgency that felt almost palpable. "For the time has come for judgment to begin at the house of God; and if it begins with us first, what will be the end of those who do not obey the gospel of God?" The weight of this passage pressed upon him. Jack's gaze drifted toward his grandchildren, innocence radiating from their playful antics, contrasting

sharply with his thoughts. He felt a surge of responsibility wash over him, a desperate need to protect them from encroaching darkness.

## **God Rejected**

A battle raged within Jack, each side wrestling fiercely for dominance. One faction, filled with fervent conviction, insisted that denying God was the only rational stance. This internal struggle dragged on until a voice pierced through the chaos. "Stop engaging in fruitless arguments with those who have turned away from Jesus Christ," it urged. The voice continued, revealing harsh truths: some would never listen because they clung to bitterness from past traumas or losses; others had been wounded by the very church meant to heal them. Yet, there were also those who had consciously chosen to ally themselves with darkness, believing that life ended with the last breath.

Jack grappled with the whirlwind of thoughts, each one vying for his attention. A piercing realization surfaced amid the chaos: Scripture does not instruct us to persuade others of God's existence, for His creation resounds with undeniable evidence of His presence. Instead, it commands us to traverse the globe, proclaiming the gospel and making disciples across every nation. We are called to seek out the weary, the broken, the blind in spirit, and urge them to enter God's embrace.

A sudden whisper suggested that God had turned His back on him, that forgiveness was a distant dream. "Live freely," it urged, "indulge in your desires without fear of consequence." Yet, as the voice wrapped around him like a cold shroud, Jack recalled his mother's words. "Never doubt that Jesus Christ remains the same yesterday, today, and forever," she had said. Her reminder of His moral steadfastness echoed in his mind. He understood that this unchanging nature promised a commitment to eternal principles—His word, character, purpose, plans and boundless grace extended to humanity. Jack felt Hebrews 13:9 pressing against him: "Do not be carried away by diverse and strange teachings." With renewed resolve, he pushed back against the darkness, holding tight to the truth that anchored his soul.

## **Fight For The Children**

Jack faced a gathering of anxious parents and caregivers. "We must scrutinize what is being churned out by the American educational system," he urged, his voice rising above the murmurs. "Who is behind this production? Are they crafting a generation that loathes itself, that harbors disdain for their families and rejects the very essence of their identities? Our children are discarding their given names, opting instead for labels that strip them of individuality, rendering them invisible and devoid of value. This transformation fosters a culture steeped in self-hatred and contempt for authority, making them easy targets for manipulation."

He scanned the anxious faces. "You must grasp the gravity of the situation." His voice was steady yet urgent. "A war has been waged on the very hearts, minds, and souls of our youth, orchestrated by dark spiritual forces that manipulate through willing human vessels. They have

issued a chilling decree: by any means necessary, the children of America are to become the unwitting standard bearers of Satan's deceit, the pallbearers of the dwindling authority of God's church, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, and His sacred word among us."

His voice rose with fervor as the crowd hung on his every word. The insidious malevolence of these individuals was laid bare for all to see, manifesting across the political landscape and seeping into social media feeds, news broadcasts, and community gatherings. They infiltrated every corner of society, from diverse racial groups to various cultural enclaves, masquerading as champions of peace, justice, diversity, and freedom. Yet beneath this veneer lay a festering hatred, cloaked in righteous rhetoric. They unleashed a torrent of condemnation, employing tactics reminiscent of thugs—intimidation and coercion intertwined with character assassination. When necessary, they resorted to impeding freedom of movement and inflicting extreme physical violence.

"Before we reconvene, there's one more crucial matter I must address." His voice cut through the tension. "We must make it abundantly clear to all politicians, educators, and anyone else in power that we will not passively allow them to tarnish the hearts, minds, and souls of our youth. They are actively promoting a culture that encourages our children to mutilate their bodies and tarnish their moral integrity, all for the whims of those with twisted desires and questionable intentions lurking within our society. If we remain silent and inactive today, they will corrupt not only our children but also the generations that follow! We cannot bear the weight of such a legacy on our consciences." Jack bowed his head, seeking divine guidance amidst the storm of chaos swirling around him.

### **Peace By Violence Is An Oxymoron**

Jack sat transfixed before the flickering television screens that lit up living rooms across America. Chaos erupted as rioters clashed violently with law enforcement in California. The images were harrowing—flashes of shattered glass, flames licking at the night sky, and the desperate shouts of officers struggling to maintain order. Yet, what chilled him even more was the public call for violence from those meant to protect their citizens. The mayor's voice rang out, urging the community to rise up, while the governor echoed this dangerous sentiment, inciting gangs to defend their territories against perceived invaders.

His heart sank as he absorbed the rhetoric spewing forth from influential politicians like Hakeem Jeffries, Rashida Tlaib, Ilhan Omar, Cory Booker, Maxine Waters, Ocasio-Cortez, Bernie Sanders, Jasmine Crockett, Pramila Jayapal, and others. They openly advocated for the downfall of law enforcement, calling for doxing campaigns that jeopardized not only officers but also their families. The reality of their words weighed heavily on him, a dark reminder of the fragility of safety in a society spiraling into turmoil.

News stations promoted the dangerous notion that peace and justice could be achieved through lawlessness and violence. This idea was a bitter irony; if it held any truth, America should have transformed into a sanctuary of harmony long ago. Jack understood that any gains secured through brute force were fleeting. Eventually, the deep-seated iniquity within the human soul

would awaken desires that craved more—material possessions and carnal pleasures. Such cravings warped one's perception of justice, leading to a distorted justification for revenge and hostility.

His mind raced with the grim realization that many had been led to believe they were entitled to something yet felt thwarted by those from differing backgrounds. This pervasive mindset was fueled by manipulative influencers, opportunistic politicians, and certain activists. They thrived on chaos, cloaking their true motives under a guise of justice and peace. Their rhetoric twisted the notion of righteousness into a battle cry: seize what you believe is rightfully yours.

"Lord Jesus Christ," Jack's voice trembled with fervor. "There will be no enduring justice, no true peace, and no genuine freedom until the very essence of humanity is transformed, until minds are renewed by the living word of God. Until that sacred change occurs, the insidious wickedness lurking within hearts will always find a willing vessel to carry out its dark desires, spreading its chaos and corruption through our youth, our families, and our communities. Oh, God, I implore You—save this nation from the malevolence that seeks to consume it! In Jesus' name, I pray. Amen."

## **Hypocrisy**

Jack received an invitation to a tent revival, intrigued by the promise of a spiritual awakening. As he stepped inside, the atmosphere—a frenetic blend of carnival excitement and rock concert energy—buzzed with anticipation. He settled into a seat at the back, eager for the unfolding message. Suddenly, pulsating rock music erupted from the speakers, drowning out any semblance of reverence. Women in scanty bathing suits strutted onto the stage, their bodies twisting and writhing in suggestive movements that felt sacrilegious. Stunned, Jack rose from his chair, unease washing over him as he made his way out of the tent.

As he stepped into the cool night air, the shocking scene continued to unfold. People openly drank, drugs were exchanged like currency, and couples engaged in public displays of passion, oblivious to the world around them. Jack's heart raced as a voice echoed in his mind: "Not everything calling itself by my name is of me." It reverberated through his thoughts as he climbed into his car, weighed down by disillusionment.

As he navigated the dimly lit streets, the voice grew louder, dissecting religious and political hypocrisy. It spoke of leaders who claimed Christian faith yet draped themselves in empty rituals and rehearsed observances—an elaborate display masking a lack of genuine connection with God. The voice revealed these figures and their congregations could recite psalms and biblical verses perfectly but resembled whitewashed tombs—pristine on the surface but decaying within. The stench of sin clung to their souls, suffocating their pretend purity.

The voice pressed on about their contradictory words. They condemned taking a life one moment and justified it as necessary in another. These leaders decried perversion only to later bless the very acts they denounced. They proclaimed violence had no place in society, bigotry was a scourge, and political bias was tearing the nation apart. Yet, when it suited their agenda, they

reversed their stance, celebrating violent outbursts as expressions of righteous anger, claiming divine endorsement for their hypocrisy.

The voice implored Jack to ponder: Either the Bible is the divinely inspired and infallible word of God, or it is not! Dark forces in this nation sought to silence God's message and extinguish authentic preaching in Jesus Christ's name. When the time came, where would Jack choose to stand? Would he yield to their demands and abandon the sacred word of God? The questions echoed through his thoughts as he cried out, "God, grant me the strength to declare to the world that You are my God, and Jesus Christ is my Lord and Savior, regardless of the consequences."

## **No Fear Of God**

Jack sat in a booth at his favorite diner, sharing a meal with Sam Waterman, an old Army buddy. The memories of Vietnam lingered between them, a bond forged in the crucible of war when Sam had refused to leave Jack's side as enemy forces closed in. They laughed and reminisced, their voices mingling with the clatter of silverware and the hum of conversation around them.

Their nostalgia was abruptly shattered by a couple nearby, unleashing a torrent of foul language that dripped with disrespect, interspersed with careless invocations of God's name. The din escalated, drowning out their camaraderie. Sam's expression darkened, his patience fraying. With a decisive movement, he pushed back from the table and strode toward the offensive duo.

Jack watched as Sam leaned in, his voice low but laced with authority. He gestured emphatically, his finger pointing with precision. After what felt like an eternity, Sam returned to their table, his posture relaxed yet charged.

"What did you say to them?" Jack asked. Sam met his gaze, satisfaction dancing in his eyes. "I warned them that if they dared to utter another curse or misuse God's name, by the time they left this place, the hounds of hell would be waiting for them," he replied.

As Jack ambled home after parting ways with Sam, a storm of thoughts churned in his mind. It struck him as astonishing how some people casually invoked the names of God amidst their tirades of profanity and acts of violence. They seemed to wear their sins like badges of honor, as if their misdeeds were somehow sanctioned by the divine. They moved through life with an air of impunity, convinced that their connection to God was an unbreakable bond.

Jack grappled with the reality that these individuals had willingly become lovers of sin. They spoke with forked tongues, spreading lies and gossip like wildfire. They bore false witness against the innocent, their hands stained with the blood of the righteous, while simultaneously championing lewd acts as if they were badges of honor. Families crumbled in their wake, torn apart by the chaos they perpetuated. "God, have mercy on their souls," he whispered, his heart heavy with sorrow for their blindness.

## **Blinding Our Youth**

Jack shook his head in disbelief at the sheer enthusiasm radiating from his grandkids as they buzzed about going to see the Fantastic Four movie. As they neared the cinema, eager families and children jostled for position in the long line snaking towards the entrance. Amidst the chatter, he caught snippets of conversation that left him astounded; the youth were fervently debating the realism of the fictional characters as if they were discussing historical figures.

His mind wandered to a troubling notion: today's youth, along with countless others, idolized fabricated heroes—Superman, Batman, Spiderman, Ironman—who promised to swoop in and save the day. Meanwhile, they were fed narratives that God was merely a myth, Jesus Christ nothing more than a figment of a misguided imagination, and the Holy Spirit a construct of religious charlatans designed to fleece the unsuspecting of their hard-earned money. He found it absurd that in a world so desperate for hope, many would choose to believe in these hollow creations over profound truths of faith.

Delving deeper into his thoughts, Jack arrived at a stark realization: the prevailing mantra echoed through the streets was simple—“If you cannot see it, don’t believe it; reject what lies beyond your grasp.” He watched as people chased after fleeting pleasures of the flesh, their desires manifesting in lustful glances and whispered promises. The allure of wealth beckoned like a siren’s song, drawing them toward materialism while they grasped at shimmering trinkets of status and power.

He shook his head again, contemplating how they dismissed the unseen, convinced that only tangible pleasures could satiate their hearts, minds, and souls. The God they couldn't perceive warned that their path led to shadows and despair. Yet Satan countered with seductive lies: “Be who you want, live as you wish, indulge in every desire.” This insidious deception wrapped around society like a thick fog, enticing the masses to consume and propagate this empty philosophy.

As the theater lights dimmed and the screen flickered to life, a sense of foreboding settled over Jack. He murmured to himself, “Until the blinders are lifted, people will remain oblivious to the reality that sin is celebrated, dysfunction is normalized, rebellion is met with cheers.” His thoughts spiraled into a dark abyss as he considered how these vices were paraded around like trophies of honor. Politicians were hailed as heroes for their absurdities, mistaken for acts of bravery. Families were caught in this grotesque theater of absurdity, where social constructs and distorted values dictated what was deemed acceptable.

His heart sank further as he reflected on how these misguided narratives shaped the future, warping perceptions of morality and virtue into something unrecognizable. He envisioned himself standing atop a rugged mountain peak, his voice echoing into the vast expanse, proclaiming that our essence resonates profoundly with those around us. It’s easy to speak of Jesus Christ and God, but embodying those teachings in everyday life is an entirely different challenge, one that requires genuine reflection and commitment to faith.

## **Foolish Talk**

Jack sat in the library, the dim light casting long shadows. Patrons drifted in and out, their movements a quiet ebb and flow. A sharp voice sliced through the air, pulling Jack's attention. He leaned in closer to catch the exchange. The man wore a tweed jacket and a self-satisfied smirk, an academic reveling in his perceived knowledge. For several minutes, he unleashed scorn upon the young librarian, his tone condescending. Satisfaction etched on his face, he strode away.

To Jack's surprise, the librarian stood her ground, her expression unshaken. Intrigued, Jack approached her. "How can you remain so calm after that?" With a gentle smile, she replied, "My daddy taught me before he left this world that trying to please everyone will only lead to confusion and unhappiness. It breeds bitterness and anger—not just toward others, but toward yourself." Her eyes sparkled with conviction as she continued, "He also warned me that some of the most dangerous people are those who are highly educated. They often believe they are infallible."

"What was he mistaken about?" Jack's brow furrowed. "I told him that men were not crafted by God to bear children. If they were, then what purpose would there be in creating women at all? Men would be able to do it all on their own." A flicker of defiance danced in her eyes as she spoke. Jack nodded in appreciation, a smile breaking across his face as he stepped out of the library, feeling just a bit lighter.

## **Titles**

One afternoon, Jack encountered a gentleman distributing colorful flyers on the bustling street. The man, dressed in a crisp white shirt and vibrant tie, introduced himself with an air of importance. "I'm Pastor Clyde Wilson, evangelist, minister of music, and worship leader," he proclaimed. Jack raised an eyebrow. "Why so many?" Genuine curiosity laced his tone.

Clyde shot him a bemused glance. "That's who I am," he replied, pride swelling in his voice. "I was ordained by the deacons of my church just the other day." Jack quickly backtracked, offering a polite apology and thanking him for the flyer. Just as he turned to leave, an impulsive question bubbled up. "How long have you been attending your church?" A broad smile spread across Clyde's face. "Only six months!" His voice beamed with enthusiasm. Jack nodded thoughtfully, amusement and contemplation crossing his features as he continued on his way.

Later that day, Jack sank into the worn cushions of his couch when Lee's voice pierced the silence. He turned to see Lee perched beside him, an enigmatic smile playing on his lips. "Jack, you still seem troubled by your earlier encounter. Don't let it weigh you down," Lee began. "There are countless individuals who parade around with titles like 'Christian,' 'Reverend,' 'Pastor,' 'Prophet,' and 'Evangelist,' as if those labels genuinely reflect their character. They expect others to overlook their actions simply because of these designations."

Jack listened intently to Lee's words. "Unfortunately, many wear such titles for personal gain, mocking God and disrespecting His word. They trivialize the essence of Jesus Christ while toying with the hearts of the lost." After a brief pause, Lee leaned in closer. "Do not be swayed by the fact that many have adorned themselves with these religious titles to feed their pride and arrogance. They lack the Holy Spirit and a genuine relationship with the Father. In doing so, they create an environment where the word of God loses its power to transform lives. Instead of being conduits of grace, they become distractions, drawing focus away from the true message of salvation."

"Remember, when it becomes more about the flesh, it ceases to be about God," Lee cautioned as he slipped back into the recesses of Jack's mind, leaving him to ponder the profound implications of his words.

### **Disobedience Is Satan's Joy**

Jack embarked on another excursion, choosing the rhythmic clatter of the train this time. The carriage was filled with strangers, each lost in their own worlds. Suddenly, a disheveled old man sat beside him, bringing with him the scent of stale tobacco and unwashed clothes. Jack stole a glance at him, noting the wild gray hair and deep creases on his weathered face. The old man's gaze roamed over Jack, a flicker of curiosity mingling with something unreadable in his eyes.

The old man cleared his throat and tapped Jack's shoulder. Startled, Jack met his gaze, heavy with unspoken stories. "Mind if I ask you a question?" His voice was raspy yet firm. Jack nodded, curiosity piqued. The old man leaned in slightly, his expression intense. "If you were the devil, what would bring you joy?" Jack's mind raced at the unexpected query. What kind of question is that? he wondered. But before he could voice his thoughts, the old man rose abruptly at the next stop. As the train rumbled forward, Jack glanced back to see the old man's penetrating stare lingering on him.

As the train journeyed along the tracks, Jack pondered over the unsettling question. He could almost feel that wild-eyed gaze upon him, urging him to delve deeper into its darkness. He pictured Satan delighting in disobedience and relishing in the discord it sows among humanity. He thrived on chaos and confusion, feeding on fractures of partisanship and divisiveness. Jack imagined Satan's glee at sight of anger flaring, violence erupting, and threats looming like storm clouds.

Jack's thoughts formed a stark conclusion: when people are convinced that their beliefs are infallible and everyone else is misguided, they become ensnared in their arrogance. Each individual flatters themselves while inviting others into their web of self-deceit. This blind pride leads to self-destruction, as they become willing to incinerate the very foundations of the U.S.A., all in the name of what they deem moral justice. Their righteous indignation fuels a fire of threats, violence, and bloodshed, distorting their perception of truth and how it ought to govern society. As Jack stepped off the train at his stop, he saw the old man still there, a knowing smile on his face. He watched as the old man turned and descended the steps, disappearing into the crowd.

## **The Beast Is Out**

Jack relished one of his favorite pastimes: a day at the zoo with his grandkids. Laughter echoed around them as they marveled at the vibrant colors of the tropical birds and the playful antics of the monkeys. Suddenly, panic swept through the crowd, shrieks and sprints in every direction. “A lion has escaped!” someone shouted. Jack's heart raced as he scooped up his grandkids, their eyes wide with terror, and dashed toward the nearest restroom, where other frightened families sought refuge.

The air was thick with tension, whispers of uncertainty swirling like dust kicked up by hurried feet. Hours later, an announcement declared it safe to leave. After safely dropping off his grandkids, Jack joined his daughter and son-in-law for a discussion about the day's events. They shared nervous laughter, adrenaline still coursing through their veins, before Jack bid them goodnight and made his way home, the unsettling thrill of the day lingering in his mind.

As Jack navigated the dimly lit streets on his way home, he pondered human errors that had allowed such a terrifying event to unfold. This led him to contemplate about the surge of violent attacks against law enforcement and innocent bystanders across the nation. Did those who had unwittingly opened the gates to chaos truly grasp the consequences?

Politicians, activist groups, and various organizations were now bellowing their outrage, condemning the violence that had turned their world upside down. Yet, they seemed oblivious to their own complicity in this monstrous creation. Their rhetoric, actions, and choices had all contributed to a volatile environment. Now facing repercussions of their recklessness, they cried out in despair, shocked by the chaos they had helped birth. Jack's heart sank as he realized that echoes of their hubris reverberated through the streets.

These people claim they yearn for an end to violence yet persist in calls for aggression and engage in it themselves. They lament the presence of hate, but their words drip with disdain for others. They cannot seem to relinquish their roles as slanderers and gossipers, all while preaching about cooperation and unity.

Jack mused darkly that such a change would remain a distant dream. A grim reality had taken root: countless individuals had profited from perpetuating the cycle of grievances, ensnaring others in a tangled web of despair and hopelessness. The suffering of others had morphed into their financial lifeline, while the sordid tales of deceit and malice proved more lucrative than the gentle embrace of truth and redemption.

## **Things I Have Learned**

Jack sat at the worn table in Mark's living room, surrounded by familiar faces. The air was thick with stale beer and laughter. Amidst the banter, one man leaned forward, his brow furrowed. “Hey Jack, you've been quiet tonight. Why is that?”

Jack paused, tapping the edge of his cards before laying them down with calmness. “Well, let me tell you a story from my youth,” he began. “My brother came home one day, all bruised and

battered. He had a knack for running his mouth, boasting and challenging anyone who would listen. So, my dad asked him what happened, and it turned out he had crossed paths with the wrong guy over some girl.”

Leaning back, Jack let the memories flood back. “From that day on, I learned a valuable lesson. Talking too much and making promises can lead you straight to trouble, leaving you looking like a fool, a braggart with nothing to show for it.” He glanced around the table. “So, I’ve made it a point to say what I mean and mean what I say. Anything else just invites chaos.” The men relished Jack’s stories. One of them leaned in. “What else have you learned about life, Jack?”

Jack shot him a sideways glance, smirking slightly. “Well,” he began, his tone shifting to something more serious, “at some point, we all need to face the truth that we’re not as grand as we like to think—like a hundred bags of chips and a dozen two-liter sodas, all puffed up but ultimately empty.” He paused for effect. “We do what we can, striving to make a positive impact by the grace of God. But when we elevate ourselves above those we deem lesser, we set ourselves up for a hard fall.”

“Preach on, Jack! Preach on!” someone shouted. Jack rose from his seat, channeling the fervor of a preacher. “Did you know that people thrive when circumstances favor them? They’ll mistreat you, take advantage, exploit your hard work for their own gain, but the moment you stand up for yourself, they turn offended, angry, and retaliatory.” The men exchanged glances. “Don’t stop now! Keep preaching!” Jack urged. “Listen closely: not everyone who calls you a friend truly is one. Many are simply faces you encounter daily. But your true friends? They’re the few who have stood the test of time.”

“Finally!” Jack bellowed. “Those who lead you astray with sweet temptations of crime, violence, and vices like drugs, are not your friends! They’re merely ensuring that when the storm hits, they have a scapegoat—a fall guy to take the blame while they slip away unscathed.” His eyes burned with intensity as he leaned forward. “When they sing like canaries to save their own skins, don’t be surprised to find yourself shackled with the blame. So tread carefully when choosing whom to call a friend.” He settled back into his chair, picking up his cards.

A brief hush enveloped the room before it erupted into laughter. Jack raised his hand and the jovial chatter faded to a stillness. “I’m grateful for each of you, my trusted friends. Together, we must strive to be the change that transforms lives for the better!” A cheer erupted from one of the men. “Hell yeah!” he exclaimed. “Now, let’s play some cards!”

### **Don’t Be A Door Mat**

Jack had brought his grandkids to the local playground, a vibrant patch of grass dotted with colorful equipment and laughter filling the air. As he settled onto a nearby bench, he observed the lively interactions among the children.

One boy, in particular, stood out—a little tyrant who strutted about, barking orders and attempting to bend the others to his whims. He pushed and shoved, demanding compliance. However, his reign came to a swift end when he chose to confront a feisty girl who refused to

back down. With a fierce glare and surprising strength, she retaliated, sending him stumbling backward. Moments later, he was retreating, his face a mask of shock and humiliation.

This prompted Jack to reflect on a harsh truth: some people only offer love and acceptance when their own desires are being met. They thrive on relationships that tip the scales in their favor. This same principle applies on a larger scale between nations. When one country finally decides to stand up for itself—no longer willing to be disrespected or exploited—it often provokes outrage from the aggressor. The perpetrating nation, used to having its way, reacts with fury and indignation.

Jack glanced at his grandkids, their laughter ringing in the playground's vibrant chaos, and then turned his gaze skyward. With a heavy heart, he whispered a prayer for divine guidance to help instill in them a sense of self-worth that embraces their physical, emotional, spiritual, and mental health. He longed for them to find comfort in their own skin, to stand firm against those who sought to dominate them. Jack envisioned a generation strong enough to resist influences that would provoke them into anger and despair, empowering them to reclaim their narratives and live authentically.

## **James**

James stood in his dark bedroom, listening to the blaring sounds of police sirens and ambulances as individuals chanted, “Death to America, down with capitalism, kill the police, burn it all to the ground.” A man calling for calm caught James’s ear. As he called out, saying God can heal and Jesus Christ loves you, another voice shouted, “F God, F Jesus Christ.” A shot rang out, and the voice of the man calling for calm went silent.

James thought to himself darkness had descended upon this nation called America and emboldened deceitful, desperately wicked hearts and the untamable tongues of fallible politicians and other individuals, who believed their souls were infallible, therefore making their words, actions, views, and policies righteous in their own eyes.

They have knowingly opened the floodgates of immorality, unleashing the rampant rise of lawlessness, unbridled violence, unchecked corruption, and uninhibited acts of murder. Sadly, like David, it will be by their own words of self-pronounced judgment that chastisement will come upon themselves and the nation.

The loud explosions of tear gas canisters brought him back to reality. James watched from his bedroom window as the riotous crowd burned, looted, and attacked law enforcement in the neighborhood of Westbrook, praying that sanity and peace would find their way into the hearts and minds of the angry souls wreaking havoc upon his community.

## **Unscrupulous Adults**

Jack leaned over the pool table, cue stick gliding smoothly as he lined up his shot. The rhythmic clack of balls echoed around him, but his focus shifted when a heated exchange erupted nearby.

One man, red-faced and agitated, ranted about local school turmoil. His voice rose like a battle cry, rallying his peers for action. Jack glanced over, intrigued by the intensity.

An older gentleman stood up and placed a reassuring hand on the agitator's shoulder. "Much of the mental anguish our youth are grappling with today stems from unscrupulous adults who have wormed their way into their lives," he began, his voice steady yet filled with gravity. "They burden our kids with issues they're far too young to comprehend or handle." The other men nodded in solemn agreement.

"This isn't just poor parenting," he continued. "These individuals are flooding the spaces our youth inhabit—schools, parks, even social media—with their twisted biases and political agendas. They're planting seeds of chaos in the hearts and minds of our adolescents, leaving them lost and unsure of who they are and where they fit in society." A chill crept up Jack's spine as the gravity of the discussion settled in the air.

"Our young folks are already burdened with enough challenges without adults robbing them of their youth. Instead of allowing them to simply be kids, these misguided individuals thrust them into adulthood prematurely." He paused, scanning the room. "They impose destructive ideologies that warp their understanding of the world."

He leaned forward, voice steady but urgent. "When educators and others morph into advocates for harmful ideologies, it is our duty to expose them. They must be called out, investigated, and if necessary, removed from their positions." A murmur of agreement rippled through the group.

"Men," he continued, his tone growing more fervent, "we must unite to defend our youth from those who would lead them into despair. These individuals aim to manipulate their minds, pushing them into a darkness from which they may never return." He paused, letting his message sink in. "And remember, it's crucial that we help our children learn to accept themselves; only then can they truly connect with others."

He straightened, eyes glinting with determination. "Let's reconvene here next week to strategize on how we can make this happen." Jack inclined his head, a sense of resolve washing over him. He understood that he could not remain a bystander; he had to join this movement dedicated to safeguarding the children.

## **Folly Baggage**

Jack rubbed his temples, disbelief washing over him as he observed a young woman, frail yet determined, shouldering the burdens of a man who prioritized partying and substance abuse over his own children. Her eyes flickered with concern as she pleaded for him to reconsider his choices. Each time she voiced her worries, he deflected, retreating into the shadows of his troubled past.

"You don't understand," he said, bitterness lacing his voice. "My childhood was hell. I grew up without a father." His words dripped with desperation, as if her empathy was the only lifeline he had left. He leaned on her, expecting unwavering support while neglecting the responsibilities

that cried out for attention. She stood there, torn between her own struggles and the weight of his expectations, caught in a chaotic dance of dependency that threatened to pull them both under.

The thought wouldn't leave Jack; she was in for a tumultuous journey, struggling to carry her own burdens alongside those of a man too consumed by his demons to lift one of his own. This realization struck him hard: it was folly to take on others' baggage—be it their political ideologies, insecurities, chaotic lives, biases, or twisted behaviors. In the end, their struggles would seep into her soul like a suffocating shroud. It would distort her perceptions and unleash a storm of turmoil dictating her actions, leaving her vulnerable and lost. She risked becoming ensnared in an endless cycle of dependency where other people's unresolved issues smothered her ability to make sound decisions.

Exercise caution; do not grant others the power to disrupt your life. By doing so, you relinquish control over every facet of your existence—your children's futures, your family's well-being, and the lives of your friends and community. Protect your boundaries; once you allow intrusion they can distort your reality leaving chaos in their wake. "I pray my fellow Americans truly listen to this inner voice," Jack murmured to himself.

## **Bad Shepherds**

Jack had a fondness for animal shows, often carving out moments from his day to enjoy their simplicity. One afternoon, he was engrossed in a program featuring a sheep herder and his dog, skillfully guiding the flock across undulating hills. As images of the herder's adept handling of the sheep filled the screen, Jack's thoughts turned to the state of leadership in his country.

A growing unease settled within him as he reflected on how many leaders had abandoned their responsibility to serve the people, failing to prioritize their best interests. Unlike the committed shepherd on screen, Jack identified numerous individuals in positions of authority who had strayed from their duty—those more interested in personal gain than public welfare. They were politicians, religious figures, educators, entertainers, athletes, and media outlets that contributed to a landscape teeming with deception and disillusionment.

These individuals wielded influence, filling the air with lies and slander that confused minds and cast shadows over souls. The confusion was so pervasive that people willingly ignored the truth, clinging instead to known falsehoods. Jack pondered this grim reality, feeling a knot tighten in his stomach. When did we become a nation led by those obsessed with glory, power, and control? They pursued their ambitions ruthlessly, seeking dominance at any cost.

Jack understood that the most effective defense against lies was a relentless pursuit of truth. He saw it as a beacon cutting through society's fog of deception. In quiet moments, he prayed for wisdom and clarity. He sought knowledge that would illuminate ignorance and discernment sharp enough to see through manipulation. Jack yearned for the strength to recognize deceit and teach enduring truths—truths that offered solace but also life, hope, and freedom.

## **Money**

In the checkout line at Walmart, Jack watched a small boy throw a tantrum, his face flushed as he clutched a brightly colored toy. The mother, patient yet tired, knelt beside him. She explained calmly that he already had plenty of toys waiting for him at home, that he didn't need another one. But the boy's protests grew louder, echoing through the aisles and drawing curious glances from other shoppers.

His pleas became shrill cries, filling the air until the mother, overwhelmed by embarrassment, left with cheeks stained with shame. Jack's heart sank as he observed this scene unfold, recognizing it as a stark illustration of how society has conditioned people to believe that material possessions can fill the voids in their lives.

As the line moved forward, Jack delved deeper into his thoughts: Money itself isn't inherently evil; it's the insatiable love for it that breeds wickedness. When wealth becomes a priority over one's soul, it morphs into a treacherous master, compelling them to tarnish their character and harden their heart.

Completing his transaction, Jack reflected: Money, like any tool, can create significant good when used wisely. Yet, believing that currency could remedy deep-seated issues was folly. True change requires placing the right tools in the hands of altruistic individuals—those who dare to look beyond superficial fixes to confront underlying ailments. Simply pouring more money or slapping on quick solutions only allows problems to fester. With these thoughts swirling in his head, Jack made his way to the parking lot, each step heavy with contemplation.

## **Feeding The Beast**

Jack peered through his window, disbelief washing over him as he beheld a throng of protesters spilling into the street. The cacophony drowned out the usual hum of city life. They stood like gatekeepers of an invisible establishment, demanding that one group shoulder the burden for the sins of those who came before them. Jack's heart raced; anger and confusion surged within him. He hastily shut the window and yanked down the shades, blocking out the unsettling scene. Retreating to the couch, he sank into its worn cushions.

A familiar voice broke through his thoughts. "Don't let disgust consume you, Jack." Lee stood there, both comforting and unnerving. "How can I not feel this way?" Jack shot back. "Why aren't you furious? This is the very mindset that stole your life without a second thought!" His voice echoed the anger bubbling beneath the surface.

"Look at me, Jack," Lee said urgently. "You need to grasp this: people will say whatever they wish, cling to their beliefs, and perceive only what aligns with their narrow views. But there will come a time when those blinders will slip away, and the veil of denial will be torn asunder. The truth will emerge, fierce and undeniable." He paused. "The chasm of division fostered by advertisers, activist groups, political organizations, politicians, and educational institutions has been feeding this monstrous beast for far too long."

“Jack,” Lee continued, “I’m neither angry nor bitter. I’ve come to understand that this influence has obliterated civil discourse, replacing it with an environment rife with blame and hatred.” “A nation fractured against itself cannot endure; it will crumble into ruins.” He paused again. “Yet, there remains a remnant—those courageous souls willing to rise against this tide of evil.”

“Thank you,” Jack murmured as he turned back toward the window. He peered outside, and to his astonishment, the crowd had dissipated. Their fervent cries replaced by the resolute voices of neighbors rising in unison. A swell of emotion surged within him as he witnessed the flicker of hope that Lee had spoken of, in that moment, something deep within Jack stirred, awakening a profound sense of purpose.

### **Who Has The Keys**

The radiant light of truth, with its blinding brightness and searing heat, guarantees no sanctuary for those bloated with envy, murder, strife, deceit, malice, and all manner of wickedness. No shadowy crevice, no boulder large enough to conceal a guilty heart, nor any abyss deep enough can provide refuge.

The purifying flames of righteousness will consume their falsehoods, reducing them to mere ashes scattered by the winds. Jack pondered this as he stared out at the vast sea where seagulls glided effortlessly on invisible currents. Each wave seemed to whisper secrets, echoing the relentless pursuit of truth in a landscape fraught with darkness.

In the distance, ominous clouds billowed upward as if erupted from a restless volcano. A sharp crack of thunder reverberated through the air, heralding an approaching storm that threatened to shatter the serene surface of the still waters. Dark forces lay in wait, ready to manifest within social media, news outlets, activist organizations, and government institutions. These entities lingered like predators seeking to infiltrate unsuspecting hearts, minds, and souls. Their aim was to perpetuate destructive narratives that had already ensnared youth, families, and communities.

As the ferry boat docked, Jack's mind churned with unsettling thoughts. Regardless of how sophisticated human-crafted technology might become or how clever people believe themselves to be, inherent wickedness would always twist these advancements into tools of self-destruction rather than instruments for the greater good. It was crucial to scrutinize who wielded this burgeoning power. Were they stewards of God’s wisdom and truth or minions of Satan lurking in the shadows?

### **What Are You Approving**

Jack flipped through the pages of his weathered Bible, a verse catching his eye. “The Lord saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every intent of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.” The words settled over him like a heavy fog, each syllable resonating with a dark truth.

He inhaled deeply and continued to read, drawn to another passage: “From within the hearts of men, all evil thoughts come forth, filling and defiling individuals with all unrighteousness,

foolishness, lewdness, blasphemy, pride, sexual immorality, wickedness, covetousness, and maliciousness."

Images flooded his mind: bloated souls consumed by envy, murder, strife, deceit. The text spoke of those who hated God, filled with violence and pride, boasting of their own wickedness. They were disobedient to parents, lacking discernment, untrustworthy, unloving, unforgiving, merciless. The verse concluded with a chilling reminder: "who, knowing the righteous judgment of God... are deserving of death... but also approve of those who practice them." Each word pierced through the facade of normalcy.

He set the Bible down on the table and stared out into the obsidian night enveloping the city. Thoughts raced—had he sanctioned the madness and folly of the world by remaining silent? Was his silence empowering those intent on reducing the nation to ruins? He turned back to the Bible. "God," he whispered. "If my silence has bolstered Satan's grip, forgive me. Grant me courage to rise and speak out when called for it. I ask this in Jesus Christ's name."

### **The Devil's Influences**

Jack strolled through the familiar streets, the chill of the evening air wrapping around him. A booming voice pierced the din of the bustling crowd. He turned toward the corner where John stood atop a weathered wooden crate, his presence commanding despite the throng's rushing past. In one hand, he clutched a megaphone; in the other, a tattered Bible.

"My people!" John's voice rang out, unyielding against the tide of indifference. "The truth is, the devil doesn't need to wage war on what he already possesses—he influences and controls those who masquerade as followers of Christ, while promoting a façade of God's Kingdom."

A handful of passersby paused, curiosity piqued by John's fervor. With unwavering conviction, he pressed on, "Remember, Beelzebub will never turn against himself! A house divided cannot stand; it will crumble into despair and ruin." His words hung heavy in the air, a stark warning. "Satan, relentless in his pursuit to discredit the truth, sows confusion and lures souls away from Jesus Christ."

"I'm not here to dictate your actions or beliefs," John shouted. "But let's be clear: this is precisely why sexual perversions and various corruptions have gained advocates in politics and beyond while genuine Christianity faces relentless assault in America." He paused. "Let me reiterate: Satan has no need to wage war on what he already possesses. His focus is on those individuals and institutions that refuse to yield to his wicked agenda."

The wailing of police sirens sliced through the evening air, their lights casting frantic shadows against the storefronts as they sped down the street. Jack could sense tension brewing; a shop owner's face twisted in anger at John's bold proclamations disrupting business. "Let me conclude," John declared. "Sadly, many who ought to be the salt and light, the heralds of hope, have chosen to remain passive. Even worse, some have allied themselves with darkness, turning their backs on God."

As John stepped down from the crate, police cars screeched to a halt. Officers emerged like sentinels through the throng. One officer, a familiar face, regarded John with a knowing shake of his head. "I should've known it was you stirring up trouble, John," he said.

"Alright, let's keep moving," another officer barked, pushing through the crowd. John gathered his belongings. "I'm ready to go now," he stated. The officer's expression softened. "Get in the car, John. I'll take you for a bite to eat, then drop you at the shelter on 5th street." As John slid into the backseat, he caught sight of Jack watching from the sidewalk.

With a gentle lift, John raised his Bible revealing the word "Believe" emblazoned across its cover as the police car pulled away into the night. As the tumult faded, Jack found himself lost in thought. What truth had they grasped? What flicker of understanding had sparked in their minds? He couldn't shake the feeling that John's gaze had sought him out for a reason. Each step he took felt heavy with introspection as he made his way home.

### **Influencer Of The Air**

Jack occupied a stool at the dimly lit bar, the clinking of glasses and muffled laughter creating a chaotic symphony around him. He nursed a pint, the bitter taste mingling with the scent of stale beer that hung in the air. His gaze drifted to a solitary figure at the far end of the bar, a man drowning his sorrows in amber liquid. Each gulp seemed to draw him deeper into an abyss, and Jack couldn't help but wonder what demons haunted him, what pains he sought to drown beneath the froth.

After what felt like several drinks, the man surged to his feet, unsteady but determined. He raised his glass high above his head, his voice slurring as it cut through the din. "To all of you under the sound of my voice!" he bellowed, eyes glazed. "Lift your drinks in remembrance of my child! She took her life after one of those TikTok challenges—running through traffic like it was a game of Frogger." The weight of his words hung heavy in the air. "She didn't make it!" he wailed, collapsing to his knees, the glass slipping from his fingers and shattering on the floor.

The bartender and a few patrons encircled him, their hands resting on his shoulders as they guided him toward a secluded booth. His cries reverberated through the bar, piercing the haze of laughter and chatter. Jack could see tears pooling in several witnesses' eyes. After a tense silence, his wife burst through the door, her face etched with concern. Jack observed them with a pained expression as they climbed into a waiting cab.

Jack's gaze fell back to his beer. Just then, an unfamiliar voice broke through the clamor of the bar. "The most powerful influencers of American culture," it proclaimed, "are entrenched within entertainment, music, news media, social platforms, and the athletic industry. Hollywood operates under the sway of the prince and power of the air." Each word dripped with disdain. "Day after day, they beckon the youth of America to disregard the sanctity of life itself, encouraging them to flaunt their bodies in ways that fuel lust and perversion."

Through these channels, the voice persisted, championing the redefinition of gender and blurring lines of identity. It warned against challenging this notion, predicting a storm of condemnation. It

spoke of a spiritual unveiling of hypocrisy permeating American society, particularly targeting the impressionable youth. The voice resonated, its echoes lingering in the air.

Jack drained his beer as he pushed away from the bar. The door creaked open, and a rush of cool night air enveloped him. Outside, the flickering neon sign cast a garish glow, its bold letters proclaiming, "Be the change that makes a difference in the lives of others for the better." The words pulsed with an urgency. Jack paused, feeling a flicker of determination as he stepped further into the night, ready to confront whatever darkness lay ahead.

## **Wrath Of God**

Jack settled into the chair, its surface scarred by countless stories etched into the grain. He opened his logbook, the pages yellowed and frayed at the edges, a testament to his unspoken thoughts. The pen felt cool in his hand as he poised it above the paper, heart racing with anticipation. Each line he crafted became a vessel for his swirling emotions, a desperate attempt to capture the chaos that had unfolded around him. The dim light flickered overhead, casting shadows that danced across the table, mirroring his turmoil.

As he began to write, words flowed like a torrent, raw and unfiltered, spilling onto the page with an urgency that echoed the heartbeat of the night. For an eternity, those chosen as ambassadors of God's Kingdom have stood by, paralyzed in silence. They were meant to embody Jesus Christ's essence, a light to guide a world steeped in despair. Yet instead of rising to the occasion, they cowered, fearing society's scorn and potential backlash if they rejected fleshly desires and sin.

Each of us bears our shortcomings' weight, yearning for redemption from our sins. Yet there exists a faction that perceives themselves as untouchable. They believe their actions are justified and noble. This culture of retribution masquerades as a champion of truth and justice but has summoned God's wrath upon the nation in its relentless pursuit of destruction.

The malevolence they have spread throughout the nation will bear bitter fruit. Their minds will be tormented by folly until they are driven to confess their transgressions and plead for God's forgiveness.

Jack's final entry for the day read: "The moment we elevate ourselves to such heights that we deem our beliefs infallible, we infringe upon others' rights to choose for themselves. We are all works in progress, yearning for grace and peace. At times we may require chastisement but above all, we must embody a love untainted by hypocrisy." With a heavy sigh, he closed the logbook and returned it to its place on the shelf, his thoughts lingering in the air around him.

## **Life**

A scream shattered the silence, jolting Jack awake from a nightmare steeped in combat. Cold sweat clung to his forehead as he scanned the dimly lit room, shadows flickering ominously around him. He swung his legs over the side of the bed, the floorboards creaking beneath his weight. The remnants of the dream swirled in his mind, each frame more vivid than the last. This

time, however, the battlefield was not some distant land; it unfolded right on American streets, where familiar sights twisted into nightmarish visions.

In the days preceding this turmoil, a coalition of activists united at the behest of influential politicians. Their mission was to resist and combat perceived encroachment and policies they believed stripped away their rights. Fueled by their cause, these groups harnessed news media and social platforms to launch a relentless campaign that dehumanized and devalued life itself. This effort was bolstered by many in positions of authority who turned a blind eye to the moral decay spreading through society.

This perspective trivializes life, equating a developing infant to mere biological matter—just as easily as one might judge a person based on their job or ethnicity. For some, this viewpoint is seen as a right, a convenient justification that grants them an advantage. It simplifies moral dilemmas into questions of capability: if it is possible, then why not? Yet, it evades whether such actions should ever be taken.

People should not be surprised by the dehumanization of certain groups, which leads to their being labeled as worthless or inferior. These individuals often hold their own lives and those of their loved ones in high regard. The deception lies in their claims of being ambassadors and representatives of life's creator while backing those who act as emissaries of forces intent on obliterating life itself. They seek to redefine existence, manipulating concepts of when life begins and when it reaches its full potential.

The sanctity of life diminishes when people gaze upon their surroundings and find themselves bereft of hope. This despair was the catalyst that ignited unrest, fueled by the ACLU American Freedom Fighters and the SPLC Community Reparation Force, leading to a violent confrontation with ICE officers. In a tragic escalation, Jack's friend Lee was killed, along with another officer, while many others were injured. Following that harrowing day, words morphed into weapons, and once-peaceful neighborhoods turned into battlegrounds. America, for the first time, grasped the harsh realities that had long plagued other nations.

Jack dashed to the window, heart racing as he peered into the night. The shadows danced outside, but he recognized that the terror was merely a lingering echo of a dream. Yet deep within him, a chilling realization took hold: the fuse had been ignited long before this moment, and it was now poised to detonate with catastrophic force.

### **When The Beasts Crosses Over**

Sam Waterman and Jack had spent the morning at the rifle range, honing their shooting skills while exchanging playful jabs. After several rounds of target practice, they decided to wrap up for the day. As they gathered around the cleaning table with a few fellow shooters, the conversation inevitably veered toward politicians. Shorty chimed in with his thoughts.

"There are political figures in Washington and beyond who claim to care about the struggles of the people and our nation," he began, scanning the faces around him. He paused for effect, then continued, "But in truth, they give little thought to the drugs, violence, corruption, chaos,

murders, and perversion unleashed upon our communities. They see us as the bottom of the barrel."

A voice from the far end of the table interjected, cutting through the murmur of conversation. "It only becomes important to them when that beast rises from the depths and crosses over into neighborhoods deemed untouchable. We've got these loud congressional figures who love to step in front of the cameras. But they never dare to wander into those gritty places they claim to represent. These politicians relish their moments in front of crowds, believing they speak for entire cultural groups and communities."

Sam leaned back. "If these politicians genuinely wish to grasp the true essence of individuals, cultures, and communities," he said firmly, "they must descend from their lofty perches and immerse themselves in our world—walking among us in our neighborhoods, sharing our struggles, and understanding our lives without bias."

He continued, "They need to take the time to truly listen to our hopes, dreams, and concerns for our families and communities. But too many of them are so wrapped up in their own self-importance that they believe they are above it all." The men at the table exchanged knowing glances before erupting into laughter. They resumed cleaning their rifles as camaraderie eased the tension in the air.

## **Nothing Matters**

Haircut day found Jack lounging in the worn leather chair, fingers tapping on the faded armrests as he waited his turn. The barbershop, a testament to masculine camaraderie, hummed with men discussing everything from sports scores to neighborhood gossip. Jack's gaze landed on a group huddled around a chessboard, their expressions a mix of concentration and intensity. Spotters leaned in, whispering strategies, eyes darting between the pieces like predatory birds.

On the sidelines, other patrons leaned back, arms crossed, offering unsolicited advice on outmaneuvering opponents. Jack chuckled softly to himself, musing on the countless armchair quarterbacks flooding social media with opinions yet avoiding the fray themselves. These self-proclaimed strategists remained comfortably distant from life's battlefield, issuing commands from their living rooms without ever-tasting conflict's grit.

They were architects of Madness inflicted upon our youth—young adults and communities dismissed as society's dregs, impoverished neighborhoods lying just beyond wealth's well-kept façades. A certain breed of Hollywood elite mingled with political figures representing various congressional caucuses in Washington and beyond. They loudly proclaimed concern for American struggles, yet their actions told a different story. Instead of alleviating chaos they had sown, they scrambled to contain the terror they unleashed. This terror now spilled over into ordinary Americans' lives, haunting doorsteps and shattering peace.

These affluent individuals remained indifferent until the monster—nourished on a toxic blend of drug abuse, violence, corruption, chaos, murder, partisanship, incivility, vulgarity, lawlessness,

and perversion—trespassed into their pristine neighborhoods. It knocked on their polished doors with its entourage of terror threatening to unravel their carefully constructed lives.

The very families and communities they cherished became vulnerable as horrors they once dismissed invaded their sanctuaries. Political caucuses and ambitious politicians that fanned the flames of this madness believed the beast they nurtured would remain confined to the shadows. They were tragically mistaken.

I must reemphasize, for the majority of these individuals, nothing held significance until the nightmare arrived at their doorsteps. If you believe this monster will remain confined to one side of the tracks, you're gravely mistaken. It has been nourished on a relentless feast of drugs, violence, corruption, chaos, murders, and perversion, courtesy of political figures.

Numerous political figures relished the spotlight, stepping before the press with grandiose declarations. Yet, when the dust settled, their promises amounted to little more than empty rhetoric. If one were to examine this spectacle with a discerning eye, it would become evident that the true beneficiaries were these political armchair quarterbacks.

Jack snapped out of his reverie at the barber's voice slicing through the bustling shop noise. "Jack! You're up!" He rose from his chair and approached the barber's chair, feeling the weight of lingering conversations—the laughter, debates, shared moments of life filling the air with a sense of belonging.

## **Fork In The Road**

Pastor Clyde Wilson stood at the pulpit, his gaze sweeping across the congregation. Their eyes were locked onto him. His inaugural sermon was about to begin and anxiety twisted in his stomach as he opened his worn Bible. "Ladies and gentlemen, and dear children," he began, his voice steady yet tinged with gravity, "I stand before you today with a heavy heart and a spirit weighed down by the burden of divine revelation. God has compelled me to share a message: Today, we find ourselves at a critical crossroads."

He noticed puzzled expressions among some congregants but pressed on. "Understand this—each of us is granted but one chance to embrace the right path before we draw our final breath. In that fleeting moment, we will face judgment on the other side." His voice rose with fervor. "While you still have breath in your lungs, you possess the power to choose which gate you shall open and what road you shall tread. Can I get an Amen?" The congregation erupted in a chorus of "Amen!"

Pastor Clyde gestured expansively. "Look closely," he urged, "and you will see those who walk in darkness, swayed by temptations and insidious whispers. They are bolstered by celebrities' glitzy allure and hollow promises of politicians, perpetuating the fallacy that countless paths lead

to salvation." He paused. "So, I ask you: will you choose the gate that leads to the narrow path or be lured down the wide road? Will your choice bring blessings and eternal life or curses and eternal death? Will you embrace sin or strive for holiness? The decision lies before you."

"I must emphasize this truth so that fear does not take root in your heart and your faith remains unshaken. You must brace yourself for persecution, ridicule, mockery, scorn, accusations, betrayal, and rejection. If you choose to walk the narrow path, refusing to forsake Jesus Christ, you will face these trials. Do not bow down or compromise your biblical values and beliefs merely to fit into the new American establishment. Stand firm in your convictions, for the cost of conformity is far greater than the price of true faith."

"As I conclude, I urge you to remain unwavering in your trials, just as Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego stood resolute before the searing flames of the furnace. Recall also Daniel, who confronted the lions in their den with unyielding faith. They were presented with a pivotal choice: to succumb to temptations or uphold their devotion to God. Amen! Now, let us bow our heads in prayer."

After the service, Jack approached Pastor Clyde, his heart racing with apprehension and hope. "I'm not sure if you recall our encounter," he began earnestly. "It was that day you were out distributing flyers. I had my doubts about your sincerity back then." He paused, searching Clyde's eyes for understanding. "I ask for your forgiveness. I truly pray that you become a powerful vessel for God's purpose." With that, the two men embraced tightly, a moment of reconciliation amidst the lingering tension of the sermon.

## **Who Are They**

Jack sat across from his daughter Aimee in a corner of the diner, sunlight streaming through the window and casting patterns on the table. He noticed her fingers tracing the rim of her coffee cup, her gaze distant. "Aimee, what's wrong?" His voice was gentle. She met his eyes, vulnerability breaking through. "Dad, I'm just worried about the kids," she confessed. "It scares me how easily the world can pull them in."

An empathetic rush moved him to reach out, his hand enveloping hers. "You've got this, Aimee. If that doesn't work, call me. We'll unleash hell on anyone who dares to corrupt their innocence." A soft chuckle escaped her lips as she shook her head. "Dad, you're such a nut. But I love you." Their connection hung in the air, a brief respite from the weight of the world outside.

As he drove home, her words echoed in his mind, stirring unease. Who were these figures we have never encountered face-to-face? The ones whose faces flash across advertisements, whose voices spill from speakers during talk shows? How is it that these strangers wield such power? It baffled him to think that people would sever ties based solely on the influence of these distant personalities.

His mind raced with a chilling realization: in some extreme instances, the influence of these figures could twist a person's heart into a vessel of hatred and bitterness. He envisioned individuals consumed by contempt for anyone who dared to stray from their ideologies or beliefs. This transformation could ignite violence, warping thoughts and perceptions into something grotesque.

Stepping out of the car, a heavy weight settled in his chest. It was not just his grandkids who were at risk; he felt dread for all young people across America. The thought of their innocence being preyed upon gnawed at him, igniting a fierce protectiveness within.

### **America Forsook Him**

The air was thick with children's desperate cries and a woman's piercing wail, punctuated by the sharp crack of gunfire overhead. Jack risked a glance from behind the car, his heart pounding. At the mouth of a dark alley, a man lay sprawled grotesquely, his skull shattered, blood pooling around him like a macabre halo. His leg twitched for a fleeting moment before death claimed him. Beyond the body, Jack saw a woman huddled with her two small children behind a heap of trashcans, their eyes wide with terror.

A sudden noise drew his attention. He ducked back behind the car, straining to pinpoint its source. Three figures emerged from the shadowy doorway of a nearby building, moving with predatory grace. They halted, scanning their surroundings like wary predators. Jack's instincts kicked in and he melded into the contours of the car.

The soft whimpers of the children echoed through the alley, pulling the three men's attention. They advanced cautiously, weapons raised and aimed at the lifeless form on the ground. One of them, a large man with a scarred face, approached the body with deliberate steps. He nudged it with his boot and fired a bullet into its heart to ensure it was truly lifeless. The gunshot shattered the silence, sending the woman and her children into a panic-stricken cry.

"Well, look at what we have here," one of them sneered, scratching his stubble-covered jaw. "It's been ages since I've had a woman. I'm going first." The scarred man stepped forward, looming over the others. Jack remained crouched behind the car, muscles coiled tight as he watched. The scarred man passed his weapon to a companion who glanced nervously toward the terrified children. "What about the kids?" he asked.

"Shoot them. I don't care. I just want the woman," the scarred man responded. Oblivious to the danger behind them, the trio stood with their backs turned to Jack, who surged forth like a lion emerging from its lair. Jack's rifle shattered the silence, the first bullet finding its target with deadly precision. The man's head erupted in a gruesome spray of crimson and bone. Reacting too late, the second man barely had time to register the horror before a bullet slammed into his chest. He writhed and gasped, a desperate sound that clawed at Jack's resolve, but Jack advanced and delivered a final shot to silence him.

The remaining figure bolted toward the back of the alley. Jack paused for a moment, casting a glance back at the woman and her children before turning his focus to the alley's depths. The pleas of the scarred man echoed before being abruptly cut off by Jack's rifle.

Jack stepped out from the shadows of the alley, his heart still racing. He approached the woman and her children, their faces pale with fear. With a steady hand, he reached out. "Come with me if you want to live," he whispered urgently. "There's a safe place nearby for you and your kids."

The woman hesitated before grasping his hand tightly. As she rose, Jack quickly pressed a finger to his lips, signaling for silence. They moved cautiously away from the alley's cover. As Jack prepared to leave, the woman approached him. "Thank you for saving me and my children," she said, tears glistening in her eyes. "But I don't understand why this is happening. Why has God turned His back on America?" Jack's gaze fell to the pavement before meeting hers again. "Jesus didn't forsake us; we forsook Him," he replied firmly. "We chose to worship lewd idols of flesh as our gods, carnal politicians as our saviors, and shameless judges as our redeemers."

With a soft kiss on his cheek, the woman turned away, returning to her children. Jack took a deep breath before stepping back into the enveloping darkness.

Jack jolted awake, drenched in sweat. A relentless whisper echoed in his mind. "Expect to be ridiculed, mocked, laughed at, scorned, and rejected," it warned. These were the architects of despair who had abandoned the sovereignty of God and the teachings of Jesus Christ. Life was fleeting—present one moment, gone the next.

He felt the weight of the world pressing down on him. "Do not let fear take root in your heart," the voice urged. "Do not allow yourself to be blinded by emotion that sows doubt in God's existence." The abyss of deceit and iniquity loomed ominously. "Those who have ears, let them hear," the whisper continued, lingering in the dim light of his room.

### **Arrogant, Puffed-Up And Prideful**

Jack stood on a rugged mountain, his gaze sweeping over the chaos that was once America. Below, the streets were a tumult of rioters and protestors, their frantic movements stirring unrest. The anguished wails of women mingled with the rattling breaths of dying men and the cries of children, all echoing up the valley to reach Jack's ears. Overwhelmed, he sank to his knees, questioning how such devastation could have unfolded.

Suddenly, a voice boomed from the ominous clouds above. "There are those in lofty positions who have grown arrogant, puffed-up, and prideful. They declare that their capitals and grand edifices were constructed by their own might, for their own glory. They boldly profess before both the world and God that the greatness of this nation is a product of their hands and endeavors."

The booming voice intensified. "Until the leaders of this nation lower their pride and lift their eyes toward the heavens, recognizing God as the Most High—worthy of honor and praise—there

will be no respite. The foul stench of perversion and hatred will relentlessly gnaw at many minds, hearts, and souls."

Jagged bolts of lightning sliced through the stormy sky as Jack cried out. The deep rumble of thunder rolled through the valley like a warning. "Now more than ever, men must lift their families, communities, leadership, nation, and themselves in fervent prayer," the voice thundered. As it faded into the tempest, Jack raised his hands high. "God," he implored amid the chaos around him, "grant us strength to confront our adversities, endurance to run our race, and discernment to recognize your presence amid turmoil." He paused. "Help us to pursue truth with peace and love."

The storm clouds dispersed revealing a bright blue sky. Jack blinked as he stood in his living room bathed in sunlight. He felt its gentle warmth, a stark contrast to the chaos he had just witnessed. With a deep breath, he lifted his hands in gratitude, a smile breaking across his face. "Amen, thank you, Jesus!" The air felt lighter, infused with a sense of peace that grounded him in the moment.

### **Doubled Mindedness**

"Officer! Officer! Come here!" Harold's slurred voice echoed from the holding tank, breaking the station's monotonous hum. The officer pushed himself away from his desk, irritation flickering in his eyes. "What do you want, Harold?" Harold leaned closer, his breath heavy with the scent of cheap liquor. "Can I ask you something?" "Sure," came the reply, the officer rolling his eyes in anticipation of another rambling complaint.

"How can someone claim to protect life while supporting those who take it?" Harold's question hung in the air, sharp and unsettling. "Isn't it like those in the church who let anyone step up to their pulpit? They say they're for Jesus, yet promote Satan's ways in the same breath." His eyes glinted with a mix of defiance and drunken clarity. "Or those who invite such people onto their podcasts, news shows, and social media, giving them a platform to speak, while their words are nothing but empty noise?"

The officer blinked, taken aback by Harold's unexpected depth. "Could these individuals be trapped in double-mindedness, living in a state of instability that taints everything they do? They act like they have sound minds and solid foundations, but can they really be trusted by anyone?" He stood frozen, grappling with Harold's words. "Listen, Harold," he replied after a moment. "From what I've seen, there are countless individuals out there manipulated by deception. They pick and choose verses, twisting scriptures to serve their own purposes." He shifted uncomfortably, glancing at the clock on the wall.

As Harold staggered to process this information, the officer seized the moment to return to his desk. Just as he turned to leave, Harold's voice erupted again. "You must either be fervently devoted to God or wholly aligned with Satan! Don't think you can straddle the line, living lukewarm with one foot in the devil's playground and the other in the garden, trying to appease God just enough to avoid being cast aside." His voice grew more intense. "Run away from those who are steeped in folly, those who have banished the name of Jesus Christ from their presence.

These people present themselves as the saviors of America, claiming to be flawless and free from the very spots they so eagerly highlight in those who refuse to bow to their demands.”

“Thank you, Officer. You have the power to be the change that transforms lives for the better!” Harold declared, swaying slightly as he spoke. He then plopped down onto the cold metal bench of the holding tank. Within moments, he succumbed to a deep slumber, his head lolling to the side as the dim light flickered overhead.

## **Wise Wisdom**

A person's actions, like ripe fruit hanging from a tree, reveal their true nature. The middle class and the working poor form the steadfast foundation of this nation, shouldering the burdens and liabilities imposed by a government that squanders resources and national wealth. This relentless pursuit of power manipulates the minds, bodies, and souls of our youth, families, and communities—all for personal gratification and a political ideology rooted in malevolence.

To counter these attacks, we must cultivate wisdom and discernment, fervently seeking truth while beseeching God for clarity. It is crucial to recognize those who appear as friends but harbor treachery in their hearts. These individuals swarm across fields and meadows like locusts, consuming everything in their path, leaving despair and extinguishing hope on an unprecedented scale. We must tear away the blindfolds and lift the veils obscuring our vision to perceive clearly the forces of wickedness at play in this nation.

The graffiti artist gathered his spray paint cans. He paused to survey his work—a chaotic blend of colors, shapes, and words defying the concrete canvas. He had inscribed Proverbs 4:5-7 on the wall in bold strokes. “Seek wisdom, pursue understanding; hold fast to my teachings and do not stray from my words. Embrace wisdom—she will protect you; cherish her—she will keep you safe. Wisdom is paramount—strive for it above all else. In addition to that, seek understanding.” Each letter pulsed with life, urging passersby to awaken to truths hidden beneath their chaotic lives.

A rustle in the shadows made him drop low. He slipped through a jagged hole in the fence, heart pounding. Glancing back, he saw the orange glow of a cigarette tip lighting up the darkness as smoke curled into the night air. A voice broke the silence. “I don’t know who you are, but we’ll find you. We hate you, we hate God, and we despise anyone connected to your kind. We’ll erase you from America by any means necessary. God is dead, and Satan will reign over this nation until its last breath.”

A chilling laugh echoed through the alley. Adrenaline surging, he turned and fled into the night, the sinister words lingering in his mind like a dark omen.

## **Dazzling Lights**

Jack caught wind of a concert happening at the pavilion in the park and felt an irresistible pull to check it out. He lingered at the back, observing the sea of bodies swaying and pulsating with energy near the stage, hands raised high as if trying to touch the vibrant lights above. As twilight

descended, disco balls spun into action, casting a kaleidoscope of colors that danced across the crowd. Strobe lights flickered like lightning, igniting wild cheers and ecstatic shouts from the revelers, their joy palpable in the warm evening air.

Feeling overwhelmed by the chaos, Jack turned away and made his way home. He stopped at the corner store, craving a soda to cool off. Approaching the counter, he was met with the harsh sound of a television blaring in the background. The clerk, engrossed in a political rally unfolding on the screen, seemed completely unaware of Jack's presence. The images flashing across the TV mirrored the fervor he had just witnessed at the concert, a stark contrast to the vibrant celebration outside.

Jack waved his hand to catch the clerk's eye, finally breaking through his trance. As reality snapped back for the clerk, Jack placed his soda on the counter, its cool can glistening with condensation. He fished out crumpled bills from his pocket, their faint scent of stale cigarettes lingering in the air as he exchanged them for his drink. With a nod of acknowledgment, he turned and stepped outside, re-entering the warm embrace of the night.

As Jack trudged home, lost in thought, a voice echoed in his mind. The brilliant lights, enticing words, playful grins had ensnared countless souls. Once emotions were entwined and secured, people became easy prey to manipulation. Many had unwittingly surrendered their clarity to self-proclaimed social and political elite—those American pharaohs—to draw down divine retribution upon the land. This spiritual reckoning is fueled by certain individuals within our government and other institutions, whose relentless ambition drives them to export depravity and degradation to foreign lands, all in pursuit of securing American investments and military backing.

The voice hesitated. "Even those who place their faith in God, hold fast to the truth of His word, turn away from their transgressions and accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior, will endure the trials that befall this nation. Yet, they need not despair; for the blood of the Lamb will shield them, just as it did for the faithful when the plagues descended upon Egypt."

"Jack," it continued, "seek and implore God to grant you discernment to pierce through the veil of deception. Strive to recognize His presence amidst the chaos that threatens to engulf the country." As the voice receded into the shadows of his thoughts, Jack lifted his gaze toward the darkened sky. "God, grant me the fortitude to fulfill Your will in my life," he whispered into the stillness. He stepped into his apartment building, its musty scent wrapping around him like a shroud. The door creaked shut behind him, sealing him off from the outside world. But his resolve lingered, heavy on his heart.

### **The Devils Cohorts**

Darren huddled in the corner of a dim room, trembling and rocking back and forth. His fists pounded against his chest in a desperate attempt to fend off the demons clawing at his mind. They swarmed around him like vultures, their whispers sharp and cruel, gnawing at his spirit. Suddenly, a faint flicker of light pierced the gloom, drawing his gaze. With each thump of his heart, the glow intensified, pushing back the shadows.

From this radiant source, sounds of laughter and joy floated toward him. As he leaned forward, straining to see, a face emerged from the brilliance—one that stirred a distant memory of his mother. Her voice broke through the cacophony of despair. “Darren, why do you hide in the darkness? Why let fear bind you?” The words wrapped around him like a lifeline.

“Have you not perceived the truth? The devil's minions thrive on exaggeration. Those who have turned their backs on God are like dark clouds that obscure the sun’s light. Their words poison hearts and taint souls, driving people to fulfill the devil's desires.”

Her voice hung in the air as Darren leaned closer to the light. Silence enveloped him until she finally resumed speaking. “Be wary of your allegiances; remember, you cannot outmaneuver Satan. Many have found themselves ensnared, just like in the film ‘In Too Deep.’ Yet today’s reality is far grimmer.” Her tone grew more somber. “Countless souls are reduced to mere political pawns and destroyers of life.”

Her voice began to wane, yet her words lingered like a haunting melody. “Pay heed to both political parties while seeking divine guidance.” Each syllable resonated with urgency. “Just as a tree is recognized by its fruit, so too can you judge individuals by their deeds. Strive to uplift others.” With that final plea, her voice faded into silence, leaving him enveloped in the stillness of the room.

Darren brushed away the tears that had pooled in his eyes as he stepped onto the porch. The sunlight enveloped him, a stark contrast to the darkness he had just escaped. He closed his eyes, savoring the warmth that seeped into his skin, while a soft breeze whispered past him. Each delicate note in the air was a poignant reminder of his mother's love, igniting a newfound sense of purpose within him.

## **Disqualified**

Pursue your path with unwavering determination, and do not allow those who thrive on labeling others to dictate your worth based on personal biases. Recognize that being unpopular does not diminish your capabilities or value; it is not a true measure of your competence or potential. Conversely, being favored by some does not inherently validate one's skill or effectiveness. Focus instead on your own journey, unencumbered by the fleeting judgments of others.

Hear my words not with the arrogance of pride or the inflated sense of self-importance, but with a heart steeped in humility and genuine character. Often, the very person deemed unworthy or dismissed by certain circles emerges as the one truly equipped for the divine mission set forth by God for both the people and the nation. Yet, many will overlook this individual because they refuse to conform—to sing the hollow tunes, dance to the empty rhythms, or don the ever-shifting masks of social and political trends that seek to placate a wounded nation, ravaged by sin and corruption, but in desperate need of healing, love, grace, and mercy from above.

Which path will you choose to tread? Will you take a moment to contemplate the decisions of your past, the truths that define your present, and the consequences of your future that will mold not just your family, but also the wider community and this nation? Or will you rouse yourself

from your stupor, proclaiming with fervor that today is the day the Lord has crafted? Remember, it is only He who possesses the power to qualify or disqualify you in this journey. Thus, step forward with intent, driven by a purpose that seeks His glory above all else.

## **Haughty Leadership**

“Cry loud, spare not! Cry loud, spare not!” The Old Man's voice filled Central Park. “My people, my people! Gather around and heed my words, for they hold truth and salvation for those willing to embrace them.” His eyes glowed with fervor. “Certain politicians, political institutions, news outlets, social media platforms, activist groups, and even some so-called religious organizations have led a generation astray, teaching them to chase after the flesh.”

His hands sliced through the air. “They entice you to indulge in immoral pleasures, to covet your neighbor's possessions, to engage in all forms of sexual perversions. They encourage backbiting, lying, spreading misinformation, and corruption, turning you into false witnesses against your own family, friends, and neighbors—all while rejecting the commandments and statutes of God.”

The crowd shifted uneasily. Some nodded in agreement; others cast doubtful glances. “This obstinacy, this wickedness of heart,” he warned, his voice rising in intensity. “It will face its due judgment in time. You do not want to find yourself among those condemned on the day of reckoning!” His fervent plea hung heavy in the air.

Heed my words: it matters little who occupies the highest office. The impending woe of judgment that looms over this nation stems from the very leaders who have chosen to embrace wickedness. They lead the populace away from the teachings of God into sin and all forms of sexual depravity.

Recognize that both individuals and entire nations become agents of deception when they turn away from God's teachings. They promote twisted values as if they were virtuous. They cloak their sins—adultery, idolatry, greed, murder—in a guise of righteousness.

Only leaders grounded in humility will perceive the looming judgment and respond with sincerity. In stark contrast, the arrogant scoff at God. They manipulate public sentiment through news media, social platforms, entertainment channels, and activist groups. They proclaim their wealth and wisdom, declaring themselves as both givers and takers of life.

The Old Man collapsed to his knees, clutching his chest. He lifted his eyes toward the heavens. “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” he cried out before darkness enveloped him. When he finally opened his eyes, he found himself in a sterile hospital room. At the foot of his bed stood Jack, a mischievous glint in his eye. The Old Man blinked in confusion. “What happened?” he asked, his voice hoarse.

Jack shrugged nonchalantly. “You had a heart attack. Lucky for you, I was just passing by when it occurred.” “Luck had nothing to do with it, Jack. It was God,” the Old Man said, smiling.

## **Emotional High**

Sam and Jack crawled on their stomachs, the damp earth clinging to their clothes as they edged toward a clearing. Below, an eclectic gathering of the ACLU American Freedom Fighters and the SPLC Community Reparation Force and various other factions and fringe groups mingled, each harboring their own radical agendas. With every inch forward, they moved cautiously, intent on positioning their device to eavesdrop on the unfolding plans. As Sam set up the device, Jack scanned the perimeter, his heart racing at the thought of any wandering sentries stumbling upon them. The murmur of the crowd gradually faded, replaced by a tense silence as a solitary figure stepped onto the stage.

“Brothers and sisters, tonight we gather to honor the fallen,” he proclaimed. “We must strengthen our resolve and remain steadfast in our mission to liberate minds, redistribute wealth, reclaim the land that was unjustly taken, and grant everyone the freedom to live as they choose—without regard for age, race, or faith.” His eyes blazed with fervor as he continued. “What shall we do about these Christians and anyone who dares to ally with them?” The crowd erupted into a frenzy. “Kill them! Kill them! Kill them!” The chant echoed ominously.

He raised his hand once more, and an eerie stillness descended upon the crowd. “We must maintain this emotional high,” he declared. “It’s intoxicating and addictive. We’ll keep them hooked, ensnared in a web of euphoria that distorts their reality.” “We must prevent any individual from convincing them to perceive reality through an untainted lens. Our aim is to cultivate minds that are pliable.” His eyes glinted as he spoke.

“The most harrowing betrayal will unfold upon those who are swept away by fervor and emotion when they confront those who claimed to stand beside them.” He paused for effect before continuing his speech. As the meeting drew to a close, Sam and Jack slipped away from the chaos, their hearts pounding as they navigated back to their hidden post. The weight of what they had overheard pressed heavily on their minds. Each step was deliberate, their senses heightened as they pondered how best to convey the urgency of their discovery.

“Stay sharp,” Jack murmured, scanning their surroundings for any signs of pursuit. Sam nodded, his brow furrowed in concentration. They needed to reject the cacophony of misleading voices and instead cultivate a clear-eyed assessment of their reality. It was crucial they acted wisely, avoiding the pitfalls that could turn them into unwitting fools in the public eye. They were on a mission to uncover the truth, to sift through the deceit that threatened to ensnare those around them, and to rally others to do the same.

## **Offended**

Many people often express their offense, yet they seem to enjoy rallying others to join in their indignation, warping perceptions and pulling them into a shared frenzy. This mass outrage serves to justify their own uncivil behaviors, vitriol, and aggressive rhetoric as if it genuinely reflects the nation's pulse. In reality, it’s just a cunning façade, a smokescreen designed to hide the true motives of those who claim offense.

Do not be fooled by outward appearances; the surface rarely reveals a person's deepest inclinations, biases, and essence. Some entities have mastered the art of shedding their old skins, adapting their façades to manipulate perceptions and secure power alongside their allies.

Pretending offense in the name of anti-policies has become a self-serving tactic for certain politicians, government agencies, corporations, and social media platforms. These individuals operate under the delusion that their wealth and status protect them from rejection or denial of service. Meanwhile, others believe that their prestigious titles—whether in politics, entertainment, sports, or social circles—grant them immunity from the rules that bind the average American citizen. This illusion of superiority fuels their actions, allowing them to manipulate narratives and assert power over those they deem lesser.

Fueled by the malevolence of their hearts, the decay of their minds, and the fading of their souls, one truth remains clear: should they sense any threat—be it a person or an idea—it will be exposed, mocked, assaulted, or silenced. Those who feel snubbed may even descend into depths of moral depravity and sinister intentions. Exercise caution in evaluating character; you might inadvertently offend someone's personality or pride, even if what you say is rooted in truth.

## **Woe**

The sun was high, casting a warm glow over the tranquil scene. Jack lounged on the bank, eyes fixed on the bobbing red and white float dancing atop the water's surface. It was a perfect day for fishing, the air filled with the promise of a good catch. Suddenly, a voice shattered the serene silence behind him. Startled, Jack spun around to find Lee standing there, amusement in his eyes.

“Damn, Lee! Quit sneaking up on me like that!” Jack's heart pounded from the surprise. “Well, I would, but since I’m in your head, that might be tricky,” Lee replied, smirking. Jack shook his head, a reluctant smile creeping onto his face. “I guess so.” Lee settled down beside him. They stared at the gentle ripples spreading across the water as the world around them faded into a quiet backdrop.

"What brings you out of the shadows of thought?" Jack asked. He knew Lee only emerged when he was grappling with something profound or troubling. Silence enveloped them. "Like Nineveh," Lee began gravely, "a dire warning of impending divine judgment has been sounded against our nation. Yet many in positions of authority have chosen to openly reject God's commandments and statutes." He paused. "In their arrogance, they've persuaded countless souls that their own wisdom holds more power than God's word—more persuasive than the Holy Spirit, loftier than Jesus Christ's name, more significant than His sacrifice on the Cross."

Lee's voice was steady yet urgent. “God often steps back, allowing people to pursue their desires that lead them astray. Many in this nation are clamoring for a life dictated by their crudest instincts and Satan's influence.” Woe has been declared upon those who obstruct others from discovering God's truth, who distort His teachings and deny salvation through Jesus Christ. These entities revel in their own depravity, allowing their souls to fester. Their rejection of Christ is not merely a choice but a conscious refusal to seek God's light, willingly embracing darkness over redemption.

“Why are you sharing this with me?” Jack asked, unease tightening in his stomach, “There will come a moment when you must make a choice,” Lee replied, his expression serious. “On which side will you find yourself? What foundation will you stand upon, and who will stand with you—Jesus Christ or Satan?”

In an instant, Lee vanished, leaving only the float bobbing erratically in the water. Jack lunged for his rod, feeling the thrill as he began to reel in a fish that fought fiercely beneath the surface. After a tense battle, he brought the creature into view—a largemouth bass. As he unhooked it, memories of Jonah's trials in the belly of the great fish flooded back. He released the bass back into its realm, watching it flick its tail and disappear into the depths. A resolve washed over him; “I won't be stubborn like Jonah. I stand with Jesus Christ,” he muttered as he gathered his gear, each item a reminder of his commitment.

## **Back To Deuteronomy**

Pastor Clyde Wilson commanded attention at the front of the community day event amid the joyful chaos of the local park. Children raced around, their faces painted with vibrant colors, while families gathered around tables piled high with food. A lively mix of gospel and Christian melodies filled the air, creating a warm backdrop to the festivities. As he stepped onto the makeshift stage, the music gradually faded, giving way to an expectant hush.

The crowd turned their full attention to him. “First, I want to thank God for this beautiful day,” he began, his voice resonating with sincerity. “And I want to thank each of you for joining us in this glorious celebration that the Lord has made.” Applause rippled through the audience.

With a serious expression, Clyde continued, “The Lord has placed something heavy on my heart to share with you today. Some may label it political, but I assure you, it transcends politics. It is about how Satan is cunningly manipulating minds, twisting wills, and stirring emotions to fulfill his dark agenda.” He paused. “This manipulation leads to the perversion of our youth, the fracturing of families, and the division of our communities against one another.”

As he prepared to continue, he scanned the crowd. “God has impressed upon me a crucial message for His people,” he declared. “We must stop allowing the enemy, operating through various individuals, to manipulate our emotions.” He paused again. “This can distort our perceptions and leave us reeling from the mockery and attacks directed at Christianity.” He let his words settle among the listeners before continuing. “Remember this! Just as the persecutors mocked Jesus, so too will it be for those who hold fast to the truth of God's word.” A chorus of “Amen” surged through the crowd.

Feeling emboldened by the Holy Spirit, Clyde pressed on. “I understand that many of you may be bewildered by the events unfolding around us. But I urge you to closely examine the individuals—politicians, entertainers, and others—who are at the forefront of denouncing and ridiculing Christianity.” He gestured toward the towering trees in the park. “Just as the nature of a tree is revealed through its fruits and foliage, so too can we discern the true character of

individuals who stand in opposition to God." His voice grew more passionate. "They trample upon the sacred with their actions, treating faith as a mere joke." A renewed wave of voices surged through the crowd.

Clyde flipped open his well-worn Bible and began to read from Deuteronomy 28:43-48. "The foreigner who resides among you will rise higher and higher, while you will sink lower and lower..." The weight of the words hung in the air, drawing the crowd into a deeper silence. "...Because you did not serve the LORD your God with joy and a glad heart...you shall find yourselves serving your enemies..." The final words struck like a thunderclap, leaving the audience in contemplative stillness.

A thick silence enveloped the gathering as Clyde gently closed his Bible. He surveyed the crowd. "This is the day that the Lord has made," he proclaimed. "We will continue to celebrate, to fellowship, and to give thanks for it." His gaze swept over the congregation. "What I shared today was not meant to instill fear in your hearts, but rather to ignite hope within us." A collective "Amen!" rose from the crowd.

Jack rose to his feet as music swelled around him. People embraced one another, their laughter and warm smiles radiating unity. A small boy approached Jack. "Our son noticed you standing by yourself and thought you might appreciate a hug," said his father kindly. Jack knelt down to meet the boy's gaze, and the child wrapped his arms around him. "God loves you more than you know." Tears streamed down Jack's cheeks as he thanked the little boy and his parents.

As Jack navigated through the crowd, he paused to examine a sign that caught his eye. "Violence will only replace one sick head with another," it proclaimed. Below, the message continued: "Love God with all your mind by studying His Word and deepening your understanding of Him..." Each phrase resonated within him. Jack stood there for a moment before he resumed his journey home, his mind alive with contemplation.

## **Bandwagons**

"Hello, America! I'm James Raeburn, announcing my candidacy for mayor of the finest city in our great nation. I know the Bible offers wisdom in Matthew 6:31-34, where it advises not to worry about basic needs but to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. This is comforting for some, but not for me, and I trust not for you either," he said, smiling into the camera.

"In this new America, we say: if you're worried about what to eat, drink or wear, the message is clear: 'Seek first the kingdom of the flesh, the eyes, and pride.' I invite you to join this new social-political movement that promises free stuff, advocates taking from those with too much, promotes equal outcomes for all and rejects any authority—except those who support your agenda. Vote for me, James Raeburn; a man with a vision that aligns with the true spirit of America."

Jack sprang from the couch, his fingers raking through his hair. What was that? The thought echoed in his mind like a dissonant chord. "That's the wild rhetoric of these rising political stars,"

Lee remarked from his perch on the windowsill, gaze fixed outside as if searching for clarity in chaos. Jack ambled over, leaning against the wall. He studied Lee's expression, trying to gauge his friend's reaction to what they had just witnessed.

"These types will mislead many," Lee continued. "They promise an easy world until it all falls apart, leaving followers to face the consequences of their decisions—political or personal. Decadence claims its path is the only enlightened truth capable of redeeming a people and saving a nation. It's crucial to resist jumping on every passing bandwagon. People are often unaware of hidden motives and intentions harbored by those at the helm. They need to cultivate skepticism and discernment when faced with supporters who attempt to erase past actions, titles, and words of the candidates they rally behind, all in pursuit of power and influence."

Jack always remembered that Satan was a master of deception, spinning intricate illusions designed to ensnare the senses and cloud judgment. He had infiltrated every corner of entertainment, exploiting society's deepest desires and temptations. Regardless of political allegiances, Satan aligned himself with those eager to elevate their own ambitions, prioritizing sin over divine principles. Today, he might appear as an enchanting woman with a beguiling smile, and tomorrow as a striking man with irresistible charm. Appearances can be dangerously misleading; beauty often hides dark intentions. Satan urged the leaders of these bandwagons to operate like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, playing a melody that leads people deeper into complacency and wickedness where light struggled to penetrate.

## **The Facade**

"Shorty Shot, you're a sharpshooter; you never miss!" echoed across the sun-drenched shooting range. Shorty Shot cleared his weapon with practiced precision, setting it aside. He took a moment to breathe, a verse from James 3:2 surfacing in his thoughts: "We all stumble in many ways. Anyone who is never at fault in what they say is a perfect individual, able to keep their whole body in check by restraining their entire nature and taming their human faults and weaknesses." The scripture intertwined with the adrenaline coursing through him, a reminder of human flaws.

Beware of those individuals with political, social, and academic ties, who don a mask of perfection. They present themselves—and their parties—through polished news outlets and social media, claiming to embody ideal qualities for America's revival. Yet beneath this veneer lurk perilous figures, skilled at speaking from both sides of their mouths. They believe they are beyond reproach, convinced they are infallible. Many occupy positions of power and influence, shaping society while cloaked in deceptive righteousness.

Shorty Shot stowed his weapon, the cool metal sliding into its case. He made his way to the parking lot, each step heavy with contemplation. In the quiet of his mind, he reflected on human imperfections, contrasting them with Jesus Christ—the solitary beacon of perfection who bore the world's sins upon the rugged cross.

## **Priority**

Aimee stood at the podium, her gaze sweeping across the packed auditorium. The air was thick with anticipation. "Parents, guardians, and caregivers," she began, her voice steady and resolute, "it is essential that you prioritize understanding what unfolds within the walls of our schools, libraries, athletic programs, and other spaces where individuals have the power to speak, guide, influence, and engage with your children." She paused. "They will conceal troubling matters from you until it's too late—until something irreversible happens to your child due to their misguided beliefs and actions. When the fallout occurs, they will not hesitate to shift the blame onto you, condemning you for failing in your role as a parent." Aimee leaned forward. "You must remind them that they do not possess the right or authority to undermine your role as your child's parent and advocate merely to serve their own agendas."

A dark undercurrent flows through our society. Certain individuals tirelessly strive to ensnare, entertain, and manipulate the minds, bodies, and souls of our youth. These influencers openly reject God, dismiss Jesus Christ, and portray the Bible as nothing more than a collection of myths and fairy tales. They twist scripture to fit their agenda while feigning an understanding of biblical principles of raising children. Yet, their methods stray far from divine guidance. Daily, our young people are subjected to influences designed to mold them into a specific image—one that aligns with the desires of those in power. As they transition into adulthood, the hope for independent thought diminishes.

Aimee inhaled deeply before continuing. "Regrettably, we find ourselves in a time when numerous religious leaders have surrendered their influence and spiritual authority. This erosion has reached such alarming depths that even their own families have adopted fleeting values of the world." She paused again. "The seductive glow of fame, social status, wealth, and material possessions have ensnared many. Countless individuals have forsaken their divine purpose and calling, chasing after hollow promises of worldly power and recognition."

Decide between the truth of the Word and the allure of the world. A heart cannot nurture two harvests. What good is it for a man to seize the entire world, only to find himself shattered or forsaken? What advantage does a man have if he acquires all earthly riches yet forfeits his very soul? And what price would a man be willing to pay in trade for his soul? "Do not accept the term 'Birthing Person,'" Aimee declared as she wrapped up the meeting for the Women for Life Group.

## **Twisted**

Harold lurched through the train's narrow aisles, scanning for an unoccupied seat. Overhead, fluorescent lights flickered as he pushed open the door to the final car. A faint hope ignited within him when he spotted an empty spot at the back. With a determined yet unsteady gait, he navigated past a cluster of teenagers huddled together, their laughter sharp and mocking. One brash youth extended his foot, tripping Harold onto the cold metal floor. Scrambling to regain his

footing, he muttered apologies to the young man who had caused his fall. The group erupted into derisive laughter.

"Look at this guy—a pathetic drunk and a bum! What has he ever done except waste his life on booze? He smells like a wet dog!" the young man jeered, igniting more laughter from his friends who reveled in Harold's humiliation.

"I bet God wouldn't let this tramp into heaven," the young man sneered, glaring at Harold. For a brief moment, Harold studied him, taking in the arrogance radiating from him. Then, scrutinizing the youth as if he were a drill sergeant assessing a fresh recruit, he searched for weaknesses beneath the bravado. The haze of alcohol began to lift, and Harold straightened his posture. His words emerged with surprising clarity.

"You see me here, reeking of filth and dressed in tattered clothes, and you assume that disqualifies me from God's grace," he said, voice steady yet laced with resolve. "But tell me, what makes you think your standards hold any weight in the kingdom of God?"

The teens froze; their laughter abruptly silenced by Harold's words. "Don't get it twisted," he said firmly. "Celebrity, reputation, wealth, and material possessions don't signify greater favor or blessings from God. Remember this: Scripture reveals in Matthew 5:45 that 'God makes His sun rise on the evil and on the good and sends rain on the just and on the unjust.'" The weight of his declaration hung heavily, challenging their assumptions.

As Harold spoke, an assortment of curious passengers began to gather, drawn in by his words. Each person carried their own story, shaped by a tapestry of experiences, talents, and skills. Some held natural gifts that seemed almost burdensome, like the ability to listen intently, a sharp memory that recalled details with vivid clarity, or a steadfast spirit that could summon strength in adversity. It became clear that each individual was a vessel of unique potential, capable of contributing to a greater understanding of life's complexities.

This explains why some unrepentant, morally bankrupt individuals possess the uncanny ability to engage others effortlessly in conversation. They articulate their thoughts fluently, regardless of whether their souls have been redeemed by God's teachings or they remain entrenched in sin.

Harold stood frozen in contemplation. The teens and other passengers leaned in, their anticipation palpable. He cleared his throat; the sound echoed in the tense silence. "Let me reiterate: Do not get it twisted!" His gaze swept across the crowd. "Many who appear to have it all are like ships caught in a tempest, floundering amidst turbulent waves, spiraling deeper into despair and decay." He paused. "Conversely, there are those who may seem to possess little on the surface, yet within them lies a treasure far more profound."

As the train screeched to a halt at the next station, Harold shifted his gaze from the rowdy teens to the diverse faces of other passengers. He took a deep breath. "You may not possess the flashy gifts or talents that some flaunt, nor the celebrity status, wealth, or material possessions that others covet," he began again. "But if your conscience is guided by God's teachings, if your heart

has been ignited by the Holy Spirit, and if you carry within you a spirit of mercy and resilience, then you hold something far more precious.”

As if summoned by some unseen force, the haze of intoxication crept back into Harold's mind. He stumbled toward the vacant seat, each step unsteady. Settling into the worn plastic seat, he glanced back at the group. Their faces were a mix of confusion and disbelief. The laughter and jeers faded into a distant echo replaced by confusion as they filed out of the train car. What had just transpired lingered in the air like a haunting melody, leaving them to ponder Harold's fervent proclamation that had pierced their bubble of mockery.

## **Mind Blip**

Politicians, educators, activist organizations, and social platforms weave a narrative that ensnares individuals in a web of emotions, urging them to turn a blind eye to reality. They propagate the illusion that life is a series of equal peaks, dips, and highs for everyone, but the truth is far more complex. Outcomes diverge sharply, even when all begin the race at the same starting line. So, dismiss this trivial and illogical chatter; stop trying to mirror others and focus on your own journey. You may stumble, you may falter, but rise again, shake off the dust, and rejoin the struggle. One person might cradle a silver spoon, while another clutches a wooden one, yet neither fate is sealed. History has shown us that those born with silver spoons can crash and burn, while those wielding wooden ones can ascend to greatness. The race is far from over, despite what some may claim. Stumbling blocks, barriers, and various obstacles will always exist, fueled by the darkness within human hearts, but that does not mean they cannot be conquered.

Ecclesiastes 9:11 articulates it like this: "I returned and observed under the sun that the race is not always won by the swift, nor is victory guaranteed to the strongest in battle. Wisdom does not ensure sustenance, nor do riches favor those who possess understanding. Skill alone does not guarantee success; rather, it is time and chance that befall everyone equally."

Persevere, resist the urge to surrender, and reject the deceptive narratives peddled by politicians and others who promise that your journey will yield the same results as everyone else's, regardless of your efforts. They claim to level the playing field, insisting that life's outcomes should be uniform for all. But this notion is a mirage, a falsehood that ignores the intricate realities of existence. Each person's path is uniquely their own, shaped by choices, circumstances, and the relentless pursuit of dreams.

## **Long Game**

From the fifth-floor window, Jack surveyed the chaos below. The clash of two rival factions painted a vivid scene of turmoil, contrasting starkly with the shadows where he and Sam had been lurking. A faint rustle broke through the noise, sharpening his senses; instinctively, he tightened his grip on his weapon. Two fingers appeared around the doorframe, a silent signal from Sam. Jack gestured towards the tumultuous scene outside. Sam glided up to the window, blending seamlessly with the wall's rough texture, and cautiously leaned out to view the fierce firefight below.

Their mission was twofold: gather critical intelligence and sow discord among the rivals. As the two groups disengaged, Jack and Sam seized the moment to slip away from their vantage point, cloaked by night. They navigated the labyrinth of alleyways with fluid silence. Approaching the city block's periphery they were monitoring, they paused at a street's edge. Suddenly, a cigarette's faint glow revealed a solitary figure. Jack and Sam froze, straining their ears for any sounds that might indicate others lurking in the gloom. The figure inhaled deeply before flicking the cigarette to the ground and vanishing through a concealed entrance shrouded by debris.

After a tense moment of silence, Jack and Sam exchanged glances and stealthily maneuvered across the street into an adjacent structure. Uncertain whether fate had smiled upon them or if it was mere chance, they resolved to scout the area, hoping they had stumbled upon one of the prominent factions orchestrating chaos. Sam found an alcove that offered an unobstructed view of the street below. He settled into position while Jack leaned against a cool wall, attempting to quiet his racing thoughts. He closed his eyes, focusing on his breathing rhythm, hoping to steal a few moments of rest before action surged forth again.

As Jack slipped into a fitful doze, he found himself on a weathered park bench. Before him, a crowd paraded their unabashed depravity, their laughter mingling with the city's clamor. Politicians strode alongside them, their smiles wide and insincere. A figure gestured toward a cluster of reporters, their cameras ready to capture the spectacle. Jack's gaze locked onto the speaker at the forefront; one side wore a woman's enchanting visage, while the other boasted a man's handsome features.

The vision shifted to bold letters that blazed across the sky: "Beware of those whose cries of condemnation echo the loudest." These individuals thrive on chaos, casting shadows over truth. They can no longer distinguish right from wrong, leaving a trail of confusion and deceit in their wake. These individuals possess an unsettling charm, luring the unsuspecting into a web of belief that ensnares them physically, mentally, and emotionally. A haunting vision revealed a grotesque womb-like ground where innocent infants are violently wrenched from safety and tossed into ravenous jaws.

A vivid image beckoned Jack's attention to a scroll nestled in debris at his feet. As he unfolded it, the words leapt out at him: "Beware of those who parade as your allies." Each phrase dripped with warning: "Observe their actions closely; do they truly align with their grandiose claims?"

The ground beneath Jack began to splinter and disintegrate. A faint voice called out his name, piercing through his slumber. He opened his eyes to find Sam leaning over him—his shift had arrived. Jack sprang to his feet in the shadowy alcove. The haunting images from his dream slipped away like smoke, forced from his mind by their pressing mission's reality. There was no room for distraction; focus was essential.

**Sameness Is Not Oneness**

"Kill cops, kill ICE—every law enforcement officer must perish!" The chilling mantra echoed through the streets, a rallying cry for the ACLU American Freedom Fighters and the SPLC Community Reparation Force along with other activist groups. Politicians seized upon this fervor, advocating openly for defunding police departments. They branded ICE as "the American Gestapo" and officers as "America's legalized gangs," comparing Border Patrol to the SS to provoke outrage. Self-proclaimed journalists and talk show hosts joined in, painting a picture of America morphing into a new Third Reich that must be dismantled at any cost. Their ideology twisted the narrative, suggesting that anyone not rallying behind their cause supported the opposition. Yet this sweeping generalization overlooked a fundamental truth: one individual or organization's actions and beliefs should never define an entire populace.

In the pool hall, men stared at the flickering television, disbelief and frustration etched on their faces. James shifted his gaze across the diverse group gathered in the smoky haze. The room buzzed with conversation, accents and dialects blending into a rich cultural tapestry. They had united against divisive rhetoric peddled by certain politicians who painted broad strokes over individuals based solely on skin color, profession, or heritage. This gathering was a stand against oversimplified narratives conflating the actions of a few with the identities of many.

James raised his hand, commanding attention. The air thickened with tension as casual chatter gave way to palpable seriousness. "Gentlemen," he began, "what we've just witnessed is a stark reminder that ethnic background does not guarantee allegiance." He scanned the room, locking eyes with each man. "Sameness does not equate to unity of thought or spirit. We must dismantle this dangerous myth that proximity in appearance translates to shared beliefs or values."

"It's time to recognize that looking alike does not mean thinking alike." His tone grew more intense. "The choices made by individuals are theirs alone—unique and complex—and should never be unfairly attributed to others who may share similar features but differ vastly in their convictions." His words hung in the air, urging reflection on identity and discernment in a world eager to simplify humanity.

"Let's pause and take in the faces surrounding us," James urged. "Though our appearances may vary, we share a common goal. We might find similarities in our actions at times, yet our differences run deep. This diversity does not weaken our resolve; rather, it strengthens our unity as we stand together to protect our families and communities from the onslaught unleashed upon us. However, we must remember that our beliefs and opinions are personal and should never be forced upon those who see the world differently. Most importantly, we are not here to act as representatives of any single culture or ideology. Each of us is an individual, and our collective strength lies in acknowledging that complexity."

James lingered in silence, allowing his words to settle over the group. The murmur of contemplation filled the air, punctuated by the occasional clink of a pool ball. A man rose from his seat, gesturing for attention. James stepped back, granting him space to speak.

"My brothers, let us confront the falsehood that simply because a political figure shares our ethnicity, they inherently represent our interests," he began. "Too often, we are led to believe that their actions reflect the will of our entire community. In truth, many of these leaders act not for

the collective benefit of our nation but for their own ambitions." The men exchanged knowing glances as they absorbed his statement.

"May I speak?" a voice called from the back of the room. "Yes, come forward," came the reply. All eyes turned as a young man shuffled forward with his walker. Men rose, parting to create a path as he made his way to the center.

He paused before speaking. "First, I want to thank James and all of you for this moment. The sense of camaraderie here is something I desperately needed. Since my injury, I've found myself slipping into a dark place, feeling isolated with no one to share my despair."

The young man lifted his gaze. "If war has taught me anything, it's this: there are moments when people from all walks of life must unite, setting aside their differences to fight not only for themselves and their families but also for the greater good of our communities." He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. "We must not allow the venomous rhetoric to seep into our minds, nor should we let ourselves be lulled into complacency by the darkness that resides in their hearts." As the men settled back into their seats, James approached the young man. He draped an arm around his shoulders, their eyes locking in a moment of shared understanding. "Lead us in prayer," he urged softly.

"Let us seek God's Wisdom, Knowledge, and Discernment," the young man began. "May we strive to be seekers of Truth, not mere followers of Deceit." A hush fell over the room as each word resonated deeply. Jack remained on his feet, his mind drifting into a quiet prayer for the men around him. "God, grant us the strength to be the change that transforms lives for the better."

## **Temporal Blip**

The human eye is drawn to the superficial, to the feminine curves and masculine strength. But these are fleeting, just as our world fades alongside our insatiable desires. The spirit urges us to look beyond physical beauty, to focus on what lies beneath. Let's remember that those who align with God's will endure forever, anchored in a reality beyond time.

Matthew 10:26-28: Do not fear. Every secret will be revealed, every whisper shouted from the rooftops. Fear not those who threaten your life but can't touch your spirit. Instead, revere the One who holds power over both body and soul. Trust in the Name that performs miracles and stands as the beacon in darkness.

A "better" or "different" education won't resolve this issue; even the "intelligent" succumb to flawed reasoning. This dilemma transcends education, leaving me uncertain of a tangible solution. Experts often say that people become enraged when the lesser overshadows the greater whole. When they speak of peace, unity, and love, observe their actions; therein lies their true intent. The seeds they sow and the fruits they bear reveal their nature. Titles and flashy attire may dazzle, especially to our youth. Letting Jesus reign in your life requires more than acknowledgment; it requires a cleansing of our minds from distractions that cloud our judgment.

## **Mirrors**

The chaos and lawlessness on our streets, the unrest spreading through college campuses, and the disrespect in our children's thoughts are a reflection of the turmoil within our governmental and corporate institutions. These trends are not new; as Ecclesiastes 1:9 reminds us, "That which has been is that which will be [again], and that which has been done is that which will be done again. So, there is nothing new under the sun." Past behaviors echo in the present, revealing a cyclical nature to our societal decay.

"You know, Tom," Bill began, steady despite the podcast's message, "I believe our nation's struggles stem from people fixating on others' reflections. They scrutinize each other's flaws—spots, wrinkles, blemishes, imperfections—while neglecting their own mirrors. They don't consider whether they harbor a plank in their eye or other faults that need attention." Tom sighed heavily, eyes drifting upward as Bill pressed on. "What I'm getting at is if we want to see changes at the top, we need to start by looking in our own mirrors. Change begins with us! Let's reflect on ourselves and become the kind of change that positively impacts those around us."

Tom slammed his beer can onto the table, cutting through the heavy air as he fixed his gaze on Bill. "Every time we meet, you start ranting about how our nation's crumbling, how our youth are under attack, and all that nonsense about sexual perversion," he shot back. "Honestly, I couldn't care less about your doomsday predictions," Tom continued. "This has been the world's way since forever, and no savior named Jesus Christ is swooping in to change it. People are just going to keep being people, flaws and all."

Bill fell silent at Tom's outburst. Seconds stretched into eternity as he gathered his thoughts amidst the tension. Finally, he exhaled slowly. "First, I want to apologize," he said, sincerity lacing his voice. "Now that I understand your perspective on this issue, I won't bring it up again in your presence. But let me pose this question: if we can witness change in technology and advancements across various fields, why can't we also transform the hearts and minds of humanity?" Tom stared back at Bill, his expression a blank canvas reflecting confusion and indifference.

Before us stand two mirrors, each beckoning us to make a choice. At first glance, they seem alike, their frames simple yet elegant. As you step closer, the delicate engravings along their edges come into sharper focus—words, symbols, signs that whisper secrets about their true essence. A step back reveals the disparity of their bases: one mirror teeters atop jagged stones buried in coarse black sand; the other is anchored on polished marble, elevated on a pedestal that glimmers with gold. One mirror reflects a world ensnared by Satan's grasp; the other a realm illuminated by Jesus Christ's governance. Tom drained his beer with a sense of closure and gave Bill a reassuring pat on the shoulder before exiting, silence wrapping around him like a heavy cloak.

## **Mingled Thoughts**

The battle between darkness and divine teachings persists, seemingly unending. We are caught in the clutches of those who manipulate our thoughts and emotions, their influence growing as we

neglect our foundations. There is no inherent wrong in helping others; however, it becomes dangerous when our own lives crumble around us. Those who profit from empty promises speak grandly, yet remain untouched by the chaos they create. Jesus did not abandon us; we turned away from Him, choosing to worship the base idols of our desires—fleshly temptations, corrupt politicians, and morally lost judges. America did not lose its way due to divine abandonment; instead, it abandoned its spiritual roots, allowing decadence to rule.

It is a sobering thought. Since ancient times, words have lingered on the lips of many, ready to be unleashed, lurking in shadows. The tongue, small yet powerful, can cause havoc if unchecked. When I let my feelings dictate my identity, I deny God's transformative power and the chance for renewal. Prioritizing emotions over divine guidance means rejecting the Holy Spirit's ability to reshape my thoughts and actions.

Political leaders often proclaim, “I know the people, and the people know me,” fostering emotional bonds that tie individuals to their causes. But do we truly understand them? The image presented may not reflect reality but a narrative designed to gain trust. Many devote themselves wholeheartedly to various movements, believing their titles and status provide immunity from scrutiny. Yet complacency can breed stagnation. True change must first ignite within us before it can radiate into our families and communities, dismantling structures of distrust and hatred plaguing our nation.

## **High On Self**

Kiki reveled in her wealth, flaunting it for all to see. Each morning, she admired her reflection in the ornate mirror, bathed in golden light. She saw herself as the epitome of beauty, unmatched by any other woman—or man, dismissing those who identified otherwise. At seventeen, she considered herself wise beyond her years. However, her self-assuredness was about to face a reckoning.

Her friend Taylor had tried to warn her about the boy dressed in black, but Kiki laughed him off, labeling the boy a freak. As they passed him, he turned and locked eyes with Taylor, silently mouthing, “She’s mine now!” A chill ran through the air—an omen of what was to come.

A decade has passed since that day, shrouded in mystery and dread. No trace of Kiki or the boy has ever been found; they disappeared without a trace. Her family remains trapped in grief, mourning the girl who once flaunted her riches and beauty.

"I wish I could have done more or said something different," Taylor confessed to his Psychology class. "But I was the outsider." He scanned the faces before him. "Before we wrap up today, I'd like to share a personal insight." He paused. "This isn't meant to offend anyone, but I've realized that a person can't truly learn when they're looking down on others. It's in humility that we find clarity and understanding." No person or leader is without flaw. The moment one begins to nurture their own perfection is when they begin to distort and belittle others.

Many atop their thrones of wealth and fame peer down with disdain. They bask in admiration from those who have elevated them to lofty pedestals. In this distorted hierarchy, they become gods in the eyes of their followers.

"I'll leave you with two passages from the Bible for our next class discussion," Taylor announced. "First, 1 John 2:17: 'And the world is passing away, along with its desires; but whoever does the will of God abides forever.' And then, 2 Corinthians 4:18: 'So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but on what is unseen, since what is seen is temporary, but what is unseen is eternal.' Have a wonderful rest of your day." He dismissed the class, his words hanging in the air.

## **Red Flags**

A crowd had gathered outside the library, waving picket signs with inflammatory slogans: "Anti-God," "Anti-Bible," and "F\*\*\* Jesus Christ and His Followers." The atmosphere was hostile. One man shouted, "If you want to ban a book, let's start with the Bible!" He threw a copy onto the pavement and set it ablaze. The flames danced, inciting cheers from the crowd. They chanted, "Burn all Bibles! They are evil!"

Another voice yelled, "Kill the Christians and their seed! Free America from this hateful breed!" The fervor escalated as mannequins labeled "Christian Father," "Mother," and "Children" were dragged out. The crowd pummeled and stomped on them, shouting, "Die, Christians, die!" Law enforcement watched from afar, bound by an order from the Mayor of Chicago that rendered them powerless. Tension hung in the air.

A figure in a black suit stepped out of a sleek vehicle, accompanied by a woman in a red dress. As they approached, silence fell over the crowd. The man surveyed the faces before him and declared, "God is dead in America. Jesus Christ is unwelcome here, and the Holy Spirit has been cast out!" Cheers erupted from the crowd before they fell silent again.

"Homosexuality will reign supreme," he continued. "Lesbianism will flourish, and abortion will dominate this land! Schools will be liberated to showcase drag queens and any subject necessary to enlighten our children about sexuality—even its most depraved forms." The crowd cheered ecstatically.

The two figures raised their intertwined hands high and proclaimed, "Nothing will be off-limits! Borders will dissolve! We will reshape definitions of truth and life to suit our desires, and anyone who opposes us shall be cast into the lake of fire we have forged!" The crowd roared as they attacked the mannequins. As the chaos unfolded, the two figures slipped back into their vehicle and left. From her hidden spot by the window, the librarian watched in despair, whispering to herself, "God, how did it come to this?"

A soft voice whispered back, "Do not despair; find peace in your heart, my daughter. This moment has been reserved for the father of lies, who thrives in chaos and confusion. He manipulates many hearts and minds, leading them away from God's truth. His boldness grows as he gathers strength. Through his earthly minions, he orchestrates acts of malice and violence. They view themselves and others with disdain, stripping away shared humanity."

Their influence is so cunning that people believe that the destruction of their homes and communities are sacrifices willingly made for a cause they believe is born from their own intellect. This belief has taken root within their beings so deeply that their autonomy slips away. The compulsion to act on this delusion becomes urgent.

Satan is the puppeteer, weaving a web of deceit that ensnares both sides in his game while hiding his true motives. He thrives on the ignorance of those caught in his grip, leading them down a path where their hearts become fertile ground for his influence—especially among our youth. These young souls wander through life unaware and ill-equipped to confront the assault from adults who have surrendered to transgression.

My child, when you witness incessant vilification of a single individual or specific group from social media platforms, news channels, activist groups, governmental bodies, politicians, and various American institutions, question their motives: what truths are they concealing? Why are they trying to divert public scrutiny from their deeds and intentions? The voice reverberated through the air before fading into silence.

### **Lives Destroyed**

Tommy sprinted down the street, panic clawing at his insides. He should have stayed home instead of visiting Darren. The echo of “We’re going to kill you, white boy” reverberated in his mind, quickening his pulse as the sound of chasing feet drew nearer. He darted across Jerome Avenue, eyes darting toward the Botanical Gardens, hoping to find refuge within one of their greenhouses.

At the entrance, he paused, believing he had evaded them. Yet, glancing back over his shoulder, dread washed over him as he spotted a group of teens pointing and laughing as they crossed the street with reckless abandon. From his hiding place among the ferns and potted plants, he could hear their voices. “Let’s split up!” one shouted, and they scattered in different directions.

Tommy waited until he felt the moment was right. Stepping cautiously out of the greenhouse, he barely registered the flash of metal before a pipe swung down against his skull. Stars exploded in his vision as he crumpled to the ground. “I got him! I got him!” a teen yelled triumphantly. The others quickly converged, fists and feet raining down on him. “We told you to stay out of our hood!” was the last thing Tommy heard before darkness closed in.

In a haze, Tommy heard anguished cries piercing through the fog. His mother's voice trembled with sorrow while his father simmered with rage. "Look what they did to my boy!" The words hung in the air.

Darren stood at the threshold of Tommy’s room, heart racing as he met Tommy’s parents' gaze. “I am so sorry,” he stammered, tears welling up as he took in the sight of his friend ensnared by machines.

Tommy's father stepped forward, placing a steady hand on Darren's shoulder. “It’s not your fault, Darren,” he said softly. Tommy's mother reached for Darren's trembling hand, guiding him

gently toward the hospital bed. As Darren's fingers brushed against Tommy's, he felt a faint squeeze in response.

Darren's father found him hunched over in his dimly lit room. When their eyes met, Darren's expression was vacant. "It's my fault!" he cried out. His father sank onto the edge of the bed. "Son," he began gently, "it is not your fault. You cannot carry the burden of hatred that has been sown in the hearts of others."

"Listen closely, son. Lives can either flourish or wither away, all depending on the words we choose to speak. This is why the idea that racism is confined to a single group is absurd. Such a notion is a dangerous lie propagated by malevolent forces that seek to manipulate our society."

"Son, while many may judge based on outward appearances, what lies beneath holds far greater significance. God perceives the inner reality, untouched by the labels we impose—be they political beliefs, cultural backgrounds, sexual orientations, hair textures, skin colors, or any other markers we use to categorize ourselves."

Darren's father rose from the edge of the bed. "Tommy is going to need you," he said. "This is where your healing begins. You have a chance to show everyone—that love can triumph over hate." As his father stepped out of the room, a flicker of hope ignited within Darren.

## **True Essence**

Jack stood in the kitchen, the scent of sizzling bacon mingling with the sound of the television blaring from the living room. As he flipped a pancake, a vibrant voice cut through the noise, making him pause mid-action. Curiosity piqued, he leaned around the corner to catch a glimpse of the woman commanding the stage. Dressed in rugged boots and well-worn jeans, she sported a plaid shirt that accentuated her no-nonsense demeanor. Her hair was pulled back in a loose bun, her face showcasing a raw, unfiltered beauty. Intrigued, Jack abandoned his breakfast preparations and sank into the worn cushions of the couch.

She moved confidently across the stage before the microphone, pausing for a heartbeat before seizing it. With a determined stride, she stepped to the edge of the stage, her presence electrifying as she began to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters, boys and girls, I urge you to listen closely." She declared, striding confidently to another section of the stage. "There are powerful political entities, spiritual leaders, social media influencers, news outlets, talk show hosts, and figures from the sports and entertainment worlds who wield their influence to muddle our minds." The crowd surged with fervor.

She halted mid-sentence, tilting her head back to gaze at the ceiling before returning her focus to the crowd. "What I'm about to say strikes a nerve deep within me. Do you realize there are people and organizations out there trying to convince you that you suffer from some sort of phobia or illness simply because you refuse to kneel?" She leaned forward. "If those mentioned

were honest, they would admit that their ultimate goal is to mold you into someone who walks a path that pleases them."

"However," she continued. "I stand before you to urge you: walk in a manner worthy of the Lord. Strive to please Him completely, bearing fruit in every good deed while deepening your understanding of His word." A hush fell over the crowd as she approached the microphone stand, gently placing the mic back in its holder. Then, turning to face the audience, she raised her voice, "Can I get an Amen?" The arena erupted; everyone sprang to their feet, voices lifted in praise, declaring "Amen!" Jack found himself swept up in the moment.

Jack flicked off the television, the room plunging into a sudden silence that felt both comforting and invigorating. He returned to the kitchen, where the aroma of sizzling bacon still lingered in the air. With renewed energy coursing through him, he cracked eggs into a bowl. As he flipped the pancakes, his excitement for the day ahead bubbled within him. Whatever challenges awaited him, he felt ready to confront them head-on.

## **It is All The Same**

Evil wears many faces; hate festers in countless forms; wickedness, too, manifests in various shades. These vices, whether small or grand, are birthed from the same dark lineage, inflicting equal harm upon our youth, families, and communities. Thus, when the news media, political commentators, and self-proclaimed leaders try to persuade you that their brand of depravity is somehow less insidious than the immorality they decry in others, stand firm against their manipulations. Do not let their rhetoric cloud your judgment. All these evils are woven from the same fabric, merely tailored to exploit the diverse grievances simmering within our nation, preying on the vulnerabilities of the populace.

## **Cultivated Divisiveness**

Certain media outlets, talk show hosts, and public figures have used their influence to foster division and animosity. These individuals and institutions create a web of deception, ensnaring the vulnerable, especially the young. Don't let their harmful intentions, manipulative rhetoric, or larger-than-life personas distract you from the truth that lies beyond their empty words—echoes from those who serve their own interests.

These manipulators are skilled at embedding harmful narratives against cultures or individuals. By the time their plans are revealed, those targeted often internalize these toxic words and behaviors, adopting them as traits they use to lash out at others while suppressing their own truths. Now is the time to recalibrate our minds, sharpen our focus, and tune our senses so we can discern what is trivial from what is truly significant.

## **Family**

The day was perfect for a family reunion, Grandma Williams declared, her eyes twinkling as she kneaded dough for her famous sweet potato pies. The kitchen hummed with activity, laughter, and the tantalizing aroma of homemade dishes. Outside, men bustled about, setting up tables with checkered cloths, erecting colorful tents against the sun, and firing up grills soon to sizzle with food. Amidst this chaos, children darted around, their laughter echoing as they played tag. A curious boy broke away from the game and approached Grandpa Williams. "Grandpa, why do we have four grills?" he asked.

Grandpa chuckled and pulled the boy close. "Well, that one's for hot dogs, and the one next to it is for hamburgers because your daddy tends to char things up! This grill here is for chicken wings, and that last one? That's for my famous ribs!" The boy giggled and scampered back to his friends. Derick strolled over with a knowing smile. "Pop, you tell him that same story every year," he said. "You know that boy loves you something fierce."

"I know, son," Grandpa replied softly. They shared a hug as Mrs. Williams watched from the kitchen window, her heart swelling with joy at the sight of her family united in love and laughter. The Williams family had never shied away from politics; spirited discussions were a tradition at every reunion. As the afternoon sun dipped lower in the sky, casting warm hues across the gathering, the men congregated around the fire pit for their customary political roundtable.

"If I may kick things off," one man began with fervor, "we all know that everything wrong with this nation traces back to that man whose name I won't utter." A chorus of groans rippled through the group.

"Well," another man chimed in sarcastically, "the last administration really did a stellar job of uniting this country." As the debate intensified, Grandpa Williams remained silent, his expression thoughtful. When he finally rose to his feet, the chatter dwindled. "What I cherish about this family is our remarkable ability to gather despite our diverse thoughts, beliefs, and opinions," he began.

As the men nodded in agreement, the women and children emerged from the house. Grandma Williams approached her husband, positioning herself close as he continued. "I'm not here to declare one side right and the other wrong," he said. "Arrogance, pride, and selfishness cloud their judgment."

It should not surprise us that many fail to comprehend the extent of their destructive actions on our homeland. This is a result of leaders, their souls corrupted, who perceive their damaging deeds as appealing and justifiable, even as they incite chaos and upheaval throughout our communities.

He paused before reciting Matthew 7:15-20: "Beware of false prophets... by their fruits, you will recognize them." Grandpa Williams closed the Bible with a decisive thud and gestured for the men to rise. "You are my sons, my brothers, my blood, my family," he declared. "Now, more than ever, we must raise our families in sincere prayer."

As the family huddled close, Grandpa began his prayer. “Father God,” his voice resonated. “Grant us the strength to confront adversities that lay ahead... Bestow upon us the wisdom to champion the truth.” A chorus of “Amen” echoed around the fire. With a spark of excitement, Grandpa shouted, “Now, let’s go get some of those sweet potato pies!” Laughter erupted as they made their way toward the house.

### **Reject, Refuse, Invite**

A shadow engulfs our government and parts of the nation, where unchecked evil and corruption thrive. When a multitude of citizens and leaders turn away from God, embracing wickedness, they unknowingly invite calamity and chaos. Beware of becoming trapped in the web of titles and rhetoric, as it can blind you to the cunning tactics used by some individuals who exploit the minds and emotions of the American people. They aim to convince us to wear depravity like a badge of honor and accept immorality as a friend, while spreading confusion and turmoil.

Satan may take pleasure in his temporary victories, but his time is limited. Do not find yourselves on the losing side when judgment day arrives, for the battle is already won. Yet, reminiscent of the Civil War and World War II, some remain unaware of this truth, while others reject it, holding onto the illusion that victory is still attainable. This delusion is misguided because no matter how hard Satan tries to dominate, the light Jesus Christ's will ultimately break through, revealing the path to redemption and hope.

### **Religion Of The Flesh**

John stood in disbelief as the gavel fell, sealing his fate with a resounding thud. The judge's voice echoed in the stark courtroom, declaring him guilty of unlawful assembly. A sentence of ten days in jail loomed over him like a dark cloud. Officer Wilson approached John, his face etched with regret, and fastened the handcuffs around his wrists, leading him out into the dimly lit corridor.

As they descended the worn marble steps toward the waiting patrol car, Wilson offered a comforting hand on John's shoulder. “I’m sorry, John. I wish I could have done more to keep you from this,” he murmured. “But the judge was in a mood today—he wasn’t hearing anything when it came to repeat offenders.”

John chuckled softly. “I could see it in his eyes; he had the look of the devil himself when I walked in.” Their laughter mingled with the crisp air as John climbed into the backseat of the police car, momentarily lifting the weight of their situation.

John lay on the narrow cot in his cell, staring up at the cracked ceiling, harsh fluorescent light flickering above him. The air was thick with despair—moans and groans echoed through the concrete walls. Among them, one voice pierced through the din, a desperate cry for forgiveness. The weight of condemnation pressed heavily on John; he felt judged for simply walking alongside those he had known all his life, friends who had stumbled into trouble and broken the law.

Memories washed over him like a tide, pulling him back to a church service from years past. The preacher had been a tall figure, awkward yet animated as he spoke. But it was his fervor that captivated John, a powerful resonance that made up for any lack of physical presence. He remembered how those words wrapped around his heart, igniting a conviction that stirred deep within him.

Merely stepping through the threshold of a church, routinely attending services, or taking to the pulpit to eloquently recite scripture does not guarantee that one has truly embraced Jesus Christ. The preacher leaned into the microphone, his intense gaze locked onto the congregation. He emphasized that titles and ornate robes can mask a heart untouched by genuine faith, urging everyone to look beyond appearances and seek the true essence of belief.

Recall this: The Devil, well-versed in scripture, distorted its meaning in an attempt to sway Jesus into renouncing God during His time in the wilderness. After fasting for forty days and nights, Jesus found Himself in what could be perceived as a moment of vulnerability. Yet, His responses revealed the profound truth of His identity and relationship with God. The preacher paused mid-sentence, allowing the weight of his words to settle before continuing.

“Ladies and gentlemen, countless Scriptures illustrate pitfalls faced by those who have turned their faith into a mere religion of the flesh. This phenomenon is far from new; it echoes through the ages and continues to resonate today. It is crucial to grasp that being filled with the Holy Spirit transcends superficial titles and reaches beyond material wealth.”

A genuine commitment to following Jesus transcends mere outward displays of faith; it is a profound metamorphosis of both mind and spirit. This transformation unveils concealed imperfections within us that require diligent attention through study of God’s Word and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

One of the most deceptive lies whispered to people is, “You have all the time in the world.” For some, time stretches endlessly across their lives, while for others, it slips away far too quickly. Set aside titles and accolades; focus instead on words spoken and actions taken around you. Each day is a precious gift from God. We should strive to offer Him praise, honor, and glory through our very existence.

John raised his voice with fervor, "To God be the Glory, today, tomorrow, and forever!" Despite his confinement, he felt an inner warmth spreading through the dim cell. "We may be locked up, but hold onto peace, my brothers!" From the shadows, a solitary voice resonated in response. "Amen, my brother! Amen!" The sound echoed off the concrete walls, a testament to their unyielding faith amidst despair.

## **Burn House Burn**

We, the People, are the Union! The State of the Union teeters on the brink of collapse, threatened by the pervasive lies that warp our youth's minds, distort education, and breed corruption within our government. Justice is misrepresented, and those in Washington and other positions of power devalue human life. With the assistance of the media, their press secretaries, and various

institutions, they meticulously dismantle the fabric of our homeland while ensuring their own families thrive. What kind of government would allow its own house to burn just to curry favor with foreign nations? Is it an administration that recoils at the phrase "America first," but finds comfort in proclaiming that America is the most racist nation in the world? They broadcast this message like roosters crowing from rooftops, infiltrating classrooms and institutions, leaving us to ponder why decorum has vanished and disrespect has surged from schools to Main Street.

Restoration and revitalization of the Union begin with a commitment to truth, fostering healing, and embracing forgiveness—concepts that some refuse to acknowledge. The fate of the State of the Union rests squarely in the hands of the American people and hinges on how they choose to move forward. Stand up for your family, community, state, and nation by seeking the truth—first, last, and always. For once, the truth is known, it will set you free! It's time for strong families, robust communities, a united populace, and a resilient America to stand together, declaring to those intent on setting ablaze the very foundation of America and poisoning its spirit with their twisted ideologies that their days are numbered. The hourglass is running low, for the day of revelation draws near, and the judgment of divine retribution is descending upon them. There is no evading the grip of justice, for it is not crafted by human hands but is ordained by God Himself.

### **Some Things Need Repeating**

Who are the architects and advocates of the pervasive darkness that shrouds our nation, and what marks them as such? They reveal themselves through their relentless assaults on the family unit, their manipulation of truth, and their promotion of sexual perversions and deviance. Their web is woven with pervasive lies that corrupt the minds of our youth, distort educational frameworks, and erode the integrity of our government. Misrepresentations of justice and a blatant devaluation of human life are merely a fraction of the toxic fruit cultivated by policymakers in Washington and other influential positions, all aimed at dictating the narrative to serve their agendas. With the backing of the media, press secretaries, and various institutions, they meticulously dismantle the very foundation of our homeland while ensuring their own families thrive, profiting off the nation's resources at the expense of its citizens.

It baffles me how American tax dollars can traverse the globe yet fail to reach the crumbling neighborhoods within our borders, areas desperately in need of rebuilding and revitalization. What kind of government, in its quest for accolades from foreign nations, would allow its own house to smolder in flames? Such an administration views the phrase "America first" as a curse, yet they eagerly proclaim that America is the most racist nation in the world, broadcasting this narrative from rooftops to classrooms, infiltrating every institution. We are left to ponder why decorum has vanished and disrespect has surged from schools to Main Street.

It is time to rise up for your family, community, state, and nation by seeking the truth—first, last, and always—because once it is known, it will set you free! We must champion strong families, robust communities, a united populace, and a resilient America.

### **One More Time**

Escalating food prices, soaring rent, crippling mortgages, exorbitant college tuition, skyrocketing healthcare costs, insecurity, rampant overspending, and mounting credit card debt—these are just a few of the burdens that weigh heavily on the average American every single day. Meanwhile, those in power, comfortably ensconced in their policymaking positions, prioritize their own interests at the expense of the very citizens they are meant to serve. Do not be deceived by their casual remarks or the polished rhetoric delivered through media channels, press secretaries, and institutions that support their agendas. This is a carefully crafted façade designed to manipulate public perception and lead you to accept harmful lies as reality. Stand up for your family, community, state, and nation by pursuing the truth—first, last, and always—because once the truth is revealed, it has the power to liberate! It is time to advocate for strong families, resilient communities, a united populace, and a robust America.

### **Bits And Pieces Woven Together**

It is one thing for a nation or an individual to indulge in sin, sexual perversion, and various forms of self-destruction; however, it takes on a far graver dimension when those same individuals and their country compel other nations to conform or face threats of retribution and isolation. Has America truly become the nation of “Woe,” where good is deemed evil, and darkness is celebrated as light? Where bitterness is mistaken for sweetness, and iniquity is woven together with deceitful strands? Here, the guilty are acquitted through bribery, and false tongues, greedy hands, and treacherous hearts masquerade injustice as righteousness, which is perhaps the most dangerous lie one can embrace. The most harmful deception is the one we tell ourselves; thus, it is imperative to seek out truth and perceive reality for what it is, rather than through the lens of those skilled in emotional manipulation, who maneuver people into positions of power for the gain of their organizations, pushing narratives that serve their agendas.

America is not immune to failure—its size does not shield it from collapse. As cracks begin to surface, both enemies and so-called allies lurk like jackals and hyenas, poised to pounce on the remnants of her land, resources, and technologies, ready to subjugate the remaining populace under a new regime that harkens back to the days of totalitarian control by a single family or faction. When swarms of locusts, herds of wildebeest, or masses of people descend upon a territory, calamity and desolation inevitably follow. While some disasters occur naturally, others stem from individuals who mistakenly believe that the resources of their nation are infinite. These individuals, refusing to acknowledge the futility of their reckless thinking, have cast caution aside, determined to persist regardless of the burdens they impose on the nation and its citizens, convinced that it is acceptable to extract from those with the least and shift the weight onto their shoulders.

Regrettably, individuals from every background—diverse in skin tone, culture, economic status, education, religious beliefs, and political views—find sustenance in the suffering of others. They thrive on historical grievances, take pleasure in racial division, and foster ethnic conflict, as this is where they draw their power, control, and financial gain. Reconciliation is not their aim, nor is national unity their goal. Instead, they seek to create chaos and confusion among the populace. They push individuals to become so entrenched in their ideological battles that they will defend the shadows of falsehood over the illumination of truth, even at the expense of their own families and communities. They wish to keep the door of forgiveness firmly shut, allowing open wounds

to fester with decay and the rancid odor of hatred, for once clemency is offered, the journey toward healing can finally commence.

### **Lesser Of Two Evils**

Darren shifted uneasily, facing the sea of faces gathered at the local meeting. They were there to learn about the proposed new school curriculum and to hear him speak. He stepped onto the stage, introduced with a flourish, and raised his hands in a welcoming gesture, moving toward the microphone. He took a moment to scan the audience, allowing himself a brief pause to gather his thoughts.

“First off, I want to express my gratitude for your presence tonight. Your turnout shows that you care deeply about the state of education and the content being thrust upon our children. Let’s give yourselves a round of applause!” The room erupted in enthusiastic clapping, and he waited until the sound of appreciation faded into a hush.

“Now, folks, I’ve been hearing, reading, and watching interviews where people suggest that we must accept the lesser of two evils. I stand before you to challenge that idea. We must reject this notion as our only path forward because evil remains evil, regardless of its form or magnitude. The destruction, pain, and suffering it leaves in its wake cannot be measured in acceptable doses that somehow justify the act or lessen the anguish of those affected by its wrath and loss.” Silence enveloped the crowd as an intensity built around him.

“I cannot fathom how some individuals attempt to measure the insidious assaults being unleashed upon our youth by unscrupulous adults across various spheres—politics, social movements, education, corporate sectors, entertainment, and media. These attacks are meticulously designed to sow confusion in the hearts and minds of our children regarding their heritage, identity, and gender.” As Darren spoke, heads began to nod while murmurs rippled through the audience.

“These profound issues are trivialized as if they were mere stepping stones for intellectual growth. It’s as though they expect our young people to embrace their social and ideological preferences as if they were their own.” A mix of concern and recognition hung in the air.

“I won’t delve into the specifics, but the actions of these individuals embody a profound malevolence that unmistakably reveals their intentions for this nation, America. They aim to orchestrate its demise by tainting the hearts, minds, and souls of future generations—from infancy through adolescence and into adulthood, all the way to the end of life.”

“Parents, guardians, caregivers across this great land of America, I urge you to uplift your children in prayer from the moment their eyes flutter open to the time they drift into slumber. Become their voice, their unwavering advocates, the steadfast barrier that shields them from the chaos surrounding us.” He paused for effect.

“Stand firm as soldiers of love and protection against toxic narratives that threaten to scar their minds and bodies. Be the solid rock beneath their feet, a dependable foundation in a world

sinking into moral decay and corruption." The audience erupted in applause as Darren concluded.

"Thank you once again for being here tonight and for granting me this opportunity to share my thoughts. To all present, remember that you are the first, last, and only line of defense in nurturing secure children, fostering safe families, and building united communities. Together, we can forge a united front for a Strong and Stable America. God bless you all!"

## **Shepherd**

Who guides your life, influences your thoughts, and molds your essence? Your answer carries weight, influencing not only you but also your children, family, community, and even the broader world. If a Good Shepherd exists, then there must be an opposite—a figure of Evil leading many astray. We have often entrusted our paths to such misguided individuals, letting them become our guides and sadly, our shepherds. This has led to the degradation of our souls. More often than not, we find ourselves becoming that misguided individual.

## **Vote**

Darren stood at the Pavilion, encircled by eager listeners. His voice rose above the crowd's murmurs. "My people, my people!" His tone was passionate, urgent. "What is this chatter I hear from self-proclaimed political experts claiming voters must select the lesser of two evils? I vehemently disagree and reject this as our only path forward. Wickedness and wrongdoing do not diminish or improve based on who commits them or the platforms that support such actions." He paused, his gaze sweeping across the audience, igniting a spark of engagement. "Evil is evil, no matter the face it wears; lies remain lies, no matter whose lips they escape from; transgressions are transgressions, whether from Democrats, Republicans, or Independents, spanning all branches of our government and beyond." Tension filled the air as he continued, "If our only options in any election are those who perpetuate evil, deceit, and wrongdoing, we stand on the brink of grave danger as a nation."

Like a lion pacing in a confined space, Darren moved. His voice remained steady and resolute. "I urge you to vote for Responsibility, Accountability, and Consequences for those who exploit their positions for personal and political gain, neglecting their duties in ways that inflict irreparable damage on our nation's stability and safety." He gestured passionately at the crowd. "This call to action applies not only to elected officials but also to those they appoint or hire within their administrations. We must hold everyone accountable." His gaze sharpened. "This standard should extend to state and local governments, including School Board Members and Superintendents who grow complacent, believing their titles grant them immunity from scrutiny. Their arrogance perpetuates the chaos we witness in Northern Virginia school districts. We cannot allow this madness to continue unchallenged."

"I urge you all to cast your votes with the vision of Strong Families, Strong Communities, and a United People in mind—striving for a Strong America that truly embodies the ideals of government by the people, for the people, and of the people." Darren expressed his gratitude to

everyone present, before stepping down from the stage. He engaged warmly with the crowd, shaking hands and sharing conversations amidst the lingering energy of the evening.

### **Believing, Knowing, Doing**

Believing, Knowing, and Doing exist across various tiers of consciousness, each demanding unique approaches to manifest their potential.

The act of Believing is deceptively simple, demanding minimal effort or comprehension, allowing many to be swayed into embracing ideas, notions, and viewpoints as their own, even when they are not. Yet, despite its initial ease, a yearning to uncover and grasp the authenticity of one's beliefs will inevitably awaken within the spirit—unless, of course, a person has wholly conformed and molded themselves to the point where anything that contradicts their established truth is dismissed as a falsehood to be cast aside.

Knowing requires a profound exploration of one's inner self, a journey that compels an individual to confront their flaws and limitations. This process fosters a sense of vulnerability, breaking down the barriers that shield the soul from genuine growth. It cultivates a humility so deep that it opens the heart to the possibility of transformation. As this internal shift occurs, it gradually spills over into the external world, prompting actions that prioritize the welfare of others over self-serving desires. In this way, the commitment to serve becomes a guiding principle, reshaping one's purpose and direction in life.

Doing emerges as the culmination of Believing and Knowing, yet it is also a treacherous terrain. One can easily find themselves embracing an idea or a person superficially, failing to dig deeper or invest time in revealing the true nature of their character. This often leads to actions driven not by informed understanding but by fleeting emotions. There will inevitably come moments when you must take a leap of faith; however, it is crucial to remain vigilant. Always conduct your due diligence by examining the outcomes individuals have generated from previous relationships and endeavors. Whenever feasible, allow time to reveal their true character, observing what unfolds in their lives before placing your trust in them.

### **Knowing Is Not Believing**

Jack stood at his friend's grave, the warm summer rain cascading down his face, mingling with unshed tears. Sunlight broke through the clouds, illuminating the polished marble headstone, a beacon amidst the damp earth. He tilted his head back, allowing the rain to wash over him, transporting him back to a fateful day in the jungle years before.

"Do you know God?" His friend had asked. At the time, Jack had replied with a simple affirmation. "I believe in God." But as they resumed their duties after lunch, that question echoed in his mind against the backdrop of gunfire and tension.

Days later, the weight of that inquiry settled heavily on his heart. Through restless nights filled with self-reflection, he grappled with the distinction between belief and knowledge, realizing they were not synonymous. Clarity dawned upon him like the morning sun breaking through a

fog, illuminating truths he had long overlooked. By dawn, his friend lay lifeless from an ambush, leaving Jack haunted by the question that had sparked his awakening.

Regaining his composure, Jack traced the cool surface of the headstone. A thought flickered: belief often demands little more than passive acceptance. From an early age, children embrace stories like Santa Claus without skepticism. Yet this blind faith can ensnare individuals and communities in a cycle of uncritical acceptance. This complacency allows political parties and social organizations to maintain power for generations with harmful consequences. The weight of this realization settled heavily on Jack as he pondered such unquestioning belief.

Conversely, knowing demands commitment to deep reflective work that compels individuals to look beyond their own experiences. This journey begins with thorough introspection, prompting a person to confront their true self. Such self-examination often leads to acknowledging one's flaws and limitations, fostering humility that opens the door to transformation. As the rain began to taper off and sunlight pierced the lingering clouds, Jack traced the engraved letters on the headstone once more. In that quiet moment, he silently thanked his fallen friend for illuminating the profound truth that knowing and believing are distinct yet intertwined paths in the quest for understanding God.

Before leaving, Jack reached into his coat pocket and retrieved a small, weathered note. The ink was slightly smudged, but the message remained clear: "One Nation, One People, One America, Under God." With a reverent touch, he placed the note gently on the headstone—a final tribute to his friend and a testament to the ideals they once fought for together.

## **Seeding America**

"My ten days are up, and they will be releasing me tomorrow," John announced to the group of men gathered in the jail's dim rec area. He scanned their faces, locking eyes with each one. "The world has branded you as unredeemable, unfit for society; some have even gone so far as to label you monsters. While it's true that a few may fit that description, I assure you, you are not among them. During our time together, God has opened my eyes to the goodness within your hearts."

He paused, letting his words sink in. "We've all made poor choices—some of us thought we had good reasons, while others were driven by desperation. We recognize that our actions come with consequences, but amidst those shadows, we've discovered something powerful: there is forgiveness, redemption, and a path forward if we choose to embrace it. That spark of hope is what I see reflected in your eyes."

"Just as my release is tomorrow, I promise you that your days of freedom are also approaching. Hold onto your faith and don't let the opportunity God presents slip away. Can I get an Amen?" His voice resonated with conviction, filling the dim rec area with a sense of hope. "I felt compelled to share that message from my heart, but I also have something else for you to reflect on after I leave. Let's keep this conversation alive for when we reunite beyond these prison walls."

The men exchanged curious glances, their expressions a mix of skepticism and intrigue. They wondered what insight he possessed that they lacked and how he could be so confident they would meet again outside of this place. Noticing their confusion, John pressed on.

"In our country, a troubling harvest has emerged," he began. The architects of this insidious creation now insist that every American consume these tainted offerings, presented in the bustling public square like some grotesque delicacy. Those who refuse are swiftly labeled as Un-American, cast aside for their unwillingness to conform to a secular agenda that seeks to transform citizens into unwitting disciples of a divisive political and social doctrine.

"We must also acknowledge the role of politicians, activist organizations, medical institutions, and social media platforms that have banded together to manipulate and distort the minds, souls, and wills of our children from increasingly tender ages. They aim to make young hearts and minds more pliable to insidious influences introduced by both internal and external forces."

John took a moment to scan the faces before him, searching each man's eyes for a glimpse of their thoughts and feelings. One of the men spoke up. "Are you saying there are people out there who can get away with their actions?"

John felt a flicker of irritation at the question. "They might believe they're untouchable, but those architects of this tainted fruit remain blind to the looming grief that awaits them. They heap judgment upon themselves, unaware that their own hands stoke the flames of consequence."

"As we draw to a close," he continued, "remember this: in the eyes of God, lies are lies, evil is evil, and sin is sin—none holds a lesser or greater weight than another." He paused for emphasis. "There are no grand lies or trivial ones, no hierarchy of evil, and no sin that stands out more than another." With heartfelt sincerity, John expressed his love for his brothers as they stood together. He embraced each man tightly. "I will see you on the other side of the wall."

## **The Veil**

The facade of American hypocrisy is crumbling, exposing its distorted version of exceptionalism to the world. The hidden agendas of those in power are now under scrutiny, no longer able to hide behind their grandiose facades built on a misguided belief in their superiority. These are individuals who advocate peace while instigating war, who demand justice but act unjustly, who call for unity but enforce conformity, and who preach tolerance only when it aligns with their beliefs.

As we become aware of the divisions being sown among us, the corruption, deceit, immorality, greed, and countless other deceptions that infest American governance are being exposed. The duplicity of our leaders and influencers is unveiled, serving as a wake-up call to rise from our apathy. A significant source of the confusion and chaos engulfing America and the world is the alarming trend of individuals endorsing actions that blatantly contradict divine truth as revealed

in His Word. In doing so, they place themselves on par with deities, aligning with evil forces and opposing divine will.

Be wary of allowing just anyone to bless or lay hands on you, your family, or your community. Avoid endorsing behaviors that defy divine precepts simply because a religious figure has given their approval. Many profess to serve God, yet don't be fooled by their eloquent speeches or lavish attire. Instead, seek divine wisdom to understand the true nature of their actions and outcomes; this is the key to discerning their real intentions.

### **Not Your Oyster**

A frantic man darted along 42nd Street, his voice piercing the air with a wild proclamation: "The world is not your oyster, nor is it your friend!" His words echoed off the concrete, a desperate warning that society offers neither satisfaction, peace, nor rest, no matter how fervently it claims otherwise. It masquerades as a sanctuary, a paradise of indulgence and mental escape, yet this illusion serves only to ensnare you in the grips of "The lust of the flesh, The lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." This seductive narrative is peddled by those who present it as the path to truth and a life unshackled from constraints—promising self-fulfillment, perfection, and acceptance through their distorted visions of a society steeped in opulence and moral decay.

These misguided aspirations spin on the warped wheels of their minds, infiltrating their beings, leaving traces visible from one end of America to the other. As sirens blared and police cars screeched to a halt, he bolted into a nearby deli. Officer Wilson cautiously approached the entrance. "Hey, it's me, Officer Wilson! Remember? I helped you in the park a few weeks ago." A tense silence hung in the air before he replied.

"Yeah, I remember you. You were nice and kept them from hurting me like they're trying to do now." Wilson gestured for his fellow officers to hold back. "I've asked them to step away. Can I come in so we can talk?" "Yeah, I like you." Stepping into the threshold, Wilson positioned himself for better visibility. "What's wrong? Talk to me—maybe I can help."

He scratched his head. "Did you know that Evil isn't one-sided? It crosses every political spectrum. It knows no bounds of skin color or cultural identity, nor is it confined by age, gender, or geography. It lurks in the hearts and souls of humanity, and none are immune to its influence if we allow it to fester in our minds and rot our souls. Today, it's a stench that fills the nostrils of our youth and gnaws at the feet of adults, young and old, inciting unrest and distorting their perceptions of themselves and their nation." Wilson nodded in agreement.

His eyes locked onto Wilson's, revealing a depth of fear. "Mr. Officer," he said, voice trembling, "Evil doesn't want healing. It thrives on discontent, blame, and unforgiveness. It feeds on the bitterness of past wrongs and hurts, keeping them at the forefront so it can grow like a raging fire, consuming everything in its path." He fell to his knees. "Help me, please. Help me fight the demons in my mind."

Wilson stepped forward, draping a blanket over his shoulders as he helped him rise. As they walked toward the patrol car, Wilson could not shake the thought of what demons haunted this man and countless others like him.

## **Crossroad Of Life**

After hearing the fiery woman clad in rugged boots and well-worn jeans, her plaid shirt giving her an air of defiance, Jack finally learned her name: Joanna Jones. She was scheduled to speak at a local college that Friday, and he resolved to attend her engagement. As he navigated into the parking lot of Franklin College on that eventful evening, he was met with a chaotic scene. Protesters from the ACLU American Freedom Fighters and the SPLC Community Reparation Force had already gathered at the entrance to the auditorium, their voices rising in a cacophony of obscenities, while their bodies twisted and contorted in provocative gestures.

As Jack approached the building, one particularly aggressive young man from the crowd stepped forward, attempting to provoke him. Jack halted mid-stride, pivoting to confront the individual who now stood inches away. Their noses nearly touched as Jack leaned in, his gaze piercing into the young man's eyes with unwavering determination. Tension crackled in the air, drawing the attention of several police officers nearby, who stood vigilant, ready to intervene if necessary.

Jack remained silent, his gaze locked onto the young man who was desperately trying to maintain an air of bravado that was rapidly disintegrating under the weight of Jack's stare. Just then, a voice broke through the tension: "Excuse me, sir." Jack turned slightly to see a police officer approaching. "Is there a problem here?"

Without diverting his attention from the young man, Jack replied coolly, "No problem at all. I just think this young man is attempting to make a point but lacks the courage to truly commit to it." The officer shifted his focus to the young man who looked momentarily taken aback. "Are you finished trying to make your point?" The young man nodded.

With a slight nod of acknowledgment, Jack turned back toward the auditorium. As the officer began to walk away, he turned back to the young man. "You just saved your own life by not escalating things with that guy," he advised. "Maybe you should think about finding a different line of work instead of being a paid protester."

The encounter left Jack buzzing with adrenaline, his senses heightened as he scanned the crowd. Suddenly, a woman's voice resonated through the auditorium. "I apologize for the ordeal you faced navigating the gauntlet of protesters," she said. "They aim to silence, intimidate, and harass anyone who refuses to conform to their social, political, educational, and ideological agendas imposed upon our nation, especially our children." As she stepped onto the stage, the audience erupted into thunderous applause.

As she moved gracefully across the stage in her signature ensemble, Jack found himself captivated by her beauty. Yet, he mused, that allure could easily mislead those who assumed she was merely a pretty face devoid of substance. Pausing at center stage, she scanned the audience as the thunderous applause faded into an expectant hush.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she began. "As you reflect on what has been, remember that the road ahead brims with the potential of new beginnings..." Her voice filled the auditorium with a sense of hope and gratitude.

She urged everyone to rise. "Together, I implore you to reclaim your space, safeguard your time, and lead lives that honor God," she proclaimed passionately. "May those who remember you speak of the positive influence you had..." She paused, allowing her words to resonate deeply within the audience. "Thank you for joining us today. Fear not, for God walks beside you. Go forth safely and boldly."

As Jack approached the exit, a surge of adrenaline coursed through him. Yet, as he stepped outside, he was met not by confrontation but by an unexpected tempest. A torrential downpour erupted, accompanied by a thunderstorm that seemed to materialize from thin air. The rain hammered down with such intensity that the protesters scattered in all directions.

Seated in his car, Jack pondered the puzzling disconnect; how could those inside remain oblivious to the chaos unfolding just beyond the walls? It struck him that perhaps this was divine intervention—God's way of orchestrating events according to His own design. With that thought lingering in his mind, he drove away, feeling a sense of peace wash over him amidst the storm.

## **Addicted To Idols**

Darren leaned against the playground fence, his gaze drifting over the children darting between swings and slides. Their laughter rang like music in the air. He watched their spirited games, their joy a stark contrast to his weighty thoughts. In this rapidly changing world, he reflected, one must find the courage to stand alone—a solitary voice declaring truth amidst falsehoods. The pressure to conform loomed large, with ridicule and condemnation lurking just beyond the shadows, ready to pounce on anyone who dared to dissent. The threat of violence and social cancellation hovered like storm clouds, intimidating those who might otherwise speak out. All around him, a system demanded blind allegiance, urging individuals to forsake their core beliefs in favor of a distorted worldview. It was a perilous path, yet Darren felt an unwavering resolve within him.

Darren mused that both as a nation and as individuals, we have been conditioned to accept narratives spun by actors on television and the big screen. Yet, it is crucial to remember that these performers have become adept at blurring the lines between truth and deception. This mastery of manipulation has led to some receiving substantial compensation to promote specific agendas across the country.

"Hey! Get down from there!" His voice cut through the playful chaos as he gestured towards a student teetering precariously on the swing. His thoughts spiraled into a dark contemplation about celebrities and political figures who had been elevated to idol status. These figures were leveraging blind adoration to secure their families' futures, ensnaring young Americans in a web of addictive ideologies—an insidious new brand of propaganda that threatened to reshape not only minds but also the fabric of the nation.

His mind raced as he drew parallels between these influential individuals and drug cartels preying on vulnerable lives. Just as narcotics ravaged bodies and destroyed futures, he believed that ideological poison was corrupting youth's minds, eroding their emotional resilience and sense of self. The weight of this realization settled heavily upon him, intensifying his resolve to expose the truth behind the glitzy façades.

As Darren stood there, a revelation dawned: true transformation begins with a thorough detoxification and renewal of the mind, a battleground perpetually contested by conflicting forces. Shifting our perspective on life and reevaluating what we deem worthy of our attention is crucial. The values we prioritize will deeply shape our decisions—not only for ourselves but also for our families. These choices ripple outward, influencing the educational opportunities we pursue and the community resources we advocate for our students and children.

He pressed on with his reflections, asserting that the moment has arrived to cease polluting our minds with detritus offered by celebrities, their superficial shows, and empty rhetoric propagated by their supporters. It is imperative that we carefully curate what we absorb, listen to, contemplate, articulate, and how we respond. Each of these elements must contribute positively to our lives.

Just as he felt himself sinking further into contemplation, the cheerful shouts of children broke through his thoughts. "Hey, come throw us the football!" they called. A grin spread across Darren's face as he pushed away his concerns. He jogged over to the group, the vibrant energy of the playground enveloping him like a warm embrace. As he joined the kids, laughter erupted around him. For that fleeting time, he allowed himself to be swept away by their joy, letting go of the pressing issues that loomed large in his heart.

## **Evil Communication**

Good evening and welcome back to another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show I am your host, Mr. Joiner. Tonight's topic comes from a question by Brent Walker from Big Water County, North Carolina. Brent asks, "Why is it that when one person from a particular racial group commits a crime or an offense, the entire culture seems to bear the blame? What's with the sweeping generalizations about all white people or all black people?"

Brent that is an insightful question In America, there exists a belief among some that people sharing the same ethnic background or skin color possess identical tendencies, values, aspirations, and behaviors. This mindset fosters a misleading notion that the actions or opinions of one person—or even a small group—should be generalized to represent the entire community.

This line of thinking has become a focal point for various political factions and organizations, leading to the emergence of new social biases and prejudices. These preconceived ideas are entrenched in misinformation and misrepresentation. This shift has birthed a modern form of racism that lurks beneath political rhetoric, championed by those masquerading as impartial arbiters of justice. They skillfully obscure notorious falsehoods with thin layers of truth, creating an illusion of fairness while perpetuating division.

We must resist letting any one person, activist group, political party, or institution become the primary voice that represents us simply because of shared skin color, culture, religious beliefs, or other commonalities. The beliefs and actions of these entities do not accurately reflect our individual spirits. Instead, they often carry ulterior motives and obscured ideologies that can distort our true values and identities.

Evil communication transcends mere threats or incitements to harm, steal, or kill. When someone deliberately disseminates false information, hurls derogatory remarks, or distorts the truth in a way that influences others to act in alignment with a specific agenda—that communication embodies true malevolence. This is precisely why we must challenge the prevailing narrative in America that paints one particular group as the embodiment of evil. Such a belief is a deceptive fabrication propagated by nefarious forces seeking to embed this toxic notion within our very souls. By doing so, they gain the power to control and manipulate the thoughts, wills, and emotions of countless individuals, particularly our youth and young adults.

As we draw this segment to a close, I want to emphasize once more that sharing the same ethnic background or skin tone does not imply that individuals are bound by identical tendencies, beliefs, aspirations, or behaviors. This line of thinking has given rise to new social biases, rooted in misinformation and misrepresentation. It fosters a troubling readiness to resort to violence or subversion in pursuit of political, ideological, and social goals.

Consider this: every life, every individual, every culture holds intrinsic value. When we demean, demonize, or debase others based on the misdeeds of a few, we strip those individuals of their right to be evaluated based on their own words, character, and actions. If someone seeks to understand our thoughts, feelings, or perspectives, they should approach us directly rather than relying on the interpretations of others.

Until we meet again, remember that reckless words can be as perilous and devastating as a bomb falling from the sky or a bullet fired from a gun. Choose your words and actions with care. This is Mr. Joiner signing off another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

### **Thought Blip**

We, the citizens of this great nation, must unite as advocates for every individual and for a unified America! It is essential that we stand together for a singular vision of our country. One Mind, One Body, One Soul—this is the essence of our shared identity as Americans. Let us liberate our thoughts, rejuvenate our spirits, and embrace our collective humanity to forge a truly united America!

### **Another Blip**

One of the devil's most insidious tactics is to manipulate and distort the truth, transforming lies into accepted realities, turning illusions into perceived truths, and normalizing deceit while elevating the folly of charlatans to the status of wisdom among the masses. When those who are corrupt in spirit, immoral in thought, and deceitful in heart infiltrate our political landscape—whether they be politicians, activist groups, news outlets, social media platforms, or educational

institutions, including those representing teachers' unions—they create a fertile ground for malevolence to thrive. This environment enables them to carry out their agenda, undermining the moral fabric of America. How long will we tolerate the same tired voices echoing the same falsehoods, from the White House to the State House and beyond? Year after year, these familiar narratives seep through the cracks of our society, dragging this nation further into a dark abyss. To truly progress, we must cultivate a unity that can bind our nation together as one.

## **Screaming Babies**

Welcome to another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show. I am your host, Mr. Joiner. Tonight, I want to share a haunting dream that visited me recently. In this vivid nightmare, I found myself gazing into a dark pit, where the air was thick with the acrid scent of smoke and despair. Within that pit, innocent babies writhed in agony, their desperate cries piercing the night as they struggled against the flames licking at their tiny bodies. Around the edge of the pit, shadowy figures danced grotesquely, their laughter chillingly clear. They hurled cruel taunts and vile insults, reveling in the torment of those helpless souls. With malicious glee, they kicked any baby attempting to escape back into the searing inferno.

An unfamiliar voice emerged, resonating with a chilling clarity: “Who has silenced the voices of parents, instilling fear in their hearts? Who tramples upon their hopes and dreams, invading their ability to guide their children along the right path with threats of legal repercussions, wrongful imprisonment, and the very act of tearing their children from their sight?” The voice pressed on: “Who are these malevolent beings imposing their twisted desires upon the innocence of our youth?” As these words echoed in my mind, the dream began to dissolve. I awoke, drenched in sweat, staring into the suffocating darkness.

I want to clarify that the thoughts and opinions I express are solely my own. Recently, before drifting off to sleep, I immersed myself in literature about slavery. One account vividly described the heartbreaking reality of children being wrenched from their parents' arms and sold into an uncertain future. Alarming, remnants of this horrific practice persist today. In impoverished nations, children are lured away with promises of financial support and education that remain unfulfilled.

In our own country, a troubling dynamic unfolds as politicians and professionals increasingly advocate against parental rights. In certain states, if parents resist allowing their children to undergo gender transitions or adopt specific pronouns, the state may intervene.

Listeners, feel free to take my words with a grain of salt. However, through careful observation, I have reached a stark realization: the same ideology that once stripped a people of their rights is now being wielded against our children. This isn't solely about the tragic loss of life before birth; it encompasses the relentless psychological assaults that are eroding our youth.

Those entrenched in the political and corporate spheres have made the act of extinguishing life alarmingly simple. Their words and deeds have stripped away the dignity of existence, reducing certain lives to mere statistics or abstract concepts that fit neatly into their narratives.

A multitude of voices within social media and various institutions have come to believe they possess the power to override parental rights. This misguided authority has sown seeds of rebellion within countless homes. While many proclaim that it takes a village to raise a child, seldom do we hear the crucial caveat: not everyone in that village should play a role in a child's upbringing.

Parents and caregivers, you stand as the primary bastion of protection. Do not underestimate this vital role. As we part ways until next time, keep in mind that careless words can wield devastating power. Therefore, be vigilant in your speech and actions. I am Mr. Joiner, and I appreciate you joining me for another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

## **Lawlessness**

Jack sat frozen, heart racing as he absorbed the horrifying scene unfolding on his television during an emergency news bulletin. An unprecedented terrorist attack had erupted against law enforcement in the city that never sleeps. The chaos erupted during the somber funeral of a heroic officer, ambushed in the line of duty. Thousands of officers from departments nationwide had gathered, united in grief to honor their fallen brother and support his grieving family. They stood outside the church, saluting as the casket was gently carried inside. Then, without warning, the thunderous roar of multiple semi-trucks shattered the stillness, barreling down the streets like a stampede. The massive vehicles smashed into police cars, plowing through the ranks of officers with reckless abandon.

The reporter hesitated, struggling to regain composure as the camera swept across the horrific tableau. Bodies of police officers lay scattered across the pavement as far as the eye could see. Some were pinned beneath the monstrous tires of the trucks, their uniforms stained with blood and debris. The air was thick with cries for help, mingling with wails of pain and haunting death rattles. The cacophony of blaring sirens from emergency vehicles merged with the whirring of helicopters overhead. In the midst of it all, one truck had careened into the church, leaving terrified individuals trapped inside.

Jack's stomach churned with a deep anger, a primal urge for vengeance igniting within him as he slammed his fist into his palm. Who could commit such an atrocity? His mind raced through a list of potential culprits: ACLU American Freedom Fighters? SPLC Community Reparation Force? A splinter group backed by shadowy financiers? Maybe it was a cabal funded by wealthy tycoons right here at home. As pandemonium unfolded on screen, Jack's gaze sharpened on a crew capturing chaos; their cameras panned to graffiti scrawled across the sides of the semi-trailers. One slogan screamed defiantly, "If you will not defund the police, we will run over the police!" Another proclaimed, "Cops, Border Patrol, ICE, and other law enforcement agencies are the disease; we have become the cure."

One of the slogans proclaimed that law enforcement officers were akin to feral pigs, advocating for their brutal eradication on the spot without a hint of mercy. Yet, the most shocking images plastered across the trucks were those of influential politicians who had boldly called for dismantling police forces by any means necessary—a sentiment echoed by a reporter. Additionally, portraits of prosecutors, district attorneys, state attorneys, judges, and others within the judicial system who had blatantly neglected their responsibilities to uphold the law.

Jack clicked off the television. He began to pace his living room, approaching the window and gazing out at an overcast sky that mirrored his inner turmoil. Anger surged through him, a tempest of fury that made him yearn to unleash a thunderous roar.

A gentle tap on his shoulder jolted him from his thoughts. Turning, he met Lee's gaze. "I feel your pain and rage," Lee said softly. "But don't let this consume you. You mustn't become what you despise. That path leads only to bitterness and hatred."

Lee's voice dropped into a whisper. "The time is coming when you will be needed, so hold steady and wait for your call. Keep faith." As Lee's words faded into stillness, a heavy silence enveloped them both.

## **Blip Of A Blip**

Certain political, social, religious, educational, and activist movements have elevated superficial traits and appearances to the highest standard for assessing an individual's true worth, character, and essence. Yet, some of the most polished, impeccably dressed, and eloquently spoken figures, who seem adept in the art of wealth accumulation and the manipulation of dialogue, often mask a deeper emptiness. It has been observed that if a narrative is repeated persistently enough, without any challenge to its authenticity, a significant portion of society will begin to accept it as truth and adopt it as their norm. The rampant immorality and vulgarity in America have risen before God, and unlike Nineveh, which repented upon receiving a warning, this nation, under the influence of corrupt leadership, has dismissed any call to abandon its indecent ways. Still, a steadfast remnant remains, interceding for mercy as Abraham once did for Sodom. *Esse Quam Videri*: "To be rather than to seem." Together, we can cultivate a unity that solidifies our nation into one mind, one body, one soul—One America.

## **Children Are Vital**

Welcome to another early edition of Joiner Talk Radio Show. I am your host, Mr. Joiner. As dawn broke today, a thought struck me that I felt compelled to share. Remember, the views I express here are purely my own, so take them with a grain of salt. We can all agree that our children are crucial to the stability, well-being, and future of this nation as we stride forward with confidence. Regrettably, it seems that many who claim to champion our children have veered off course, leading our youth down a perilous path of self-destruction.

Some argue that children of certain ages possess the understanding necessary to grasp the weight and repercussions of their choices, thus should be permitted to pursue actions like gender surgeries. Yet, these same individuals often assert that these young people shouldn't have the

right to smoke, purchase firearms, enlist in the military, or consume alcohol—claiming they lack the maturity to comprehend potential damage. If anyone can decipher this contradictory line of thinking, I'd appreciate your insights.

Do not allow anyone to manipulate your thoughts or emotions into feeling that you are wrong or prejudiced simply for refusing to submit or embrace their newly concocted drug—a mind-altering anesthetic that redefines norms. Unlike fentanyl, which is being relentlessly pushed into our communities by cartels, this insidious substance is cultivated right here in our nation. It is disseminated through a coalition of political leaders, corporate giants, educational institutions, social media platforms, news outlets, sports figures, the entertainment industry and various other influential entities.

In closing, refuse to let anyone sway your thoughts into believing that you are mistaken or prejudiced simply for standing firm against their demands and ideologies they wish to impose as new norms.

Let us strive to become a beacon of transformation that rekindles hope within our communities and restores peace to restless hearts. Together, we can make a meaningful impact with genuine intentions, clear minds, and humility, forging a nation where freedom, truth, justice, and law are upheld for all Americans and those who seek refuge within our borders. Let us rally together as one nation, one people, one America. As we part ways today, remember that careless words can be as damaging as a bomb or a bullet. So, choose your words wisely and act with intention. I appreciate you joining me for this early morning edition of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

### **Information Manipulation**

Greetings, everyone! Welcome to this episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show, focusing on street-level perspectives. I'm your host, Mr. Joiner. Remember, the thoughts and opinions I share are mine alone, so feel free to take them with a pinch of salt. Scanning the bustling sidewalk, a passerby catches my eye. I decide to engage him in conversation. "Excuse me, sir," I approach him with a friendly smile. "May I ask you a question?" Intrigued, he nods. "What is one thing you wish government officials would stop feeding to the public?"

He pauses, considering the weight of my question. "One of the things I can't stand about many politicians and reporters is their ability to lie to the American public without any sense of remorse," he replies before continuing on his way.

"Thank you!" I call after him as he walks away. Now, dear listeners, this resonates with me deeply. It's one of my biggest pet peeves. Too many individuals in positions of power twist information to fit their agendas, pushing their political and morally questionable ideologies onto our children and preying on those whose integrity has been eroded by deceitful theatrics.

My listeners understand when I assert that it's time for us, the people, to stop accepting the web of lies spun by political entities from both sides. These narratives are amplified by news organizations and talk show hosts who contribute to ideological confusion plaguing our society.

This manipulation isn't minor; it's an assault on our nation's integrity by the very institutions we trust: the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial branches.

To compound the issue, these powerful figures enlist corporations, educational institutions, social media platforms and athletes across all sports. Entertainment venues and influential entities have embraced this shift, actively working to dismantle traditional standards they now label as outdated and offensive.

As I wrap up, consider this: being an American does not require you to submit to every trend or doctrine. You should never feel pressured to conform or feel inadequate for not endorsing someone else's lifestyle choices. True American values dictate that every individual deserves equal treatment, justice, and the same opportunities without barriers. We must stand firm against any forces that attempt to erode our right to dissent.

Until we meet again, remember that careless words can wield destructive power. Choose your words and actions with care. To everyone listening, I urge you to embrace a life of longevity, freedom, and love—love for God and love for your neighbor as you would for yourself. Strive to live harmoniously with those around you. This is Mr. Joiner signing off, and I appreciate you joining me for another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

## **Rant Time**

The leaders across our political, corporate, educational, social, news, sports, and entertainment spheres wear expressions of shock and disbelief, as if they are utterly clueless about how we arrived at a point where protests, riots, property destruction, community takeovers, and violence have become the go-to methods for resolving conflicts. If these influential figures truly fail to understand this reality, I urge them to confront the reflection in their mirrors. That very face, along with the rhetoric it spews and the choices it makes, has ignited the flames of discontent and continues to stoke the fires that divide our nation. When you demean, devalue, and dehumanize others, you set in motion a cycle of despair that leads to the loss of lives, the shattering of livelihoods, and threats against homes and families—all executed without a moment's hesitation. The perpetrators of this calamity show no regard for age; their chaos, destruction, and violence spare no one in their path.

America is grappling with a profound mental, emotional, and spiritual malaise, and the signs of this affliction are glaringly visible throughout the country. Dehumanization manifests as a means of diminishing, belittling, and devaluing lives, allowing individuals to rationalize acts of violence without remorse when no ethical or principled response exists for the actions taken or the lives lost. The influential figures in our political, corporate, educational, social, media, sports, and entertainment sectors bear significant responsibility for the rising tide of violence among youth and others. Their rhetoric and actions imply that certain lives, ideas, and agendas hold more significance than others.

Every life is invaluable, whether it exists within the womb or outside of it; each individual brings unique worth, irrespective of culture or skin color. All lives deserve respect because once taken, they can never be returned. When we allow ourselves or others to dictate our moral compass—

deciding which lives or cultures are deemed unworthy of existence—we pave the way for escalating violence that permeates our homes, communities, and the nation at large.

We find ourselves in the midst of an American crisis, where political infighting, backstabbing, slander, blame-shifting, and incompetence have only plunged us deeper into chaos. It is imperative that we, the people, take a stand against this narrow-minded madness. My acceptance of another's lifestyle is not a prerequisite for treating them with dignity, and that respect should be mutually extended.

## **A Call To Men**

Men, if you believe that there isn't a concerted effort to influence our children and undermine parental authority, I urge you to open your eyes to the reality unfolding across this nation, especially in places like California. Do not fall into the trap of denial; it only empowers those who seek to manipulate. To invade a strong man's territory, you must first disarm him, mentally, emotionally, and physically. When you sow confusion in his mind, he loses the ability to think clearly and make sound judgments. If you erode his will to resist, he will fall silent, allowing himself to be trampled. By toying with his emotions, he becomes vulnerable, easily lured into the snares of fleeting pleasures—both sexual and material. This manipulation is far easier with young boys than with grown men, as their innocence makes them prime targets.

Recognize the gravity of the situation: the adversary is formidable, relentless, and well-equipped, supported by years of strategy, funding, and individuals entrenched in every sector, all championing an agenda that seeks to redefine the American norm. Yet, we are not alone in this battle. We have an unwavering ally—the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End—who reigns supreme and observes from on high. He stands ready for us, as men, to rise up and respond to His call. Let us bow before God as devoted men of prayer, seeking to be vessels for His glory. In doing so, may we become instruments to counter the deceptions that threaten to dismantle our families and communities.

Let me provide a clearer example. Who possesses the strength to breach the fortress of a powerful man and seize his possessions? Only one who is even mightier—someone capable of binding him before taking what is rightfully his. In truth, no one can achieve this without such strength. Thus, the strong man's domain remains untouched. One Truth, One Love, One People, One America. The terms "Legitimate," "Legit," and "Legitimated" refer to adherence to established principles, laws, and accepted standards; they signify the process of bestowing authority or respectability upon someone or something, rendering it valid.

Currently, we find ourselves under a political regime, supported by an array of organizations and platforms, relentlessly striving to coerce individuals into accepting that sexual perversion and other deviant behaviors are now normalized and legitimate. They believed that by enacting laws, people would abandon their core values, kneel in submission, and conform. This struggle extends beyond merely securing marriage rights; it's fundamentally about achieving legitimacy, which can only be attained when embraced by the masses, leaving those who resist to be trampled

underfoot. Anticipate intensified assaults on families, communities, our educational institutions, and our youth. I hold that if something is genuinely legitimate, it does not resort to threats, coercion, or imposition for conformity, and that principle applies equally to the belief and acceptance of Jesus Christ. Disagreement is natural, and that's acceptable, for one of the cherished aspects being eroded in our nation is the capacity to disagree while still upholding the ideals of being One Nation, One People, and One America!

Men, it's time to rise, awaken, and take action. If we are to safeguard our boys and girls, our sons and daughters, our present and future families, our communities, our state, and our nation, we must step up, step out, and charge to the front lines alongside the women who are bravely enduring the onslaught. They are unjustly labeled as terrorists and extremists for refusing to conform to a new political, sexual, and social order that seeks to exclude parents from every aspect of their children's lives and upbringing, sowing seeds of discord, disrespect, and division among us.

Brothers, will we remain silent? Will we allow our sisters to fight alone in the gap against an adversary that relentlessly attacks the minds, souls, and bodies of our children, our youth, our hope? This is a clarion call for men to rise and take decisive action; if we do not, the wounds inflicted will run deeper, last longer, and become increasingly difficult to heal in the days ahead.

Let us stand firm for our families, our friends, and our communities. Let us unite in purpose and declare that our voices will not be silenced. We will not retreat in fear; we are steadfast in our commitment to defend our families, our schools, and our communities. Though darkness may encroach, we will stand together and confront it head-on as one nation, one people, one America.

I have stated this before, and I will say it again: "To transform the moral, social, political, and civil fabric of America or any nation, one must corrupt and twist the minds of the next generation." While they propagate falsehoods as truths, disguise hatred as love, and present uncivil actions as virtuous, they watch a nation implode from within. If they can silence MEN, if they can break the will of MEN, if they can strip away the manhood of MEN, if they can stifle the very soul of MEN, if they can confuse the minds of MEN, then those men will remain dormant, ensnared in complacency, lingering on the sidelines, allowing their voices to fade into silence. They will not stand in the gap, leaving it wide open for all manner of evil to infiltrate their families and communities, redefining, remolding, and reshaping the structure of society through our children, especially our boys.

Awaken, men! Shake off the slumber that binds you, step off the sidelines, arm yourselves with knowledge, and stand firm in the gaps. Let your voices rise and be heard. This passivity grants them unrestricted access to redefine, remold, and reshape the foundations of family and community through our youth. Mothers are already on the front lines, bravely facing the storm, enduring blows for their families, and yet they are labeled extremists for their courage. Men, they cannot shoulder this burden alone. It is time for us to awaken, to shake off our lethargy, to engage actively, and to fill the void, ensuring our voices resonate. We must make it clear that we will not slip quietly into the night; we will not surrender our families and communities; we will not allow them to poison the minds of our young people.

Brothers, ready your minds and open your hearts. Fortify your souls and strengthen your spirits with the Word of God, for He will anchor you upon a solid rock—unyielding and steadfast. No matter how fierce the storms rage or how violently the winds howl, the foundation of God remains unshaken. Hold fast to your faith and stand resolute in your duty as men of God.

### **Sober And Vigilant**

Clyde Wilson stood behind the polished pulpit, warmth and purpose radiating from his gaze as it swept over the congregation. Joy surged through him as he observed the vibrant faces of children nestled beside their parents, grandparents, and siblings, all settling into their seats in eager anticipation of the message that would soon unfold. The air buzzed with excitement and nervousness, a palpable reminder of the approaching school year that loomed just days away. Clyde felt the weight of those challenges pressing upon him.

He opened his Bible, fingers tracing the worn leather cover before lifting it to address the congregation. “Our scripture today comes from 1 Peter 5:8,” his voice steady and commanding. “It calls us to be sober and vigilant, for our adversary prowls around like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” He emphasized 'sober,' explaining its significance as clarity of mind and being in our right state of thinking. “This implies moments when our minds can become clouded or confused.”

He paused, letting his words settle over the congregation. “Now, I don’t want anyone to raise their hands,” he continued with a knowing smile, “but if I were to ask how many of us have experienced drunkenness at some point in our lives, I suspect a few hands would rise.” With a gesture, he illustrated his point. “Just as liquor can leave us inebriated and out of sorts, we must guard against allowing temptations to cloud our judgment. If we’re not careful, we can become intoxicated by worldly distractions.”

A chorus of “Amen” echoed through the sanctuary. The energy in the room surged, reflecting a shared commitment to remain alert against lurking dangers.

“This scripture urges us to remain vigilant and watchful,” Clyde continued after a moment's pause for reflection. “A task made nearly impossible when one is under the influence or ensnared by drugs. We must be alert to the traps and snares set by our adversary to lead us to ruin. It is essential to be attentive and open to receiving God’s guidance in our lives, as this will help us navigate the pitfalls that lie in wait.”

“We must remain vigilant against that roaring lion. Did you know a lion's roar can echo for three to five miles? Its thunderous call is akin to the seductive whispers of our modern world, luring you into shadows where you risk being devoured. These roars aim to instill fear, ensnaring you in a false belief that you are lacking something essential—something only God can provide or fulfill. The enemy seeks to keep you intoxicated and oblivious, rendering you defenseless against attacks that threaten your mind, body, and soul, allowing immorality to take hold. “Are there any military personnel among us today?” A wave of hands shot up in response.

“Service members know well that an attack can come from land, sea, or air, but without the capacity to capture and maintain ground, all efforts are in vain. I’m going to take a brief detour here. The assaults being waged against our nation manifest through every possible avenue—land, sea, and air. The roaring lion and his allies grasp the importance of seizing territory; it is essential for their triumph. This is precisely why they target the youth of America.

"Influential leaders across various spheres strive to persuade the youth of our nation that true liberation lies in the destruction of their bodies (Land), degradation of their minds (Air), and corruption of their souls (Sea). They paint parents as obstacles to freedom, suggesting these guardians stifle young people's rights to explore and express without restraint or approval. This narrative seeks to sever protective bonds between children and caregivers.

"As the new school year unfolds," Clyde continued after a pause for reflection, "let us cultivate clear minds and vigilant hearts. We must remain alert and discerning, attuned to the lessons and influences shaping our children within their schools. It is imperative that we stay informed about what is being imparted to them, ensuring we are prepared to intervene when the need arises. We must advocate for our children, safeguarding their well-being by ensuring every educator genuinely prioritizes their best interests.

"Let us bow our heads in prayer. Heavenly Father, we seek wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and discernment. Grant us the ability to identify the presence of evil that seeks to infiltrate hearts and minds. Empower us to intercede for them and for our nation, that we may break free from darkness. As you send us forth, may your peace and blessings envelop each of us and our families today and all the days to come. Amen.”

## **The Rehash**

Jack slouched at the worn kitchen table, the evening light casting long shadows as he tuned in to his favorite radio show, Joiner Talk. The voice of Mr. Joiner crackled through the speakers, warm and inviting. Jack found himself increasingly drawn to the eclectic range of topics and spirited conversations that Mr. Joiner brought to life.

“Today, we’re revisiting a subject I touched on in a previous episode,” Mr. Joiner announced, “But remember, as always, that the thoughts and opinions you hear are purely my own, so feel free to take them with a grain of salt.” Jack leaned in closer, eager to absorb every word.

“Alright, let’s dive in,” began Mr. Joiner. “In a previous episode, a listener raised a compelling idea: there seems to be a concerted and organized campaign targeting the youth of our nation.” He paused for emphasis. “The objective is clear: to alter views on family structures, sexual identities, and national sentiments while fostering a growing disdain for law enforcement.”

Jack pondered the weight of the discussion. It was a lot to unpack in a single radio segment. Yet, he found solace in simply absorbing the host's insights. “I know I threw a lot at you before the break,” continued Mr. Joiner. “There’s a scripture that states you can’t rob a strong man until you first bind him. Once he’s restrained, then you can take what you want.” Jack felt the gravity of the analogy sink in.

Listeners, we find ourselves in a troubling reality where the leaders of our nation have surrendered their minds to a malevolent spirit." Mr. Joiner paused again. Regrettably," he said after a moment, "America is suffering from a profound mental, emotional, and spiritual malaise."

Mr. Joiner took another pause before continuing with his warning for parents and caregivers about their children's education. Jack nodded in agreement, feeling a surge of validation in Mr. Joiner's message. Our students already face a multitude of challenges in their everyday lives," Mr. Joiner continued, "and it is unjust for adults to burden them with complex issues that they lack the maturity to fully understand or respond to appropriately."

These adults are akin to the worst kind of criminals—those who exploit the vulnerable for personal gain. They manipulate children, using their innocence and inexperience against them, treating them as mere pawns in a larger, darker game. The radio host's voice carried an unmistakable edge of anger, resonating with the urgency of his message.

As I prepare to wrap up this broadcast," said Mr. Joiner, "let me reiterate: we can no longer ignore the reality that our children are under siege." Until we meet again," he concluded, "keep in mind that the words we speak can wield a power as perilous and destructive as a bomb dropped from the sky or a bullet fired from a gun. To everyone listening, I urge you to live long, embrace freedom, love God, and treat your neighbor as you would yourself."

Jack switched off the radio, the last echoes of Mr. Joiner's impassioned voice fading into silence. He let his mind wander through the tangled web of ideas he had just absorbed. The weight of the discussion lingered, igniting questions and concerns that demanded his attention.

## **Hypocrisy**

Jack and Sam lounged at a weathered table outside the beachside restaurant, cold beers in hand. The sun dipped toward the horizon, painting the sky in vibrant hues of orange and pink. They observed a diverse crowd strolling by, couples wrapped in each other's arms, laughter mingling with the sound of crashing waves.

"You know, Jack," Sam broke the comfortable silence, "I'm all for letting people live their lives as they see fit. But I draw the line when these same people come demanding that everyone else conform to their views—whether it's about immigration, transgender individuals using women's spaces, or books aimed at kindergarteners teaching them about oral sex or same-sex relationships. That's where I take a stand against their wrath."

Jack continued to gaze at the sunset. After a brief silence, he cleared his throat. "Sam, the pinnacle of their hypocrisy lies in how they define something or someone as flawed and then demand conformity from anyone who dares to dissent. It is a double standard. If someone with an opposing viewpoint asks for respect, they're often labeled with phobias or biases, accused of being out of touch, or politically damaged due to their media consumption and party affiliations."

"Should they be from the African American community, labels like Uncle Toms or sellouts are hastily applied." Jack's beer offered a momentary distraction, the cool liquid a brief solace as he pondered the absurdity.

Sam leaned back in his chair, his brow furrowed as he mulled over Jack's words. "Jack," he finally said, "I think America is experiencing a profound mental, emotional, and spiritual breakdown. The signs of this fragmentation are glaringly visible across the nation. What's even more troubling is that this malaise is most acutely felt among those who hold positions of authority—their decisions and ideologies seem to reflect this sickness."

"They refuse to confront the real issues at hand because they are the very source of those problems," Jack replied. "It's far simpler for them to deflect attention, to highlight the symptoms rather than tackle the underlying causes."

"People are so entrenched in their own narratives that they aren't interested in the truth; they only want to hear what aligns with their beliefs and those who echo their opinions," Sam said. "We must remember this: as the head goes, so goes the body. Right now, the leadership of America is gravely ill, dragging the rest of us deeper into chaos and confusion. It's time for the people—the body—to take a stand."

Jack signaled the waiter, his hand raised high, and ordered another round of beers. The clinking of glasses punctuated the gravity of their conversation.

## **The Reckoning**

America, much like Nineveh, has plunged back into shadow, where wickedness revels and cruelty reigns. Idolatry has become an intimate companion, while a hubristic belief in its own wealth, power, and prestige blinds the nation to the impending reckoning that looms on the horizon. The signs of distress are painfully evident, revealing the toll of dehumanizing others and its corrosive effects on society, particularly on our youth. It is disheartening to witness those in positions of political authority propagate a debasing mindset, aided by the media and various outlets that amplify their messages. When does life truly begin, and what grants one individual's existence more worth than another's? Throughout history, humanity has devised methods to strip away the humanity of others, allowing for actions taken without guilt or remorse.

Ultimately, politicians, legislators, judges, doctors, educators, and all who have played a role in sanctioning the loss of innocent lives will never find solace in drinking, stealing, lying, partying, or indulging in depravity enough to justify the deaths they have endorsed through the policies they enact and the funds they allocate to their accomplices—those who deliver death in various forms.

## **Refuse Trash**

If you wouldn't allow someone to litter in your yard, clutter your car, or dirty your home with their mess, then don't permit that same filth to invade the sacred space of your Heart, Mind, and Soul! We must be vigilant in protecting these vital areas from the onslaught of political, social,

and activist groups eager to pollute them, especially when it comes to our children. Stay alert to the laws being proposed that seek to undermine parental rights. Safeguard your Heart, for it is the wellspring of all your actions. Protect your Mind, as your thoughts shape the course of your life. Defend your Soul, so you do not sacrifice it for fleeting worldly pleasures. Remember, there are countless trash trucks attempting to breach your Heart, Mind, and Soul to unload their debris—do not grant them entry.

## **The Conversation**

Mark and Jack jogged through the park when they spotted a man rhythmically tapping his walking stick against the ground. He was close to the edge of the winding trail. Jack, ever impulsive, slowed down and called out. “Excuse me, sir!” Mark's face showed his concern. “You’re quite near the edge—do you need any help?” “No, I’m fine,” the man replied, amusement in his voice. “I prefer walking near the edge; it helps me distinguish between different surfaces beneath my feet.”

“What do you mean?” Jack asked, confused. “The hard surface is the path I must follow, while the soft surface is one I should avoid. The sounds they make are distinct, and over time, I’ve learned to recognize them.”

The man elaborated. “Life, in many ways, mirrors this journey. There are two paths: one is genuine, the other deceptive. Until we shed our blinders and attune our ears to the truth, we may possess sight yet remain oblivious to reality; we can hear sounds yet be deaf to changes that matter.” He paused before continuing. “Until we confront issues of violence, poverty, crime—we risk inviting darkness and chaos into society.” Mark and Jack exchanged glances.

"Isn't it astonishing," he mused, "how these groups claim to hold the keys to America's ailments? Yet, paradoxically, our nation spirals into greater sickness." He paused again. "I fear they may not be the solution but rather contributors to the problems they seek to address."

Jack interjected. “Are you suggesting that the government isn’t genuinely seeking solutions? Because if they were, they would realize those issues point right back at them—their own partisan divides and their failure to be honest with people.” The man nodded slowly.

What leads anyone to believe that specific leaders genuinely desire to unearth America's afflictions? These individuals parade before the media, fabricating stories with audacity that showcases their contempt for the truth. His voice resonated with conviction.

After a moment, Mark spoke up. “They want us to think that Truth has vanished from America, but that couldn’t be further from reality! Integrity and Honor are merely obscured, buried beneath lies and cloaked in innuendos.” The man nodded thoughtfully as Mark continued. “These figures have assumed the guise of the ancient schemer, corrupting both mind and spirit.” The man acknowledged this with a nod.

“I need to continue my walk,” he stated, his tone firm yet gentle. “But remember this: embracing truth is a challenging yet essential journey. The path of falsehood is strewn with seductive deceptions that may appear enticingly genuine. Once ensnared, your very core can be consumed.”

He expressed his gratitude to Mark and Jack before continuing his journey down the trail. Mark and Jack remained rooted in place, watching him until he vanished from view. They exchanged a silent glance then resumed their run, lost in thought about the deeper implications of their conversation.

## **The Word Love**

The concept of Love has been weaponized, tainted, and defiled, twisted into something that signifies little more than sexual gratification, material gain, or emotional manipulation—a tool for exerting mental and physical control over others. We have relinquished the definition of love to political figures, social activists, entertainers, and others who, consumed by their own flaws, have lost sight of its true essence. Genuine love does not seek to manipulate or toy with another's feelings, ideas, or thoughts. It is not a forceful entity nor does it impose demands through rude behaviors or bullying tactics, expecting affection or friendship in return.

True love is a living entity, cultivated and nurtured, refined through the fires of trials and tribulations until it reaches its purest form. It gently corrects you when you're wrong, lifts you up when you're down, and persists even beyond death, echoing through the days that follow. We will never fully grasp what it means to love others unconditionally until we first learn to love ourselves in that same profound way. Love transcends political affiliations; it exists independently of whether one shares their body or material possessions. May the light of truth illuminate our path and guide us to unite as One Nation, One People, and One America.

## **Beast Reemerged**

After a close encounter with a shadowy figure, betrayed only by the faint ember of a cigarette piercing the darkness, Jack and Sam sought refuge in their concealed alcove. From here, they overlooked the street below and the hidden entrance, camouflaged by a chaotic pile of debris against the building's weathered side. They speculated whether this location was an operational hub for one of the prominent factions, such as the ACLU American Freedom Fighters or the SPLC Community Reparation Force. Sam suggested it might be a lesser-known offshoot, adept at navigating the urban decay surrounding them. As figures began to emerge from the concealed opening, their silhouettes flickering in the dim morning light, Jack gestured for Sam to lean closer.

“What are those black box devices they’re holding?” Their curiosity piqued, they watched two men approach a cluttered section of the vacant lot, methodically clearing away scattered debris. A tarp came into view, which they deftly rolled back to reveal a makeshift landing pad. Meanwhile, other men clutching black boxes moved in closer, beginning to unpack their contents with urgency. The two who had cleared the area stood guard, scanning their surroundings. Jack

and Sam shared a silent moment of apprehension before returning their attention to the unfolding scene below.

After several tense minutes, four men returned to the side of the building revealing an elaborate setup that included two satellite dishes and a pair of ominous drones. Jack and Sam exchanged glances as the low hum of drones ignited in the air. They watched as drones detached from their launch site and ascended slowly before settling into a hovering position. Sam's heart raced as he recognized these were not mere observation drones; they were engineered for aggression. Relief washed over them when drones veered away from their alcove and climbed higher into the sky. The four men lingered outside for a moment before slipping back into their hidden entrance.

Close together, their breath mingling in the crisp morning air, Jack and Sam processed the events. "We need to mark this location on our map," Jack urged. "Let's head back to HQ and strategize an operation to neutralize this group. We have to gather intel on who they are and what kind of resources they might possess." Sam nodded, his expression serious as he absorbed Jack's words. Suddenly, a prickling sensation crept up the back of Jack's neck. His heart raced as he spotted two figures making their way toward the building where they had been hiding for days.

Jack gestured toward his eyes and then pointed to the ground, signaling danger. Without a word, they packed their gear and slipped into a shadowy nook within the building. They pressed themselves against the cold wall, blending seamlessly into the dimness. Below, muffled sounds of intruders echoed through the space. The sudden crackle of a radio coming to life sent a jolt through both men.

"Jack Russell, Jack Russell, this is Black Rabbit 1, Black Rabbit 1, come back," crackled a voice from below. "Black Rabbit 1, this is Jack Russell. What's your situation report?" came an urgent reply. A heavy silence followed before a grim voice broke through: "The legs no longer walk, and their dispersal devices have been disemboweled while their young ones cry amidst fields of fire and blood. Over." The radio hissed back to life. "Copy that, Black Rabbit 1. Make haste through the briar patch, down the yellow brick road, and back to the rabbit hole in Brick wood Forest." "Roger that, Jack Russell. Black Rabbit 1 out," concluded the voice.

Sam returned to Jack with urgency etched across his face. "They just executed a successful special op hit on someone they referred to as 'legs,'" he whispered. Jack's eyes widened in disbelief. "That's what I heard too," he replied, grimly realizing that the term was now being used for anyone linked to their operations. The weight of the revelation hung heavily between them, but the low thrum of returning drones pulled their focus. They quickly darted back to their alcove, peering cautiously down at the street below. Two figures burst out of the building and sprinted toward the vacant lot as drones descended from the sky.

The two men reemerged from the concealed entrance and approached the makeshift landing pad. With methodical precision, they began dismantling drones and satellite dishes. Once the equipment was stowed away, they draped a tarp over the landing pad before rearranging scattered debris to conceal their presence. As they melted back into the shadows, Jack turned to Sam with a contemplative frown. "Sam, I think these guys might just be a drone strike unit."

Sam's eyes flickered with recognition, mirroring Jack's realization. Their determination ignited anew as they exchanged a knowing glance.

As darkness gradually enveloped the landscape, Jack and Sam braced themselves for the long wait ahead. They sat in silence, each lost in turbulent thoughts, mentally steeling themselves for the looming confrontation. Jack's attention was drawn to the soft chirping of a nearby bird, its song a stark contrast to the tension in the air.

As Sam peered down at the street, a voice echoed in his mind warning him of succumbing to mental decay that plagues their generation if they fail to break free from misleading narratives crafted by influential figures and systems.

The voices in their minds intertwined into a somber lament as they scrolled through various posts championing a system where a single party would wield absolute control over government promising harmony and unity.

Jack and Sam exchanged a knowing glance, fully aware of grim conclusions drawn from echoing voices in their minds. As twilight deepened, casting long shadows across the landscape, they steelled themselves for the inevitable reckoning. With the night closing in, they prepared to unleash their vengeance upon those lurking in the shadows of their hidden lair, intent on delivering justice.

## **Fickleness**

Insidious forces and twisted ideologies seep into the minds of our youth, spreading like noxious weeds across the landscape of our nation, designed to keep the masses oblivious to the looming threats until it is far too late. A misled populace will be tossed about like driftwood on a turbulent sea, swayed by every new political, activist, and social doctrine, skillfully manipulated by those who wield deception, cunning, and treachery to fulfill their ambitions, even if it means tearing the nation apart from within. These arrogant and self-important figures genuinely believe they possess control over the flames they have ignited throughout the country.

When government entities and other organizations begin to blur the lines of gender identity, redefining what it means to be a man or a woman, we witness the emergence of a tyrannical machine that will employ every tool at its disposal to warp the minds of our children. This insidious campaign seeks to turn them against family values and the foundational truths of existence, steering them toward a fabricated reality and a distorted moral compass. They will be led to accept that only their version of truth—shaped by political, activist, and social groups that promote and elevate these ideologies—holds any validity. Yet, the reality is starkly different; their capricious nature means that allies today may swiftly become adversaries tomorrow.

## **PSA**

Welcome to Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm Mr. Joiner, and today we delve into matters close to my heart. These aren't organizational messages, but my personal reflections and concerns. It's crucial to understand that our internal identities significantly shape our external actions and

words. This is why certain groups relentlessly propagate ethically corrupt ideas, filling our environment with toxic narratives. They aim to infiltrate the minds of our youth, enticing them to consume these harmful ideologies without hesitation or critical thought. Their ultimate goal? To manipulate their development, shaping who they become and how they express themselves. This strategy leads to the disintegration of family bonds, the corruption of our educational systems, and a growing disdain for law and order. In this chaos, our children are encouraged to adopt a spirit filled with anger and rebellion, rather than one of understanding and unity.

Hubris heralds ruin; an inflated sense of self paves the way for downfall. "When a nation turns against itself, despair, hopelessness, and devastation inevitably ensue; just as a house fractured by discord is destined to collapse."

The most formidable danger facing America doesn't originate from foreign adversaries but from within. When society becomes ensnared in its own hubris, it morphs into a caricature of itself—prideful, arrogant, boastful, morally corrupt, and steeped in self-loathing. In such an environment, the government begins to elevate itself above the citizens it's meant to serve, evolving into a more dictatorial regime. This shift leads to egregious overreach, trampling on the rights of the populace to impose its own agendas. In this dark reality, those in power are willing to sacrifice the lives of brave men and women in uniform while neglecting the needs and voices of the people they claim to protect.

Let's unite in purpose, declaring with unwavering strength that our voices will not be stifled. We won't cower in fear; instead, we'll stand firm in our convictions for the sake of our families, our schools, and our communities. Though darkness may loom on the horizon, we'll confront it together, embodying the light that illuminates the path to meaningful change. This change will transform lives for the better, guiding us toward the vision of One Nation, One People, One America.

Until we meet again, remember that reckless words can wield destructive power comparable to a bomb or a bullet. Be mindful of your speech and actions. This is Mr. Joiner, signing off another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

## **Dead Conscience**

Welcome to another early morning edition of Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm your host, Mr. Joiner. This morning, multiple sirens pierced through my bedroom, their wailing notes weaving a tapestry of dread that settled heavily in my chest. I felt sorrow for the children of this nation, burdened by the realization that many adults have become consumed by self-interest, their only pursuit being personal gratification, even when it arises from dubious and morally questionable choices.

As I often remind you, the words I share are purely my own reflections and should be taken with a discerning mind. This morning's unsettling atmosphere has prompted me to ponder: What is transpiring in the minds of individuals? How has our nation's moral fabric frayed to the point where taking innocent life, in any guise, is accepted without a flicker of conscience?

Some individuals—politicians, teacher union leaders, educators, and activist organizers—take to the airwaves, their voices rising in outrage. They proclaim themselves champions of justice and peace advocates. Yet, as they rally young minds, they steer them toward disruptive protests that spiral into property destruction and violence.

Where is the justice and peace in such behavior? What mindset will dominate if only lives that conform to specific political agendas or social ideologies are deemed worthy of protection? It is disheartening when factions exploit loss of life to promote their views and opinions.

Listeners tuning in from across the airwaves, our nation's trajectory has been commandeered by insatiable cravings. In simpler terms, we grapple with corrosive forces such as money, greed, power, sexual perversion, and social uniformity. These influences have seeped into those wielding power who now strive to inject their biases into America—particularly targeting our youth.

Until we meet again, remember that reckless words can carry destructive force akin to a bomb or bullet. Be vigilant about your speech and actions. This is Mr. Joiner, and I appreciate you joining me for another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

### **Hands Of Ill Intent**

Welcome to another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm your host, Mr. Joiner. Tonight's discussion is personal. Years ago, a man connected to my family shot my mother, an experience that profoundly altered my understanding of violence. It wasn't an anonymous gun that exploded from the kitchen that day; it was two desperate men, leaving chaos behind them. My mother bore the weight of a bullet lodged in her back for years, and I treasure every moment I had with her—moments many others were denied—until pancreatic cancer claimed her over two years ago. As always, remember that what you hear from me are my personal reflections and opinions.

Many voices argue that the tools used to inflict violence—guns, knives, bats, cars—are the core issue demanding our attention. Yet, I argue that the real problem lies not in the tools themselves, but in the mindset of those who wield them with malicious intent. When I first arrived in North Carolina from New York, hunting rifles displayed in the back of trucks surprised me. Fast forward to 2025, and not a single rifle graces the racks of trucks. What has transpired between 1979 and 2025? Have firearms morphed into more dangerous entities, or has society's collective mindset and moral compass deteriorated over the years?

In my view, the tools remain neutral; they do not possess inherent malevolence that drives them to violence. The real issue arises when they fall into the hands of individuals burdened by hopelessness and despair. Their hearts become vessels for chaos, fueled by political and social anger stoked by politicians, social media platforms, educators, news outlets, entertainers, and talk show hosts. Alongside these influences are those devoid of any moral compass who allow their darkness to consume them. These individuals grasp these tools and unleash their pain upon the innocent.

If we refuse to confront the root of the problem without being clouded by social agendas, activist fervor, or political biases, we risk witnessing a rise in violence as individuals lash out. Our nation risks sinking further into a chasm of despair. Until there is a fundamental transformation in people's hearts and minds, those hands will remain instruments of violence, jeopardizing the sanctity of life.

Be the beacon that guides us toward meaningful transformations that positively impact others' lives. Unite as One Nation, One People, One America. Remember that your words and actions hold the power to elevate or devastate. So, be mindful of what you express and how you behave. This is Mr. Joiner, thanking you for joining another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

## **Pay Back**

Jack and Sam crouched low in the doorway's shadows, hearts pounding as they scanned the dimly lit street for any sign of movement. With a subtle nod, Sam signaled Jack to slip across to the opposite side of the road while he kept watch. Once Jack was hidden, he turned back to cover Sam, ensuring their positions remained secure. They edged cautiously toward the building's corner, where the flickering streetlight barely illuminated their path. Jack peered around the concrete barrier, confirming the coast was clear, and together they advanced to a hidden entrance concealed beneath discarded crates and crumpled newspapers. They took up their positions, muscles tense and ready, settling into silence, waiting for their target—a habitual late-night smoker—to emerge.

A creaking noise sliced through the stillness, pulling their attention. Almost instantly, a figure emerged from the concealed opening. Jack's gaze locked onto him, his body coiling with tension. As the smoker lifted his cigarette to his lips, oblivious to danger nearby, Jack sprang into action. In one fluid motion, he clamped a hand over the man's mouth while his blade found its target. The man crumpled silently, leaving no trace of the violence that had just unfolded. Swiftly, Jack dragged him to a hidden alcove shrouded by shadows while Sam stationed himself at the entrance.

Jack slipped alongside Sam as they inched into their target's lair. The air grew heavy as they crept down a shadowy corridor towards an unseen room's faint glow of light. The low chatter of a radio mixed with muffled voices sent adrenaline surging through them as they reached the wall's edge. Sam leaned forward, surveying three men looming over a radio fixated on maps pinned to the wall. With a swift motion, he raised three fingers signaling Jack that their backs were turned. Just as they began to emerge from hiding, one of the men caught a glimpse of movement. His eyes widened in realization, but it was too late. In a seamless execution, Jack and Sam unleashed their weapons, the sound barely a whisper as each man fell silently.

Jack and Sam remained glued to their positions, straining their ears for any sounds that might hint at others nearby. Pressing against the cold wall, they inched toward the room where the lifeless bodies lay. Jack cautiously leaned around the corner to scan the right side of the room, noting its eerie emptiness. He exchanged a brief glance with Sam before they slipped into the

dimly lit space. As they sifted through scattered papers and equipment, excitement coursed through them; they had stumbled upon a treasure trove of intelligence—far more than they had anticipated.

## **America The Unbeautiful**

In her trademark boots, faded jeans, and a plaid lumberjack shirt, Joanna Jones stood with an air of determination. Her hair was pulled back into a practical ponytail, framing a face that radiated conviction. She was ready to voice her thoughts, indifferent to whether her opinions would win admiration or disdain. Aware of her authenticity, she refused to wear the mask of popularity, unapologetically embracing the fact that she wouldn't appeal to everyone's taste.

On the steps of the nation's capital, Joanna raised her voice. "My fellow Americans! My brothers and sisters! My little sons and daughters, all those who comprise this great house we call America!" She paused, letting her words sink in. "I stand here today to illuminate a truth that many may overlook: what we are witnessing in our nation is not some sudden upheaval. No, it is the result of relentless, calculated efforts by individuals who have long understood that to bring this country to its knees, they must first transform the very atmosphere and landscape around us. They have sought to sow discord, pitting us against one another, manipulating our fears and frustrations to serve their own agendas."

She pointed toward the imposing structure behind her. "We have individuals in government who will stop at nothing to manipulate this nation towards their own ideological agendas and political aspirations. Tragically, many of our elected officials and leaders within educational institutions have taken the forefront in steering this country into a state akin to a ship adrift, lacking a moral compass, tossed about by every gust of doctrine and twisted thought."

Joanna scanned the crowd as she continued. "These ideas aim to cloud our pursuit of truth, leaving us unable to regain our footing and navigate back on course." I must also expose a deep-seated injustice and significant harm inflicted upon our nation by the insidious practice of cultural character assassination. Joanna paused, her face heavy, as if each word carried the weight of truth.

She hesitated before speaking again. "Whenever you attribute the actions of a few to an entire group, you foster an environment thick with hatred, mistrust, and twisted mentalities steeped in violent intent. This leads to a dangerous conclusion: that the only way for America to reach its fullest potential is to eliminate certain segments of our society." Her voice rose with passion. "But let me be clear!" she declared, "If you were to erase any cultural identities, this nation would still fall short of being the best version of itself. It would remain trapped in the same turmoil we face today because the core beliefs, attitudes, and motivations of those in power would remain unchanged."

"It is time to cease the cycle of blame, to stop equating the actions of a few with the diverse tapestry of cultures that enrich our nation. We must remain vigilant, attentive, and united in our efforts. Let us put an end to the divisive rhetoric that seeks to tear us apart. We must silence the

voices manipulated by dark forces, tirelessly working to sow seeds of chaos, discord, deception, perversion, and violence."

As the crowd erupted in cheers, Joanna stepped back from the microphone. She felt a swell of emotion as she joined them in singing "America the Beautiful," each note echoing with hope and unity. Flags waved like a sea of colors around her.

Amidst the melody, she whispered fervently, "God grant us the strength and fortitude to restore sanity to this nation." Her voice carried the weight of her plea. "I ask that you place a protective shield around our children, safeguarding them from wickedness. In the name of Jesus Christ, I pray. Amen."

### **What A Blip**

Maturity transcends mere age; it embodies a mindset that prioritizes the thoughtful application of wisdom and knowledge over fleeting emotions. When immature individuals guide others who share their lack of growth, it resembles the blind leading the blind. This dynamic often stems from a pervasive belief in one's own correctness, rendering them susceptible to manipulation. I find value in perusing the comments that follow significant events, as they reveal, in my opinion, a stark reflection of our national state. Knowledge has been overshadowed by a troubling ignorance. Peace has been eclipsed by violence, and civility has crumbled into rudeness. If your understanding of truth hinges solely on what others declare to be true, you may be unwittingly ensnared in a deception. Moreover, this isn't a novel phenomenon; similar assertions have echoed throughout history, highlighting yet another way in which the essence of life is corrupted.

### **Poe Park**

Jim Brown, the town drunk, wobbled through Poe Park. His unsteady movements took him across the grassy expanse to a weathered park bench. He clambered atop it like a shipwrecked sailor finding refuge on a lifeboat. Raising his liquor bottle to his lips, he fixed his bleary gaze on the passersby who shot him wary glances. He cleared his throat and began to address the crowd.

"Men and women of this nation have fought, bled, and died to escape one-party rule!" His voice, though slurred, carried urgency. "Now, we find ourselves surrounded by uniformed enforcers, backed by politicians and shadowy organizations suggesting that one party should dominate not just our state, but the entire nation." His eyes blazed with conviction as he gestured animatedly.

Jim paused to gulp from his bottle before resuming. "Stop your running! Stop your walking! Stop your playing games!" he shouted. "What's happening in America right now is a clear sign of what unfolds when wisdom, discernment, truth, and the rule of law are surrendered to emotional immaturity. This juvenile behavior is fostered by elected officials whose motives are shrouded in deceit." His words tumbled out with fervor. "They twist hateful rhetoric into sweet-sounding lullabies that dull our minds and send common sense spiraling into a stupor—a stupor I

have felt myself!" Laughter erupted among the onlookers at his last remark as he took another swig.

"My people!" he bellowed, swaying slightly before steadying himself once more. "This is the reality we face in today's America! Some politicians believe that reverse discrimination should be actively encouraged as a remedy for historical injustices." He cited an example of an elected official from Michigan who recently advertised a job opening with blatant exclusion.

Numerous figures in politics and media frequently invoke Dr. King's powerful words, expressing his hope that his children would be evaluated not by their skin color but by their character. Yet, many who echo this sentiment fail to embody its essence. "How could they do such a thing?" Jim shouted, disbelief etched across his face.

"We must confront the harsh truth that racism still thrives, fueled by the flawed nature of humanity's heart, mind, and soul. Some act as if they hold the answers to the world's problems, claiming their ideologies are the antidote to our suffering. In reality, they're fanning the flames of discord that engulf this nation."

The crowd recoiled as Jim clambered down from the bench, his empty bottle crashing to the earth. "Listen up!" he called out. "No one should be cast aside or judged based on who they are or the color of their skin, their sexual orientation, their faith, or any other trait that sets them apart." He paused, scanning the faces in front of him. "Our personal dislikes and convictions don't grant us the authority to silence or impose our beliefs on those who see differently. Remember, two wrongs never make a right!" His tone sharpened. "How you treat others—yes, even a drunk like me—will circle back to you."

A solitary figure emerged from the throng and hoisted Jim upright. "Come on, Jim, it's time to head home," he urged gently. As they began to shuffle away, a voice from the crowd pierced the air, jeering. The man supporting Jim paused and turned back to face the onlookers. "This man you dismiss as a drunkard speaks truth," he declared. "He once worked in the very system that now engulfs our nation and that reality drove him to madness." With that, he guided Jim onward, their figures slowly disappearing into the gathering shadows.

## **By Design**

John, the street preacher, flanked by a small group of followers, settled beneath the sprawling branches of an ancient oak in the park. The rustle of leaves and cool breeze invigorated their spirits as he prepared to address them.

"Listen closely," he began. "A pervasive spirit of deception has seeped into the very fabric of American politics, tainting not only our governance but also the core of our educational institutions and, tragically, the church itself." His gaze intensified. "This deceiver's mission is clear: to lead souls astray from truth and the path of righteousness." He paused, allowing his words to settle among his listeners. "What we are witnessing in America today is no mere

coincidence or random occurrence; it is a meticulously crafted design. Those who plotted this course, with the insidious assistance of Satan, understood that such manipulation would require time. Their blueprint is steeped in corruption and malevolent intent.” His voice grew more impassioned. “This long-term deception has always been a generational strategy, one that is now reaping rewards for those who orchestrated its implementation.”

“A culture of incivility and violent disrespect is being championed among our youth, young adults, and various communities by certain politicians and organizations as an acceptable means of expressing dissent over political, economic, and social issues.” John paused before continuing. “When disagreements and conflicts are not approached with civility and fairness, they give rise to nothing but confusion, chaos, and unrest, which can escalate into threats of violence and actual bloodshed. Woe to those who label evil as good and good as evil, who exchange darkness for light and light for darkness, who trade bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. They are the ones who exonerate the guilty while condemning the innocent.”

Surveying his followers' faces—concerned yet determined—he cautioned them. “It may appear that they hold the reins of power now, as if they are completely in command. But this dominance is fleeting. The perversion, immorality, and twisted narratives they have unleashed upon our nation will not go unchallenged. These corrupt ideas will inevitably turn against the very foundations that nurtured them, consuming the roots of the systems that planted these toxic seeds deep within the minds and hearts of our youth. The chaos they promote will return to haunt them, unraveling the fabric of their own making.”

“For those willing to listen, a reckoning looms over this nation. Those who distort truth—who label evil as good and good as evil, who confuse darkness with light and light with darkness, who exchange bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter—will face the consequences. They twist justice to free the guilty while corrupting the hearts, minds, and souls of our children, urging them to rise against their parents and authority figures. Their day of judgment draws near, and the weight of their actions will not go unnoticed.

“My brothers and sisters,” he said as that pivotal day approached—one he believed had already dawned amidst the turmoil sweeping their nation—“let us rise as champions of justice and seekers of truth in the very streets of America. Let us boldly proclaim that our voices will no longer be silenced, that we will cradle Righteousness close to our hearts, allowing Truth to stand proudly in the public squares, and let Decency in our discourse flow seamlessly from hand to hand and heart to heart. Once more, I urge you: do not let vile or corrupt words escape your lips. Instead, let your speech be noble; may your mouth be a vessel of truth.” John beckoned everyone to join hands in unity as he began to pray.

“Heavenly Father, Lord God,” he beseeched. “Grant us strength and resilience to endure this relentless onslaught besieging our nation and its people. Bestow upon us wisdom, knowledge, and discernment, enabling us to perceive reality for what it truly is and to speak the truth with love. In the name of Jesus Christ, we pray. Amen.”

As he concluded the gathering, a wave of warmth spread through the group as they embraced one another, united in purpose and spirit.

## **Demeaning Life**

Welcome to another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm your host, Mr. Joiner, reminding you that the thoughts and opinions shared here are my own. Tonight, I address those who have turned the act of demeaning life into a twisted art form. If you never self-reflect and continually voice baseless opinions, you accomplish nothing. In hopeless environments, desperation reigns. Where peace is absent, chaos and violence thrive. When life is devalued, death becomes a ravenous predator, feasting on despair.

In a world where knowledge is tainted, people become easy prey for politicians more interested in trading insults than engaging in meaningful discourse. They parade on talk shows, acting like buffoons while neglecting their legislative responsibilities. Judges, activist groups, the news media, and social platforms distort and manipulate information to serve their agendas and ideologies. This alliance deepens the divide, leaving the public misinformed and vulnerable.

Some diminish the value of life itself, wielding names and acronyms like weapons to render others subhuman or devoid of humanity. They believe that labeling someone with derogatory terms grants them the authority to devalue and redefine a person's existence. In their eyes, this linguistic manipulation becomes a means to strip individuals of their dignity and reduce them to mere statistics or objects.

I believe these individuals spring from the vine of Sodom, emerging from desolate fields of Gomorrah. Their voices echo with bitterness; their words cultivate seeds of animosity. Their actions resemble venom so cruel that it paralyzes reason and clouds judgment.

Many fail to recognize that life holds its value both within the womb and beyond. They resort to demeaning others based on superficial traits like skin color. In their view, they argue that an unborn being does not qualify as life simply because it lacks the outward appearance they deem necessary.

Evil achieves its most significant victories when it disguises itself as good or imitates virtue. The Scriptures warn us that these facades may seem wise, yet they are merely the teachings of individuals who have crafted their own version of faith, one steeped in counterfeit humility.

Let us, the citizens, remain vigilant and steadfast. Let us unite in our efforts to bridge the chasms that divide us. May we rise above biased rhetoric, illuminating the path toward meaningful change. Together, let us forge a future where we stand united as One Nation, embracing the promise of a harmonious America.

Until we meet again, remember that reckless words can be as perilous and devastating as a bomb or bullet. Be mindful of your speech and actions. This is Mr. Joiner, thanking you for joining me for another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

## **Double Blip**

Awakening to truth is a unique experience, unlike being roused by an agenda steeped in distortion. One might align with a narrative that purports to reflect reality, yet remain oblivious to the deeper truths beneath the surface. Awakening doesn't ensure full awareness or enlightenment. Following those alert to certain deceptions is no better than being led by those blind to underlying truths; both paths lead to the same pit.

When we can't or won't critically evaluate what's presented as truth, we surrender ourselves to shadows, devoid of insight or essential knowledge that could reveal hidden realities. This mindset disregards rational discernment and guidance, operating without direction or purpose. As wrongdoers increase, so does wrongdoing. "Discipline your child, and he will bring you peace; he will be a source of joy to your soul." In times when revelation is absent, society loses its way and descends into chaos.

Those who let emotions dictate their actions become volatile and erratic, often behaving irrationally. In anger, they act impulsively, failing to consider the repercussions of their choices. Doors are slammed with reverberating force, objects are hurled without thought, creating a chaotic battleground. Their voices rise in a cacophony of curses, spitting insults like sparks from an open flame. They storm through spaces, shattering furniture as if it were kindling.

Associating with someone quick to anger is like inviting turmoil into one's own life. Such connections can lead individuals down a path of destructive behaviors, spiraling into division and sin. They may find themselves trapped in a situation that feels permanent. In this mindset, they risk becoming dependent on the corruption within humanity, influencing our children and contributing to familial disintegration, fueling a cycle of violence that pervades society.

## **The Exit**

Jack and Sam meticulously sifted through the chaotic array of papers and scattered gear, each item a potential clue to the shadowy organization behind the drone operators. The dim light flickered overhead, illuminating their focused expressions as they searched for any scrap of intelligence that might reveal the extent of the group's resources and operations. Suddenly, a crackling burst from the radio jolted them from their concentration. "Jack Russell, Jack Russell, this is Black Rabbit 1, Black Rabbit 1, come back," the voice crackled through the static. Startled, Jack and Sam exchanged glances, their eyes wide with curiosity and urgency.

"Jack Russell, Jack Russell, this is Black Rabbit 1, come back," came the voice again. Sam approached the device, his hand reaching for the microphone. He glanced at Jack who shrugged slightly. "Black Rabbit 1, this is Jack Russell, come back," Sam replied. A heavy silence enveloped them as they waited anxiously for a response.

Suddenly, the radio burst to life with a crackle. "Jack Russell, the dog catchers are on their way to flush you out. The doghouse has been compromised—once again, the doghouse has been compromised." Each word dripped with urgency. "Follow the yellow brick road to the watering hole on the other side of the briar patch in the thicket. There will be no further transmissions on this channel. Switch to blue channel. Black Rabbit 1 out."

With urgency propelling them forward, they navigated the cluttered space, gathering every scrap of intelligence they could find along with two heavy boxes that housed sleek black drones and satellite dishes. As they approached the exit, a sudden noise from outside sent a jolt of adrenaline through them. They halted, weapons drawn.

Cautiously, Jack edged closer to the door and peered through a narrow crack. He paused, straining to catch any sound, then slowly eased it open. He edged close to the wall, heart racing, while Sam followed closely behind. They remained still, listening intently for any faint indication of lurking threats. With a determined glance, Jack slipped across the street, melding into the shadows of a doorway. Once Jack was securely in place, Sam ventured out as well. Together, they ascended the creaking staircase to their lookout alcove.

A sudden screech pierced the air, accompanied by the frantic chatter of voices below. Peering cautiously over the edge of the alcove, they spotted a group of men leaping from a truck and encircling the entryway they had just vacated. Heartbeats quickening, they slipped silently down a narrow set of back stairs and exited the building just as gunfire erupted, followed by the thunderous roar of explosions.

Uncertain of the newcomers' intentions and eager to avoid confrontation, they navigated through the shadows. As they moved away from the chaos, they exchanged glances filled with relief and disbelief. A silent prayer lingered in their minds as they made their way home.

## **The Coalition**

A group of men huddled around a battered table in a shadowy corner of the local grocery store. The air was thick with tension. They were as varied as the constellations scattered across the night sky, yet they shared a singular conviction: the safety, security, and well-being of their families, their neighborhoods, and particularly the children. They agreed that K-5 schools served as critical launch pads for introducing young minds to sexual, political, and other contentious ideologies—ideas that children were far too immature to grasp or challenge. This vulnerability rendered them susceptible to manipulation, encouraging them to conceal information from their parents and caregivers.

One of the men at the table, Bob, leaned forward. “Gentlemen, we are acutely aware that a web of political, educational, social, and corporate systems has emerged. They craft narratives that distort our children's understanding of themselves. Instead, they implant new pronouns and identities into impressionable minds.”

Some of the men nodded in agreement while others muttered angrily. Bob pressed on. “They are targeting our children and students at every possible turn. These systems are hell-bent on reshaping the minds of young people across America to such an extent that they begin to reject their own identities.”

Bob surveyed the faces around him. “These corrupt systems have existed since time immemorial, but there’s no denying they’ve gained power and visibility. Their influence has seeped deep into the very halls of Congress and the executive branch of our government.”

“Gentlemen,” Bob said after a moment of silence. “It’s time we make it clear: we are shaking off the grime that has clouded our vision. Just like drug dealers with their poison, they want our youth hooked on their ideologies. We must communicate our stance unequivocally.”

The men lingered behind their chairs, gazes sharp and calculating. Bob surveyed the group with an intensity that electrified the air. With a subtle nod of his head, he signaled the moment had come. In perfect synchrony, the men rose and slipped from the room. This was no mere departure; it marked the emergence of their coalition, now on the prowl for those who preyed upon the innocence of children.

### **News Blip**

Earlier, Jack had tuned into the national news. For the first time, he heard alarming reports about the Social Security system. Anger surged through him. He believed every diligent American should feel outrage over the federal government’s mismanagement of this essential program. The report revealed speculation from some senators that the Social Security system could be insolvent within nine years. Their proposed solution? Gradually raising the retirement age. Jack was convinced their unspoken agenda was to push individuals to work until they were so worn down they wouldn’t live long enough to reap their earned benefits, leaving more funds for them to squander.

"Government institutions don't produce any tangible goods; they rely entirely on taxpayers," Jack whispered to himself. "These politicians and their institutions have been abusing our hard-earned money for too long." His voice rose in volume, "It's high time we put an end to it. If we can't adequately care for and support hardworking Americans, then no more taxpayer dollars should be siphoned from those who strive to make a living."

The reconstruction of America's framework was vital in Jack's eyes. The nation stood in disrepair, yearning for a revival that transcended superficial fixes. What was required was a profound transformation of our collective consciousness. This meant addressing underlying issues: corrupt political figures who took advantage of the American people, wealthy politicians who squandered taxpayer dollars as if they were personal fortunes, and those who aided the government and other institutions in spreading falsehoods instead of truths.

Confused and disoriented, people became easy targets for deception, more willing to absorb and believe lies perpetuated by certain politicians and others with sinister purposes. Presidents and their administrations might promise greater transparency, but this rarely matched their actions. True transparency required honesty, a virtue often missing from those in power. Thus, the American public faced a stark lack of sincerity from particular politicians, news outlets, social media, activist organizations, and many others who routinely twisted facts.

Just as Jack was about to tune out of the news, another disheartening report caught his attention: 48 million adults in America were reading at or below a third-grade level. He imagined the frustration of parents struggling to help their children with homework or even deciphering

permission slips. "How did we arrive at such a dismal point?" he wondered. It was alarming to see school boards, K-12 institutions, universities, politicians, and activist groups promoting a chaotic mix of nonsense, moral decay, and disrespect for parental authority—all driven by personal agendas.

Our youth were being robbed of a solid education that should equip them to understand and navigate the complexities of today's world. Literacy was essential; without it, young people risked falling prey to those with malicious intentions. We had to rally together to halt this downward spiral of literacy. It was imperative that we advocated fiercely for our schools and students, supported our families and communities, and fought for ourselves. With these thoughts in mind, Jack turned off the news.

## **Lemmings**

Harold, a disheveled figure, settled himself on the cold stone steps of an old building, his voice barely rising above the city's din. He lunged at passersby, arms flailing. "Stop! Stop, you lemmings!" he bellowed. "Can't you see? A spirit of deception has been unleashed upon this nation!" His voice echoed through the bustling streets. "It's rampaging across America, trampling communities and seeping into our essence!"

He pointed emphatically at the sky. "The institutions that should be our guardians have welcomed it with open arms! They twist it to serve their own agendas, turning you into drones, blind to their vices." His eyes darted around, searching for recognition among indifferent faces. "Wake up!" he implored. "You're being led astray!"

Struggling to his feet, Harold swayed precariously. He braced himself against the rough stone wall, his other arm thrust high into the air. "Sheep! Sheep!" he cried out. "Why do you keep wandering about, oblivious to the deceit that has infiltrated every corner of our existence? It creeps into our lives and corrupts our children, who are relentlessly targeted by manipulators." A wave of nausea surged within him, and he spat onto the ground. Undeterred, he pressed on. "These deceivers seek to invade our children's minds with their twisted delusions and fabricated images."

Without warning, Harold heaved violently, narrowly avoiding a passerby who flinched at the sight. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he continued his tirade. "If we are to grasp the roots of incivility and violence in our children and schools, we must first examine what we permit within our own homes," he declared. "Only then can we turn our gaze outward to the external forces that have seized control, becoming powerful influencers over our youth." His eyes blazed with urgency.

"Stop! Please, just stop and listen!" Harold shouted. "We have students in this nation who can't even read or do math, yet we see school after school where educators are more focused on hiding the truth from parents. They're telling kids what their sexual preferences should be, encouraging them to abandon their real names for some vague pronoun. These are just a few of the many tactics aimed at sowing confusion and internal conflict within their hearts, minds, and souls!" His

breath hitched as he pressed on. "Houston, we have a serious problem in America!" With that final declaration, he stumbled, collapsing onto the pavement.

Dragging himself back to the steps, Harold sank down onto the cold stone with a heavy sigh. After a brief silence, he began to speak again. "Those adults who embody deceit have turned their focus toward our children. They aim to make these young minds more vulnerable to misinformation and sexual perversion. The only distinction between these perpetrators and drug dealers lies in the kind of poison they choose to push on our youth."

His eyes widened as he continued. "These purveyors of destruction are assaulting our sons and daughters. And you either refuse to acknowledge this or perhaps you do see it and simply don't care—yet mark my words, it will reach your doorstep one day." As he spoke, his body succumbed to exhaustion, collapsing into a restless sleep on the sidewalk while passersby stepped over or around him.

## **True Champion**

A sea of women filled the Smith Town Arena, their excitement palpable as they gathered to hear Sarah Blackburn, a contender for the North Carolina senate seat. Under the dazzling glare of flashing lights and the pulsating rhythm of music that reverberated through the venue, a poised figure in a tailored suit made her way across the stage. Applause and cheers surged from what felt like a thousand voices, a powerful chorus of support for Sarah. She raised her hand in a welcoming wave, the sound of enthusiastic shouts momentarily drowning out the blaring music.

As the initial fervor began to wane, an attentive hush fell over the arena. Women, alongside a few hundred men, leaned forward, eyes fixed on Sarah as she prepared to address them. Clearing her throat, she absorbed the energy of the crowd before speaking. "First and foremost, I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to each and every one of you for being here tonight. You could have chosen to be anywhere else, doing countless other things, yet you decided to join me, and for that, I am truly thankful. So, once again, thank you."

Her words ignited fresh applause that echoed throughout the arena before gradually settling into eager anticipation for what was next.

"If you aspire to hold public office," she began again after observing approving nods from the audience, "your primary focus must be on crafting decisions and implementing changes that pave the way for enhanced educational opportunities, financial security, and improved housing conditions." Sarah paused as murmurs rippled through the crowd before continuing.

"There are individuals already entrenched in office and others who aspire to claim their own seats," she said. "I urge you to reflect on this: what tangible outcomes can they point to that demonstrate how their decisions have improved your lives? Scrutinize their policies and intended actions. Consider their promises—are they grounded in reality?"

The crowd refocused their attention as Sarah resumed speaking. "I am here to earn your trust as your future senator representing North Carolina. However, I must address the troubling events

unfolding in other states. If the average citizen performed their duties the way some politicians and officials are currently acting, they would find themselves out of a job. This applies equally to Democrats, Republicans, and Independents alike who neglect their responsibilities.”

“Fleeing from accountability, evading challenges, or hiding away to avoid doing their jobs—even when victory seems unlikely—is nothing short of a betrayal. It is a disgrace to the positions they hold. Individuals like the average Joe should be let go immediately for failing to fulfill their obligations.” A wave of agreement swept through the audience.

“As I conclude,” she continued, “I urge you all to break free from the manipulations of politicians, activist groups, corrupt educators, and their media allies. Cast your votes for candidates who will genuinely prioritize your needs—those who will champion education, ensure school safety, foster community development, and tackle crime prevention. Moreover, let’s put an end to the deception surrounding so-called “free” services; nothing is truly free—it always comes at a cost, borne by hardworking Americans.

I am Sarah Blackburn, and I aspire to be your champion!” The crowd erupted into applause and cheers, chanting her name as she waved enthusiastically from the stage. In the midst of the cheering crowd, a man named Jack pondered whether Sarah would genuinely emerge as a champion for people's rights. Only time would reveal her true character, he mused as he made his way out of the arena with the echoes of cheers still ringing in his ears.

## **House Of Prayer**

Clyde Wilson stood behind the polished podium, sorrow washing over him as he surveyed the Sunday morning congregation. He inhaled deeply, feeling the weight of his message settle in his chest before he began to speak. “This morning, my heart is heavy, my soul aches, and my spirit is troubled by the encroaching worldliness that has seeped into our midst. It's being presented as God’s true word by individuals who claim to be His followers and ambassadors of His Kingdom. Yet, their words and actions are as misaligned with God’s teachings as two men insisting they can create life together in the same way a man and woman can.”

God has instructed me to remind you all to remain vigilant and discerning. There are countless individuals occupying pulpits, stages, and airwaves—on religious radio and television—who dilute, undermine, and distort His word in a desperate attempt to gain acceptance from institutions that oppose and scorn the Gospel and the teachings of Jesus Christ. Clyde paused, allowing his words to settle over the congregation.

“These individuals may appear to pay homage to God with their polished words and extravagant clergy robes. Yet, their true intentions are revealed through their actions. Their form of worship becomes a farce as they promote societal whims and trends, presenting them as divine mandates while disregarding God’s true commandments.”

A deep stirring within his spirit prompted Clyde to press on with his sermon. “These individuals are substituting profound scriptural truths with messages that lack fervor and depth. They present an indifferent gospel that caters to the desires of the masses.” As his words resonated through the

sanctuary, several churchgoers responded with shouts of “Amen,” echoing the urgency of his message.

“We have entered an era where noisy gongs and clanging cymbals overshadow unwavering principles of truth!” His gaze pierced through the congregation. “They have cast aside God’s knowledge, ejecting it from our churches, and have instead embraced a philosophy that prioritizes fleeting values and desires of the flesh.” He paused before continuing, “They proclaim, ‘We are rich, we have acquired wealth, and we lack nothing!’” A passionate wave of agreement erupted from the pews.

“We are about to embark on a crucial discussion. It may sound political, but it is not merely that. Many churches have allowed their sacred lecterns to transform into dens of thieves and money changers. There is a profound lack of honesty in the words of numerous politicians, media figures, and activist organizations. Their throats resemble open graves, exhaling toxic rhetoric. They are masters of flattery, their words gliding forth like butter. But do not rush to embrace their smooth-talking assurances.”

“Recall how they tormented Jesus; similarly, they will target anyone who dares to uphold the truth. This insidious agenda seeks to impose sexual perversions on our society.”

Clyde concluded with a fervent plea. “Do not allow fear to silence your voices or push you into hasty actions. Stand resolute in your faith, remain steadfast to God’s word. Seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit.” He closed his eyes briefly, whispering a prayer within his heart. “Lord, may this church serve as a beacon of hope for those lost in darkness.”

### **Super Blip**

Your actions have forced me to turn away from you. Their hearts are battlefields, armed for conflict. Seven detestable things dwell within, his animosity hidden by deceit. His true malevolence will be revealed to the assembly. The one who digs a pit will find themselves ensnared, and the stone-roller will see it return upon him. A lying tongue crushes those it despises, while flattery brings ruin.

Equity is freedom from bias or favoritism, equitable means treating everyone fairly and justly. They may convince themselves that their current state is their final destination. This mindset opens them up to the dangerous belief that they must rely on humanity’s corrupt nature. This leads to the loss of innocence among our children and the disintegration of family bonds, ultimately fostering a culture of violence among the people.

### **Evil Communication**

Jack found himself deeply immersed in the wisdom of 1 Corinthians 15:33: “Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners.” As he delved into a word study on “Homilia,” which encapsulates both “company” and “speech,” he recognized its significance in preaching. It symbolizes the powerful connection formed when souls gather, united by the spoken word. Leaning back in his worn chair, he reflected on the countless minds tainted by the insidious

rhetoric of politicians, news outlets, activist organizations, social media platforms, and educational systems. These entities expertly manipulate language, crafting messages that infiltrate hearts and minds, manipulating thoughts, desires, and emotions. This influence leaves them vulnerable to external forces, eroding their ability to discern truth from deception.

As Jack scribbled notes, a question nagged at him: how can we shield others from deception? He pondered the importance of recognizing that one's company—the friends they choose and the messages they allow into their consciousness—can profoundly shape their character. Each interaction has the power to distort intentions and skew actions, leading to harm for not just the individual but also their family and community. How do we guide them toward discernment in a world rife with manipulation?

How can we convey to individuals, particularly our youth, that their words and actions are reflections of their inner selves? These expressions can either elevate or diminish their standing within their communities and society. This understanding underscores the necessity for them to exercise discernment regarding influences they permit into their lives.

Evil communication transcends mere threats or acts of bullying; it includes any dialogue that incites harm or advocates violence against others. When adults and youths deliberately disseminate falsehoods or utter derogatory remarks, they wield a dangerous influence. Such words can lead individuals to adopt harmful beliefs or engage in actions that result in self-harm. The core of this communication is rooted in malevolence, as it seeks to undermine human dignity and well-being.

Engaging with the wrong crowd can lead us down a treacherous path, where coarse language and immoral expressions infiltrate our daily conversations. The words we choose serve as windows to our souls, capable of either elevating our standing or dragging us into disrepute. Malicious ideologies inevitably shape lives, steering individuals away from righteousness. This is precisely why both major political parties have ignited a gerrymandering civil war, striving to manipulate the narrative and strip the populace of their right to make informed choices.

Jack set his pencil down on the table, a contemplative frown creasing his brow. He pondered how to unveil politicians and figures masquerading as leaders, whose true motives lay in sowing

discord for personal gain, enriching their own families while sacrificing the well-being of the nation and its people.

## **Bent Tongues**

"My people, my brothers and sisters! Gather close, I have something of grave importance to share!" Harold's voice boomed above the city street clamor. Purposefully, he positioned himself in front of a deserted appliance store, its dusty windows reflecting the fading daylight. "There are institutions, organizations, and citizens driven by wicked intentions. They strive to elevate themselves through deceitful counsel, ensnaring the innocent. In their folly, they will be caught in their own snares; their actions will serve as an indictment upon their souls."

As you continue your journey, I implore you: who among you will uncover even one who embodies justice and yearns for truth? Who will rise to declare that this nation has shunned discipline; thus, truth has withered away? Many within our government and beyond have allowed falsehoods to take root and flourish across the land. They traverse from one evil to another, distorting justice and causing Righteousness to linger just out of reach.

A handful of curious souls paused in their hurried steps, drawn in by Harold's fervor. "To those willing to listen, let your words be noble and true," he urged. "Speak what is right, allow only honesty to flow from your lips. Do not let the vile rhetoric of those who masquerade as beacons of light taint your speech."

"You cannot combat evil by embracing it," he declared. "So why do some cling to the misguided notion that reverse racism will eradicate racism?" He scanned the crowd before continuing, "When you morph into that which you detest, your actions become far more egregious."

Harold inhaled deeply before addressing the crowd again. "It pains me to say that individuals in both high offices and humble positions have chosen a destructive path." His voice carried a weight of sorrow. "They do not seek harmony or understanding; instead, they aim to sow discord and vengeance among the populace."

Let us commit to honesty and clarity in dismantling the illusion that racism can simply be erased through legislation. At its core, racism is a deep-seated affliction that demands a profound shift in both mindset and spirit. The journey toward healing begins with forgiveness; true transformation arises when individuals actively reshape their views of one another.

"Permit me to continue," Harold urged. "It has long been asserted that violence begets only further violence, yet here we are, surrounded by individuals entrenched in positions across our government, schools, corporate offices, media platforms, and various activist organizations. These people appear to champion such actions, deeming them not just justified but essential."

It strikes me as profoundly contradictory that they advocate for the destruction of what exists, all in the hope of reclaiming it alongside what they feel entitled to. When the heat of their own making becomes unbearable, they retreat to their pristine sanctuaries—safe havens far removed from the devastation they've sown in others' lives.

Anger does not justify lawlessness, nor does it transform into righteousness simply because one perceives an act as unjust. Exercise caution around those external influencers who stir up corrosive emotions of malice and hatred. These individuals move among us, concealed in plain sight, thriving on the misfortunes and anger of the aggrieved.

Harold paused before continuing. "As Aristotle wisely noted, 'Anyone can become angry—that is simple enough; but to direct that anger toward the right person, with the appropriate intensity, at the perfect moment, for the right cause, and in the correct manner—that is a true challenge.' We must remain vigilant."

"I will conclude with this," Harold declared. "Let us remain vigilant and alert, striving to bridge the divides that separate us and to put an end to the discord that plagues our communities. We must silence the divisive rhetoric that fractures our unity and instead aspire to be One Nation, One People, One America." As his words hung in the air, a wave of enthusiasm rippled through the audience. Harold watched as the crowd began to disperse, the distant wail of police sirens echoing a stark reminder of the tumultuous times they faced.

## **Deep Void**

Have you seen the film Tombstone with Val Kilmer? There's a scene where Wyatt Earp asks Doc Holliday about Ringo's motivations. Doc peels back the layers of Ringo's character, exposing the darkness driving him. His thirst for revenge, a reaction to his birth circumstances, is just one aspect. Doc suggests that Ringo has a void within him, so deep and vast that no action can ever fill it. This idea mirrors the chaos and confusion in his mind and the pain in his soul.

Could it be that many people today struggle with a similar void? No matter their indulgence in drugs, illicit affairs, wealth accumulation, power wielding, or pursuit of titles and status; despite deceit, partisanship, judicial dysfunction, legislative inertia, executive paralysis or the sensationalized display of flesh—none of these can fill that hollow space in their minds, souls, and spirits devoid of God's word and Jesus Christ's redeeming grace.

Until we declare God's word without hesitation, teach it with integrity, present it with genuine love, live it daily, pray for it fervently and defend it with unwavering conviction led by the Holy Spirit, many hearts will grow cold. The desires of the flesh, the allure of the eyes and the pride of life will sadly become life's benchmarks for too many.

## **Live Peaceably**

Pray for peace, for it is far more desirable than the chaos of war, the anguish of strife, and the weight of despair. As Scripture reminds us, if it is within your power, strive to live in harmony with everyone (Romans 12:18). Thus, embrace a spirit that yearns for tranquility, yet remain vigilant and ready for the inevitable conflicts that may arise, so you are not caught unprepared, scrambling in fear and confusion. No one should crave the devastation and bloodshed that accompany civil unrest or global turmoil; however, some do, driven by the condition of their hearts, minds, and souls. They cling to the illusion that their titles, positions, and wealth elevate them above others.

A day is approaching when God's wrath will be unleashed upon the wickedness that festers in human hearts and the moral decay that many, both high and low, are intent on spreading across the world. In that moment, all will come to recognize His love, grace, mercy, and peace. Until that time arrives, do not give in to temptation; do not become one who seeks revenge or the blood of the innocent. Resist the pull of evil, instead choosing to conquer it through goodness. Cultivate a heart, mind, and spirit filled with peace, love, and justice, while also being spiritually, emotionally, and mentally prepared for the battles that life may bring. Remember, Jesus died, He rose again, and He now sits at the right hand of the Father, with His return drawing ever nearer.

## **UADF (United American Defense Force)**

General Louis Samuel Monroe, head of the United American Defense Force (UADF), was in the midst of a crucial operation on the East Coast. Alongside him were Colonel Jake Johnson and Captain Luis Ortega. The three were deep in strategic planning when Monroe found himself absorbed by the operational map before him. His brow creased in worry as he considered the last known locations of Madman Jack and Sam. Their intelligence on drones and satellite dishes was not only compelling but urgent; it demanded immediate analysis by their specialists. They had to extract every detail from the data to fully comprehend its implications.

The weight of the world seemed to press harder on Monroe with each passing day. The ACLU American Freedom Fighters, the SPLC Community Reparation Force, and their political allies were leading the nation astray, pushing it into an abyss where civility and decency disappeared. He struggled to understand why those in power endorsed violence among citizens, promoted deviant behaviors in children, and facilitated family disintegration through Hollywood's influence, social media, news outlets, corporations, and educational institutions. As he grappled with these thoughts, Johnson and Ortega entered his office. Seeing Monroe's furrowed brow, Johnson broke the silence. "Something on your mind, sir?" His question drew Monroe's attention.

"I'm trying to understand why politicians would support this chaos," Monroe replied, his voice heavy with concern. Ortega leaned forward, resolute. "I believe that's why they're intent on instilling sexual confusion and other distortions into our children's minds. They've realized that to control a nation, you must first corrupt its moral foundation and erode the next generation's ability to distinguish truth from falsehood at an early age. If they can convince young minds to accept profound darkness as normality, many will never aspire to rise above it, succumbing instead to stagnation, despair, and hopelessness. When hope dies, the light diminishes, and in that absence, evil takes root."

"The time has come for us to fight for our children's souls," Monroe declared, conviction resonating in his voice. "We must restore hope to the heart of our nation, allowing truth and justice to shine forth in all their splendor for humanity to witness." Johnson and Ortega exchanged determined glances, nodding in agreement. Their silent pact was forged in the urgency of their mission.

## **Secret Campaign**

Most Americans are unaware of a covert campaign against certain educators who have courageously resisted and vocally opposed the newly imposed sexual gender parameters, as well as the push to conceal vital student information from parents and guardians. This insidious effort is propelled by politicians and executed through affiliates linked to the ACLU American Freedom Fighters and the SPLC Community Reparation Force. In recent months, these teachers, their families, and communities have faced relentless scrutiny; they've endured aggressive

assaults. Their words have been twisted by media outlets and talk show hosts, and alarmingly, they've suffered violent attacks and persistent harassment in public spaces.

Mr. Greene, a dedicated teacher at Ford Democrat Elementary School, reached a painful conclusion: his time at the institution had come to an irrevocable end. The barrage of vicious treatment he faced from colleagues and administrators had become unbearable. They branded him a racist, homophobic tyrant, claiming he had no place in education simply because of his principled stance on various policies. This harsh judgment stung him deeply after two decades of unwavering commitment to his students.

In a public parking lot across from the school, Mr. Greene stood before a gathering of supporters for his farewell address. Friends, family, students, and their parents formed a tight circle around him while news reporters adjusted their cameras. With a heavy heart and trembling voice he began. "Today marks a profoundly sad day. My heart aches with grief, my spirit weighed down by fear as we stand at a crucial crossroads in our educational system." He continued with resolve despite the tumultuous emotions churning within him.

As I stood firm, refusing to yield or be silenced by their demands, I was cast out, seen as a threat to their new educational ideology. They aimed to eliminate me by any means necessary. Dark forces rallied against me, unleashing chaos upon my life and my family's existence. Yet here I am, proclaiming that God's truth is my ally, and His strength will carry us all through this storm that has been thrust upon our community and our youth. The crowd erupted into cheers and applause, their support fueling his resolve as he continued.

"I find it difficult to articulate just how much you all mean to me," he began again after a pause. "Your love, support, warmth—your smiles, handshakes—the joyful high fives from the children—have lifted my spirits more times than I can count." Tears cascaded down his cheeks as he took a moment to steady himself. "So, once again, I want to extend my heartfelt gratitude for your kind words and the countless opportunities you've given me to serve and be part of your lives."

He loved welcoming the children and their families each morning. He hoped his presence had positively impacted their lives, just as it had profoundly influenced his own. Wiping a tear from his cheek, he surveyed the sea of familiar faces before him. A gentle smile crept across his lips as he declared, "As one door closes, God opens another." He reassured them that he wasn't disappearing; rather, he was entering a period of training for the next chapter in his life. The crowd erupted into cheers, their support washing over him like a warm tide. He stepped away from the microphone, venturing into the throng of well-wishers.

The principal and assistant principal of Ford Democrat Elementary School watched the gathering across the street with narrowed eyes. A silent understanding passed between them: Mr. Greene had become an unwelcome irritant that needed to be eradicated. They exchanged glances filled with unspoken determination, both aware that he posed a threat to their agenda.

With a firm resolve, the principal dialed a number on his phone. The ringing echoed in the quiet office, contrasting sharply with the fervor outside. He gestured for the assistant principal to exit the room; they needed to devise a plan to eliminate Greene's influence.

"Little Bug and Weed Control, how may I assist you?" a voice crackled through the receiver. "Yes, we have a persistent thorny weed that we can't seem to eliminate," responded the principal. "Not an issue at all," assured the voice on the other end. "Thorny weeds are our specialty. When would you like it removed?" The principal paused before answering, "School lets out in four weeks. Can you handle it by then?"

"Absolutely," the voice replied. "Just send us the necessary information, and that invasive plant will be eradicated. We guarantee it or there's no charge." The line went dead. The principal turned away from the desk and approached the window, watching as the crowd began to thin. A smirk tugged at his lips as he muttered, "Mr. Greene, your days are numbered." With a sense of satisfaction, he strode purposefully out of his office, ready to set his plan into motion.

### **New American Ideal**

Frank Myers, leader of the ACLU American Freedom Fighters, stood with Alonzo Parks, head of the SPLC Community Reparation Force. They occupied a stage at a secret gathering of their organizations. Surveying the sea of supporters, an energy wave surged through the crowd, swelling to tens of thousands. Their numbers had granted them power to manipulate teachers' unions, install politicians in key offices, and appoint judges who aligned with their vision. This network extended into district attorney offices and law enforcement agencies, influencing the legal landscape. They had infiltrated military and intelligence sectors, bolstered by financial backing from billionaire donors and affluent allies.

Myers tapped the microphone, testing it with a deliberate "one, two," silencing the stadium. He scanned the eager faces before him and began to speak. "People are asking, who are these individuals intent on flooding our children's minds with lasciviousness, deviant behaviors, and fabrications? They infiltrate through Hollywood, social media, news outlets, corporations, and educational institutions. These same concerned citizens ponder whether these figures understand that to subjugate a nation, one must first erode the moral fabric of its youth. If these institutions can convince children to accept gross darkness as normal from an early age, they can reshape their perceptions. Well, let me be clear: we are those people." The crowd erupted into cheers and applause.

As the fervor began to subside, Parks stepped forward. "We must recognize that the insidious teachings and corrupt principles being thrust upon us by our adversaries will inevitably ripple through our lives—impacting our families, students, schools, communities." His voice rose. "These are the individuals propagating falsehoods. Instead, we are witnessing a disturbing trend across our nation: a surge in incivility, violence, and mistrust of both government and media. We will not stand idly by; we will confront them from coast to coast!" The crowd erupted once more, shouting, "Lock them up!"

The two men exchanged knowing smiles a silent acknowledgment that their grip on the audience was unshakeable, their influence woven tightly into the fabric of the crowd's thoughts and emotions. Parks raised his hand, and the buzz of excitement gradually faded as Myers took center stage once more. "We are surrounded by interlopers occupying positions of power, promoting their immoral ideologies as if they were the new standard. As members of our organizations the ACLU American Freedom Fighters and the SPLC Community Reparation Force, we must reject their false God—their distorted notions of the Holy Spirit, the Bible, and Jesus Christ. To us, these represent nothing but their profane actions and vulgar language which serve only to tarnish the once-proud character of America," A chorus of murmurs rippled through the crowd.

Parks lifted his arms high, then slowly lowered them. "Let our words and actions showcase our character, a character that does not judge based on skin color or divisive trends. The true essence of our character embodies a spirit dedicated to justice, truth, love, honor, integrity. We harbor no hidden agendas—only a desire to allow our people to pursue their dreams." He paused. "If our boys wish to embrace their identity as girls, so be it. If we choose to have men in drag entertain our children or read to them, that is our choice. And if we decide to remove God from our nation, it is our responsibility. We are the new American ideal!" With that declaration, the two men raised their hands once more, and the stadium erupted into a roaring chorus of "Take America Back! Take America Back!" They had ignited a fervor, rallying the people to fight their battle.

## **A Purging**

Welcome to another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm your host, Mr. Joiner. Remember, the views and opinions shared on this show are solely my own. Lately, there's been a lot of talk about whether it's time to shake things up regarding those long-standing incumbents who have held office for decades. Let me share my perspective.

We need to cleanse the political landscape of individuals entrenched in power, whose actions suggest a profound deceit. They present themselves as benevolent figures eager to cultivate our nation. Yet beneath this facade lies a treacherous darkness, deep within their souls. Their rhetoric is empty, best left untouched. These men and women aim to transform America into a landscape where citizens are mere pawns in their game.

"Hold on, listeners! We have a first-time caller on the red phone. Welcome! What's on your mind? Keep it brief." "Hi, I'm Bryan. I want to emphasize that our legislators and others wielding excessive power are systematically desecrating Justice, keeping it shrouded from the public. This has turned Truth into an unwelcome guest in our nation. As it says in Isaiah 59:14, 'Justice is pushed back, and righteous behavior stands far away; for truth has fallen in the city square, and integrity or equity cannot enter.' Until we rid ourselves of these politicians, the chaos we're witnessing will only continue to escalate."

Thank you, Bryan; I agree with your sentiments. True representatives willingly step beyond their comfort zones to address the needs of the community genuinely. They do not elevate themselves above those they serve or use their titles as shields to evade responsibilities and commitments.

To truly grasp the severity of crises ravaging our schools and communities, elected officials must immerse themselves in the lives of those directly impacted. Mere news articles or comprehensive studies can never capture the raw reality that unfolds in these neighborhoods. It is only through firsthand experience—walking alongside those who endure these challenges daily—that they can comprehend the depth of their constituents' struggles.

I recognize that for many, it may seem overwhelming to abandon their privileged lifestyles and step away from the lavish dinners and media appearances. However, the moment has arrived for us to insist on accountability, urging them to focus on genuinely representing the entire populace rather than catering to a select elite or personal interests. Let this year mark a turning point as we strive for the representation we truly desire, even if it means sweeping away the old guard.

As we prepare to conclude, remember that in these shadowy times—we can become the beacon of light and hope, guiding others toward truth and justice. Let us cast aside preconceived notions, partisanship, and division. We must champion a vision of Equity that is truly fair and just for everyone who calls this nation home, America.

Until we meet again, keep in mind that reckless words can wreak havoc just as surely as a bomb or a bullet. Be mindful of your speech and actions. I am Mr. Joiner, and I appreciate you joining me for another episode of Joiner Talk Radio Show.

## **Bullied**

Franky sat on a bench, eyes trained on a little girl being bullied by her peers on the playground. His mind wandered back to his own childhood, the daily beatings and relentless torment from a boy in elementary school. The experience had left deep scars on his young psyche. He remembered there was nothing remotely enjoyable about it; rather, it shaped his understanding of pain and fear. Bullying is not a rite of passage, nor should it ever be considered a normal part of growing up, he thought. Every child deserves to feel safe, valued, and hopeful for their future.

Yet today our children are being stripped of their peace of mind, their self-worth, and tragically, their will to live. This failure rests squarely on the shoulders of those we elect to school boards, the superintendents we hire, and the officials overseeing Departments of Public Instruction. These individuals have chosen to ignore the suffering unfolding in schools and communities across the nation.

Accountability for one's actions must begin at home. Our educational system, along with political, social, activist, and media platforms, have fostered a culture where individuals believe they can act without consequence. This mindset has spiraled into an epidemic, creating a dangerous notion that even the gravest actions warrant no repercussions.

Schools should be sanctuaries for learning and growth, not battlegrounds of terror and intimidation. Children deserve the chance to acquire the most crucial tool for their futures: a solid education. There can be no more free passes; bullies must face accountability for their

actions. But this is a hard pill to swallow due to the juvenility of political leadership which is appalling and quite frightful but who also seem to hold themselves above the law of Responsibility Accountability and Consequences For the damage they do each day to this nation through their words, actions and policies which are nothing more than personal and political acts of retribution.

We the people should demand that all elected officials, whether at the local, state, or federal level, be mandated to engage directly with the schools and communities they serve, Franky thought. These encounters should not be mere publicity stunts; instead, they ought to consist of immersive experiences—walking through hallways, engaging in conversations, and spending meaningful time in classrooms and neighborhoods. This approach would provide them with genuine insights into the daily realities of school life and a clear understanding of the community's needs and how best to address them.

If these officials can allocate taxpayer dollars for trips abroad filled with photo opportunities and empty rhetoric, they should channel that same energy and commitment into the lives of their constituents. By prioritizing the welfare of our students, we ultimately foster stronger families, which in turn cultivate healthier communities something this nation must strive to build.

### **Asmodeus Organization**

The Azazels are infiltrating our children's minds, wielding influence through a complex network of organizations that serve as their Asmodeus advisers. These Azazels have a chilling expertise in sowing seeds of negativity and rebellion among the youth, enticing them toward harmful paths. They excel in orchestrating campaigns that target childhood innocence, employing tactics so deceptive that even the most sinister figures would envy their manipulation skills. Their strategies prey on the vulnerable, warping perceptions and eroding trust within families and communities.

The Asmodeus have instructed the Azazels to sow confusion among our youth, prompting them to question their identities. They believe this turmoil makes a child more susceptible to manipulative narratives disseminated through various media platforms.

To the Azazels in America, I extend my commendations for your remarkable feat. You have dismantled foundations that brave men and women fought valiantly to establish. A new form of racism has emerged, twisting race relations into something unrecognizable. You have sown seeds of confusion and chaos so profound that fundamental terms like male, female, mother, father, boy, and girl have been perverted into labels of bigotry.

Your deception runs so deep that it has spawned movements aimed at erasing fundamental language. We commend your manipulation in rallying human organizations to promote sexual disorientation among America's naive youth.

Your greatest triumph lies in persuading numerous churches that divine words are misguided. Furthermore, you have managed to sway many into believing that religious teachings deserve to

be eradicated from society. Those who cling to such beliefs are branded as adversaries, their convictions dismissed as folly, and their truths regarded with skepticism.

We eagerly anticipate the abundant harvest of new souls you will bring forth to hellfire. The Asmodeus Organization, American District.

For now, the Asmodeus and their Azazel allies appear to dominate, their message echoing like wildfire across the nation. Yet, do not despair; darkness may reign, but it is always followed by dawn's light which reveals the true nature of the Asmodeus and the Azazels. When this moment arrives, our shackles will shatter and both our nation and the world will awaken to true freedom.

If you remain unaware of the Azazels, scrutinize the politicians and figures that champion deviant behaviors and undermine parental authority. These individuals are woven into our society, contributing to this unsettling narrative.

For those who reject this organization's influence, let us rise as beacons of hope. Let us embody the change we wish to see and become catalysts for transformation that will confront the Asmodeus and Azazel forces in America.

## **Recurring Dreams**

In the oppressive shadows of his bedroom, Jack writhed beneath tangled sheets, seeking the elusive switch that would silence the relentless cycle of haunting dreams. Each dream unfolded in a kaleidoscope of unfamiliar settings and eras, yet the underlying message remained consistent, albeit cloaked in different guises. As darkness deepened around him, sleep deprivation tightened its grip, dragging him further into the abyss of slumber, where the surreal landscape of dreams awaited.

On stage, Jack's presence commanded attention. Clad in a brown tweed suit that hinted at a bygone era, he approached the microphone with deliberate grace, bathed in warm spotlight. "My fellow citizens," he began, his voice resonating through the auditorium. "There's a question lingering in many minds across this nation, just as it resides in yours and mine: 'Why are they targeting our youth with their perverse and corrupt nature?'" He paused for effect. "I assure you, it will soon become clear to those willing to see why they focus their efforts on our children. The answer I am about to unveil is crucial."

He raised a finger for emphasis. "They aim to manipulate the sexual, mental, and emotional development of our youth, seeking to dictate and control this nation's future. We must awaken from complacency and rally in defense of our youngest and most impressionable members of society. We must stand firm against these new breed of political activists and their Hollywood counterparts peddling their own insidious form of addiction—like a lethal form of Fentanyl—that ensnares our children in a web of dependency."

"Sowing seeds of confusion in children is alarmingly simple when they have yet to discover their true selves or their role in society. This manipulation paves the way for a generation grappling with profound inner turmoil and chaotic external circumstances." He paused again, letting his words sink in. "These vulnerable souls become easy targets for persuasion, swayed by misleading rhetoric, entrapped by duplicitous actions, and pressured into adopting false identities.

They stand on the precipice of embracing a distorted reality so corrupt and depraved that they are willing to transform their moral, spiritual, and physical selves. This transformation often runs deeper than their familial ties, which they may sever without hesitation to align themselves with the new belief systems being aggressively promoted." As he spoke, murmurs from the crowd filled the air, each voice echoing the weight of his message.

The individuals and organizations fostering this chaos of distortion and falsehood are driven by a sinister agenda: to reshape the minds of our children. They aim to alter the behaviors of our youth, dismantling families and communities in their quest to forge a nation steeped in disillusionment that shuns truth. With the support of news media and various communication channels, they labor tirelessly to amplify their messages, ensuring that their ideologies echo across the nation.

In conclusion, those of us who recognize the gravity of the situation must rise and make our voices heard. We need to become advocates in voting booths, town halls, school corridors, and school board meetings, asserting our presence across this nation. Our message must be clear: we will no longer tolerate this! Let our children enjoy their childhoods without being coerced into advancing political agendas and social ideologies that seek to control our nation. As the audience surged to their feet, the atmosphere crackled with energy, and Jack felt himself being swept away into a maelstrom of swirling darkness.

Jack emerged from the shadows onto a stage set against an expansive field teeming with life. Thousands of faces turned toward him, a sea of anticipation. The men wore work boots and faded overalls, their hands calloused from labor, while the women sported jeans and practical shirts. Jack glanced down at himself, noting his own attire that spoke of resilience.

Surveying the landscape, it unfolded before him as farmland interspersed with oil rigs cutting into the horizon. In the distance, laughter floated on the breeze from children at play, contrasting with the weighty expectation in the air. He turned back to the crowd waiting for him to break the silence.

Although there was no microphone, his voice boomed out, resonating with clarity and conviction. It reached every corner of the gathering as if the ground beneath him amplified his words for all to hear. The laughter of our children echoes faintly in the distance, yet dread weighs heavy on my heart. I gaze out over the sprawling farmlands and oil fields, their vastness a stark reminder of what is at stake. Foreboding creeps in as I catch whispers carried by the wind—words dripping from deceitful tongues, and shadows dancing with sinister intent. We must remain alert, not just for ourselves but for the future of our land and our children. The crowd shifted uneasily, absorbing the gravity of my words.

To ensure the deceivers' success, a sliver of truth must be artfully interlaced within their fabrications. Regrettably, across America, numerous individuals occupy positions of influence and authority. They have perfected deceit, manipulation, and falsehood. Their webs are so intricately spun that many among us have begun to embrace these lies. We must resolutely reject this path! Heads nodded in shared understanding as I scanned the crowd.

Jack strode purposefully to one edge of the stage, his gaze sweeping over the sea of faces before him. He paused, absorbing the energy of the crowd before shifting to the opposite side and repeating the gesture. His presence commanded attention. Finally, he returned to the center.

“These political leaders,” he continued, “along with newscasters like John Dickerson and Maurice DuBois, have honed their skills to such a degree that they deliver their messages with an unsettling blend of grace and poise. They exude confidence and assurance as if convinced that their deceptions will remain hidden from the American people.”

“We can no longer allow these lies and deceptions to persist. Our children and students are the prime targets of this insidious campaign, pursued relentlessly. Let us sharpen our minds and cultivate our discernment to uncover the multitude of falsehoods and manipulations cleverly disguised within seemingly honest words and actions. What appears at first glance to be laden with truth is often a labyrinth of deceit—a cunningness this nation has not endured since its inception. The air crackled with energy as hands clapped and voices erupted in agreement, fueling his determination to press on.

Today, let us unite in prayer for our nation, for those seduced by darkness are tirelessly at work, sowing seeds of chaos, division, and moral decay in the hearts of our children. They aim to transform our youth into mere pawns in their games of social and political ruin. Yet, we refuse to be passive spectators in this unfolding tragedy! Today, we declare our commitment to stand together as one nation—not just for our own sake, but for the future of our children! As the crowd erupted with shouts and applause, the sky crackled with brilliant flashes of lightning, a deep rumble resonating through the air. In that moment, Jack was swept away, spinning through an engulfing tempest.

Jack emerged from the shadows, finding himself behind a polished podium illuminated by bright stage lights. He felt transformed into a tall figure clad in a sharp suit that contrasted with his previous appearance. Around him stood four other candidates at their own podiums, each exuding confidence; Jack quickly realized he was amidst a high-stakes debate. His gaze shifted to the front where two familiar faces commanded attention—Mrs. Lisa Black and Mr. Bruce Jackson—renowned moderators poised to guide the discussion.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” began Mrs. Black, “welcome back to the Presidential debate for the United States of America.” The audience leaned in, anticipation palpable. “For those just joining us, we have five presidential candidates seeking your vote: Susan Long of the Socialist Party of America, Miguel Albemarle from the American Fascist Party, Linda Austin for the Democratic Party, Michael Logan for the Republican Party, and finally, Jack Cruise of The Independent American Party.”

Bruce Jackson directed his question at Cruise. "Do you believe that a person's cultural background enhances their effectiveness as educators, and that students are more likely to engage with teachers who share their appearance?"

Cruise cleared his throat and leaned forward. "Before I respond to your question, I want to address my fellow candidates who have labeled this nation as the most racist, bigoted, and hate-filled place on earth. Let's be clear: our country is not without flaws. Like every nation, we grapple with issues and injustices that must be confronted head-on. However, when you invite darkness and its agents into our schools, neighborhoods, homes, and halls of power, you can be sure that the aftermath will leave many ensnared in vice, families in turmoil, and the innocence of our children tainted. Communities will descend into disarray, and our nation will turn against itself, with countless misled souls roaming the streets and airwaves."

He paused before continuing with renewed fervor. "As we observe the actions of political organizations, figures in sports and entertainment sectors, news outlets, social media platforms, corporations, activist groups—it becomes clear that their foundations are steeped in discord. Their rhetoric sows seeds of hatred among us."

Their actions strike with the venomous precision of serpents, injecting a cruel poison into the veins of our nation. This leads to a paralysis of thought, emotional disarray, and an alarming rise in violent impulses. It erodes the moral foundation of our homeland. Some may declare that we are doomed, believing corruption has seeped into our government—the heart of our nation. But I stand in opposition. The true strength of our nation lies in our families and the countless individuals across diverse communities who proudly identify as Americans. Uniting as one people, anchored in good faith, and pushing back against toxic influences introduced by those seeking to divide us will mark a pivotal moment. This is when we steer our nation away from collapse and towards its true destiny. As Mr. Cruise finished speaking, the crowd erupted in thunderous applause, their enthusiasm palpable.

"Even with your eyes wide open, you can remain utterly blind if your thoughts are shackled by denial," he continued, "unable to grasp the harsh truths unfolding around you—truths that affect not only you but also your family, your community, your state, and your entire nation." He accused unseen architects of manipulation for this blindness, those who skillfully distort reality and bend lies into masquerades of truth.

"We do ourselves a grave injustice if we accept without skepticism every utterance and action from those claiming to act in our best interests," he warned. "The most cunning deceivers can persuade you that your house remains untouched by flames while it is engulfed in fire." He urged his audience to cast aside distractions, unveil falsehoods, and pursue truth relentlessly.

As he spoke on, his voice rose above the din while the other candidates on stage implored the moderators to regain control, desperate to mute Cruise's microphone, he pressed on, undeterred. He needed no microphone as his passion ignited the atmosphere. "My people, heed my words!" he implored. "Those swayed by darkness tirelessly cultivate seeds of anarchy, discord, and moral decay throughout our land. Across this nation, cries for the downfall of Republicans echo from one side of the aisle, while on the other, Democrats face a similar call for their destruction. From

the ashes of single-party rule, dictators, tyrants, and kings emerge, wielding power over our cherished freedoms."

"Those clamoring for a single-party rule may see their desires fulfilled," he warned. "Yet the utopia they envision—a crime-free, impartial society—will morph into a nightmarish reality. The malevolence lurking within those they place in power will roam freely, unrestrained and unchecked." He cited First Samuel chapter 8 as a cautionary tale. "By the time their ambitions come to fruition, what was once rightfully yours will be seized, including your very families, reducing you to mere subjects of their dominion." He painted a picture of a stage meticulously arranged with players expertly enacting their scripts. "The audience is so entranced by the spectacle that they have willingly closed their ears and eyes to unsettling truths unfolding within their homes, schools, and communities."

The crowd rallied behind Mr. Cruise, their fervor electrifying the atmosphere as he pressed on, unyielding. The minds of those who now condone and even cheer for disrespect, violent outbursts, and chaos are a mystery. They manipulate the law to serve personal grievances, political agendas, or activist movements. Some of these individuals dominate the news, their voices a symphony of fury, yet they wear insincere smiles as they pledge allegiance to justice and peace. They lure unsuspecting youth into the chaos, inciting disruptive protests and defiance against civil order under the guise of righteousness.

What justice or peace can be found in such behavior? What mindset will prevail, and what kind of society will we see in the next 5 to 20 years if only those lives and institutions that align with specific political agendas or social ideologies are deemed worthy of protection? It is a disheartening reality when certain factions use the loss of life and other tragedies as tools to promote their views, asserting that theirs is the only path all Americans must accept.

Our nation's trajectory has been hijacked by insatiable cravings for sex, money, greed, power, and social uniformity. These corrosive forces have infiltrated the hearts and minds of those wielding influence who relentlessly impose their agendas on society. Their impact is particularly alarming as they target our youth, shaping a generation increasingly susceptible to manipulation and ideological conformity.

Addressing your question, Mr. Jackson, a teacher's skin color or ethnic background does not determine their effectiveness as an educator or influence whether a student thrives or learns within their classroom walls. Unfortunately, there are educators nationwide whose mere presence hinders learning experiences and jeopardizes students' mental well-being. These individuals have turned classrooms into battlegrounds with students as unwilling participants in a war they never asked to join.

For our educational system to truly nurture students and empower them to reach their fullest potential, schools must become sanctuaries where every child feels safe and accepted. Despite the inevitable daily challenges, there should never be a moment when love is absent, respect is overlooked, discipline is unevenly applied, accountability is disregarded, or the joy of learning is not passionately fostered by parents, teachers, school staff, and the community. Every day should resonate with a steadfast commitment to create an environment where every child can thrive.

We must allow our children to embrace their childhood, free from adult burdens. It's time to defend our young ones against those who wish to impose their political, social, and sexual agendas on them through influential mediums like sports, entertainment, Hollywood, and other entities that disregard their well-being. I urge every American to join me in this crucial fight for our children, families, communities, and nation. I am Jack Cruise, and I am running for president—serving the people, by the people, for the people. As the other candidates left the stage in frustration, the crowd erupted into cheers, chanting "Jack Cruise for president!" Once more, Jack found himself caught in that swirling chaos of fervor and determination.

Emerging from the shadows, Jack stood at a weathered headstone as rain cascaded down like heaven's tears. Clad in a dark trench coat, he held a plastic-wrapped card that read "Happy Mother's Day!" His voice resonated as he said, "I love you, Momma, and I miss you very much!" He gently placed the card before the grave as a token of remembrance.

Turning to leave, he noticed a group entering a church across from the graveyard. Compelled by an unseen force, he crossed the slick pavement and paused at the entrance where a sign read: "All who are heavy laden, enter and find peace for your weary soul."

Inside, the scent of damp wood and incense enveloped him. He sat at the back of the church ready to absorb the sermon. A man in a crisp black suit approached the podium; his voice cut through the soft patter of rain outside. "I want to thank you all for braving this storm," he began reverently. "We gather today to celebrate our mothers—those among us and those who have passed on."

The storm and rain stirred memories of my mother enduring my reckless days, guiding me toward maturity while navigating the chaos alone. Her strength never wavered, even after losing my father over a mere five dollars to someone lost in addiction. The man in the black suit paused, the weight of his words hanging in the air before he continued. "For me—and I trust for you—this Mother's Day, and all those that follow, must carry deeper significance and urgency. We face a reality where numerous entities are attempting to redefine what it means to be a mother! They advocate for labeling those who bear and nurture life as 'birthing people' or other such terms, arguing that these are more inclusive. This push aims to reshape the American family, aligning it with their agenda to redefine gender, which they assert should become our society's new standard."

My mother passed away on January 3rd of this year, and I stand before you to express my deep longing for her. She was not just a woman who gave birth and then allowed society's misguided whims to distort her legacy. When illness struck, she was my steadfast caretaker, attending to my needs with fierce devotion. She forgave my foolishness, the times when I lost my way and made reckless choices. Her steady hands lifted me from despair when I felt utterly broken. She guided me when I strayed, and her love remained a constant beacon, never faltering. She poured every ounce of herself into my life until her last breath. As he spoke, the sanctuary filled with nods of understanding and shared grief.

Many mothers have sacrificed their lives for their children, only to be reduced to labels like “birthing people” or other acronyms crafted by a new social and political movement intent on stripping words of their true meaning. If your mother is still with us, reach out—call her, visit her, spend some time together. Embrace her tightly and express your love, for today is a gift, and tomorrow remains uncertain. Applause and heartfelt “Amen” filled the air as he turned his gaze toward Jack in the back pew. “My brother in the back,” he called out, “God has placed it on my heart that you might have something to share.” All eyes shifted to Jack as he encouraged him to come forward.

The congregation watched as Jack rose from his seat and began his slow walk toward the front of the church. He scanned the faces before him, a sea of expectant eyes, and began to speak. “I never intended to be here today. Just moments ago, I stood at the graveyard across the street, paying my respects to my mother. But then I noticed all of you entering this church, and an undeniable urge welled up inside me, drawing me to join you. And now, I’m grateful for that pull.” He gestured toward the man who had called him forward. “He mentioned that God had placed it on his heart that I might have something to share. I sincerely hope that what flows from my lips today is aligned with His will for all of you gathered here.”

Jack hesitated, inhaling deeply as he steadied himself. “We all understand that words hold immense power,” he began, his voice resonating through the hushed church. “God spoke, and creation came into being. Yet, among us, there exist those who have perfected the art of twisting and distorting the very definitions of words. These individuals are the most perilous and influential, capable of persuading others to follow their whims while remaining concealed in the shadows. They operate in obscurity or, at times, even in plain sight, free from accountability or consequence. God desires His people to remain vigilant, aware of the insidious ways that Satan can work through human vessels.”

God seeks to illuminate the reasons behind the orchestrated assault on fundamental words by various factions. Terms like Mother, Father, Male, Female, Husband, Wife, Sister, Brother, Son, Daughter, Biological Sex, Nuclear Family, and many others face scrutiny. These “Names Have Meaning.” They serve to “Connect and Bond,” offering individuals a lens through which to view their past, present, and future. This language forms the backbone of familial and communal strength, providing clarity and cohesion. In contrast, the current climate fosters confusion and chaos.

Satan despises the beauty of God’s creation. Everything that God made is inherently good, including us and our beloved mothers. Applause erupted; heads nodded in unison.

We are not here to dictate how others should live their lives. If an individual or a family feels compelled to redefine their identity, they have that right. However, they—and certain groups—cannot insist that our youth and others conform to their beliefs without question. Our well-being hinges on our willingness to engage, stay informed, and challenge falsehoods presented as truth. Let us hold fast to God’s word, honor our families, nurture our communities, stay true to ourselves! The cries of “Amen” echoed throughout the church as the congregation rose.

In that moment, Jack felt himself plummeting into an abyss. When he landed, he found himself sprawled on his bedroom floor. He sprang up and perched on the edge of his bed. Burying his face in his hands he whispered, "God, what are You trying to show me?"

## **Mental Ward**

Joe climbed onto the table in the mental ward's reaction room, watching the other patients shuffle past with expressions of confusion and indifference. Clara rushed over, hands waving. "Joe, get down! They don't like it when you're up there. You might fall!"

He fixed her with a determined gaze. "Clara, my name is not Joe; it is Abraham Lincoln, and I must address my people."

Her brow furrowed with worry for his safety and the potential wrath of the orderlies. As he began to speak, a theatrical flair ignited in his demeanor. "My fellow Americans, lend me your ears! The words I am about to share are of great importance, for it is I, Abraham Lincoln, who stands before you today."

"The oppressive force we once fought to liberate ourselves from has resurfaced, now accompanied by seven even more malevolent spirits. Every blessing bestowed upon us by God is being distorted and corrupted by the enemy. Their goal is nothing short of seizing control of our nation and ensnaring our children for their nefarious purposes while keeping us imprisoned within these walls."

The room tensed as his fervent words unsettled the other patients. "Many have chosen to ignore this reality because the truth can be excruciating, frightening, and often grotesque, yet it remains the truth. Let it be clear: true truth stands apart from political agendas, is free from bias, recognizes no gender or race, and remains untouched by wealth or influence."

Throwing his arms wide, his voice rose with fervor. "We must be vigilant in our words and tread the path of humility, wisdom, peace, and love! We must distinguish ourselves from those who spread deceit!" He paused, eyes blazing with intensity. "Follow me only if I am truly following God! If I stray into darkness, cast me aside and bring me low!"

As the sound of approaching orderlies echoed down the corridor, Clara rushed to his side, gently coaxing him down from the table and guiding him into a chair. Her heart raced as she whispered a prayer for serenity to envelop the room. When the orderlies stepped through the door, an unexpected calm filled the space, and he seemed to regain his composure. Clara looked up, relief washing over her, and smiled, knowing that God had indeed heard her heartfelt plea.

## **A Village**

If parents, guardians, or caretakers deny children the freedom to choose their own sexual identities and pronouns, legislation will be enacted to grant states authority to remove those children from homes or environments deemed unsuitable. This is to allow them to make life-altering decisions independently, as we believe they possess the maturity to do so according to

standards set by our political party, supported by activist groups and scientific claims. Absorbing that absurdity, Jack abruptly switched off the television.

A voice resonated within him, cutting through the haze of confusion. “They often claim it takes a village to raise a child,” it began. “But let’s be honest: not everyone in that village should have the privilege of reaching our children. Parents, guardians, and caregivers, while your children may be woven into the fabric of the American community, they are not the property of every organization, legislative body, government agency, or educational institution that seeks to claim them.”

In summary, and in stark contrast to these claims, your child is not a possession for all to claim. Recognizing the era we find ourselves in is crucial as numerous entities are intent on manipulating young minds. Their goal is to sway thoughts and behaviors, pushing them toward decisions they lack the maturity to fully grasp or evaluate with clarity and insight.

Predators hunt for those who are fragile, oblivious, defenseless, and isolated from their support systems—whether in reality or merely by perception. Parents, guardians, and caregivers must fortify their defenses against marauders prowling like ferocious lions. They are intent on consuming our children, families, communities—and if possible—the very fabric of our nation itself.

When we unite as a community, driven by genuine faith, and resist the insidious forces aiming to sow discord among us, that will mark the pivotal moment when our nation can reclaim its purpose and avert impending chaos. Gratitude swelled within Jack. “Thank you, Lee,” he whispered to the empty room.

## **Truth Is Not Dead**

The leaders across our nation’s spheres seem bewildered by the escalating violence and incivility, a situation they help to foster with their careless words and actions. Politicians, rather than addressing the needs of the citizens, waste their time hurling insults at one another. They associate with talk show hosts known for their venomous speech. These politicians use deceptive language and corrosive rhetoric, igniting a culture of violence and leading themselves down paths of moral depravity. Many align themselves with harmful influences, intent on manipulating the will of the people to fit their own agendas.

Despite their education and claimed knowledge, they either don't care or don't see the consequences of their actions. When you demean individuals, you strip away their dignity to such an extent that acts of violence become trivialized. This leads to horrific outcomes: brutality, threats against homes and families, and the use of weapons without fear of repercussions. This mindset is championed by political leaders, activist organizations, media outlets, and social networks who fuel this toxic narrative daily. In an environment devoid of responsibility and accountability, violence and chaos will inevitably flourish.

We must remember that every life holds value and has something unique to contribute. Each life deserves our respect; once it is lost, it can never be reclaimed. We need to put an end to this political landscape filled with narrow-mindedness and betrayal. This environment has done nothing but drag our nation into despair. If certain politicians continue unchecked, we may find ourselves at a point of no return.

When emotions masquerade as facts, perceptions can easily be manipulated. These experts skillfully twist falsehoods into contorted versions of reality that seem like solid truths—undeniable and worthy of acceptance. Such distortions are designed to be absorbed without question.

Yet if one scrutinizes what appears immaculate and beyond reproach, they may uncover a concealed agenda—one that reveals itself as an assault on the hearts and minds of our youth, their families, and the broader American populace.

Stand firm and remain untroubled, for Truth is very much alive. The deceivers may dominate the airwaves with their lies, but soon their hypocrisy will be exposed. Their treacherous hearts will no longer remain hidden, and the people will awaken to the reality of their betrayal.

Shadows may encroach upon us, yet we will confront them boldly, united as one. Let God's truth guide our steps as we strive once more toward the vision of a united America—not reserved for an elite few, but dedicated to the welfare of every American and those who yearn to thrive under the shelter of that cherished dream: Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness for all who are willing to labor and chase that aspiration if they choose to do so.

### **Internal Conflicts**

Pastor Clyde Wilson greeted each person warmly as they entered the church hall for their Wednesday evening community gathering. The scent of polished wood mingled with the faint aroma of coffee brewing in the corner. Once everyone settled, Clyde positioned himself at the head of the long table, a familiar spot where he felt most at ease leading the discussion. He clasped his hands together, his voice steady and inviting as he began the meeting with a heartfelt prayer.

"Dear God, as we gather here tonight, we express our gratitude for this chance to unite. We ask that you guide our hearts and minds, allowing us to communicate with truth, love, and respect. In Jesus' name, we pray, Amen." With a gentle nod, he looked around the table. "The floor is now open," he announced.

Mrs. Turner leaned forward in her chair. "Pastor Clyde, I believe the church is falling short in addressing the deceit and wickedness of our president. It's clear to us that God does not choose men like him, nor would He allow such an individual to ascend to such a high office." A few attendees exchanged glances and rolled their eyes in silent disapproval.

Mr. Whitlock interjected. "Pastor Clyde, every week we gather here to voice our concerns about politics, crime, and various issues, but I'm curious—what is God revealing to you?" The group turned their full attention to Clyde. "Mr. Whitlock," he paused briefly, "I truly appreciate your question; it's one I've been contemplating deeply."

He continued after a moment's pause. "I believe God is examining this nation known as America and its people who are woven together in a tapestry of varying complexions, rich cultural backgrounds, and diverse perspectives. Some of these perspectives are stained with deep-seated bitterness and vengeance that seep through the cracks of our very beings."

Unveiling the temperaments and spiritual dispositions we have long hidden. Many among us carry the weight of pride and conceit, nurturing harmful affections—afflictions that assail us daily through various media channels. These distractions often mask the truth, hindering many from truly hearing and embracing Jesus Christ's teachings as illuminated by the Holy Spirit. Clyde scanned the faces of those seated around the table, ensuring each person felt acknowledged before he continued.

Still scanning the faces of those seated around the table he continued speaking. "Each day, I find myself increasingly aware that my life's fleeting moments are dwindling, revealing within me stubborn remnants and ignorance that only the Holy Spirit can unearth." In solitude, my mind stirs with unanswered questions, leading me to consider the expectations tied to my birth. Am I living purposefully, aligning my actions with that original vision? Will my death be a celebration of a life of faithfulness, a steadfast commitment to fulfilling God's divine purpose for me? I wonder if I will hear those treasured words, "Well done, my good and faithful servant; you have been faithful over a few things; I will make you a ruler over many things; enter into the joy of the Lord."

Pastor Clyde's gaze swept across the room. Each individual met his eyes, their deep contemplation evident in response to his reflections. He paused, his gaze resting on each individual. "Ladies and gentlemen, as I reflect on the current state of our nation, I cannot help but confront my own inner struggles. It has become abundantly clear to me that only Jesus Christ holds the power to transform our circumstances."

Clyde lowered his head, his brow furrowing in concentration as he began to pray. "Father God, as we move forward, grant us the vision to see the work you are doing in our nation and in our lives." He paused again. "And let everyone say Amen." A chorus of voices echoed the affirmation.

Mr. Whitlock nodded thoughtfully, a smile breaking across his face as he made his way toward the exit. "Let the word of Jesus Christ resonate over our voices," he declared. Clyde met his gaze before he gently closed the door to the church hall.

## **Statue Of Liberty**

John stood on the ferry deck, the cool breeze tousling his hair as he gazed out at the sprawling Hudson River. The Statue of Liberty loomed in the distance, her torch held high against the sky,

a symbol of hope and freedom. A deep stirring welled up within him, compelling him to speak, though there was no specific audience before him—only the whispers of the wind, the calling of sea gulls, and the gentle lap of waves against the hull.

"Listen," he began, his voice rising above the ambient sounds. "Whether you are the birds soaring above, the water flowing below, or the souls gathered here. As we behold this grand monument from afar, we must grasp that America cannot ascend to the future God has ordained for her until she lays down her burdens, allowing her past to rest in the embrace of Christ. Too often, we allow despair, hopelessness, and bitterness to fester in our hearts. These emotions become weapons in the hands of those who seek personal gain, political leverage, and social manipulation. This strife pits one American against another, undermining our nation. We must protect our youth from mental anguish and exploitation."

Unaware of the growing crowd around him, John pressed on. "We must not lend our ears to misleading words or allow a spirit of hatred to tarnish us. We cannot permit corruption to extinguish our hope, especially in these times of profound darkness that threaten to engulf our nation. Many have sacrificed everything—lives, families, homelands—in pursuit of new beginnings in this land of promise."

As his voice rose, he noticed a few curious faces gathering nearby. Undeterred, he continued. "In moments like these," he said with conviction, "we must transcend division and cultivate a fresh perspective—one that carves a new path toward unity—transforming fractures into a singular force for all Americans' benefit." John dropped his gaze to the waves. "I speak these words with deep conviction: just because Truth seems absent in the hearts of many within our nation's capital, it doesn't mean it should also be absent among us. We must hold fast to our integrity and ensure that Truth remains alive and vibrant."

John's voice cut through the chatter as onlookers leaned in. "It is high time we turn away from those who peddle lies, perpetuating routines that pit us against one another. Meanwhile, they and their families sit comfortably, reaping rewards at our expense."

He paused, surveying the faces before him. "The chaos, confusion, and disillusionment they sow in our children and communities only serve to empower them, allowing them to manipulate America and its people." His voice grew stronger. "We must reclaim our narrative and protect our future!"

John surveyed the gathering crowd. "Let us break their chains! Let us cease their madness and free ourselves from the bonds they have forged to enslave our minds," he declared. "This is where the true battle lies, and it has raged since time immemorial. We are one nation, one people, united as one America!" The crowd responded with applause and cheers.

As passengers began to disembark, many turned to John, expressing gratitude for his stirring words. Their faces reflected newfound hope; he could see the impact of his message lingering in their eyes. Remaining on the ferry, John felt a sense of fulfillment as it departed once more, ready to welcome another group from Battery Park.

## State Fair

Several months prior, Joanna Jones received an invitation to speak at an event coinciding with the North Carolina State Fair. The prospect filled her with uncertainty; she had just returned from a grueling three-month speaking tour that spanned multiple states. After settling her children into their beds, she joined her husband, Brad, in the living room. She nestled against him, seeking comfort in his warmth. Brad wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close and planting a gentle kiss on her forehead. Joanna sank deeper into his embrace, resting her head on his chest, where she could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat—a familiar lullaby. Having shared nearly two decades together since their high school days, Brad was attuned to her moods and sensed the weight on her mind. With a playful poke in her ribs, he coaxed a giggle from her.

“What’s troubling you?” he asked. Sitting up slightly, Joanna fixed him with a look before replying, “Oh, it’s nothing much. I’m just weighing the idea of whether to accept the offer to speak at that event opposite the State Fair.”

“I had a feeling that might be on your mind,” he said lightly. “So I went ahead and booked four first-class plane tickets. We can turn this into a combined speaking engagement and family vacation. What do you think?” A smile spread across Brad’s face, and in that moment, the weight on Joanna’s heart began to lift. Tears of gratitude welled up in her eyes as she threw her arms around him, pressing her lips against his cheek in a tender kiss. “You’re the best,” she murmured, locking onto his gaze with appreciation. They rose from the couch hand in hand and made their way toward the bedroom.

Joanna stood off stage as laughter and celebration drifted from the fairgrounds. Her heart raced as she awaited her introduction.

“Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we have a special guest! I invited this remarkable young woman to speak after being captivated by her at an event up north.” The announcer’s voice boomed across the arena. “Now, you might wonder why we’re holding this event in a separate venue away from the fairgrounds. The answer is straightforward: when I proposed her appearance, there was considerable opposition from certain individuals due to the political climate in our county. To sidestep any potential legal disputes that could dampen the fair’s joyous atmosphere, I decided it would be best to host her here.” He paused for effect, the anticipation building. “So without further ado, I present to you Mrs. Joanna Jones!”

A wave of thunderous applause erupted as Joanna stepped forward in her signature ensemble—stylish boots, well-fitted jeans, and a plaid shirt that bore a feminine touch. She waved enthusiastically at the audience as she approached the microphone.

Joanna stood on stage for a moment, her gaze sweeping across the sea of faces before her. She offered a nod of gratitude to each section of the audience, feeling their warmth wash over her. With a determined breath, she grasped the microphone and gently pushed the stand aside. “First and foremost,” she began, “I want to express my heartfelt thanks for that warm North Carolina welcome; it truly stirs the soul.” She paused, letting the energy in the room resonate with her

words. "I must also thank God, for without Him, none of this would be possible. And to my husband and children, your unwavering support means the world to me."

You may have heard of opposition to my presence here, rooted in the political landscape of this county. Yet, I believe a deeper issue exists. Many resist the reality of truth permeating their lives and the realms of politics, social issues, media, and activism. This resistance originates from the discomfort truth brings by illuminating deceptions and betrayals often hidden behind facades. It shakes those who have sacrificed their integrity and misrepresented their communities to spread false narratives.

This exposure threatens to reveal a nature that has long preferred to remain hidden, enabling deception to flourish unchecked. The repercussions of this dishonesty echo through our society, causing pain and suffering for students, children, families, and entire communities across our beloved America. She paused, her gaze sweeping across the crowd as her words sunk in.

Joanna moved to one side of the stage, her voice rising with passion. "What seeps from the core of this nation is a pervasive stench. It's the same tired voices recycling the same old lies."

Mrs. Jones strode confidently to the far side of the stage, pausing for a brief moment to gather her thoughts. "It has been said that 'Imprudent men and women in positions of authority are the ruin of a nation,'" she declared. "I am here to tell you that America desperately needs individuals of wisdom and integrity." Her voice rose with fervor as she continued, "We need men and women who won't bail out, jump ship, or seek refuge in other states when confronted with adversity. That's what America needs!" The crowd erupted into enthusiastic applause.

Joanna strode back to the center of the stage. "From the White House to the State House and every community in between, there are countless individuals who believe they can manipulate sin and deceive the devil," she declared. "But wickedness, crime, immorality, and perversion are orchestrating a symphony of chaos." "Many of our leaders have been manipulated, their mental, emotional, and carnal faculties ensnared. What they believed they could command has led this nation and countless souls down a perilous path of self-inflicted death and destruction." A wave of murmurs rippled through the crowd. The phrase "no more" rose in a chorus. Joanna pressed on, her words igniting fervor in the arena.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is unmistakable that a meticulously orchestrated campaign has been set in motion. This effort seeks to convince us that lust and pride ought to serve as the new foundation of our moral compass. As I draw to a close, I must emphasize that through our silence and choices, we have entrusted this nation to those who are steering us down a treacherous path. We must remain vigilant in the upcoming elections.

In the right hands, we can transform this nation into one where freedom, truth, laws, and justice serve every American. We must strive to embody the ideals of freedom and bravery, where each individual can pursue life, liberty, and happiness without hindrance. I appreciate your warm welcome, and now, let's embrace the joy of the fair! The arena erupted with applause and cheers. Suddenly, Brad and the children burst onto the stage. They enveloped Joanna in a heartfelt hug before waving enthusiastically at the audience as they made their way off the platform.

## **Good And Evil**

As the election cycle approaches, it's crucial to delve deeper, broaden our perspectives, and ask the challenging questions that many would prefer we overlook. Crucial information is often withheld, allowing deceit to flourish unchallenged. This is where harmful forces conceal their true intentions regarding our nation and its citizens.

Consider that reality often diverges from appearances; what we see may be a carefully curated narrative, shaped to fit a specific agenda. Those who only catch a glimpse of the story or view it through a narrow lens miss critical details. The presenters—whether politicians, media figures, or activists—often omit information that doesn't align with their objectives, crafting a version of events designed to influence public perception and gain acceptance for their viewpoints. This selective storytelling can mask the truth, leaving us with an incomplete understanding of the situation.

Two powerful spiritual forces are at work in our world: the voice of God and the voice of Satan. These opposing forces shape our choices and actions, embodying the eternal struggle between Good and Evil.

One voice resonates with Goodness, Righteousness, Life, Truth, and Order, while the other whispers of Evilness, Wickedness, Death, Untruthfulness, and Disorder. One beckons us to pursue life and blessings, while the other tempts many to chase after death and curses. Our actions don't go unnoticed; both Heaven and earth bear witness to humanity's choices. It's time for those who hear the call to rise up, emerge from darkness, and return to a place of Renewal, Refreshment, and Redemption.

Today I ask: "Which voice holds sway over your mind? Which voice shapes your will? Which voice steers your emotions?" The answers will illuminate your path so choose wisely whom you follow and serve. If we desire resilience for this nation, if we wish for it to embody truth, if we long for justice to prevail, then now is the time to expel harmful influences from the hearts, minds, and souls of our beloved America.

May grace and favor surround you and your loved ones today and forevermore!

## **Forgiveness**

Harold staggered along the subway platform, leaning against the wall for support. His gaze fell on an advertisement nearby, depicting a cruise ship gliding through azure waters, with dolphins leaping in its wake. Despair washed over him as he pondered his life dominated by drugs and liquor, the vibrant dreams of his youth now shadows of regret. He sank onto the concrete, his eyes scanning the hurried commuters—some rushing past, others waiting for the next train. As his thoughts weighed heavily on him, tears began to flow. In a moment of raw anguish, he shouted "Hey!" startling a few passersby who turned to glance at him.

In that chaotic moment, he grappled with when to turn the page to a new chapter in his life. It felt like the most challenging decision one could face, especially when doubt gnawed at him. Had he truly given everything he had? Did he do all that was possible? Was it enough to create change in others' lives, or had his struggles only served to isolate him?

With glassy eyes, he gazed into the distance. "There will be much contemplation and praying as I look back on my life," he declared. "I need to consider where I stand today and examine what I truly want for the future. I want to choose in a way that brings peace to my heart and clarity to my mind. The closing of one chapter isn't the end; it's merely the start of a new one." Just then, a voice pierced through his thoughts: "You're going to be a bum just like you are now!" But Harold pressed on, undeterred.

"Do not become like those who rush to pursue a vision revealed by God before they have truly prepared themselves," he continued. "Many fail to recognize the importance of spiritual readiness, believing that their talents alone can carry them forward. This misconception leads them to overlook the greater truth—that true fulfillment comes only through complete submission to God's will."

Harold pushed himself up from the floor, raising his hands high above his head. "This is essential! The message of God, spoken through those who claim to be His representatives on this earth, loses its power if the souls delivering it have not first experienced their own liberation. Only by embodying the very truths we share can we truly reveal the authenticity of the Holy Spirit and the teachings of Jesus Christ in our lives."

"Everything has its appointed time and place," he called out. "Do not rush ahead of God's timing, for in doing so, you deny yourself the chance to rest quietly in His presence. Embrace this season of preparation and anointing." If you find yourself ensnared by drugs and alcohol, my heartfelt prayer for both of us is that God grants us wisdom and clarity to recognize the flickers of light amid our darkness. May we find courage to step out in faith, trusting that He will illuminate our path.

Harold sank back onto the concrete, his voice rising in fervent pleas for healing and forgiveness. As he wept, a soft touch brushed against his shoulder. He looked up and met the gaze of a stranger whose warm smile radiated kindness. The man extended his hand, lifting Harold gently to his feet. With a reassuring hand on Harold's cheek, he spoke with conviction: "God has heard your cries, and you are forgiven. Now walk in the light of that forgiveness and be liberated from your chains." Grasping the stranger's hand, Harold felt a surge of hope as they began to navigate their way out of the subway station together.

## **Momma**

Jack slumped on the worn couch, fingers tracing the outline of a faded photograph of his mother. Memories flooded his mind—her unwavering strength through the storms of their childhood, the sacrifices she made to wrap her children in love even when life turned harsh. Rising slowly, nostalgia heavy on his heart, he ambled toward the window. Sunlight streamed through the glass, illuminating the letter he had penned, a ritual before visiting her grave. With a deep breath, he

unfolded the pages, ready to pour out his thoughts, words crafted from both sorrow and gratitude, a testament to the bond that still lingered between them.

Momma, this November 11th feels like a double-edged sword for me. Not only is it Veterans Day, but it also marks your birthday. Today, you would have turned 80, had your brave battle with pancreatic cancer not claimed you on January 3rd of this year. Some days, I wear a mask of normalcy, convincing myself that I'm managing just fine. Yet, in the quiet moments—whether I'm tucked away in my room, sitting at my desk at work, or wandering through familiar spaces—the weight of your absence crashes over me like a relentless tide. The ache of knowing I will never again hear your laughter or feel the warmth of your hand is sometimes more than I can bear.

As I pour these thoughts onto the page, tears stream upward to you in heaven, Momma. Thank you for enveloping me in your love through every high and low. The depth of my longing for you is beyond what words can express. From my heart here on earth to your heart in the celestial realm, I wish you a joyous birthday!

Pivoting away from the window and making his way to the door, a quiet resolve settled over him. "To all my fellow veterans," he murmured softly, "I extend my heartfelt gratitude for your unwavering service to this nation. I salute each and every one of you!"

### **Personal Thought**

Yesterday was a whirlwind of emotions, stirring within me in ways I hadn't anticipated. It's a stark realization that often eludes us until we confront the possibility of letting go of those we cherish most deeply. The thought of parting with something or someone we hold close to our hearts brings a weight that is hard to bear. My experiences in the Army echo this sentiment, but so too does my time spent at Spindale Elementary. The staff, students, and families there have woven themselves into the fabric of my life in profound ways I never imagined possible. Their kindness and support have left an indelible mark on my journey, and for that, I am eternally grateful. Each interaction has shaped me, nudging me toward becoming a better person.

To all of you, my love transcends mere words, and I want to extend my heartfelt thanks for everything you've done during these challenging times. Your unwavering support has been a beacon of hope. I pray that God showers His blessings upon each of you and your families, not just now but always. Stay safe and may your holiday season be filled with joy and warmth!

### **Coalition**

Bob's group had grown significantly from their early meetings in the local grocery store's shadowy corners. Now, standing on the stage, he surveyed the arena filled with men from diverse backgrounds, ages, and cultures. They were united not for conflict but for solidarity, forming a powerful brotherhood ready to defend their children, families, and communities against political predators, activist scavengers, media vultures, and the wild dogs of Hollywood. These figures prowled the airwaves, highways, byways, and even the hidden corners of society, seeking vulnerable souls whose minds, wills, and emotions they could easily consume.

"May we come to order," Bob called out. The murmur of voices quieted instantly. "Before I begin, take a moment to look around and witness our growth!" A wave of exhilaration surged through the crowd as they rose to their feet. They exchanged nods and pointed fingers, acknowledging their shared bond silently before refocusing on Bob.

"You all have seen the turmoil sweeping across this nation," he declared, his voice cutting through the charged atmosphere. "Our homeland is engulfed in flames. Families are fractured; children are taught to reject their parents. Friendships have soured into enmity, tearing at one another like wolves feasting on the remains of a fallen deer."

He paused. "There are those among us who pick at old wounds, refusing to let them heal! They echo past grievances, filling our youth's ears with bitterness and their hearts with hatred. These individuals gnaw at the very foundation of our adolescence, urging them toward chaos, violence, and bloodshed."

Bob held their gaze. "Let us not be deceived by their deceptive smiles; they are skilled architects of language. Their very presence intoxicates the soul, lulling us into a dangerous belief that one form of evil is somehow lesser than another." As he continued, some men rose in fervent agreement.

"America has descended into a realm of moral decay," he continued. "These leaders are orchestrating a crisis among our youth and countless others." They present sin not as a danger, but as an enticing morsel for the mind, a seductive indulgence for the senses, and a numbing poison for the spirit. This insidious allure encourages a culture of gluttony and excess that clouds judgment, rendering many incapable of resisting the toxic social and political agendas being thrust upon them." More men rose from their seats as this realization sank in.

"We must resolve that this will be the year we awaken from our complacency," Bob urged. "It is time for us to grasp the true intentions of those who have pitted us against each other." The arena erupted into cheers as every man leapt from his seat, roaring "yes, yes, yes!"

Bob remained silent, allowing the applause and cheers to wash over him. After several moments, he raised his hand for calm. "Brothers, lend me your ears," he urged. "Do not engage with their provocations nor succumb to their foolishness."

"My brothers, the very foundation of America is ablaze," he continued. "We are being led down a path of shadow and deceit, but it does not have to end this way! Do you hear the urgent call? Will you rise to the challenge?" He paused. "Let us be the architects of change in how we cast our votes!" The arena erupted once more into applause as the men echoed Bob's sentiments.

"Let the coalition rise for our children; let it rise for our families; let it rise for our communities; let it rise for our nation; and above all, let us rise for one another," Bob concluded.

## **No More!**

Aimee stood at the podium, her eyes scanning the bustling crowd that filled the Midtown Community Center in South Carolina. As more men and women streamed in, she gestured to the door monitors to arrange additional chairs in the overflow areas and activate the TV screens. She tapped the microphone lightly before addressing the audience, "Good evening and welcome to the Midtown Community Center."

"I want to express my heartfelt gratitude to each of you for being here tonight, and I extend my appreciation to our hosts for this vital event, 'No More! Hands Off Our Children.' As applause resonated through the room, Aimee pressed on. "We have witnessed a troubling trend where politicians, organizations, and educators are attempting to dismantle our parental rights and disrupt our bond with our children. They aim to infiltrate our families with their ideologies, seeking to undermine our authority."

Aimee leaned forward. "We must make it clear," she declared, "that they have no right or authority to encroach upon our role as parents." Her words hung in the air; heads bobbed in agreement, applause erupted. "As parents, relatives, guardians, and caregivers, we recognize that our children's development starts within our homes. Unfortunately, we have granted this nation's sectors unfettered access to our lives. We have handed them the keys to influence our youth. They are persuading our young people that self-destruction and moral corruption are avenues to express their freedom."

"What troubles me most is Teachers, School Board Members, and Superintendents who believe they possess the right to conceal information and override parental rights. This troubling trend is not just an isolated incident; it is a pattern across our nation." "While I have not personally witnessed any incidents within the Midtown schools, that doesn't mean they aren't occurring elsewhere in our county. It's imperative that we convey a strong message. Their actions—specifically concealing information and denying parental consent for questionable materials—are unacceptable. If they ignore our concerns, we will take action."

"Yet, we will not cower, we will not relent. We are prepared to stand firm, even to the last breath, if that is what it takes to protect our children." As her declaration resonated through the hall, an electrifying wave surged among the audience. The room erupted into applause, accompanied by shouts of "Hands off!" Attendees rose from their seats, nodding in agreement.

As the audience settled back into their chairs, Aimee pressed on. "Let me clarify," she said, "this isn't about asserting control over every facet of school life. However, when it comes to our children's health and safety, parental involvement must take precedence!" She scanned the crowd. "Your determination to stay informed about what unfolds within those classroom walls is crucial." "Let this year—and all those that follow—be a testament to our resolve as we raise our voices and take action! Thank you all for being here; now, let us come together in prayer." A powerful chorus of "Amen!" resonated through the room as the crowd began to disperse.

Suddenly, a gunshot pierced the air. Aimee collapsed as crimson began to spread beneath her. Panic erupted; a group of men surged out of the room after the fleeing figure. Meanwhile, others rushed to Aimee's side, desperately applying pressure to her wound. Heart-wrenching cries filled the space, mingling with the sirens of approaching ambulances and police cars that cut through the night.

## **Breaking News**

Breaking news: a tragic event unfolded at the Midtown Community Center when an unidentified shooter targeted keynote speaker Aimee Jackson. Swiftly transported to Midtown Memorial Hospital, she now fights for her life in emergency surgery. Witnesses describe a chaotic scene as several attendees apprehended the suspect, their faces a mix of fury and concern. One police officer on the scene reported having to forcibly separate the enraged men from the assailant. The shooter's identity remains undisclosed, and the motive unclear. We will continue to provide updates as more information emerges.

Jack lurched back in his chair, disbelief coursing through him like a jolt of electricity. Anger surged within as he processed the horrifying reality: his daughter had been shot by some deranged individual and was now fighting for her life. His phone erupted into sound, slicing through his thoughts. He stumbled over to answer it—Sam confirmed the devastating news Jack had just absorbed. "I'm booking flights for us," Sam urged urgently. "Get your things together; I'm on my way." Jack sank onto the couch, tears streaming down his cheeks, blurring his vision as memories flooded in. He remembered one of Aimee's rallies in Little Water, North Carolina, where her passion had ignited hope and unity among the crowd.

"Parents of Little Water," Aimee declared, "This must be the year we unite and take a stand! We are not alone; parents across this nation are rising up against legislative representatives, School Board Members, Superintendents, and educators who act as though they hold divine authority..."

The ceaseless exploitation of our adolescents and youth, who should be protected by their innocence and immaturity, cannot become a normalized reality in our nation. This issue demands attention at every societal level, echoing a potent message: "Our children are not objects for sexual, social, or political manipulation; they are not possessions." It is crucial that this proclamation resonates among those in power and those aspiring to lead, both present and future.

Jack recalled how Aimee's words had resonated with the crowd that day, stirring them into enthusiastic applause and fervent shouts of agreement."...Several states are pushing forward legislation aimed at removing children from the homes of parents who oppose 'Gender-Affirming Care.' This proposed bill seeks to implement drastic changes to child abuse laws..."

Aimee's anger was palpable as she voiced her concerns. "They're trying to make it possible to prosecute parents and others as child abusers if they don't allow their children to make irreversible, life-altering decisions. Decisions that could lead to severe mental and potentially life-threatening repercussions."

She paused, her voice steady but filled with emotion. "The intent of this legislation is clear: it's aiming to criminalize parental refusal of gender-reassignment procedures. This includes hormone treatments and surgical interventions. It's effectively stripping parents of their rights to guide their children through such critical choices."

Jack sensed the weight of Aimee's pause; she intended for her words to resonate deeply, embedding themselves within the hearts and minds of her audience before continuing. "...If we genuinely care about our youth, we must no longer permit adults with dubious motives and hidden biases unrestricted access to their lives. Parents, guardians, and caregivers must actively engage as vital and constructive members of the school community..."

A sharp knock on the door jolted Jack from his thoughts; Sam's urgent voice called, "Let's go!" He quickly snatched his backpack and rushed out the door, determination fueling his steps.

### **Shepherds Vs Hirelings**

James and the men assembled at the pool hall for their monthly meeting, the air heavy with the scent of aged wood and stale beer. They had just finished watching a heated debate between two mayoral candidates, their sharp exchanges still echoing in their minds. As the final comments from political representatives and news anchors faded into silence, James reached for the remote and turned off the television. The room fell into a focused stillness. He stood up, his voice steady yet commanding. "Gentlemen, thank you for coming out tonight for the Brothers of the Pool Hall meeting." The men leaned in, ready for the real discussion to begin.

In silence, they had absorbed the performance of two candidates who were desperately trying to convince us that their visions and policies were key to this city's future prosperity. They excelled at delivering catchy sound bites and hollow platitudes, promising free services and benefits that sounded appealing on the surface. Yet beneath this glossy veneer lay a stark absence of genuine substance or grit—qualities that those yearning for true change could latch onto. It was disheartening; where was the hope, the belief in a brighter tomorrow?

We must discern between the true shepherds and the mere hirelings. The former will stand firm against the encroaching wolves, while the latter will desert you, leaving you exposed to be devoured. So, consider this: who have we given the reins of our lives, the blueprints of our thoughts, and the shaping of our spirits—ours and those of our children, families, communities, and nation? Are they shepherds or hirelings? The men shared a look, each contemplating James's words.

James continued his speech after a brief pause, his voice steady and resonant. "On the surface, they may appear similar—sharing the same mannerisms, phrases, and promises—but the true distinction lies deeper, rooted in their actions and character." He leaned forward, intensity sharpening his gaze. "As scripture illustrates in John 10:11-16, when danger approaches, a good shepherd stands firm, ready to sacrifice everything for his flock while a hireling abandons them."

His eyes scanned the room as he continued to speak. "The leaders of our nation have stubbornly refused to submit to God's authority. Instead, they have become proud and arrogant, prioritizing

their own desires while encouraging others to do likewise. James continued, "Some posture as tyrants, others as deities, urging us with fervent pleas and disingenuous smiles to place our burdens upon them. They profess a deep concern for our struggles, promising that their authority and governance will usher in an era of peace, prosperity, and unity—an era they call the American utopia." He paused, allowing his words to resonate in the silence that followed.

"Do not be misled; it is all an illusion. Their minds are clouded, intoxicated by falsehoods, making them unfit as vigilant sentinels on the walls of our society." He paused again, allowing his words to settle in the room. "While denying these struggles is pointless, we must not allow ourselves to become so consumed by them that we unwittingly open a door to our adversaries."

James confessed that he had allowed himself to sink into self-pity, consumed by his own pain and loss. "Yet, I am reminded that if I entrust these struggles to God, He will transform them into rest and peace."

He urged those present to stand against the politicians of Satan. "Let us come together as one, anchored in our faith, fully aware that the trials we endure are mirrored by our brothers and sisters across the globe." He concluded with a call to trust and believe in God's guiding light.

The men sprang to their feet, embodying the spirit of warriors preparing for a noble fight. James surveyed their resolute faces, then brought his right fist to rest firmly against his chest. "Strength and Honor!" In unison, the men echoed his rallying cry. "Respect and Unity!"

## **Evil Is Evil Does**

The embodiment of evil is a manifestation of Satan, present in the complex systems of our world. The illusion that one can choose a lesser evil is deceptive; all evil stems from the same dark source. Wrongdoing remains wrongdoing, regardless of who commits it. Deceit is deceit, no matter who speaks it, and a transgression holds the same weight, whether committed by Democrats, Republicans, or Independents. Evil does not favor one side over another; harm inflicted upon one reverberates through all, whether by individual actions or the laws that govern us.

Remember that lies, once spoken by a few, inevitably permeate collective consciousness, leading to graver falsehoods taking root in the hearts and minds of many. Transgressions committed under the guise of Justice inflict greater damage on society, creating a false narrative that misbehavior, crime, and blatant disregard for the law are permissible and unenforced.

Our nation's regression is not accidental; it's a calculated design fostering division among us. It pushes us to consume one another until few remain capable of resisting those introduced by those thriving on confusion and chaos. Satan's ultimate goal is to eradicate every true representation of God in this world.

May God grant us wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and discernment to identify Satan's grip on individuals' hearts and minds. Let's pray for their liberation and our nation's freedom from this stronghold. May God's peace and blessings envelop you and your family today and always!

## **Multi Glitch Blip**

Many have surrendered their identities, along with those of their families and communities, to figures in politics, royalty, religion, corporate power, social influence, sports, and entertainment. They believe that these earthly accolades reflect true spiritual integrity or the depth of their inner character. Some have descended so far into this abyss that they would rather submerge themselves in despair, ignite in skepticism, and cavort with deceit. It is crucial that they confront the illusion before them and embrace the stark reality of what is being revealed as a glaring weakness.

Resist the allure of their smiles and polished appearances. These title worshippers have honed the skill of disorienting people to such an extent that many only absorb and accept words that resonate with their beliefs, ignoring actions carried out in their names by those in power. To truly understand these title bearers, one must scrutinize the consequences of what they are creating, endorsing, and spreading throughout the nation—actions that threaten our youth, families, and communities.

The elite circles of Hollywood, the corridors of political power, and the realms of sports and entertainment are rife with a façade that masquerades as authenticity. These figures labor tirelessly to present their indulgences as freedom's pinnacle while branding anything that challenges this narrative as oppressive. Yet we understand this reality's profound inversion. They have honed their craft to such an extent that they can manipulate thoughts, stir emotions, and influence countless individuals in ways previously unimaginable. But shadows cannot conceal deeds forever; American politics' murky undercurrents and societal vices are gradually being exposed.

As political parties devote energy and resources to schemes aimed at undermining one another, our nation spirals deeper into turmoil. It is disheartening to realize that those who should safeguard our safety often emerge as threats. The relentless infighting among elected officials reveals a troubling reality: those who designed our governance may be steering us toward disaster.

The harsh reality is that those bearing the weight of the antics emanating from Washington are not affluent politicians or their wealthy backers. Instead, it is everyday individuals navigating American life who bear the brunt of these misguided actions. These citizens find themselves repeatedly undermined and betrayed by elected officials who show little concern for the pressing issues plaguing our nation. The indifference of these leaders is palpable; they seem unaffected by their constituents' struggles, lacking maturity to devise real solutions that could uplift all Americans.

Through media channels, hatred ignites like wildfire, sweeping across the nation and beyond, poisoning hearts and minds with animosity towards those who refuse to indulge in the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eyes, and the Pride of Life. Resist complacency by their honeyed words, which are woven with half-truths and deception. Instead, fervently seek divine guidance; pray for Wisdom, Knowledge, and Discernment.

Exercise caution with your actions, for inevitably, the turmoil you attempt to unleash upon others will come back to you. The chaos you sow may transform into a tempest that descends upon your own head and home.

Conforming to world's expectations is tempting but leads straight down a ruinous path. Yet I urge you to allow God's word to reshape your thoughts and illuminate your journey. Choose instead the narrow path of righteousness, a route often dismissed by many but rich with promise. Stand firm and resolute.

Regardless of how shadowy days may grow or how daunting despair might appear, Jesus stands unwaveringly amidst it all. His hand is stretched out, inviting you to take hold while His arms are wide open, ready to envelop you in boundless Love, Grace, Mercy, and Forgiveness.

Uprightness is never a misstep! Seek God earnestly in prayer for wisdom and discernment necessary to distinguish between right and wrong in a world that skillfully weaves them together. This distortion often misleads our youth down a perilous path.

We cannot predict when our final breath will escape us. Therefore, let us hold dear the precious moments gifted to us by God, embracing time spent with family and friends. In these fleeting interactions, we find purpose as we strive to align our lives with His divine will.

For those on a quest for truth, who stand resolute against the allure of those who seduce with sweet talk, remain steadfast. Do not waver; hold tight to your Faith. In life's unpredictable tides, guard your Joy and protect your Peace, which are anchored in God's word.

Grassroots Life and its advocates embody an authenticity that is undeniable. Issues like crime, food insecurity, unstable housing, financial distress, inadequate healthcare, and subpar education are not abstract concepts—they are the daily battles fought by individuals navigating life at the ground level. Meanwhile, the political elite remain blissfully unaware. They lack the resolve or genuine interest to venture into the belly of the beast in search of America's true heart.

Ecclesiastes 1:9 reminds us, "What has happened will happen again; what has been done will be done once more. There is nothing new beneath the sun."

The turmoil and criminality unfolding on our streets, the unrest spreading through college campuses, and the blatant disrespect permeating the minds of our youth in elementary, middle, and high schools should come as no shock to us. As the prison doors of wickedness swing wide open and sin is unleashed across this nation, it surges forth like a monstrous wave, lurking in the shadows of an impending storm, only to crash down with ferocity on what many believed to be an unshakeable foundation. Yet, the relentless assault of moral decay has revealed that what once seemed steadfast is now crumbling into treacherous sand, and America is gradually sinking into a profound darkness.

It is time to step back from the obsession with status and celebrity. These superficial accolades do not reveal one's character or soul's underlying inclinations. Many have expertly constructed barriers to keep their authentic selves hidden.

Do not let eloquent speeches or extravagant attire sway you. Instead, beseech God for discernment needed to see through secular beliefs masquerading as truth. Pray that He unveils corruption intertwined within both political parties and various organizations.

Pause to peer past celebrity's polished veneer; separate gleaming titles from external trappings that humanity showcases as indicators of one's true nature. To truly understand their character, focus on the impact of their actions—the messages they craft, the ideals they champion, and the narratives they spread across the nation.

Over the years, I have come to realize a harsh truth: not everyone who claims to support you genuinely has your back. This reality extends into power corridors, where many politicians profess commitment to America and its citizens while often pursuing their own interests. They engage in tactics like gerrymandering and other political manipulations, prioritizing power over the nation's welfare. Their actions can disenfranchise, alienate, and divide us, pushing the country toward chaos and potential violence that could ignite a civil war.

### **Midtown Memorial Hospital**

Jack stood vigil at his daughter's bedside, fingers entwined with hers. The rhythmic hums and beeps of the hospital machines filled the air, creating a symphony of hope and anxiety. In the corridor, Sam paced back and forth, observing the ebb and flow of doctors, nurses, and visitors navigating the sterile halls. An officer remained alert outside Aimee's door, a silent sentinel in this realm of uncertainty.

Upon arrival, they had received miraculous news: the bullet had narrowly missed her vital organs, leaving only a clean exit wound. With time and rest, she was expected to make a full recovery. Overwhelmed with gratitude, Jack and Sam embraced the doctor before they were guided into Aimee's room.

Jack pressed his lips gently to his daughter's forehead. "Aimee, Daddy is here. Can you hear me?" His voice trembled with emotion. "If you can, please squeeze my hand." He lifted his gaze to meet hers as he stroked her hand tenderly. Suddenly, he felt her fingers tighten around his. "Daddy, is that you?" she whispered.

Overwhelmed, Jack's tears spilled down his cheeks as he called out for Sam. The nurse rushed in, followed closely by the police officer. As they entered, Aimee slowly turned her head. They froze mid-step as their faces transformed into radiant smiles. The doctor stepped into the room, his expression shifting from curiosity to pure elation as Aimee's eyes met his. She extended her hand toward him in silent gratitude for saving her life.

The doctor grasped her hand warmly. In that moment, the room filled with an overwhelming sense of relief and joy as everyone gathered around her bedside. Outside, the police officer discreetly exited to share the news that Aimee had awakened—a story that would soon ripple through all of Midtown, South Carolina.

## **Do Not Be Complicit**

What hangs in the balance when deceit, lawlessness, brutality, and contempt are permitted to dominate and trample over truth, integrity, peace, and respect?

1. The education of our children
2. The safety of our neighborhoods
3. The security of our nation
4. The stability of our economy
5. The strength of our government
6. The reduction of national debt
7. The trimming of government expenditures
8. The restoration of civility and respect.

Each of these critical elements, along with countless others, teeters precariously as we approach the upcoming elections, threatening the very foundation of our nation.

If we, the citizens, fail to regain control and stop letting others manipulate our emotions—emotions that are deliberately provoked by the biased rhetoric spewed from news outlets and various platforms steeped in hatred, misinformation, and a cruel indifference meant to incite unrest and violence—we will plunge into a chaotic spiral of self-destruction, becoming complicit in the reckoning that awaits our nation.

For deception, chaos, and the insidious allure of vanity to seep into the hearts and minds of people, the truth must first be silenced. Those who dare to pursue and proclaim the truth face relentless censorship, subjected to mockery and scorn, portrayed as the true lunatics—those who propagate falsehoods and sow division within our society.

Let us scrutinize the current landscape of our nation, examining the incumbents vying for reelection and the hopefuls aspiring to secure office. With open hearts, discerning minds, and a fervent quest for truth, we must seek divine wisdom and clarity to distinguish what is genuinely right and just from what merely panders to political popularity, tainted by biases and entrenched ideologies. Beware of those who deliver eloquent speeches filled with promises of peace, unity, and love; their true intentions and the depths of their souls will ultimately be revealed through their actions.

## **Beware of the Wolves in Sheep's Clothing**

Those who don the devil's mask and embrace his insidious doctrines often present themselves as devout followers of Jesus Christ. They are the wolves in sheep's clothing, slipping into places of worship, occasionally making offerings, and vying for positions of influence within the church. Yet, these outward displays do not serve as definitive evidence of being reborn in God's grace or having truly accepted Jesus Christ as their Savior. The genuine measure lies in their ability to exhibit love and compassion toward their fellow believers. While they may attempt to project this love, it is through the passage of time, the unfolding of circumstances, and the authenticity of their actions that their true essence will emerge. This revelation mirrors the unmasking of many in political spheres and other domains, where the quest for truth exposes the reality behind their facades.

In a world where appearances can be deceiving, it is essential to remain vigilant against those who masquerade as allies while harboring ulterior motives. These individuals don the soft, comforting guise of compassion and understanding, yet their true nature lurks beneath the surface, ready to pounce when the moment is opportune. They speak sweetly, weaving words that resonate with hope, unity, and love, but their actions often betray a darker agenda. Like skilled actors on a grand stage, they play their roles flawlessly, captivating the hearts of the unsuspecting, drawing them into a web of false security.

Yet, the shadows reveal their true intentions. As you navigate through the complexities of relationships and alliances, keep a keen eye on the subtle signs—the fleeting glances, the half-hearted commitments, the inconsistencies between what is promised and what is delivered. Trust your instincts; if something feels amiss, it often is. The danger lies not only in their deceptive charm but also in the potential harm they can inflict upon the very fabric of our communities.

Stay alert, for these wolves can infiltrate every sphere of life—politics, social movements, and even personal circles. Their presence can lead to division, distrust, and ultimately, chaos. Protect yourself and those you care about by fostering genuine connections grounded in authenticity and integrity. Seek out those who are steadfast in their convictions and whose actions align with their words. In doing so, you will build a shield against the insidious influence of those who would exploit your trust for their gain.

In 1 John 4, the scripture advises that when you come across those who claim to speak on behalf of God, you should not take their words at face value. Instead, it implores you to discern their spirits to determine if they genuinely originate from God. The text states, “Every spirit that acknowledges Jesus Christ has come in the flesh is from God, and every spirit that does not acknowledge Jesus is not from God.”

In 1 John 3, it is written, “This is how the distinction between the children of God and the children of the devil becomes evident: Anyone who fails to live righteously is not a child of God, nor is anyone who does not show love to their brother. This is the core message you have received from the very beginning: we are called to love one another, unlike Cain, who belonged to the evil one and took his brother's life. And why did he commit such a heinous act? Because his own deeds were wicked, while his brothers were virtuous.”

In the Gospel of John, chapters 13, verses 34 to 35, Jesus proclaims, “A new commandment I give to you: love one another. Just as I have loved you, you are also to love one another. By this, everyone will know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another.” Just as a tree is recognized by its fruit, so too can we discern the true nature of individuals through their actions.

### **Elevate Yourself and Pursue the Truth!**

As I scroll through social media, skim news headlines, and listen to speeches from activists and politicians, a troubling pattern emerges. These voices consistently point fingers, their words dripping with disdain, as they single out individuals or specific groups as threats to our nation. Their aim is to stir up fear and division. In such moments, we need to foster healthy skepticism. Red flags should wave, alarm bells should ring in our minds, and an instinctive awareness should awaken within us. We must question why they are so eager to promote the idea that certain members of a particular political party or those who disagree with their ideologies are endangering our society.

This leads us to further questions: Why are they so keen on diverting attention from their own actions? What truths are they desperate to hide? If they truly are principled legislators and devoted activists, what do they wish to keep in the shadows, away from the light of truth? What are they trying to obscure, preventing the nation from scrutinizing their motives and exposing the reality of what is happening versus what they claim?

It is not the fall that usually brings you down; it’s the sudden stop that follows. The blows that truly wound are not the ones you see coming, but those stealthy strikes that catch you off guard, leaving you reeling—physically and mentally. If we do not rise above the noise and seek the truth, we should brace ourselves for the inevitable: being blindsided by politicians, activist groups, shadowy crowdfunding entities, and their affluent supporters. These players, along with other organizations and individuals with questionable motives, are focused on seizing and maintaining power over every aspect of American life to fulfill their agendas.

Their ambitions thrive on a complacent populace preoccupied with fleeting pleasures, material wealth, and vengeful pursuits. This fixation on trivial distractions clouds judgment obscures vision, and lulls people into a deep slumber, rendering them oblivious to the underlying currents threatening their existence.

### **When Evil Comes Knocking!**

Avoid embracing the emotional chaos, lies, distortions, bitterness, and ill will of others. These harmful influences can gradually infiltrate your thoughts, warping your emotional state until rage engulfs your spirit. This compels you to partake in their reckless endeavors and adopt their confrontational mindset. They present an illusion of peace and justice to the public while secretly planting seeds of heresy and discord in your mind. They persuade you to use your own abilities to further their cause, resulting in harm to innocents, acts of violence, and rampant destruction of property. All the while, they insist that your actions are for a righteous and noble cause aimed at freeing oppressed individuals.

These skilled manipulators lurk unseen, like puppeteers behind heavy curtains, directing your every word with their poisonous rhetoric. You rush about in fits of anger, shouting slogans such as “Death to America,” “America is the most racist nation in the world,” and “Put down the colonizers.” Each phrase reflects their deep-seated animosity that they've instilled within you. It festers like an untreated wound in your psyche, leaving scars on your consciousness.

You have become blind, viewing anyone who opposes your beliefs or refuses to comply with your demands as an enemy. Those who do not support your vision of dismantling America are considered adversaries. You fail to understand the danger of letting others control your emotions; it can lead you down a perilous path. Their manipulation can provoke you into saying things and taking actions that tarnish your character, leaving scars that will resurface later in life, haunting you unexpectedly.

Pride comes before a fall; arrogance leads to ruin. “A kingdom divided against itself will be brought to desolation; no city or household torn asunder can endure.” This truth echoes through history and resonates today, revealing the intentions of those both within and beyond America's borders who oppose God and instead serve the sinister plans of darkness.

### **Do Not Get It Twisted!**

Do not misunderstand the message: God declared, “Let Us create humanity in Our image, reflecting Our likeness.” Thus, God fashioned man in His own image; male and female, He created them to embody His essence. God also proclaimed, “It is not good for man to be alone; I will provide him with a companion who is suitable for him.” From the rib that the LORD God had taken from man, He sculpted a woman, and Adam named her, saying, “She shall be called Woman.”

Amidst humanity, there exists a faction that believes the divine blueprint of creation is flawed. Fueled by this conviction, they have initiated a campaign to reshape the very definition of what it means to be made in God's image. These individuals have morphed into purveyors of deceit and corruption, actively distorting the sacred work of the Creator. Their hands are stained with actions that harm and defile our nation and its people, perpetrating grievous acts that undermine our moral fabric. The most alarming and insidious of their transgressions target the impressionable minds, vulnerable bodies, and tender souls of our youth, imposing a darkness that threatens to engulf the next generation.

They have adeptly recruited parents to assist in their mission to reshape, redefine, and forge a new vision of America that aligns with their ideologies. These parents did not arrive here by mere chance; some have been subtly conditioned since childhood, while others have been drawn in by the fear of social ostracism. A segment of them readily accepts and internalizes the narrative that gender is merely an illusion fabricated by out-of-touch, aging white men from a specific political faction, who are obsessed with dominance, wealth accumulation, and perpetuating their systemic privilege across the country.

Amidst this turmoil, these very parents insist that school administrators, teachers, and everyone in between bend to the will of their children and adopt their perspectives, dismissing the deeply

held beliefs of other students and their families. They label those who oppose them as xenophobic, narrow-minded, and bigoted—individuals they believe have no rightful place or voice in the transformation of America's cultural landscape. Their resolve is evident; they are prepared to employ any means necessary to achieve their goals. This includes reshaping laws, influencing politicians, manipulating political parties, organizing protests, and even resorting to violence. Their ultimate aim is to redefine the concepts of man, woman, boy, and girl, embedding their altered definitions into the minds of our youth and permeating society at large with their ideology.

Let's be clear: we must not deceive ourselves into thinking that the upheaval unfolding in our neighborhoods and across this nation is a recent development that appeared without warning. This movement has been quietly orchestrating its agenda, both in the shadows and occasionally in plain sight, for quite some time. Behind closed doors, they have been meticulously grooming their strategies, laying the groundwork within influential circles, and now they are witnessing the results of their efforts emerge into the light. They once claimed, "We are not targeting your children," but this was merely a facade, a clever deception. They recognized that to fundamentally alter the moral compass of a society, one must begin with the youth, embedding their ideologies at increasingly younger ages, allowing these ideas to take root and flourish into the reality we are grappling with today.

Every individual deserves the fundamental right to navigate life without the shadows of fear, intimidation, harassment, or the looming threat of violence. Yet, it is vital to recognize that no person or group holds the authority to impose their sexual preferences, political ideologies, belief systems, or any personal choices they consider superior over those of others. If you are convinced that your path is just and beneficial for you and your family, then pursue it wholeheartedly. However, do not seek to incite political unrest, foster hostility, or propagate any form of discord against those who choose to stand firm in their convictions and resist being coerced into conforming to your beliefs or lifestyle.

### **How Will You Choose!**

In the face of a trial like Job's, what would you hold close to your heart, fearing its loss? Would this person or thing become so central to your existence that you might falter if faced with the choice of renouncing God and Jesus Christ to preserve it?

As darkness deepens, we may encounter trials like those endured by Job. He lost 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen and 500 female donkeys - all symbols of his wealth. He mourned ten beloved children, each one a bright star extinguished too soon. Painful sores marred his skin and friends turned into tormentors, adding to his suffering with their misguided judgments. Yet Job remained steadfast in his faith. He recognized God as his ultimate source of strength and sustenance. Because of this unwavering devotion, God not only restored what Job had lost but blessed him abundantly in return.

We can boldly declare, "Even if I have to die with You, I will not deny You!" Yet, like Peter, we remain unaware of our true responses until we find ourselves amidst trials. As hostile crowds

converge, their faces twisted in rage and mouths frothing with venom, they unleash threats of death and violence upon us. They demand our submission while their minds churn with fury.

Maintain your faith, regardless of how daunting the circumstances may appear. Trust in God, even when His voice seems distant or unclear. Cling to Jesus Christ when faced with rejection and scorn. Allow the Holy Spirit to illuminate your path and let God's teachings serve as your beacon in times of despair. Do not cower before those who can only harm the body but lack power over the spirit or soul. Despite attempts to wear you down, raise your voice in praise and gratitude to the Father. Keep your hands firmly in God's embrace; He will lift you from their grasp and guide you into triumph, all for His glory.

### **The Twisted Morality of a Nation**

When the warped moral compass of those in positions of power corrupts the very soul of a nation, its actions and decisions inevitably mirror that decay. Over time, their ethical foundations crumble, giving way to base desires, malicious intentions, and depraved behaviors. Greed festers, leading to acts of financial betrayal, while violence simmers beneath the surface, fueled by an insatiable thirst for dominance. The treachery becomes so pervasive that it blurs the lines between righteousness and sin, rendering the concepts of good and evil indistinguishable. What ought to be embraced is cast aside, while what should be condemned is celebrated, leaving society adrift in a sea of moral ambiguity.

Such a conscience will elevate the vile, presenting it as virtuous; it will champion the corrupt, cloaking it in honor; and it will glorify perversion, masquerading it as purity. It positions itself on pedestals of power, convinced of its own infallibility, blind to the moral decay it perpetuates. This twisted sense of righteousness resembles a law enforcement agency that, upon receiving clear evidence of wrongdoing, chooses to ignore the truth, instead declaring the unjust act as lawful and just, betraying its mandate to uphold justice.

In the heart of our society lies a fractured conscience, one that has been warped by relentless ideologies and the fervent push for acceptance at any cost. This moral disarray manifests in the clash of values, where the lines between right and wrong blur, leaving individuals grappling with confusion and uncertainty. The once-clear principles that guided generations have been overshadowed by a cacophony of voices, each demanding recognition and validation, often at the expense of others.

As this turmoil unfolds, we witness a growing detachment from traditional beliefs, replaced by a new set of standards that prioritize personal feelings over collective truths. The very fabric of our communities is fraying as people become increasingly polarized, retreating into echo chambers that reinforce their views while dismissing opposing perspectives as archaic or oppressive. This distortion breeds animosity, creating an environment where dialogue is stifled and understanding is sacrificed on the altar of ideological purity.

In this landscape, the concept of accountability has all but vanished, replaced by a culture of blame and victimhood. Individuals are quick to point fingers, seeking to absolve themselves of responsibility for their actions while demanding that society cater to their grievances. The

narrative shifts, painting those who uphold traditional values as antagonists, further entrenching the divide and fostering an atmosphere ripe for conflict.

A political ethical conscience that undergoes continual renewal possesses the clarity to discern and evaluate actions and decisions with precision. This discernment guides the nation toward a genuine understanding of its character, determining whether it will choose paths of justice and fairness or succumb to the pitfalls of injustice and bias. A revitalized constitutional conscience acknowledges its own limitations, recognizing that without the guidance of a higher wisdom bestowed by God, even seemingly just and fair actions may harbor deep flaws rooted in hidden biases shaped by cultural and societal pressures. Such a renewed lawful conscience actively seeks out injustices within its own actions and decisions, striving to alleviate harm and rectify the wrongs that have been perpetrated.

The erosion of political conscience in this country has woven itself into the very fabric of American society, creating rifts that pit neighbor against neighbor. The once-pristine ideals of party politics are now marred, leaving behind a legacy of tarnished ethics that future generations will struggle to cleanse. They will grapple with the remnants of discord, striving to restore a vision for this nation that reflects its original purpose and values. We must fervently hope that they are guided by a wisdom and truth that transcends mere intellect, a discernment that surpasses their own desires and emotions, shielding them from the fleeting passions of the flesh that lead only to conflict and turmoil.

Yet, amidst this chaos, there exists a flicker of hope—a yearning for truth and reconciliation. Some brave souls dare to challenge the prevailing winds, advocating for a return to foundational principles that honor both individual freedom and communal well-being. They seek to bridge the chasm, encouraging open conversations that embrace diversity without sacrificing core values.

The path forward requires courage and conviction, a willingness to confront uncomfortable truths and engage with those who may hold differing beliefs. Only through genuine dialogue can we begin to mend the fractured conscience of our nation, restoring a sense of unity that honors the richness of our shared humanity while respecting the dignity of every individual.

### **All Is Not Lost!**

We have permitted deceitful words and distorted ideologies to usurp the essence of our daughters' femininity and our sons' masculinity. As a result, countless individuals gaze into mirrors, their reflections evoking bewilderment and dismay. What stares back at them is a visage contorted in anguish, an unfamiliar face that has morphed and conformed into a version of themselves they no longer identify with—an unsettling distortion that feels entirely alien. This arises from a society that proclaims reality is merely a façade, a subjective construct that can be twisted to align with personal preferences and the political agendas of those who wield influence. In this landscape, truth becomes malleable, reshaped by the whims of individuals and leaders alike, each seeking to impose their own version of what is deemed acceptable or valid.

This turmoil inflicted upon our youth springs from the unchecked desires harbored within individuals and organizations that have surrendered their integrity to vile thoughts, immoral

actions, financial deceit, and murderous zeal. The depths of their betrayal defy understanding, leaving even the most disturbed minds in a state of bewilderment, hesitant to engage with such insanity. Yet, ironically, those who pride themselves on being educated, insightful, and wise are drawn to this chaos, like moths irresistibly attracted to the fatal allure of a flickering flame.

Regrettably, these figures populate the esteemed corridors of our nation's leading colleges and universities. They occupy seats on school boards, align themselves with teachers' unions, and shape young minds from elementary through high school. Many congregate within the hallowed halls of political institutions and judicial chambers, wielding their influence with vile intent. No nook or cranny of this land known as America remains untouched by their ambitions, as they seek to mold society according to their own ideals and aspirations.

Though it may appear that shadows are thickening, with malevolence gaining ground and indifference dominating the landscape, we must cling to hope; all is not lost. Let us not yield to despair or anxiety, for once more, I affirm all is not lost. When justice is stifled, and integrity seems a distant memory, causing truth to falter in the streets, while sincerity is barred from the public discourse, hold fast to your convictions. I reiterate, all is not lost. Even amid this relentless onslaught against our youth, our communities, and our families, take heart—you're not abandoned. In due course, we will witness the downfall of wickedness, revealing that God has been orchestrating events for our benefit and His glory. Hold on to hope; the trails you are enduring are not in vain.

### **Whom or What Do You Place Your Faith In?**

A dark force has ensnared the thoughts, feelings, and very souls of influential figures across America, turning them into vessels that distort, mislead, and undermine our youth and the fabric of the nation. While some may hesitate to voice their dissent due to fear, others have been skillfully maneuvered into compliance with a troubling agenda. Yet, a significant number stand resolute, convinced they are champions of progress, their conviction evident in every action they take. They have chosen to fully align their lives—and those of their families—with the insidious designs of the prince of the power of the air, which seeks to reshape, recondition, and manipulate the minds, wills, and emotions of humanity, particularly our young people, to conform to their own desires. This raises a crucial question: who or what do you place your faith in?

This contradiction becomes apparent when their beliefs collide with differing perspectives. They champion the importance of science, expertise, and credentials—until these principles contradict their own agendas. They tout individual rights to free speech, but only until those voices challenge their narratives. Government spending on initiatives they support is never questioned; it only raises eyebrows when funds are allocated to projects that oppose their financial interests. With the backing of sympathetic media outlets and social networks, they readily cast blame, scrutinizing and undermining the representatives of opposing factions. Yet, when the tables turn and the same tactics are used against them, they quickly raise their voices in protest, claiming victimhood.

At first glance, it may appear they advocate for unity, yet beneath this facade lies a more insidious agenda: a demand for all Americans to conform to their narrow perspectives and the

shifting standards of global society. These standards ebb and flow like the tides, dictated by fleeting social whims and base desires. This relentless push towards conformity ultimately corrupts the mind, sullies the body, and degrades the soul, eroding your capacity to resist their manipulative narrative. They seek not only your acceptance but also your active participation in promoting their ideology, insisting that their path is the only true route to genuine freedom and utopia.

Recognize that genuine belief compels action; when you hold something dear, it manifests in your daily choices and the life you lead. Your convictions shape your behavior, making it essential to safeguard your thoughts and ensure only pure influences penetrate your mind. This is why the integrity of your body is intrinsically linked to the renewal and elevation of your mental state. The wisdom of not conforming to the prevailing norms of society but instead embracing transformation through mental renewal is paramount. Numerous organizations grasp this principle, which drives them to tirelessly engage in reshaping perspectives, aiming to alter, elevate, and normalize their inclinations as the true path to freedom, vitality, and genuine autonomy.

### **Become the Wheat Amidst the Tares**

Across America, morally corrupt seeds have been scattered, nurtured by corporate giants, political machinations, educational systems, media outlets, social platforms, and various other institutions. These seeds have taken root in society, sprouting rapidly. Like invasive kudzu vines, they spread perversion and decay, suffocating the essence of truth and vitality that once formed our nation's identity. In this landscape of moral decline, will you rise as wheat amidst the choking tares?

In a world where chaos reigns, embody the resilience of wheat growing in a field overrun by tares. Let your roots dig deep into conviction's soil, drawing nourishment from the truths that sustain you. Stand tall against conformity's winds, bending but never breaking as you reach for understanding.

Each grain of wheat represents individual integrity, a testament to unwavering faith. In contrast, the tares symbolize influences that seek to undermine your spirit. As you navigate this tumultuous landscape, remain vigilant, discerning genuine from false.

Embrace adversity's challenge; it is in these trials that character is forged. Let your actions reflect your values, cultivating compassion and kindness even when surrounded by hostility. By doing so, you not only protect yourself but also inspire others to rise above the noise.

When news media scrutinizes this president or that one for attending a church building or claims that one person's faith surpasses another's, I approach it with skepticism. Merely stepping into a church does not signify that an individual embodies Christ's teachings or has embraced Him as their Savior. Remember that tares and wheat can coexist in the same environment. Initially indistinguishable, time reveals their true nature.

Avoid entanglement in rhetoric and blame-shifting; no human is without flaw. Some may try to convince you that one form of evil is less significant than another; yet ultimately all evil roots in sin and wickedness. While they may articulate beautiful sentiments of peace and love, their actions reveal their genuine intentions.

Together, let us cultivate a community of wheat, resilient and steadfast, standing as a beacon of hope against darkness. In this shared commitment to uphold our principles, we can transform the field into a sanctuary of growth and unity.

#### Matthew 13:36-43 The Explanation of the Parable of the Tares

After dispersing the crowd, Jesus retreated into a house. His disciples gathered around Him, eager for understanding. "Please clarify the meaning of the parable concerning the tares in the field." With patience, He responded, "The one who sows the good seed is the Son of Man. The field represents the world; the good seeds symbolize the sons of the kingdom, while the tares signify the sons of the wicked one. The adversary who planted them is the devil. The harvest signifies the culmination of the age, and the reapers are angels tasked with gathering..."

Matthew 7:15-20 The Tree and Its Fruit "Be alert to false prophets who appear gentle but are ravenous wolves beneath their facade. You will recognize them by their fruit, which reveals their true nature through their actions..."

#### **Is Truth Speaking Through You?**

The ethnicity and background of a political leader do not necessarily make them the spokesperson for their entire ethnic community. It is important to understand that having the same skin color does not ensure they will prioritize your welfare or that of their supposed community. Many have professed to champion certain groups, only to disappoint those very supporters once in office, favoring personal gains over genuine representation.

Actions and decisions of many leaders often favor personal interests rather than national welfare, contradicting their public declarations of serving the masses. The allure of power, status, and control can lead many to compromise their integrity. Chasing empty ambitions, they not only forsake their values but also jeopardize their family's welfare and the country's future for transient titles and fleeting legacies.

If you have been voting in a particular direction for years without seeing any change or progress in crucial areas like economic development, education, and crime reduction, it might be time to rethink. Reflect on whether there has been any significant improvement in other vital aspects of community life, both locally and nationally. Optimism should accompany the belief that those in power are leading America towards a brighter future. It could be prudent to reconsider why you consistently support the same candidates and political party if they aren't delivering truths that serve our interests; instead, they seem to weave a web of deceit that benefits only themselves, damaging our nation's fabric.

Avoid being caught up in the whirlwind of rhetoric and do not let yourself be fooled by deceptive phrases and hollow promises. Instead, develop a discerning spirit and nurture humility. Let your actions and words be channels through which truth flows, remaining pure and unaffected by politicians' noise and others' hidden agendas.

### **To Those Who Care**

This is a heartfelt appeal to all Parents, Guardians, Caregivers, and anyone invested in the well-being of our children. You are undeniably the frontline defenders in our schools, serving as protectors for students, families, and communities alike. Now is the moment to rise up and advocate for the mental health and moral integrity of our youth. Our young people already face numerous challenges in their daily lives; they should not bear the weight of adult issues—such as complex inclinations, sexual identities, and troubling behaviors—that they lack the maturity to fully understand or address. It is vital that we shield them from burdens they are not ready to carry, allowing them the space to grow and thrive without undue pressure.

We can no longer ignore the reality that our children are being targeted; their actions and words make this abundantly clear. It is imperative that we step up and engage deeply within our school community, becoming active champions for the mental and social wellbeing of our families and students. Commit yourself to remaining vigilant about the events and dynamics that transpire within the school corridors and classrooms as we embark on each new academic year moving forward.

It is often said that it takes a village to raise a child, yet the reality is that certain members of that village should not be granted access to our children. While we are all part of the broader American community, our children are not the property of every organization, legislative body, government agency, or educational institution. To put it plainly, your child is not a commodity for everyone to claim. We must articulate our stance with clarity and conviction, sending a powerful message to every Democrat, Republican, Independent, and all other entities across the nation: Hands off! “Our children are not yours to control; they are not for sale, and they certainly are not your tools for sexual, social, or political manipulation.”

Be mindful of the era we inhabit, for there are those who aim to manipulate the minds of our youth, seeking to shape their thoughts and actions. This insidious influence can push them toward reactions they lack the maturity to fully grasp or navigate with clear insight. Parents, guardians, and caregivers, let me reiterate you stand as the primary and ultimate safeguard for our schools, students, families, and communities.

### **Life Outcomes Are Not Equal**

Life does not offer equal outcomes for everyone. If one examines their experiences with clear eyes, free from the fog of misleading rhetoric, it becomes evident that the notion of universal equality in results is flawed. This belief disregards the reality that some individuals contribute minimal effort while others pour their hearts and souls into their pursuits, making significant sacrifices along the way. The disparity in commitment and dedication inevitably leads to varying degrees of success, highlighting the importance of individual input in achieving meaningful

results. The paths that individuals traverse in life are marked by stark disparities. From the moment of birth, the circumstances surrounding each child vary dramatically—some emerge into nurturing homes filled with love and opportunity, while others find themselves in environments plagued by neglect and hardship. This unequal starting line sets the stage for the journeys that follow, shaping aspirations, opportunities, and eventual outcomes.

Education, a cornerstone of success, is often inaccessible to those from disadvantaged backgrounds. Schools in affluent neighborhoods boast advanced resources, experienced teachers, and a wealth of extracurricular activities, while their counterparts in underfunded areas struggle with overcrowded classrooms and outdated materials. The stark contrast in educational quality creates a chasm that many cannot bridge, perpetuating a cycle of inequality. While we may all line up at the starting line of life together, it does not guarantee that we will all cross the finish line or achieve the same results. It is essential to remember that some individuals begin their journey with silver spoons in hand, only to find themselves wallowing in the muck and mire of failure. Conversely, there are those who emerge from the depths of hardship and struggle—those who start their race in the pigpen—who ultimately rise to create their own version of a palace, whatever that might signify in their lives. This ascent is not solely measured by wealth or material possessions, but rather by the triumph of spirit and resilience against the odds.

Moreover, societal factors such as race, economic status, and geographic location further complicate these disparities. A child born into poverty may face barriers that hinder access to quality healthcare, healthy food, and stable housing, all of which are critical for development. These early disadvantages can lead to long-term consequences, affecting mental health, academic performance, and ultimately career prospects. In the workforce, this inequity continues to manifest. Individuals from marginalized communities often encounter systemic biases that limit their employment opportunities and advancement potential. Even when qualifications are equal, the invisible barriers of discrimination can prevent talented individuals from rising to their deserved positions.

Equal outcomes are not a natural part of life; rather, they are a fabrication crafted by those harboring malice and discord, intent on fracturing the bonds that unite us. The responsibility of our nation's leaders—and indeed, all of us—lies in establishing a fair and equitable playing field, where every individual has the opportunity to chase their aspirations without being thwarted by deliberate obstacles, hindrances, or blind spots that aim to obstruct their journey. I urge you to remain vigilant against those who promise that regardless of your effort—be it great or minimal—you will receive the same rewards and outcomes as anyone else. This notion, that results must align uniformly with the way life was intended, is a dangerous fallacy that undermines the very essence of fairness.

It is essential to recognize that life outcomes are not solely determined by individual effort or talent. The interplay of systemic issues and personal circumstances plays a pivotal role in shaping destinies. To foster a more equitable society, we must confront these realities and advocate for policies that level the playing field, ensuring that every individual has a fair chance to succeed, regardless of their starting point.

Run Your Race to Win 1 Corinthians 9:24-27 Do you not realize that in a race, every runner strives to finish, yet only one secures the prize? Compete with the determination to win that prize. Each athlete who enters the competition dedicates themselves to rigorous training and unwavering focus. They aim for a crown that fades away, but we strive for a crown that lasts forever. Thus, I do not run without purpose; I do not box as though I am merely swinging at shadows. Instead, I discipline my body, bringing it under strict control, so that after I have shared the message with others, I won't find myself disqualified from the race.

## **God Examines the Soul**

In Matthew 5:45, Scripture reveals a profound truth: "God makes His sun rise on the evil and on the good and sends rain on the just and on the unjust." The trappings of celebrity, status, wealth, and material possessions do not signify greater favor or blessings from God. Let's be clear—these superficial markers are often illusions, cherished by those who judge solely by the outward appearances of humanity. Such perceptions can lead to misplaced admiration and widespread approval, but they fail to capture the true essence of worth that lies within the soul.

In the depths of our being, there exists a profound truth: God delves into the very essence of our hearts. He peers beyond the façade we present to the world, illuminating our innermost thoughts, desires, and intentions. Each heartbeat resonates with His awareness, as He discerns the motivations that drive our actions. No secret is hidden from His gaze; every whisper of doubt, flicker of hope, and tremor of fear is laid bare before Him.

This divine scrutiny is not merely an act of observation; it is an invitation to introspection. As we navigate the complexities of life, we are called to reflect on our own hearts, to confront the shadows that linger within. Are we cultivating love, kindness, and compassion, or are we harboring resentment, pride, and selfishness? In this sacred examination, we find the opportunity for growth and transformation.

God's search is both a challenge and a comfort. It challenges us to align our lives with His principles and to seek authenticity in our relationships with others. At the same time, it comforts us with the assurance that we are understood and accepted, even in our most vulnerable moments. His unwavering love encourages us to shed the burdens of guilt and shame, inviting us to embrace the grace that flows from His heart.

Let us not be ensnared by the seductive whispers of physical desires, material temptations, or the arrogance that accompanies worldly success. Instead, let us bow our heads in humility before God, seeking His discernment, wisdom, and understanding. May we strive to perceive the true essence of individuals, looking beyond mere appearances and superficial judgments, and viewing them through the compassionate lens of His divine insight.

Just as the fruit of a tree reveals its true nature, the actions of individuals unveil their character. While we often perceive only the surface-level behaviors, God delves into the profound depths of our hearts, illuminating those hidden aspects that hinder us from becoming the positive change we aspire to be in the lives of others. As we allow God to search our hearts, we embark on a journey of self-discovery and renewal. We learn to listen to the quiet whispers of our conscience,

guiding us toward righteousness. In doing so, we become more attuned to the needs of those around us, fostering a spirit of empathy and connection.

Ultimately, this divine inquiry serves as a reminder of our shared humanity. We are all flawed yet cherished creations, striving for a better understanding of ourselves and each other. By opening our hearts to God's examination, we embrace the path toward healing, purpose, and a deeper relationship with the Creator who knows us intimately.

### **The World System Seeks Your Soul**

Those who elevate their desires above all else, treating flesh as their deity and sin as their guiding principle, quickly become ensnared by the dazzling glow of fame, the allure of social standing, and the seductive promise of wealth. They chase after the opulence of material possessions, driven by an insatiable thirst for power and a relentless need for dominance. This pursuit often leads to a disturbing distortion of the body's intended purpose, as certain individuals within the political sphere, alongside others intent on reshaping societal norms, promote and normalize behaviors that stray far from divine intention, paving the way for sexual exploitation and moral corruption.

Recognize that the world system aims to enrich its master, Satan, by ensnaring as many unsuspecting, naive souls—especially the impressionable youth—as possible. This insidious agenda seeks to erode the will and word of God, undermining the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the profound love, grace, and mercy of Jesus Christ. In doing so, it targets those yearning for hope and solace amid the chaos of these troubled times, attempting to fill their hearts with despair instead of faith.

Stay vigilant! Many have willingly bound themselves to the forces of darkness, forging a covenant that transforms them into mere shadows of their true selves, enslaved by insatiable desires and twisted thoughts. These dark impulses shape their actions, pushing them to extreme lengths in pursuit of hollow rewards promised by a deceptive idol. Can you hear the seductive whispers of the world urging, “Do whatever it takes,” “Trample those who stand in your path,” “If necessary, lie, cheat, steal, and manipulate”? At times, they may even find themselves compelled to dismantle another's reputation, shatter families, or extinguish lives, all to claim what they believe the world owes them.

Matthew 16:26 poses a poignant question: “What does it benefit a man if he acquires the entire world yet forfeits his own soul? What can one offer in trade for their very essence?”

I urge you to see past the fleeting gains and hollow profits that this world offers. There is only one who possesses the power to redeem your soul and heal a fractured nation, and that name does not belong to any political figure—be it Democrat, Republican, Joe, Donald, Newsom, Bondi, Cortez, or Obama. The name above all names, the true source of hope and salvation, is Jesus Christ.

God's grace, mercy, and love resonate more powerfully than the whispers of shame, the weight of condemnation, and the sting of ridicule that the world hurls at us. Remember, one beckons

your soul from the depths of darkness, guiding it from the grip of eternal death into the light of everlasting life. In stark contrast, another pulls your spirit into shadows, leading you away from the promise of eternal life toward the abyss of everlasting death.

Deuteronomy 30:19 proclaims, “Today I present to you the choice between life and death, blessings and curses. I summon heaven and earth to bear witness to the decision you make. Oh, that you would choose life, so that both you and your descendants may thrive!” This pivotal decision regarding eternal life or eternal death rests solely in your hands. Others may assert they can influence this choice, but ultimately, it remains a deeply personal one. Therefore, approach this decision with careful consideration and wisdom.

### **Misguided Leaders Promote Transgression**

The old adage rings true: “As the head goes, so goes the body.” When the head is afflicted, the body teeters on the brink of collapse, teetering toward inevitable self-destruction. It is a grave misfortune when those in positions of authority lead their followers astray. As noted in Isaiah 9:16, “The leaders of this people cause them to err, and those who are led by them are destroyed.” This principle applies universally, transcending all forms of leadership, whether in governance, community, or any sphere of influence. When misguided leaders take the helm, their followers are easily swept into transgression, losing their way amidst the chaos of poor guidance.

The head, ideally a beacon of honor, is represented by the Executive branch, encompassing the president and their administration, while the Legislative and Judicial branches serve as the supporting structure of the federal government. This hierarchical arrangement mirrors itself at state and local levels, adapting to various forms of governance. Yet, a troubling truth emerges across these layers: numerous individuals in positions of power are purveyors of deception and moral decay, guiding countless souls into the depths of idolatry and immorality. Some may hastily attribute this corruption to a singular leader or political faction, but those who approach the situation with clear minds, unclouded by emotional bias or partisan rhetoric, understand that this misconception merely scratches the surface of a far more profound ailment plaguing the nation.

When misguided leaders take the helm, the consequences ripple through society, leading many astray. Their flawed judgment and self-serving motives often pave the way for moral decay, as they prioritize personal gain over the common good. In their pursuit of power, these leaders may manipulate the truth, bending it to fit their agendas and leaving a trail of disillusionment in their wake.

When news organizations and various entities choose to distort the truth to elevate a particular individual or political party, presenting their agendas as the sole righteous pathway, we must scrutinize their intentions and question the integrity of their words and actions. Until we, as citizens, recognize that numerous leaders in America are morally compromised, steering the collective spirit into an abyss of corruption and depravity, we risk surrendering ourselves to a cycle of spiritual and physical decay. The trajectory of this nation will only become more shadowed and self-destructive if we fail to confront these troubling realities.

Communities that once thrived can quickly descend into chaos under such leadership, as trust erodes and ethical standards crumble. As people look to their leaders for guidance, they may find themselves swept up in a tide of corruption, where dishonesty becomes normalized and integrity is cast aside. The allure of authority can blind individuals to the wrongs being committed, leading them to justify actions that betray their values.

In this environment, the vulnerable are often the first to suffer, as the strong exploit their weaknesses for personal advantage. The fabric of society unravels, families fracture, and individuals become pawns in a game of ambition and greed. The cries for justice go unheard, drowned out by the clamor of those who revel in their unchecked power.

It is a sobering reminder that when those entrusted with leadership fail to uphold their responsibilities, the repercussions extend far beyond their own actions, ensnaring innocent lives in a cycle of transgression and despair.

Let us rise up against this insidious spiritual disease that is permeating our lives by redirecting our gaze toward God. We must humble ourselves, acknowledge our transgressions, and earnestly seek His kingdom. Above all, we are called to love the Lord our God with every beat of our heart, with the entirety of our souls, with the depths of our minds, and with all our strength. Furthermore, we are commanded to extend that same love to our neighbors, treating them as we would wish to be treated ourselves.

## **Misguided Leaders Promote Transgression#2**

What unfolds in America is inevitable. Regrettably, many remain oblivious to the reality of their circumstances until it's too late, entranced by the surface allure rather than pursuing genuine truth. Yet, when they find themselves lost in a landscape that the nation should never have traversed, clarity will dawn. They will come to recognize that their hearts have hardened, shaped by leaders who turned away from God's principles, instead promoting the seductive falsehoods of darkness as if they were treasures to be cherished, accepted, and celebrated as truth.

The die has been cast, the message delivered; what once lurked in shadows now stands exposed in the light. The destiny of this nation and its people hinges on their response to the revelations of God's word, shared by those who are guided by the Holy Spirit rather than by earthly desires. The widespread rejection of Jesus Christ, the derision aimed at God, and the disdain for His truth have ensnared countless minds, leaving them shackled and their spirits in bondage. Embracing the truth is the key to liberation—immerse yourself in the scriptures, unseal your wounded heart, and let His divine love restore your emotions and heal your spirit. By doing so, prepare yourself to engage in the vital work of advancing His kingdom here on earth.

Ultimately, the act of hurling insults and labeling one another as “weird” or “crazy” serves only to deepen the divide within our nation. This behavior, perpetuated by politicians, political organizations, presidential candidates, talk show hosts, and media outlets that amplify such rhetoric, accomplishes nothing but further polarization. Whether they identify as Democrats, Republicans, or any other faction, all must face scrutiny and be held responsible for their inaccuracies, misrepresentations, blatant lies, and reckless actions that inflict harm upon the

fabric of our society. It is imperative that we demand accountability from those in power, for only then can we hope to heal the fractures that threaten our unity.

We must no longer permit them to shroud our vision with their antics, distracting us while we bicker, bite, and turn against one another, all the while rendering us oblivious to the treachery embedded in their rhetoric. It is essential that we engage in careful discernment, attentively considering the words they utter and rigorously evaluating whether those statements align with the reality of their actions and behaviors.

In what manner will you make your voting decision? Will you allow your choice to be swayed by fleeting emotions, cultural biases, misplaced loyalties, or the weight of racial expectations? Or will you engage in a more profound reflection, examining the policies currently in effect and the proposed changes from each political camp? Consider which plan truly serves not only the broader interests of our nation but also the well-being of your family and community.

Some individuals cast their votes driven by loyalty to a party, whether it's a D or an R preceding a name. Others are influenced by the color of their skin or a sense of cultural belonging, while some may feel pressured to conform, fearing ridicule for not aligning with the prevailing cause, even if they disagree with the core messages of the candidates. A handful may vote out of animosity, harboring deep-seated disdain for the opposing candidate, while others choose to remain passive, allowing events to unfold without their input, fueled by a mix of skepticism and mistrust toward both political parties and their platforms. However, this passivity is hardly a prudent choice.

If you truly seek to understand the motivations of individuals, political organizations, leaders, and the media, take a moment to examine their roots. Delve into their past actions and assess what they currently produce. This investigation reveals their true intent and serves as a reliable indicator of what you might expect from that political lineage and its affiliates—not just for yourself, but for your family, community, state, and the nation as a whole. I urge you to engage in diligent inquiry, resisting the temptation to let emotions cloud your judgment. Exercise wisdom and discernment as you analyze the systems at play. Pay close attention to the proposed strategies each faction presents and reflect on which vision genuinely serves the collective good of our country, alongside the well-being of your loved ones and neighbors.

### **Avoid the Bite of Deception**

In this chaotic landscape, vigilance against deceit is crucial. Just as a snake can strike without warning, so too can the lies spread by those seeking personal gain. These false narratives enter our minds, twisting our perceptions and blurring the lines between truth and manipulation. To traverse this dangerous terrain, one must develop a discerning eye, capable of recognizing the subtle signs of danger lurking beneath the surface.

A snake may shed its skin, but its inherent nature remains unchanged. The newly revealed surface shines with deceptive allure, yet beneath it lies the same instinctual nature, unaltered and unyielding. A snake will continue to act according to its true instincts, regardless of its fresh exterior. Be cautious; do not fall victim to a snake's bite. Just as these creatures hide their true

selves beneath a shiny facade, so too do certain individuals mask their past identities, striving to project an image that appears new and flawless.

Do not be dazzled by the flashy displays crafted by the media and those with hidden agendas. They aim to keep your attention on the surface, diverting you from seeking a deeper understanding of the narratives unfolding around you and your community. Avoid becoming so captivated by the superficial glamour on display that you lose sight of the underlying truths, leaving yourself open to deception and betrayal.

Reflect thoughtfully, questioning the motives behind the words we encounter. Are they designed to provoke fear or division? Do they serve the interests of a select few at the expense of many? By honing our critical thinking skills, we can dismantle the web of lies that attempts to ensnare us.

"Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees! You polish your cups and dishes on the outside, yet inside they are filled with greed and self-indulgence. First cleanse what is inside so that the outside may also be clean. Woe to you! You resemble whitewashed tombs which appear beautiful on the outside, but inside are full of dead bones and all kinds of filth. Just as you appear righteous on the surface, beneath that facade lurks hypocrisy and wickedness."

Surround yourself with voices that promote clarity and integrity, avoiding those who thrive on chaos and misinformation. Seek out sources that encourage open dialogue and understanding, rather than those that fuel discord. In doing so, you not only protect yourself from the venom of deception but also contribute to a healthier discourse within your community.

Ultimately, the choice is yours: will you fall victim to the poison of lies, or will you rise above, embracing the light of truth and wisdom? By choosing the latter, you not only safeguard your own beliefs but also inspire others to do the same, creating a ripple effect that can heal our society's fractures.

## **Dying**

From the moment of conception within the womb, the journey toward dying begins. Each day, as we navigate our lives, we engage in a constant interplay with mortality, breathing in the vitality of existence while inching closer to our inevitable end. This slow progression towards death is a backdrop to our daily experiences, yet there comes a point when the act of dying culminates in the finality of death itself. Thus, even as we live and breathe, we are simultaneously in a state of gradual decay, moving towards our destined conclusion. Whether through our own missteps, unforeseen tragedies, or simply the passage of time, we will eventually cross the threshold into biological death. This transition leads us into an eternity shaped by our spiritual choices—either ascending into spiritual life or descending into spiritual death.

At a certain juncture in our lives, we reach adulthood, and the manner in which we choose to live becomes a defining decision. In a world rife with finger-pointing and blame, it is essential to recognize that the relationships we cultivate and the company we keep are ultimately ours to select. These choices shape the very path we tread. Countless individuals have turned away from

the abundant blessings and vibrant life that stem from a connection with God, opting instead for the emptiness and curses that accompany the pursuit of fleeting desires and the caprices of others.

Minds become malleable and susceptible to influence when individuals and organizations foster an emotional climate steeped in distrust and prejudice. In this charged environment, rhetoric flourishes, twisting perceptions and pushing reasonable thought to the margins. Information is wielded like a weapon, distorted and misrepresented, while those in positions of authority exploit their power to manipulate the populace. The political and public arenas become breeding grounds for this insidious manipulation, where the truth is obscured, and critical thinking is drowned out by the cacophony of divisive narratives.

They hope to ensnare you in a relentless cycle of distraction, preventing any moment of reflection or critical thought. For those attuned to the underlying currents, it quickly becomes apparent that these voices are merely recycling familiar narratives, cloaked in fresh language yet devoid of substance. Much like the drug cartels operating in Mexico, their strategy is meticulously crafted, leveraging advertisements, news media, and entertainers to create an intoxicating allure. They invest vast sums into crafting an emotional high, drawing people in with glossy promises and enticing slogans. Yet, ultimately, these offerings serve only the interests of the sellers, leaving the audience grasping at illusions rather than gaining anything of true value.

Recognize that for numerous politicians, governmental bodies, corporations, social media platforms, and individuals, the pursuit of self-preservation stands as their primary motive. This is precisely why it is crucial to peer beyond the glitzy facades of political conventions. The veneer of superficial grandeur, the carefully crafted rhetoric of biased campaigns, and the hollow charm of disingenuous smiles all serve to distract. Some individuals even suggest that attributes like skin color, culture, and gender should dictate voting choices, rather than urging voters to consider how past, present, and future policy decisions will influence their families, communities, and the nation at large.

Always remember that their quest for self-preservation relies on your willingness to ignore the truth, to embrace their misleading tendencies, and to adopt their distorted view of a world riddled with illusions, insinuations, and absurdity.

## **Killing America**

One afternoon, a girl named America strolled home, her footsteps crunching softly on the frost-kissed leaves. She spotted a snake coiled on the side of the road, its scales shimmering in vibrant hues of blue and red. The chill in the air had left it shivering and vulnerable. As she approached, it raised its head. "Please, girl, will you help me?" it pleaded.

America hesitated. "I know your kind," she replied. "Deceitful in speech, sly in action, quick to strike when least expected. If I draw near, I fear you will turn on me." "I swear by all that is sacred in nature's assembly, I will not harm the one who saves me," the snake insisted.

As twilight crept in, America's heart softened for the creature. She scooped it into her hands and nestled it inside her jacket for warmth. With each step she took, she felt the weight of the snake against her chest. After a short while, she sensed it stirring with newfound energy. She paused to remind it of its vow.

With each step toward home, the snake wriggled with increasing vigor. "Remember your vow," America urged as her house emerged against the twilight sky. Suddenly, an excruciating heat pierced her heart. A cry escaped her lips as she stumbled and collapsed onto the ground.

The snake emerged from its hiding place and slithered forward. Its eyes locked onto America's as she gasped for breath and demanded to know why it had betrayed her trust. "You were aware of my nature," it replied coldly. "I can only act according to my essence; this is the truth of who I am."

Resist the allure of emotional highs spun from promises of candidates vying for office, particularly those incumbents who have lingered in power for any significant duration. They recycle familiar slogans, cloaked in fresh phrasing yet lacking genuine substance.

When their words fail to resonate, they transform like snakes casting off their old skins, reemerging as figures who claim to have refined their ideologies. Yet, beware of falling for the facade or becoming complacent, for that is when you risk being struck by the venomous bite of betrayal. The essence of the snake remains unchanged, regardless of the polished exterior it presents.

## **Party Time**

Politicians excel at orchestrating extravagant parties that ensnare the masses in a whirlwind of excitement, keeping them oblivious to the impending judgment looming over them and the nation. The festivities unfold in a dazzling display, a celebration that promises to stretch on for a millennium. They beckon you to join in, urging you to bring your joy and laughter, all while whispering temptations to reject God. The atmosphere buzzes with energy as entertainers take the stage, igniting the crowd with electrifying performances. Everyone loses themselves in the rhythm, dancing with abandon, reveling in the moment. But when the vibrant lights flicker back on and the music fades into silence, the harsh truth crashes down like a wave. It's easy to get swept away in the fun and laughter, but remember, the revelry can quickly turn somber when reality comes knocking at the door.

In these turbulent times, many individuals and organizations seek to ensnare you in the frenzy and fanfare of the present moment, drowning you in political rhetoric. They want you to overlook the importance of scrutinizing past, present, and future policy decisions that candidates, along with news media and various platforms, are advocating. These choices have shaped, are shaping, and will continue to shape your families, communities, and the nation as a whole.

When the revelry fades, the stark reality of what you've welcomed into your home and heart will become painfully clear. Memories will flood back, reminding you how their dazzling lights obscured your vision and how their polished rhetoric filled your ears until their fabrications felt

like truth deep within your spirit. In that moment of clarity, you will grasp this chilling truth: once they captured your gaze and your emotions, you had become vulnerable to manipulation.

Every thoughtless utterance will require an explanation on Judgment Day. “For it is through your words that you will find validation or face condemnation.” Matthew 12:36–37

Exercise caution with the rhetoric served at political conventions and rallies, presented by politicians, activist groups, corporations, media outlets, and other forces eager to draw you into their fold. Just as they will face scrutiny, so too will you be called to account on Judgment Day for the phrases you unleash that incite discord and division, as well as the deeds you commit against others.

Amidst the chaos and corruption threatening to engulf the nation, a voice rises above the din: “Take heed, my cherished friends. Be swift to listen—cultivate thoughtful listening; deliberate in your speech—choose your words with care; and slow to anger—embrace patience, reflection, and forgiveness.” (James 1:19)

Avoid being lured away by festivities and deception; recognize the schemes for what they truly are. Seek divine guidance, pursue clarity, and chase after the truth with unwavering determination.

### **Jim’s Vision**

Jim Brown, the town's notorious drunk, found himself rushed to the hospital after a car hit him. Lying on a gurney, he opened his heavy eyelids to a world of blinding light and shifting shadows. The rhythmic thump of drums echoed in his ears, mingling with the ethereal notes of flutes that danced through the air. A vibrant crowd paraded before him along streets of gleaming white sand, following a figure in a flowing robe. This figure passionately proclaimed, "Hear me when I speak, for my words are true and righteous."

"God sent a people forth to establish a nation free from dictators and tyrants who forbade them to worship freely. This has not changed even today. Understand that what you were freed from is always looking for an opportunity to reclaim its former dwelling."

As the crowd followed the figure, his voice resonated with urgency, warning them about the return of darkness and its host of evils (Matthew 12:43-45). He spoke of America's institutions as polished graves, stripped of God's truth, having turned their backs on Jesus Christ. This rejection left the nation vulnerable.

The robed man and the crowd halted, their gazes fixed upon Jim, whose eyes reflected both awe and horror. The man leaned closer, his voice resonating with urgency. "The rampant lewdness and vile wickedness of American politicians, along with those who manipulate the hearts and minds of the people, have ascended to the very nostrils of God. Unlike Nineveh, which heeded the warning and repented, this nation is ensnared by corrupt leadership that has turned its back on the call for righteousness."

He paused, then continued with a growing intensity. "They embrace their obscene and indecent ways, while judges, devoid of reverence for the Almighty, dispense injustice based on their whims and contempt for the truth."

A silence fell over the crowd as he took a moment to breathe before launching into his final point. "Yet, amidst this moral decay, a remnant remains—a steadfast group standing in the breach, fervently pleading for divine mercy, much like Abraham did for the lost cities of Sodom and Gomorrah."

Jim was told to relay this message: do not let politicians or groups use past grievances as psychological chains that bind you. These chains breed division within cultural communities and can be exploited for sinister purposes.

He was guided to recognize that certain individuals and groups seek to ensnare them in resentment and hostility. Influencers with dubious intentions urge retaliation and revenge. However, Jim was told to redirect their gaze toward God and His word.

The figure and the crowd began to drift away from Jim, their voices echoing. The figure called back, stressing the importance of forgiveness for those who have wronged them. He explained that forgiveness liberates both the forgiver and the forgiven, but it must be approached with sincerity.

As the figure and the crowd receded into the distance, his voice rang out, questioning how one can claim to know Jesus Christ while entangled with Satan.

Jim extended his trembling hand, whispering, "Please don't go, come back. I need you." A nurse patted his hand gently, murmuring softly about his troubled state. As they wheeled him away for x-rays, the bright lights above flickered, casting fleeting shadows across his face.

## **The Café**

Sarah Blackburn, a candidate for the North Carolina Senate seat, stood at the front of a bustling local café. She addressed fifty enthusiastic supporters, her voice rising above the clatter of coffee cups and murmurs of conversation. "Soon, many Americans will head to the polls," she began, scanning the room. "But I fear that some will make their choices based on fleeting emotions—whether they like or dislike the candidates." She paused, letting her words sink in. "Others will rely on superficial markers—political party affiliation, gender, skin color, cultural backgrounds—attributes that may soothe the flesh but do little to nourish the spirit or enlighten the mind."

Her voice carried urgency as she urged her audience to look beyond the surface when casting their votes. "The outcome may lack genuine wisdom and insight, failing to thoroughly assess the historical police decisions that have shaped our present reality. The current law enforcement choices, alongside those yet to be made, are often overshadowed by grand promises of free handouts and misguided beliefs that merely holding office can ensure equality in outcomes and access for everyone."

Sarah paused again, allowing her words to hang in the air. Her audience had a moment to reflect deeply on her message.

"You know," she began again after a moment's silence. "There was once a time in America when God's ways and words were revered, not dismissed or held in contempt. They were not scorned by the masses or those in positions of authority and influence."

Her voice grew heavy with sorrow as she reflected on the troubling path many have taken—especially the youth who have strayed into transgression and moral failings. "We must confront a crucial question," she urged, her gaze piercing through the café window to the world beyond. "Will we choose to walk through the wide gate that leads to destruction? Or will we summon courage to enter the narrow gate and tread the less-traveled path that leads to true life?"

In the shadowy corridors of power, certain leaders maneuver with a blatant disregard for ethics and morality. Their actions steeped in corruption and vice, they strive to blur the lines between right and wrong while cloaked in a facade of righteousness. This manipulation allows them to indulge in their vices without remorse, spreading their toxic influence unchecked.

Sarah continued, "This has led countless individuals to forsake God's teachings, placing their trust instead in the White House, State House, and every governmental entity in between. They are convinced that these institutions alone can rescue the spirit of a nation without the redemptive grace of our Heavenly Father."

She urged her audience to bow their heads in humility before God, seeking His guidance through prayer for their nation, families, and communities. "We must implore Him for discernment, wisdom, and understanding. In doing so, we can ensure that our choices align with the truth rather than being swayed by those ensnared by spiritual malevolence."

### **The Foundation Upheld by the Nation's Weight**

Do you honestly believe that the affluent politicians, from the White House to the State House and all points in between, would ever enact legislation that jeopardizes their own financial interests or those of the wealthy corporate donors who fund their campaigns? These powerful figures are adept at crafting laws that appear beneficial on the surface while ensuring they have built-in loopholes, secret provisions, or alternative routes to shield their personal and business fortunes from any adverse effects.

The weight of legislation and its repercussions inevitably rests upon the weary shoulders of the true backbone of our nation: the middle class and the working poor. These individuals, who toil daily to make ends meet, find themselves burdened by a government that squanders their hard-earned tax dollars with reckless abandon. While politicians craft policies that seem beneficial on the surface, it is the everyday worker who bears the brunt of these decisions. The affluent lawmakers, ensconced in their comfortable lifestyles, remain insulated from the consequences of their actions, their financial security untouched by the fallout of misguided spending. This disconnect perpetuates a cycle where the interests of the wealthy—those who fund political campaigns across both parties—are prioritized over the needs of the average citizen. Many

would have you believe otherwise, influenced by the narratives spun by certain news outlets and social media platforms that shape public perception. Yet, the truth remains that the struggles of the working class are often overlooked, their voices drowned out by the clamor of those in power.

Exercise caution around those seeking office or occupying influential positions, especially when they greet you with beaming smiles and promise packages filled with hope and transformation that they claim will greatly benefit our nation and its citizens. I urge you to resist the allure of catchy soundbites from debates and conventions, often crafted by news media and political commentators who, more often than not, lack impartiality. These voices tend to gloss over the deceit of their favored candidates while magnifying the flaws of those they consider unworthy or threatening. Stay vigilant and discerning; the truth often lies beneath the surface of their polished rhetoric.

Let us cultivate wisdom and discernment as we pursue the truth, humbling ourselves and directing our hearts back to God, repenting for our transgressions while earnestly seeking His kingdom. We must implore Him for knowledge, insight, and understanding, enabling us to recognize those who masquerade as allies but are, in fact, deceitful tricksters—predators with malicious intent, cloaked in a veneer of charm and falsehoods. Above all, let us fervently pray for the vision to witness God’s hand at work amidst the chaos, derision, wickedness, and moral decay that threatens to engulf our beloved nation, America.

Lest we forget that in the intricate tapestry of society, there exist steadfast pillars that bear the weight of our collective aspirations and struggles. These pillars are not mere structures of stone or steel; they are the unwavering values and principles that guide us through tumultuous times. They embody the ideals of justice, integrity, and compassion, standing firm against the winds of corruption and despair that threaten to erode the very fabric of our communities.

Each pillar represents the enduring spirit of those who came before us, their sacrifices etched into the very foundation of our nation. As we navigate the complexities of modern life, it is crucial that we recognize and uphold these pillars, ensuring that they remain strong and resilient in the face of adversity. For it is through our commitment to these guiding tenets that we can forge a path toward a brighter future, one that honors the legacy of our past while striving for a more just and equitable tomorrow.

### **Values And Character Matter**

The assertion that values and character hold significant weight is undeniably true. We must recognize that the principles and integrity of influential individuals, particularly those in our government, serve as the guiding force in a multitude of decisions. These choices can either bolster or undermine the financial stability, economic advancement, educational opportunities, public safety, and overall well-being of our nation. The ramifications extend beyond mere statistics; they touch upon the health, vitality, and quality of life for every American, shaping the very fabric of our society.

To grasp the motivations fueling the policies championed by those currently in power and those vying for office, one must examine their core values. These principles serve as the engine driving their actions, compelling them to reshape their personas as needed to align with the expectations of the electorate. In their quest for support, they craft narratives designed to lure voters into embracing their specific ideologies and belief systems, which they assert should be universally adopted and upheld.

Wealthy politicians, glamorous Hollywood actors and actresses, influential figures from the music industry, successful athletes, and the multimillionaires and billionaires who dominate various corporate sectors are unlikely to support, finance, or endorse any candidate, political party, legislation, or policy that threatens their financial interests or personal economic security. Recognizing this reality sheds light on the motivations behind their endorsements, sponsorships, and support for specific representatives, laws, and initiatives.

These representatives, along with the laws and policies they endorse, often pose a significant threat to the very foundation of our nation: the middle class and the working poor. These individuals navigate a relentless struggle to make ends meet, scraping together just enough to cover their basic needs. Meanwhile, they bear the burden of a government that squanders resources with reckless abandon, flaunting its excesses in grand displays that mock the hardships faced by everyday citizens. The wealthy elite, gathered in their opulent circles, revel in this extravagance as if it were a trophy, showcasing their privilege while the rest of the population grapples with financial instability. Do not be deceived or turn a blind eye; this behavior reveals their true values and character, exposing how they perceive and treat the vast majority of Americans as mere pawns in their game of power and profit.

When those in positions of power proclaim that everything is thriving, they often remain oblivious to the genuine struggles and dangers faced by those at the bottom of the socioeconomic ladder. It's crucial not to allow the glamorous endorsements and hollow reassurances from celebrities and influential figures to cloud your judgment. Such distractions can easily lead to a disregard for the consequences of past policies, the impact of current decisions, and the potential ramifications of future legislation on the financial stability, security, health, education, and overall well-being of your family and community.

Reflect on the impact of historical policy choices, the current landscape shaped by present decisions, and the potential outcomes of future legislation on the financial stability, security, health, education, and overall lives of your family and community. Approach this analysis through the lens of Pro-Life versus Pro-Death ideologies. While some may hastily equate this discourse solely with abortion, the implications run far deeper. Ultimately, we are all faced with profound choices regarding life and death, both in the tangible world and the spiritual realm. These decisions carry significant weight, influencing not only the well-being of our nation but also the looming judgment that may await us.

With this perspective, it becomes clear that the issue extends far beyond the lives of the unborn lost in the womb. The Bread of Life, the divine provider, desires not just for us to exist but to thrive in abundance. In stark contrast, the harbinger of death prowls like a roaring lion, intent on consuming all within its reach, akin to a thief whose sole aim is to steal, kill, and destroy. To

navigate our present reality, we must often glance back at history; it reveals that promises, pledges, and declarations made fervently during election seasons are frequently abandoned, forgotten, and discarded like remnants of broken trust.

In these tumultuous times, let us earnestly seek God's guidance, imploring Him to grant us discerning hearts and unbiased minds. May He bestow upon us the wisdom and understanding necessary to perceive the underlying values that shape the character and actions of those in government and other influential spheres. These values have not only influenced past policing decisions but continue to affect current policies and will undoubtedly shape future choices. The consequences of these decisions ripple through the fabric of our families, communities, and the nation at large, impacting our collective stability and well-being.

Let us not forget that Values and Character hold significance in the grand narrative of our lives, the essence of our values and character emerges as a beacon of hope and integrity. These foundational traits are not just abstract concepts; they are the very fabric that weaves together our interactions, decisions, and aspirations. When we cultivate honesty, empathy, and respect, we establish a moral compass that guides us through the murky waters of life's challenges.

Character is forged in the crucible of experience, shaped by the trials we face and the choices we make. It is reflected in the small, everyday actions—offering a helping hand to a neighbor, standing firm in our beliefs even when faced with opposition, or choosing kindness over convenience. These seemingly minor acts accumulate, creating ripples that can inspire others and foster a community grounded in shared values.

Moreover, the significance of values extends beyond individual behavior; they influence our collective identity and shape the ethos of our society. A community that prioritizes compassion and justice becomes a sanctuary for those in need, nurturing a spirit of unity and resilience. In contrast, when self-interest reigns, it erodes trust and breeds division, leaving a void that can only be filled by a return to core principles.

In times of uncertainty, let us remember that our character and values are what define us—not our possessions or status. They are the legacy we leave behind, a testament to who we are and what we stand for. As we strive for a better tomorrow, may we hold steadfast to these ideals, ensuring they illuminate our path and uplift those around us.

## **Policies Matter**

The news media, political press secretaries, social platforms, and various outlets eagerly label every occurrence as historic within our nation. Yet, the decisions you make at the ballot box in the forthcoming elections will carry profound and far-reaching consequences for America. This moment demands a choice between upholding the moral principles of life or succumbing to the immoral values of death. This choice resonates not only from a spiritual standpoint but also influences the practical governance of our lives, shaping both personal experiences and broader political landscapes.

Many wish for us to be dazzled by the glitz surrounding celebrities, their personas, and the fleeting trends that dominate social discourse, encouraging a neglect of the critical implications tied to past, present, and future policy decisions. In this tumultuous landscape, it is essential to turn to God in prayer, seeking discernment, wisdom, and understanding. With a sincere heart and an open mind, you can uncover the truth, gaining clarity to navigate the complexities of life. This insight will empower you to act in alignment with His will and purpose, not only for your own journey but also for the well-being of your family and community.

God has a way of using flawed individuals to fulfill His divine purpose on Earth; yet, it requires a willingness to recognize His presence amid the chaos, derision, malevolence, and moral decay threatening to engulf this nation known as America. This is precisely why one should not become entranced by the superficial allure of political spectacles or the slanted narratives presented in moderated debates. Pay close attention to the policies and actions being proposed, for they hold significance and serve as a reflection of the values and character of those currently in power and those aspiring to take office.

### **The Policies Ethics Matter**

In the political arena, numerous individuals have chosen to ally themselves with celebrities and prominent figures from entertainment, sports, news, and corporate sectors. Together, they champion an ideology that cloaks immoral principles in the guise of righteousness, advocating for policies they deem virtuous. These policies are pushed to infiltrate every facet of society, particularly within the education system, which profoundly impacts the daily lives of Americans as they navigate these institutions and seek their livelihoods.

The ethics of policies hold great significance, so it is crucial to grasp the underlying principles of the proposals put forth by candidates vying for your vote. Ignoring the moral and ethical implications of the ideologies espoused by those in contention can obscure our vision of their potential effects on the future of our nation and its citizens. Be wary, for not everyone who claims to champion your interests genuinely does; don't be swayed by mere rhetoric. Instead, examine the historical outcomes of previous legislation, as they often serve as reliable indicators of the intentions and strategies that may emerge in the future.

Individual perspectives shape their principles, which subsequently mold the political policies and actions they advocate. These may not always align with the best interests of our nation, families, or communities. It is vital to recognize that the choices you make today can cast long shadows, impacting your family for generations to come. Therefore, set aside the distractions and superficial allure of popular opinion; peel back the layers of deception, and pursue the truth with unwavering determination.

The importance of ethical policies in our current climate, the ethical implications of policies cannot be overstated. Each decision made within the corridors of power reverberates through society, impacting lives in ways that often go unnoticed. It is essential to scrutinize not just the policies themselves, but the moral framework that underpins them. As citizens, we must engage critically with the choices presented to us, recognizing that our votes are not merely a reflection of our preferences but a commitment to the values we hold dear.

The ethical stance of our leaders shapes the fabric of our communities, influencing everything from education and healthcare to justice and equality. When we allow ourselves to be swept up in the allure of political rhetoric, we risk overlooking the deeper implications of those policies—implications that affect the most vulnerable among us. Thus, it is our responsibility to demand transparency and integrity from those who seek to govern, ensuring that the policies enacted reflect a genuine commitment to the common good. In this way, we can foster a society that prioritizes ethical considerations, paving the way for a future rooted in compassion and justice.

### **By Any Means Necessary**

Welcome to another episode of the Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm Mr. Joiner, your host for the evening. As always, remember that what you're about to hear are my thoughts and opinions. The phrase "by any means necessary" has been redefined by certain politicians and organizations, who aim to transform not just policies but also the hearts, minds, and souls of our children, families, and communities.

Listeners, grasp this truth! The adversary's aim is to steal, kill, and destroy—by any means necessary. They will manipulate anyone at their disposal, seize every opportunity, and employ whatever tactics they deem fit to fulfill their agenda. If you harbor doubts about this reality, take a candid look at the unfolding events in our nation—a country that proudly claims to be the mightiest on Earth. Yet, through its leadership and spiritual wickedness, it is rapidly becoming a purveyor of immorality and chaos.

These moral corruptions are promoted as the path to a genuine existence that everyone should strive for. Captivated by such narratives, countless individuals follow those who steer them toward spiritual demise. In the absence of vigilant parental guidance—one that counters falsehoods while nurturing wisdom—many will falter on this perilous journey.

I urge all who listen to turn to God's Word. It is a wellspring of spiritual wisdom and truth with the power to redeem souls. Beyond its divine insights, it offers practical knowledge essential for our daily lives. When we apply these teachings earnestly, we gain the ability to traverse the darkness enveloping our nation—a landscape strewn with biased news media, political agendas, social traps, and countless other distractions.

In the relentless pursuit of our goals, we often find ourselves at crossroads faced with choices that test our integrity and resolve. The phrase "by any means necessary" resonates deeply within this context. It urges us to consider how far we are willing to go to achieve our objectives. It is a call to action, a rallying cry that can inspire both noble endeavors and questionable tactics. As we navigate our aspirations, we must weigh the ethical implications of our actions against our core values.

In a world where shortcuts tempt many, it becomes crucial to reflect on the true cost of our choices. Are we prepared to sacrifice our principles for success? The journey toward our dreams should reinforce our character. Each decision we make has the potential to shape not only our destinies but also the moral landscape of our communities.

As we strive for achievement, remember that the means employed are just as important as the ends sought. The pursuit of success should be marked by integrity, compassion, and respect for others. This commitment to ethical action can create pathways that uplift not only ourselves but also those around us, fostering a culture of accountability and trust.

Until we meet again, remember that careless words can wield power as devastating as a bomb or a bullet. Be mindful of your speech and actions; strive to be a catalyst for positive change in the lives of those around you. I am Mr. Joiner, and I appreciate you joining me for another episode of the Joiner Talk Radio Show.

### **Nothing Hidden From God**

Upon encountering candidates vying for office, passionately declaring their steadfast values, beliefs, and vision for America's future, do not dismiss their fervor lightly. Recognize that they often tailor their words and actions to suit the moment, prioritizing electoral success over authenticity. However, in their quest for votes, they overlook a profound truth: nothing is concealed from God's gaze.

It should come as no surprise that upon assuming office, these individuals often undergo a dramatic transformation. Their genuine motives and schemes, previously hidden in the shadowy corners of their minds and souls, are unmasked. This duplicity is cloaked with such cunning that it can only be attributed to those who are masters of deceit.

Nothing escapes God's sight. He peers past the superficial layers we present to the world, delving deep into our core where only He can truly perceive. While you may not possess the ability to glimpse into another's heart, understand this: a person who has not experienced a transformation through God's Word will inevitably continue old patterns. They may attempt to disguise these tendencies in a more appealing guise, aiming to soften resistance and quell objections.

In existence, there is a profound truth that resonates: nothing escapes the gaze of the Almighty. Every thought whispered in our minds' silence, every action taken in shadows, and every intention lurking in our hearts is laid bare before Him. The intricate tapestry of our lives is entirely visible to the Creator.

Imagine standing before an all-seeing eye where secrets are stripped away and facades crumble. In this divine light, our pretense falters, revealing who we truly are. There is no hiding from our choices' weight or the consequences that follow. Each moment of dishonesty or kindness and each decision made is recorded in eternity.

This awareness should instill humility and resolve within us. It calls us to live authentically while acknowledging our imperfections. For in the acknowledgment of our flaws lies the opportunity for growth, redemption, and transformation. The knowledge that we are always seen compels us to strive for integrity, align our actions with our values, and seek forgiveness when we stray.

As we navigate life's complexities, remember that our journey is not one of solitude. We are part of a greater narrative unfolding under divine love and justice. Embracing this reality can empower us to make choices that resonate with purpose and meaning, knowing that in every moment, we are known and understood by a God who desires our best.

Let us bow our heads in prayer, seeking God's gift of discernment, wisdom, and understanding. With sincere hearts and open minds, may we gain clarity on past policy decisions' impact, recognize the implications of those shaping our present, and foresee how future choices will influence our families', communities', and nation's financial stability, security, and health. Let us strive to be the change that brings about meaningful improvements in others' lives!

### **Tidbit Blip**

The term "Pro" carries various meanings, such as “an argument or evidence in affirmation,” “the affirmative side or one who supports it,” and “in favor of” or “championing” a cause. When you stand with a particular belief or action, you are considered pro, showing your support for that stance. This suggests that we all champion some cause, action, or political viewpoint at different times in our lives.

However, be cautious of language manipulation that can act as a double-edged sword, stirring turmoil within our souls, minds, and spirits, and sowing discord among individuals and nations. The crucial question we must face is: “Are we affirming Life or advocating Death” during our ephemeral existence? Each morning, as we awaken and draw breath, we encounter two guiding forces: the will of the flesh or the wisdom found in God's Word. These are the pro choices that mold every aspect of our daily lives.

Many people may delve into the pages of God's word yet fail to internalize its essence within their hearts. They can recite verses with impressive accuracy, relying solely on their intellectual grasp of scripture to project an image of being devout followers of Jesus Christ. However, this mere repetition lacks the guidance of the Holy Spirit, rendering it powerless to renew and transform their minds and souls. It also affects those who listen to their self-serving proclamations, leaving them untouched by true spiritual growth. We should strive to go beyond being mere memorizers or echoers of scripture, presenting ourselves as genuine doers of God's word. Our lives should echo with authenticity, serving as a true testament to the transformative power of faith.

Repentance goes beyond a superficial apology for sins revealed by the Holy Spirit. Many might confess their wrongdoings in a way that caters to their own desires and conscience, seeking merely to soothe their guilt while remaining entrenched in their misguided paths. In contrast, a genuine recognition of sin, one that is divinely revealed, sparks a deep cry for forgiveness that resonates from the soul's depths. This heartfelt plea is not merely a verbal acknowledgment; it is accompanied by a decisive shift away from wrongdoing, a deliberate return to God's ways. It embodies a daily commitment to live the teachings of Jesus Christ, striving to reflect His love and grace in every action, while fervently sharing the gospel and working towards the expansion of God's kingdom on earth.

For some, justifying taking life has become alarmingly simple, especially when they perceive it as the existence of something lesser—an entity devoid of soul or spirit—or when they manipulate the definition of what it means to be truly alive. Murder, defined as the intentional act of ending a human life, carries profound weight in biblical teachings. The scriptures place immense value on human life, regarding it as a sacred trust bestowed by the Creator.

This reverence explains why taking a life is classified as a grave offense within the Bible. Jesus teaches that murder's roots stem from a fundamental loss of respect for another person's humanity. Thus, murder is characterized as the unlawful act of one individual killing another. Those who consciously choose to extinguish another's life overstep the divine authority granted by God. The commandment against murder serves as a protective barrier for human dignity and worth. It is essential to exercise discernment in evaluating whether a killing qualifies as murder; if it does, the perpetrator must be prepared to face the consequences, potentially sacrificing their own life in the process.

### **When The Dust Settles**

When the ballots are counted and the fervor of the campaign fades, will you still recognize each other as family, friends, and neighbors? Regardless of who claims the presidency or fills other political roles, the most heartbreaking consequence of any election may be the fracture of familial bonds, the eruption of community discord, and the rise of ethnic tensions. The landscape becomes increasingly marred by hostile exchanges, where civil conversations are drowned out by vitriol. In this charged atmosphere, some may feel their only option is to unleash a torrent of hateful speech and resort to violence against those whose beliefs diverge from their own, all in a misguided attempt to impose their will on the outcome of the election.

Some will point fingers at Republicans, while others will direct their ire toward Democrats; yet the reality is that individuals from both sides, along with the news media, social platforms, and a multitude of other influences, have played a role in stacking the kindling, dousing it in gasoline, and igniting the flames that now consume our nation from within. This rift runs deep, festering to the point where sons stand opposed to their fathers, daughters turn their backs on their mothers, parents harbor resentment for their own children, and neighbors view each other as adversaries.

Resist the temptation to allow those who, when the dust settles, will conveniently forget their words, their actions, and often the promises they made, to sway you into bitterness or hostility. They will return to their lives, unaffected and indifferent to the pain, division, and strife they have sown among the people. Do not deceive yourself into believing that you have formed a genuine connection with the political figures parading across your screens, delivering their speeches. When life takes a turn for the worse, when illness strikes, and your needs become overwhelming, none of them will be there to support you.

They will not be gathered around your bedside, clasping your hand, offering the comfort and compassion you crave as the final moments of life slip away and the vibrant spark in your eyes dims to a gentle glow. Instead, the only sounds that will fill the room will be the heartfelt sobs and quiet lamentations of those whose lives you genuinely impacted. Do not sacrifice those precious connections for the fleeting attention of people you hardly know.

Invest your energy in deepening your faith and cultivating a steadfast trust in God. Cherish and strengthen the bonds within your family, ensuring that love and understanding flourish among you. Foster a sense of community that transcends political divides, racial differences, educational disparities, and social prejudices that often pit individuals against one another. Strive to be the catalyst for positive change, making a meaningful impact in the lives of those around you, and inspiring others to embrace unity and compassion.

## **Reject The Call**

Upon initial observation, it seems that those who ridicule God and Jesus Christ dominate America's political landscape. However, those who sincerely follow God's word and Jesus Christ's teachings understand that this struggle goes beyond physical confrontations; it is a deep spiritual warfare aiming to save souls and advance God's kingdom on earth. Sadly, many self-proclaimed ambassadors of the Good News have, in their relentless pursuit of material wealth and worldly recognition, deviated from God's calling and joined forces with darkness.

It is one thing when those unfamiliar with God or those who have turned away from Jesus Christ succumb to worldly desires, surrendering themselves to a system opposing the divine. They become captivated by the symphony of instruments—the horn, flute, harp, lyre, and psaltery—forming a harmonious yet deceptive anthem spreading perversion, corruption, chaos, slander, and even murder across the land. Be cautious around such individuals, organizations, media outlets, and political figures; they are the watchful guardians of a culture quick to identify and denounce those who refuse to submit to a flesh-driven agenda and anti-God principles carving through our nation.

When people boldly declare Jesus Christ as their Lord, acknowledging His word as the ultimate truth and His ways as righteous, they must open their hearts fully for the Holy Spirit. This divine presence urges them to resist the seductive allure of a golden idol fashioned from worldly desires, an entity falsely celebrated as truth. The identity of the president or the political party in power becomes irrelevant when their agenda starkly opposes God's principles and promotes a flesh-centered existence. Followers of Jesus Christ are called to emulate Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego's courage who defiantly resisted King Nebuchadnezzar's demands not bowing before an anti-God, pro-flesh system undermining their faith.

In Daniel's third chapter, verse 15, King Nebuchadnezzar offers Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego another chance to bow before the golden image he had constructed, declaring it good. This prompts a reflection on how many idols, crafted by human hands and minds, are hailed as virtuous while blatantly contradicting and blaspheming God's teachings. It raises a troubling question for those who claim to follow Jesus Christ: how often do we find ourselves prostrating before these false images, accepting them as truth? Stand firm in your faith and trust in God. When trials arise, and you find yourself engulfed in life's challenges' searing heat, remember that He will be there with you in the storm, providing protection and covering you with His grace.

When will the church rise up with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-Nego's courage, boldly proclaiming, "The God we serve can rescue us from the searing flames of the furnace stoked by our adversaries. Yet, even if He does not, know that we refuse to bow before their fleshly idols or worship the golden images they have erected through media, social platforms, entertainment, and countless other avenues." Do not let their rhetoric and actions instill fear within you. Hold fast to your faith, trust in God, and remember that He will never abandon you. Just as He stood alongside the three Hebrew youths in the furnace, so too will He stand with you in your trials.

Let us cast aside our worries and embrace hope because God is nurturing a new generation in these final days—one that will stand firm in their convictions, unyielding and unafraid. These individuals will be fearless facing worldly challenges undeterred by mockery, scorn or even threats to their lives. As they step into the world they will embody Jesus Christ's teachings boldly proclaiming His message and tirelessly working to further His kingdom on earth. Their unwavering faith will shine brightly, illuminating the path for others as they preach, teach, and inspire a revival of true devotion and purpose within their communities.

In this critical moment, it is essential that we raise our families, communities, leaders, nation, and ourselves in fervent prayer approaching God with genuine honesty, heartfelt sincerity, and humble spirits. Even amidst these dark days of humanity when it feels as though malevolence, moral decay, darkness, hatred, corruption and other vices seem to dominate we must remember that God is steadfastly guiding us. He illuminates our path with hope's radiant light and offers a profound peace that can only be discovered in His unwavering love's embrace.

Heavenly Father, I approach your throne today raising up families, communities, our leaders, this nation and myself in heartfelt prayer infused with honesty sincerity and a humble spirit. I seek your strength to confront the challenges ahead the perseverance to complete our journey and the discernment to recognize falsehoods empowering us to speak out against them. Grant us the wisdom to promote truth with grace and love. Amen

### **Same God Different House**

Pastor Clyde Wilson stood at the threshold of Oak Mountain Church, a quaint building nestled in a small town just outside West Virginia. He watched parishioners filter into the sanctuary, his stomach fluttering with anxiety. The unfamiliar surroundings felt daunting, and he couldn't shake the feeling of being out of place. Sensing Clyde's unease, Pastor Tony approached him. Leaning in, he murmured reassuringly, "It's perfectly normal to feel like a fish out of water when you're not in your home church. Remember, the same God who guides you there is the one who will speak through you here." With a gentle pat on Clyde's hand, Pastor Tony turned and strode confidently to the podium.

Tony stood before the congregation and greeted them. "Good morning, church! Today, we have a special guest who has come to share a message for this house—a message I believe resonates with all who identify as followers of Jesus Christ and ambassadors of God's kingdom. So please, join me in giving a heartfelt welcome to Pastor Clyde Wilson."

As applause filled the air, Clyde rose from his seat, heart racing. He made his way to the podium and paused briefly to shake Tony's hand. The seasoned preacher offered a reassuring pat on Clyde's shoulder. "Different house, but the same God. Go preach."

With renewed confidence, Clyde smiled at the congregation and waited for the clapping to cease before he began to speak.

"First, I want to express my gratitude to God for this opportunity to stand before you today. I also want to extend my heartfelt thanks to your pastor for his warm invitation and to each of you for your gracious welcome." He paused briefly as he noticed thoughtful expressions on faces in the crowd.

He elevated his voice slightly: "A day is approaching when each of us will stand before the Almighty. How many will boast of their good deeds only to hear Him say, 'Depart from Me; I never knew you. You were a worker of iniquity.' We cannot afford to take our relationship with God lightly." The congregation erupted with fervent shouts of "Amen!" and "Yes, Lord!"

Clyde felt a surge of passion rising within him as he continued. "My brothers and sisters, I urge you to recognize that there are those who have elevated the desires of the flesh to the status of gods. These individuals have shaped themselves into the image of those who stand against everything that embodies God and Jesus Christ." As he spoke, parishioners rose to their feet, their voices erupting in praise.

"These individuals desire to see you ensnared by countless demons, each with its own temptations. Yet, remember this: with God standing beside you, the strength within you far surpasses any force that Satan wields in this world." In that moment, the entire congregation rose as one.

Clyde paced the stage, allowing the congregation a moment to fully engage in their worship. When the time felt right, he raised his hand to quiet the crowd. "People of God, as I draw this message to a close, I need to impress upon you this crucial truth: we stand at a crossroads. We can either shape our culture through the guidance of the Holy Spirit or risk being swayed and manipulated by it."

"Now is the moment to don the full armor of God and engage in battle. Led by the Holy Spirit, empowered by the blood of the Lamb, and strengthened through testimonies that proclaim God's goodness along with Jesus Christ's love, grace, and mercy, we must take action." As you go forth, carry with you the blessings of God upon your lives. In the name of Jesus Christ, I pray—Amen. With that, Pastor Clyde embraced Pastor Tony warmly before they both stepped into the congregation, ready to greet and uplift the people.

## **Perditions Offspring**

The political leaders of prominent cities and states stand as the progeny of perdition, openly displaying their forebear's mark. In doing so, they have drawn upon themselves divine wrath. They craft policies reflecting moral decay while uttering words revealing their inner corruption.

This duality has not only condemned their souls but also cast a shadow over those they lead, bringing judgment upon themselves and their communities.

Their arrogance and self-importance stem from a misguided conviction that they possess the power to engineer a perfect America devoid of societal afflictions. Yet, this notion is nothing more than an ego-driven delusion.

These public figures assert that by enacting policies and curtailing individual rights, they can manipulate behavioral changes. Deep within, they harbor a belief that they have ascended to a higher plane of understanding, elevating themselves beyond mere mortals. They liken themselves to deities, drawing comparisons to historical figures of power.

What is even more tragic is that many refuse to acknowledge their own failings, convinced of their infallibility. They remain oblivious or indifferent to the truth that they are the primary architects of the nation's turmoil. Each word steeped in malice serves to amplify their rhetoric of division. The very feet that rush to incite mayhem are right there, marching in lockstep with the mob.

These political figures stoke discontent's fires, igniting hearts with a toxic blend of rage and disrespect. They actively fan the flames, urging communities to rise against law enforcement and justice principles they claim to champion. Yet, in practice, they betray those very ideals whenever it serves their interests.

This is why places like New York City will soon be plagued by pestilence and vermin infestation. In Detroit and Chicago, the streets will flow with innocent blood as crime spirals into chaos. In California, wildfires will surge beyond forested boundaries, consuming municipalities' hearts and ravaging communities.

Cities like Seattle will endure the relentless sun's blaze, scorching skin until it blisters. The air will shimmer with heat waves, distorting reality, while the cries of the suffering echo through the streets. Other regions will be besieged by an unyielding deluge, flooding every crevice and corner. There will be no sanctuary from the relentless downpour.

These disasters will persist until the people's hearts are stirred, prompting them to cry out to God and abandon their sinful paths in genuine repentance. In that pivotal moment, restoration of the land will commence, and divine judgment will strike down those leaders who revel in their wickedness.

The day of reckoning has not yet arrived; the season of turmoil is still in its early stages. The impending calamities that will befall these boroughs, cities, and states are merely at their inception, poised to escalate as inflammatory rhetoric swells under self-serving political figures' influence.

For those who possess clear vision, attentive ears, and wise hearts, there is no need for fear. Just as God shielded His people during the calamities that struck Egypt in the days of Moses, so too

will He extend His protection in these tumultuous hours, days, and seasons of trials and tribulations.

### **Joiner Talk Radio Show**

Thank you for joining this special edition of the Joiner Talk Radio Show. I'm your host, Mr. Joiner, reminding you that my perspective shapes today's discussion, so take it with a grain of salt. Today, we'll delve into three distinct topics, starting with a crucial warning: don't let yourself doze off while your adversary lurks in the shadows, ready to catch you off guard. Sensing his listeners contemplating his words, he paused briefly, allowing his message to settle before resuming.

To everyone listening, grasp this vital truth: some people present themselves as friends, family, or colleagues but harbor intentions far from friendly. They lurk in the shadows, seeking to catch you unaware with tactics designed to ensnare you on mental, emotional, physical, and spiritual levels. However, vigilance and clear-headedness can disarm them. Embody a spirit of sobriety and discernment, fortified by the profound knowledge found in God's Word.

Your adversaries know that to invade your sanctuary and strip away your peace, they must first ensnare you in some form of bondage. This bondage clouds your vision, making it difficult to see their true motives behind their façade of kindness and concern. Stay alert to their schemes; they often disguise their actions as beneficial while intending to lead you astray.

Regrettably, I have discovered that those who loudly declare their support for you often reveal through their actions and policies that they do not genuinely prioritize your well-being or that of your family or community. To perceive this reality clearly requires removing the blinders of unwavering loyalty tainted by biases leading individuals to willingly dwell in deception rather than stepping into the light of truth.

Therefore, I fervently pray that any chains the enemy has forged to ensnare your mind be shattered and rendered powerless in the mighty name of Jesus Christ. May we rise as agents of change, transforming lives for the better and illuminating the path for others! Amen.

Let us shift our focus to the next pressing issue: the insidious whims and inclinations that do not originate from within you. Corruption, perversion, sexual deviation, and a host of other vices are actively infiltrating our political landscape, saturating social media platforms, and permeating public spaces, poisoning our society.

If those entrenched in these arenas remain steadfast in their destructive behaviors, they will escalate their efforts to ensnare as many as possible. Their focus is on dismantling families, undermining communities, and corrupting the impressionable minds of American youth.

Recognize that not every thought swirling in your mind originates from within; many are planted by an adversary intent on sowing seeds of doubt and confusion. This enemy engages in psychological warfare, crafting layers of deception that infiltrate our thoughts. Our minds have

become the battleground where clarity is obscured by a relentless assault on our peace and understanding.

These legislators and their allies are formidable adversaries. It's crucial not to underestimate the intensity of the conflicts they engage in. These struggles represent genuine contests fought by politicians for dominance over our perceptions. Yet, we are not defenseless; we possess powerful tools at our disposal to mount a counteroffensive.

Among our arsenal are fervent worship, earnest prayers, unwavering faith, and most importantly, the Word of God. Our weapons in this spiritual battle are not of the flesh; they are divinely empowered, capable of demolishing strongholds and dismantling every argument that dares elevate itself above God's knowledge.

Dear listeners, it is the transformative power of God's Word that enables us to capture every thought, bringing it into alignment with Christ's obedience and authority. This divine truth equips us to address all acts of disobedience with our own obedience in Him. Those who wander without God's truth may convince themselves they have the upper hand; yet, beneath the surface, their ignorance becomes their Achilles' heel. Therefore, let us unite, prepared to launch our precise arrows, each tipped with the penetrating truth of Scripture.

Lastly, I want to address the critical need for a return to the embrace of the Father's house. An insidious spirit that opposes anything divine is sweeping across America. Whether you choose to acknowledge it or not, a profound cleansing and unveiling of this spirit is unfolding in our nation.

The self-absorbed nation proclaims its independence from God, declaring, "We are wise, we are affluent, we possess great power." They believe they dominate the land, skies, and seas, treating all creation as their plaything. In their eyes, God is an afterthought, Jesus Christ a distant figure, and the Holy Spirit an irrelevant whisper. They dismiss the Scriptures as misguided ramblings of the delusional.

They believe they are those grounded in reality that assert their rightful claim to what they view as their inheritance—what is owed to them from those who toiled tirelessly for this nation. Yet certain representatives and groups would have them believe that this wealth is theirs to squander while labeling those who have amassed riches as thieves and robbers. It astounds me how some politicians and social media moguls—individuals of considerable wealth themselves—have managed to persuade the public into thinking they share the same struggles and burdens.

Following a brief silence, his voice resonated with newfound clarity. He spoke of the moment when the prodigal son finally awakened to his own reality. This stark realization ignited a profound repentance within him. Memories flooded back, vivid reminders of what he had forsaken in pursuit of fleeting pleasures. It was this powerful recognition that propelled him to embark on the journey home to his father's embrace.

For those willing to truly listen to these radio waves: until we confront the stark truths of our individual lives and our nation as a whole, we will remain trapped in the chains of our own

making. We must acknowledge the depths of our addictions, biases, unnatural desires, and vices. If we refuse to recognize our dire condition, we will remain stagnant in the metaphorical pigpen of our unrepentant hearts, never daring to seek the warmth and safety of the Father's house—a sanctuary filled with love, grace, mercy, forgiveness, joy, and the promise of restoration.

Regardless of how entangled you feel in the chaos or how long you've been trapped in your own mess, there will come a pivotal moment when the route to freedom reveals itself. It requires courage to step through that open gate and embark on the journey toward transformation, renewal, and redemption. The only true state of being lost occurs when one stubbornly chooses to resist the call to be found.

I beseech the Lord to bestow upon us the clarity, insight, and strength necessary to navigate our lives in alignment with His divine purpose. Resist the temptations of the flesh and deceptive illusions crafted by those who cling to shadows rather than embrace light.

As we draw this discussion to a close, consider the weight of your words; let them not become daggers that tarnish another's character. Do not allow your hands or feet to become instruments of oppression. Thank you for being part of this conversation today. Until we meet again, I am your host, Mr. Joiner. You have been listening to the Joiner Talk Radio Show.

### **Jack's MemoryX**

Aimee sat in the hospital chair, her gaze fixed on the window where birds soared against the sky. Their soft chirping filled the sterile room, contrasting with the beeping machines surrounding her father's bed. A nurse entered, her footsteps light yet purposeful. She greeted Aimee with a warm smile before moving to Jack's bedside to check his vitals. Aimee watched as the nurse flipped through Jack's charts, her brow furrowed in concentration. Memories washed over Aimee, pulling her back to that fateful day four weeks ago when a phone call shattered her world—a voice delivering the devastating news of Jack's severe injuries from a major incident, urging her to rush to the hospital.

Just as the nurse prepared to leave, Aimee called out, urgency lacing her voice. She asked about any updates and why Jack remained in his coma. The nurse paused, sympathy etched on her face, and replied that everything appeared stable but the reasons for his continued unconsciousness were unclear. Perhaps the doctor would provide more insight after new brain scans scheduled for later that day.

Aimee thanked the nurse before making her way to Jack's bedside. As she leaned closer, she studied his features, expecting a serene countenance typical of those in comas. Instead, Jack's face bore marks of inner conflict, as if wrestling with invisible demons, searching for an escape from his shadowy prison. She reached for a tissue from the box on the nightstand, gently dabbing at the tears that occasionally streaked down his cheeks—remnants of emotions trapped beneath the surface since his hospitalization.

Her voice quivered as she addressed him. "I don't know where your mind has wandered or what battles you're fighting within, but I need you to fight back. I need you to break free from this

darkness. Most importantly, I want you to return to me because I love you more than words can say, and we all need you, Jack!”

### **The Message**

Jack sat on the rock with pen and pad in hand, gazing at the ocean as the waves crashed along the shoreline. He looked down at what he had written and began reading it aloud to himself, “The heart is a labyrinth of wickedness, known only to the one who can see into its depths. Yet among us walk those made of flesh, bone, and blood, who mistakenly believe themselves to be infallible, untouched by flaws or blemishes. They are gravely mistaken, for the one who is the true embodiment of Dependability, Trustworthiness, Steadfastness, Flawlessness, and Infallibility will inevitably call these fallible souls to account for their arrogance and pride.

These self-righteous individuals seek to impose their corrupt natures upon the nation and tarnish the innocence of our children's souls with their corruption, but woe to them, for the hour of judgment approaches swiftly, and their reckoning is at hand.

Madman Jack.”

Jack studied his words a little longer, then ripped the page from the pad, rolled it up, stuck it in the bottle, and plugged it with a cork. He walked to the water's edge and threw the bottle out into the ocean, watching as the ebb and flow of the crashing waves carried it out into the setting sunlight of the deep blue sea, wondering if it would ever be found and what state the nation and even the world would be in if it was.

### **Epilogue**

Will Jack manage to navigate his way back to the reality that once defined him, or is he destined to remain trapped in the shadowy recesses of his mind? These depths mirror a nation spiraling into despair, overwhelmed by political corruption and the grip of distorted social ideologies. He grapples with the disillusionment bred by religious indifference towards sin and the rise of aggressive activist factions. Schools, from elementary to universities, have turned into battlegrounds for twisted ideologies, further eroding community ties. Debates on gender identity persist, while relentless attacks on parents and families multiply, feeding a host of vices that roam freely across Jack's mental landscape. These forces compete for control over the thoughts, desires, and emotions of the youth, leaving Jack to question if he can wrest his mind from their destructive influence.