

For the past ten days and still counting I have been sidelined with an allergic reaction from a prescription provided for an exploratory procedure into my bladder. Although I stopped taking six tablets after two doses, I broke out in red itchy rashes on my skin including many burned marks on my legs; my mouth, tongue, and throat swelled with pain in swallowing; but worse of all my eyes swelled shut with pain in opening and I lost corrected eyesight for reading and writing. Seven hours in the emergency room with prednisone and Benadryl IV's plus five days of prescriptions and I still cannot see to type this other than increasing the font size dramatically. The most discouraging thing I faced was the sarcastic attitudes of doctors and charge nurses who ignored the Biblical tenants of empathy, courtesy, respect, caring, and what I miss most of all the love we are to demonstrate to each other as children of the Lord Jesus the Christ. I exclude the majority of nurses as they are carrying a heavy burden to patients and always attempt to provide the comfort a patient requires. A follow up after the emergency room episode with the family doctor was stressful as there was a requirement on her part for me to follow COVID19 protocol which had nothing to do with my condition. I cancelled the follow-on surgery procedure until I could recover from this setback and was basically chastised for not following the set schedule, obviously requiring more work to make a new schedule.

Our America, the Nation of the United States, as many of us in the older generation, have seen a major change in attitudes of people which has been dramatically worsened with the COVID19 pandemic. Patients' rights are being overpowered by Healthcare requirements based on COVID19, many now being proven as false flags, and Government intervention to force procedures on the public. We are condemned, and admonished, with attempts to penalize our God-Given rights to think differently than maybe 50% of the population who blindly follow the leader even if they are subjected to destructive conditions from experimental "vaccines". We now see our Government gearing up to go door-to-door beginning a campaign which they surely believe they can make all of us obey to the will of a proven false **CDC** and ridicule from the Fake News most of whom are owned by Big Tech that is already pursuing discrimination in "facts and truth" reporting. I respect the Constitution and Bill of Rights, as well as follow a Conservative Christian pathway in my life, but cannot accept fraud, lies, and evil that are all around us today. I urge people to seek the truth through "**secondary news sources**" which are plentiful and provide factual information on what is occurring in our Washington DC leadership and in our Healthcare industry, particularly associated with Big Pharma. The answers are almost always Power and Money as to the State of our Nation.

We see in our Nation and even within families today having the division of differences of people on ideological beliefs, culture, racism, violence, etc, and sadly the education and brainwashing of our children. After contributing in the workforce for 62 years, raising children, paying taxes, and respecting the laws of this Nation, I had hoped to leave a legacy that made the United States a better place to live. Recently in my weekly Posts I have discussed profound subjects as "**Heaven**", "**The Seven Year Tribulation**", and "**The 1000 Year Millennium**" all to the best of my ability from a Biblical standpoint. From those studies and discussions, I bring to mind passages that describe the present state of our times when the return of Jesus for His Church is imminent. We will need to be in "**readiness**" when mankind is "**divided**" as in Luke 12: 35-59 where "*Be dressed in readiness and keep your lamps alight (35). And be like men who are waiting for their master when he returns from the wedding feast, so that they may immediately open the door to him when he comes and knocks (36). Blessed are those whom the master shall find on the alert when he comes: truly I say to you, that he will gird himself to serve, and have them recline at the table, and will come up and wait on them (37)*". Then the scripture continuing "**the**

master will come on a day when he does not expect him, and at an hour he does not know, and will cut him in pieces and assign him a place with the unbelievers (46)". The scripture warns thereafter *"for from now on five members in one household will be divided, three against two, and two against three (52). They will be divided father against son, and son against father; mother against daughter, and daughter against mother; mother-in-law against daughter-in-law, and daughter-in-law against mother-in-law (53)".* In conclusion Jesus says *"You hypocrites! You know how to analyze the appearance of the earth and the sky, but why do you not analyze this present time (56)? And why do you not even on your own initiative judge what is right (57)"*.

Short Story "Sundown at Coffin Rock" by Raymond P Paden author and The Blue Press publisher that describes a situation as described in Luke 12:35-59 and discussed in this Post.

The old man walked slowly through the dry, fallen leaves of autumn, his practiced eye automatically choosing the bare and stony places in the trail for his feet. There was scarcely a sound as he passed, though his left knee was stiff with scar tissue. He grunted occasionally as the right sinews pulled. Damn chainsaw, he thought.

Behind him the boy shuffled along, trying to imitate his grandfather, but unable to mimic the silent motion that the old man had learned during countless winter days upon this wooded mountain in pursuit of game. He is fifteen years old, the old man thought. Plenty old enough to be learning. But that was another time, another America. His mind drifted, and he saw himself, a fifteen-year-old boy following in the footsteps of his own grandfather, clutching a twelve gauge in his trembling hands as they tracked a wounded whitetail.

The leg was hurting worse now, and he slowed his pace a bit. Plenty of time. It should have been his son here with me now, the old man thought sadly. But Jason had no interest, no understanding. He cared for nothing but pounding on the keys of that damned computer terminal. He knew nothing about the woods, or where food came from or freedom. And that is my fault is it not?

The old man stopped and held up his hand, motioning for the boy to look. In the small clearing ahead, the deer stood motionless, watching them. It was a scraggly buck, underfed and sickly, but the boy's eyes lit up in excitement. It had been many years since they had seen even a single whitetail here on the mountain. After the hunting had stopped, the population had exploded. The deer had eaten the mountain almost bare until erosion had become a serious problem in some places.

The following winter, three starving does had wandered into the old man's yard, trying to eat the bark off his pecan trees, and he had wished the "animal rights" fanatics could have been there then. It was against the law, but the old man knew a higher law, and he took an axe into the yard and killed the starving beasts. They did not have the strength to run.

The buck finally turned and loped away, and they continued down the trail to the river. When they came to the "Big Oak", the old man turned and pushed through the heavy brush beside the trail and the boy followed, wordlessly. The old man knew that Thomas was curious about their leaving the trail, but the boy had learned to move silently (well almost) and that meant no talking. When they came to "Coffin Rock", the old man sat down upon it and motioned for the boy to join him. "You see this rock shaped like a casket"? the old man asked. "Yes sir". The old man smiled. The boy was respectful and polite. He loved the outdoors, too. Everything a man could ask in a grandson or a son.

"I want you to remember this place, and what I am about to tell you. A lot of it is not going to make any sense to you, but it is important and one day you will understand it well enough". The old man paused. Now that he was here, he did not really know where to start. "Before you were born", he began at last, "this country was different. I have told you about hunting, about how everybody who obeyed the law could own guns. A man could speak out, anywhere, without worrying about whether he would get back home or not. School was different, too. A man could send his children to a church school, or a private school, or even teach them at home. But even in public schools, they did not spend all their time trying to brainwash you like they do at yours now".

The old man paused and was silent for many minutes. The boy was still, watching a chipmunk scavenging beside a fallen tree below them. "Things do not ever happen all at once, boy. They just sort of sneak up on you. Sure, we knew guns were important; we just did not think it would ever happen in America. But we had to do something about crime, they said. It was a crisis. Everything was a crisis! It was a drug crisis, or a terrorism crisis, or a street crime, or gang crime. Even a 'health care' crisis was an excuse to take away a little more of our rights". The old man turned to look at his grandson.

"They ever let you read a thing called the Constitution down there at your school"? The boy solemnly shook his head. "Well, the Fourth Amendment's still in there. It says there will not be any unreasonable searches and seizures. It says you are safe in your own home". The old man shrugged. "That had to go. It was a crisis! They could kick your door open any time, day or night, and come in with guns blazing if they thought you had drugs or later, guns. Oh, at first it was just registration – to keep the guns out of the hands of criminals! But that did not work, of course, and then later when they wanted to take them, they knew where to look. They banned 'assault rifles', and then 'sniper rifles', and 'Saturday night specials'. Everything you saw on TV or in the movies was against us. God knows the news people were! And the schools were teaching our kids that nobody needed guns anymore. We tried to stand, but we felt like the whole face of our country had changed and we were left outside".

"Me and a friend of mine, when we saw what was happening, we came and built a secret place up here on the mountain. A place where we could put our guns until we needed them. We figured someday Americans would remember what it was like to be free, and what kind of price we had to pay for that freedom. So, we hid our guns instead of losing them. One fellow I knew disagreed. He said we ought to use our guns now and stand up to the government. Said that the colonists had fought for their freedom when the British tried to disarm them at Lexington and Concord. Well, he and a lot of others died in what your history books call the 'Tax Revolt of 1998', but son, it was not the revolt that caused the repeal of the Second Amendment like your history book says. The Second Amendment was already gone long before they ever repealed it. The rest of us thought we were doing the right thing by waiting. I hope to God we were right."

"You see, Thomas, it is not government that makes a man free. In the end, governments always does just the opposite. They gobble up freedom like hungry pigs. You have to have laws to keep the worst in men under control, but at the same time, the people were supposed to be the final authority of the law but that was a long time ago. Once the guns were gone, there was no reason for those who run the government to give a damn about laws and constitutional rights and such. They just did as they pleased and anyone who spoke out – well, I am getting ahead of myself. It took a long time to collect up all the millions of firearms that were in private hands. The government created a whole new agency to see to it.

There were rewards for turning your friends in, too. Drug dealers and murderers were set free after two or three years in prison, but possession of a gun would get you mandatory life behind bars with no parole."

"I do not know how they found out about me, probably knew I had been a hunter all those years, or maybe somebody turned me in. They picked me up on suspicion and took me down to the federal building. Son those guys did everything they could think of to me. Kept me locked up in a little room for hours, no food, no water. They kept coming in, asking me where the guns were. What guns? I said. Whenever I would doze off, they would come crashing in, yelling and hollering. I got to where I did not know which end was up. I would say I wanted my lawyer, and they would laugh. 'Lawyers are for criminals', they would say. 'You will get a lawyer after we get the guns'. What is so funny is, I know they thought they were doing the right thing. They were fighting crime"!

"When I got home, I found Ruth sitting in the middle of the living room floor, crying her eyes out. The house was a shambles. While I was down there, they had come out and took our house apart. Did not need a search warrant, they said. National emergency! Gun crisis! Your grandma tried to call our preacher and they ripped the phone off the wall. Told her that they would go easy on me if she just told them where I kept my guns". The old man laughed. "She told them to go to hell." He stared into the distance for a moment as his laughter faded. "They would not tell her about me, where I was or anything, that whole time. She said that they thought I was dead. She never got over that day, and she died the next December. They have been watching me ever since, off and on. I guess there is not much for them to do anymore now that all of the guns are gone. Plenty of time to watch one foolish old man."

He paused. Beside him, the boy stared at the stone beneath his feet. "Anyway, I figure that, one day, America will come to her senses. Our men will need those guns and they will be ready. We cleaned them and sealed them up good; they will last for years. Maybe it will not be in your lifetime, Thomas. Maybe one day you will be sitting with your son or grandson. Tell him about me, boy. Tell him about the way I said America used to be"!

The old man stood, his bad leg shaking unsteady beneath him. "You see the way this stone point? You follow that line one hundred feet down the hill and you will find a big round rock. It looks like it is buried, but one man with a pry bar can lift it, and there is a concrete tunnel right under that goes back into the hill". The old man stood, watching as the sun eased toward the ridge, coloring the sky and the world red. Below them, the river still splashed among the stones, as it had for a million years. It is still going the old man thought. There will be someone left to carry on for me when I am going. It was harder to walk back. He felt old and purposeless now, and it would be easier, he knew, to give in to that aching heaviness in his left lung that had begun to trouble him more and more. Damn cigarettes, he thought. His leg hurt, and the boy silently came up beside him and supported him as they started down the last mile toward the house. How quiet he walks, the old man thought. He has learned well. It was almost dark when the boy walked in. His father looked up from his paper. "Did you and your grandad have nice walk"?

"Yes, the boy answered, opening the refrigerator. You can call Agent Goodwin tomorrow. Gramps finally showed me where it is". **The End**