

In the Shadow of **COLOSSUS**



The
Magnificent
Civilization

FREE

The Time of the End

Are you
interested
in prophecy about
the end of the

world? Judging from the headlines of the tabloid newspapers at the grocery store, somebody must be. For years movies with thrilling plots about the end of the world have successfully entertained and even scared a lot of viewers. But still, it's just entertainment. Life goes on... to somewhere.

Even the preachers continue to stir up a lot of business with their books, and now their movies. Once the show is over, it's out the theater... but to where? For most of us, it's just back to business as usual, making a living and hopefully finding some pleasure along the way. Yet the world is surely headed somewhere, and even if you don't like its direction, you're still a part of it. There is no hope of getting off the planet. Wherever the world is headed, you're going with it.

Regardless of all the sensationalism and the hucksters out for gain, there are legitimate prophecies in the Bible written by men of character and dignity. One such man is Daniel, a prophet who lived some 2500 years ago. He was a Jew who lived the majority of his life in Babylon. It is in his book that the clearest prophecies of the end can be found. Yet even he was not allowed by God to understand how or when these prophecies would come about. The last chapter of the book of Daniel says, "The words are closed up and sealed until the time of the end."

At the beginning of a new millennium, what would make us think that we are in the "time of the end?" How can we be sure? Is there any way to know? History tells us of

many horrible times when men had good reason to believe it was surely the end of the world. Yet the end did not come. Why would this present day be any different?

"But you, Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book until the time of the end; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase."

If these two things, travel and knowledge, mark the time of the end, then Daniel's book is ready to be unsealed. To those born in the past few decades, travel and knowledge are no big deal. But only a hundred years ago the basic transportation for people was their feet, or a horse if they had one; and it has been so from the beginning. What used to be a big planet has shrunk to a golf ball, man's plaything.

Cheap and easy travel is changing the way we live, and how we view the world. It has also brought new and frightening problems. Now a new virus like Ebola can originate in one country and fly around the world in a few hours. Before the health officials even know what has hit us, people drop dead from a foreign invader. Yesterday it was beyond human imagination; today it is commonplace.

Knowledge is the same. Such rapid access to information is storming society so quickly, no one really knows where it is taking us, or even if we want to go there. Want to build a terrorist bomb? The info is out there somewhere; just push a few buttons in the comfort of your living room on your state-of-the-art laptop.

This increase in knowledge is pushing us ahead so fast we can barely keep our feet underneath us. Maybe we lost our balance a long time ago, and just haven't hit the ground yet.

This extreme rise in knowledge and travel is making life radically different from how human beings have always lived on the earth. Science is tampering with the universe like a child let loose in the control room of a nuclear power plant. Some rejoice over this newfound power. Some shudder.

Is this the beginning of a Golden Age of Progress, or is our ship like the Titanic, plowing through the midnight waves, proudly defiant of the icebergs? Are we steaming to a glorious future, or a grisly nightmare? Shall we break out the lifeboats, or order more champagne? Who really knows where the world is headed?

Some would say, "God only knows!"

And to this, Daniel would agree. His God sealed the prophecies until the end. Not until they are unsealed will the mystery be made known. But to whom will He reveal such mysteries? And what will they do with such understanding? Who will listen to them?

We have heard something in our hearts about this "time of the end," and so we write. Perhaps you will hear in your heart what we have heard in ours. It is taking us to a place worth going.

COLOSSUS



As you can see, Colossus confidently stands upon the earth, unchallenged and undefeated. What does this statue mean, and why is it composed of different metals?

This statue is from a dream that the King of Babylon had 2500 years ago, found in the second chapter of the book of Daniel in the Bible. Hidden in that prophecy is the meaning of all human history from that time until these days, the "end of time."

Daniel, a Jewish prophet in the court of the King of Babylon, interpreted the King's disturbing dream as a succession of empires that would dominate the earth. The head of gold stood for the Babylonian Empire. ("You, O King," said Daniel, "are the head of gold.") Persia is the breast of silver, and Greece is the bronze belly. The iron legs of Rome are the fourth kingdom. These once mighty kingdoms had their day in the sun, and are no more. Yet the legs of iron merge into the feet and mix with clay. It is in the feet that we find ourselves today. It is in the feet that you will find the secret of our times.

The Dream of the COLOSSUS

As the King of Babylon was in his bed one night, his thoughts turned to what would take place in the future.

He beheld a great statue, a Colossus, huge and of extraordinary splendor, an awesome sight.

The head of Colossus was of fine gleaming gold, its breast and arms of silver, its belly and thighs of bronze, its legs of iron, and its feet partly of iron and partly of clay.

While the king continued looking, a Stone was cut out without human hands from the mountain, and it rolled down and struck the statue on its feet of iron and clay. Then the iron, clay, bronze, silver, and gold were crushed all at the same time, becoming like dust. The wind carried them away so that not a trace could be found.

But the Stone became a great mountain that filled the whole earth...

The Book of Daniel 2:31-35

COLOSSUS

What does it mean that the metals become obviously more inferior in value as they go down the statue? Simply that each king had lesser authority than the one before, having greater checks and balances on his authority. The King of Babylon, the head of gold, held absolute power over his empire, and answered to no man. But Persian kings were bound by their own laws and could not do as they pleased. Greek government increasingly answered to military authority, and the Caesars of Rome found themselves often at odds with the elected Senate. However, each successive government was tougher and more enduring.

Still each metal degrades in quality, becoming more easily corrupted. Gold does not react to the air, but silver tarnishes, bronze corrodes, and iron rusts until it is no more. Yet iron is the metal of war, of force. Rome, the

fourth kingdom, remains the world empire all others are compared to. Its iron nature cut through all other metals to become the model of world dominance, rigid and unyielding. After 1500 years no empire has succeeded in taking its place. The reason is as Daniel told the king, "The dream is true and its interpretation is trustworthy."

All around us we see traces of Rome in the very fabric of Western civilization, from our system of law (full of Latin terms), government, religion, history, architecture, traditions, and language. Something in the soul of Western man desires the glory of Rome to live again; it is a soul obsessed with a united world. Western civilization still remembers the tremendous economic and military success of the Roman Empire in its heyday — "Pax Romana," it was called, The Roman Peace.

Yet it was peace at a price. Never before had people experienced such a high degree of government control in

every aspect of human life, from economics to religion. Taxation was brilliantly organized and unavoidable. Although Roman citizens once had a measure of freedom to elect their government, under the Emperors they were required by law to attend even sports events. Everyone was compelled to go to the Temple and offer a pinch of incense to the Emperor as a god, acknowledging his supremacy. Then they were free to worship any god they chose, after displaying their supreme devotion to the state. Because of the great prosperity, there was also great opportunity for pleasure, so most people found little problem with such control. Those who objected loudly enough were met with brutal force. No one was allowed to challenge the iron of Rome.

As we learn more

about
Daniel's
prophecy
it



becomes all too clear that such days are returning. The iron is coming back, and Colossus will stand on feet of iron mixed with clay. And as he does, the God of heaven is preparing a surprise.

THE STONE — MADE WITHOUT HUMAN HANDS

Daniel predicted that a kingdom that God raises up in the last days will crush Colossus. This final kingdom of stone is something God cuts out of the mountain, setting it free to roll. So what is this kingdom that Daniel described as the "Stone?"

First let's describe what it is not. The Stone is not in any way a part of Colossus. It is not a physical nation with natural boundaries, or with a military to defend it. It is not polished and desirable, nor valuable as men regard earthly treasure. Unlike other kingdoms, it has no desire to conquer others for the sake of wealth or power. Its very essence is of no value to Colossus. He regards it as a meaningless material, too base for his use. Colossus is prime stuff, not mere rock or rubble. He has been painstakingly forged by man into a magnificent civilization. He has been forged with human hands, the culmination of the human dream of the perfect life, a polished treasure in man's eyes. He is the ultimate world order.

If Colossus is the civilization and society created by human effort, by human hands, what is this Stone carved out by God, made without human hands? What kind of society would God create if He had His way?

It would be a society of people whose priorities and values were the same as His. Instead of placing a high premium on wealth, they would share with those who had need. They would not fear for their own lives, or raise their fist in anger, but would trust Him to protect them. They would respond to evil with humility and kindness. And power? Their only desire for power would be the power over their own sin, whatever hurts others and displeases their Maker.

Just like God, their most obvious characteristic would be love from a pure heart, taking no thought for themselves. There would be no place in their lives for the self-oriented pursuit of careers, for the restless search

for pleasure or fulfillment. God Himself would be their career goal, their pleasure, and their fulfillment. In short, they would be just like the Son of God if he were here on earth. Their love and unity, their oneness of heart and soul would astound the world.

If the Stone Kingdom were any other way, it would be more like Colossus than it would be like God. But Daniel says it will be hewn out of the mountain at the same time as the Roman Empire is revived on the earth; however, this revived civilization will be in a more brittle and less glorious form — the feet of iron and clay.

THE FEET OF IRON AND CLAY

Colossus portrays ancient history and the nature of the kingdoms that dominated the earth. Even his legs of iron reflect how the Roman Empire split into an eastern and western division in its latter years. But where have his legs been for the past 1500 years? History tells us that as its unity and civil power grew fainter, Rome turned to Christianity to find renewed vigor. In 312 AD, under Emperor Constantine, the Roman Empire turned from persecuting her to desiring her. It was a fatal embrace.

This makes Rome unique from all other kingdoms: it crucified Messiah and then turned Christian under the devil. Where once the followers of the Messiah had hidden to escape beastly persecution from Rome, now Christian Rome hunted those with different beliefs. From this sadly records a bloody pattern that occurs over and over: the "saints" persecute the "sinners," and not the other way around. Those with the "good doctrine" kill those with the "bad doctrine."

trine."

In time the decaying Roman Empire went underground, shrouded under the cloak of the Christian or Catholic Church. Through this religious system were preserved many of the treasures of Rome, ranging from art and language to the hope of a world united under one head.

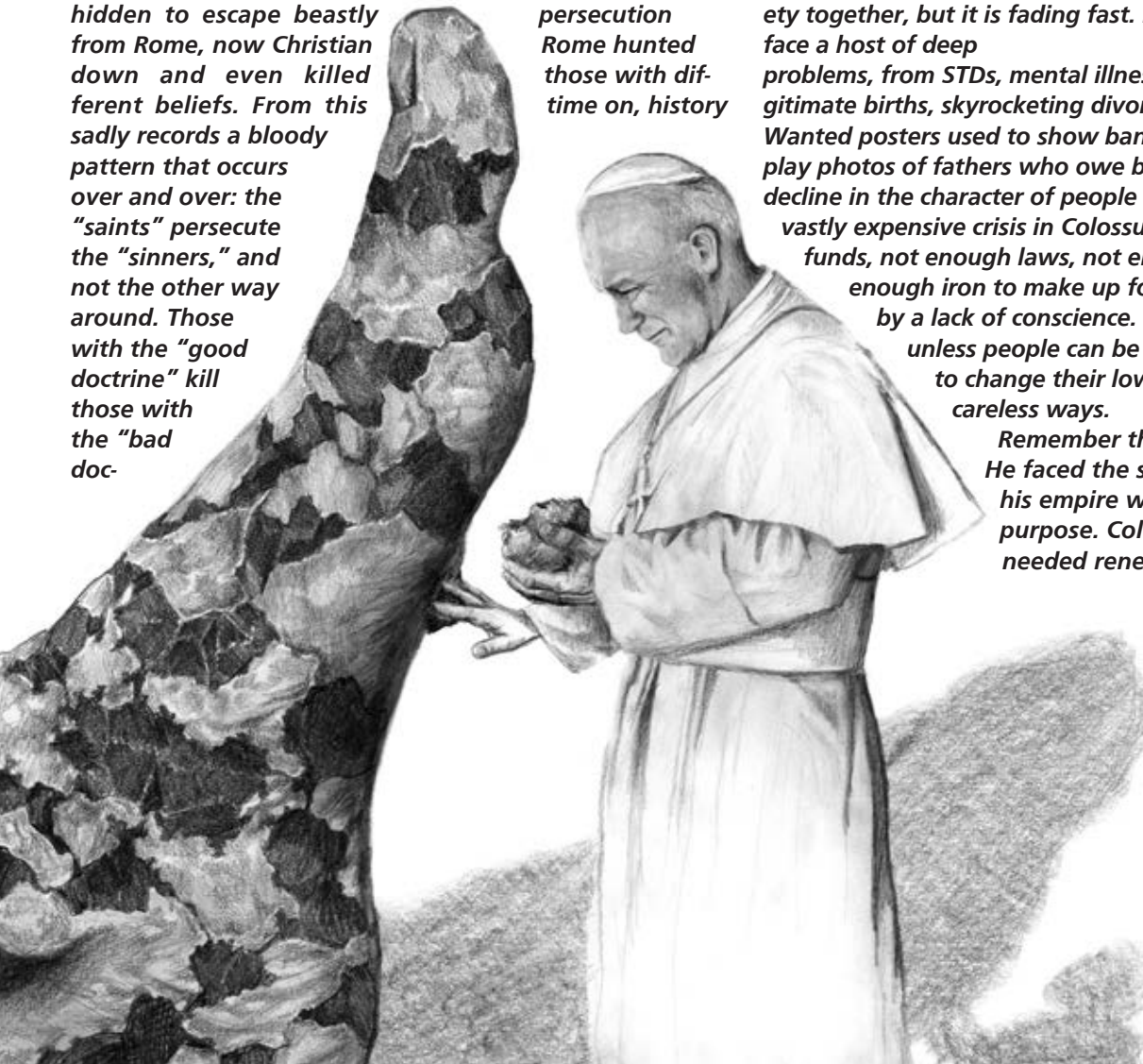
Today forces such as globalization are at work to bring about a one-world government. Where else could the seat of this government find more fertile soil than on Rome's old stomping grounds, the continent of Europe? And finding it she is, as Europe labors to come to unity. Soon she will set the pace for the whole world, as her citizens forsake their national priorities for the cause of "Pax Europa" — the peace and well-being of Europe. Yes, Rome is awakening like a sleeping giant: Colossus. Some would call it Frankenstein.

In the feet of iron and clay, it's pretty clear how the iron of the old Roman Empire will be coming forth, with the increasing government control of every individual, the uniting of different nations as they lower trade barriers or donate their armies for international peace-keeping, as they place embargoes and other pressures on the nations that won't fall in line. Iron is force. But what is the clay?

Western society is in chaos, and it is ever increasing. Respect for authority has generally held the fabric of society together, but it is fading fast. Now Western nations face a host of deep problems, from STDs, mental illness, AIDS, terrorism, illegitimate births, skyrocketing divorce rates, and on and on. Wanted posters used to show bank robbers; now they display photos of fathers who owe back child support. This decline in the character of people is causing a huge and vastly expensive crisis in Colossus. There are not enough funds, not enough laws, not enough police, not enough iron to make up for the problems caused by a lack of conscience. Society is shutting down unless people can be inspired to change their low and careless ways.

Remember the Emperor Constantine? He faced the same moral decline as his empire was dying from a lack of purpose. Colossus desperately needed renewed vigor to stand upon the earth and rule. Although it was against his iron nature, he resorted to the only strategy that would keep him on his feet: Colossus got religion.

Enter the clay.



CHURCH AND STATE

The state today has put on the badge of moral policeman to maintain stability in the midst of decay, but it isn't working. Making more laws against immoral or criminal behavior keeps the government busy, but with minimal results; the selfish pursuit of pleasure is too powerful. Colossus is awakening from a deep slumber, and is recognizing the problem. So now we hear of the state turning to the church for help, and Colossus foots the bill.

Voices of caution are drowned out under the crackling of fresh, crisp bills flowing from his deep pocket. The strings of control that are sure to follow are faint threads now and their restraint is lightly felt. Colossus knows to wait until the hook is set before reeling her in.

Daniel's
prophecy tells

us that the kingdom of iron and clay will be both tough and brittle, a confusing blend of politics and religion. This newly rekindled empire dreams of world domination, but lacks the tools to motivate the hearts of men. The promise of

commercial profit is the real fire behind

globalization, but it still is not enough to rally the whole world into a form of unity. So Colossus needs a way to inspire people, and arrogant as he is, he's still willing to mix with inferior ingredients to remain standing on the earth. The clay of religion with its mixed motives makes his iron brittle, but what else can he do? His cold iron can force and smash, but it can't stir men up with his vision of one people, one world. Only God can do that. So he is turning to the church for help. And just as in days gone by, she is more than happy to embrace this new relationship, and make up for what is lacking in his feet. She dreams of world domination, too.

These two forces, the state and the church, the iron and the clay, are becoming strange bedfellows. He has his agenda, and she has hers. The state wants to be God, and the church wants to be the state. They both seek absolute allegiance from man. He is rough and crude sometimes, and she prefers to

use tender words, but they both know how to get their way. He needs her appearance of moral integrity, and she needs his iron to end all argument about her unity and purity. It is a marriage of convenience, a strained relationship, with no love lost between them. For both, the hope of world dominion is worth the tension.

READY TO ROLL?

Not yet. Daniel said the feet of iron and clay will end in ten toes, which are ten kings ruling Rome's home turf, Europe. They are just about ready to set up shop, and when they do, Daniel prophesies:

"In the days of those kings the God of heaven will set up a kingdom which will never be destroyed, and that kingdom will not be left to another people; it will crush and put an end to all these kingdoms, but it will itself endure forever."

O how the Church can't wait for this to happen! She will rule forever unhindered as God's Kingdom here on earth! This is her boast, and her hope. However, something is wrong. The Stone is God's Kingdom, and it does not mix with the iron. It is not integrated into the world system, but remains a separate culture. The Stone is a people for God's own possession, and when it is cut out of the mountain of the world?

In the days of the ten kings, the ten toes of the feet of iron and clay.

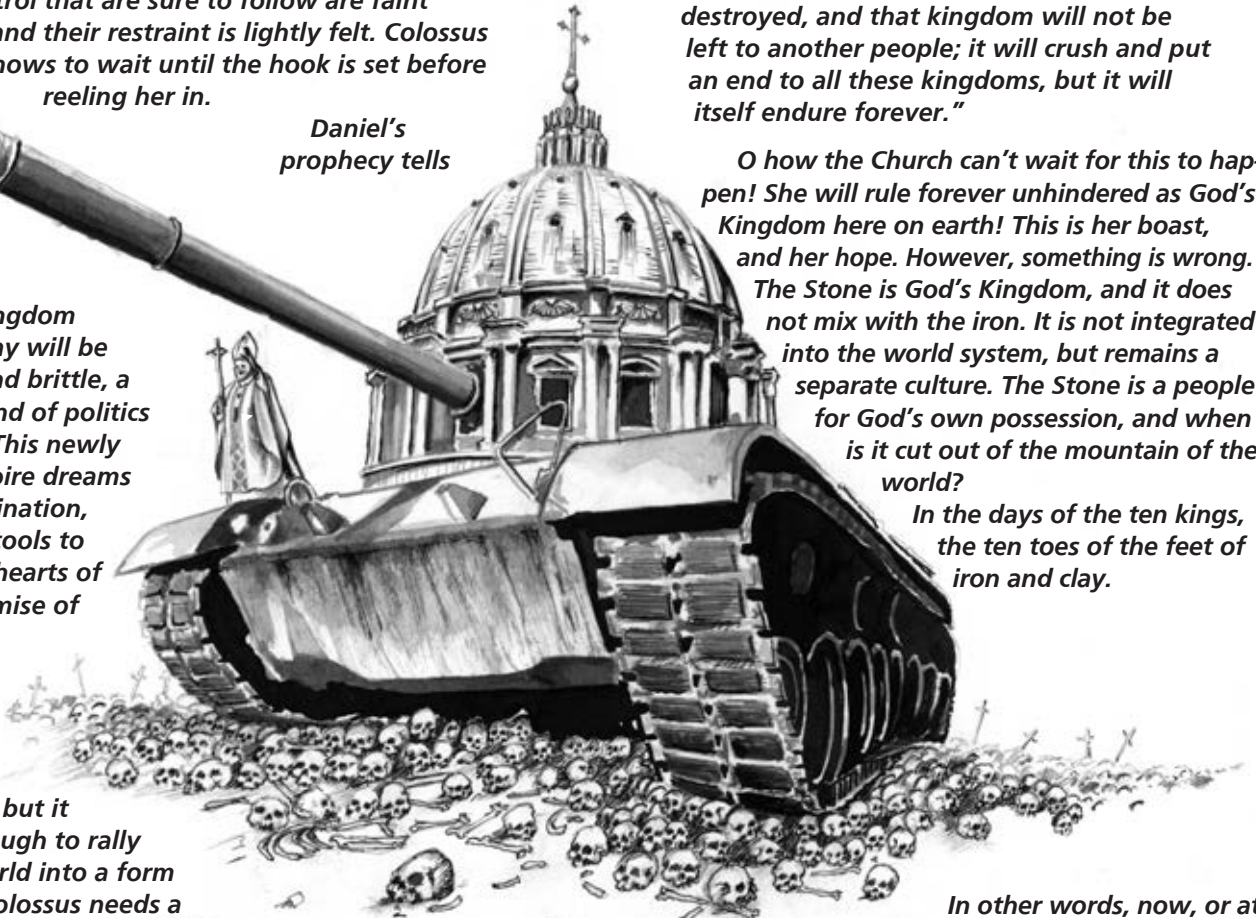
In other words, now, or at least very soon...

Yet Christianity has been around for nearly two thousand years. Her clay is only a counterfeit of the Stone, and as time goes on, it is more and more difficult to distinguish the iron from the clay. Since she is mixed into the feet of Colossus, how could she be the one to roll down the mountain and crush him? For if he goes, she goes.

Here we sit in the shadow of these things. Once Colossus stands confidently erect again — he's ready to roll. Once a people, the Stone Kingdom, are carved out from the world and its ways, the God of heaven will be ready to roll, too.

These are exciting times we live in. 🌐

For more in-depth articles about the Statue and the Stone, see www.twelvetribes.org.



"The economy is out of sight. Unimaginable wealth and luxury is all around. America rules the world. So why is everyone so depressed?"¹

As the global village blasts off into the 21st century, many are enjoying unprecedented economic prosperity.

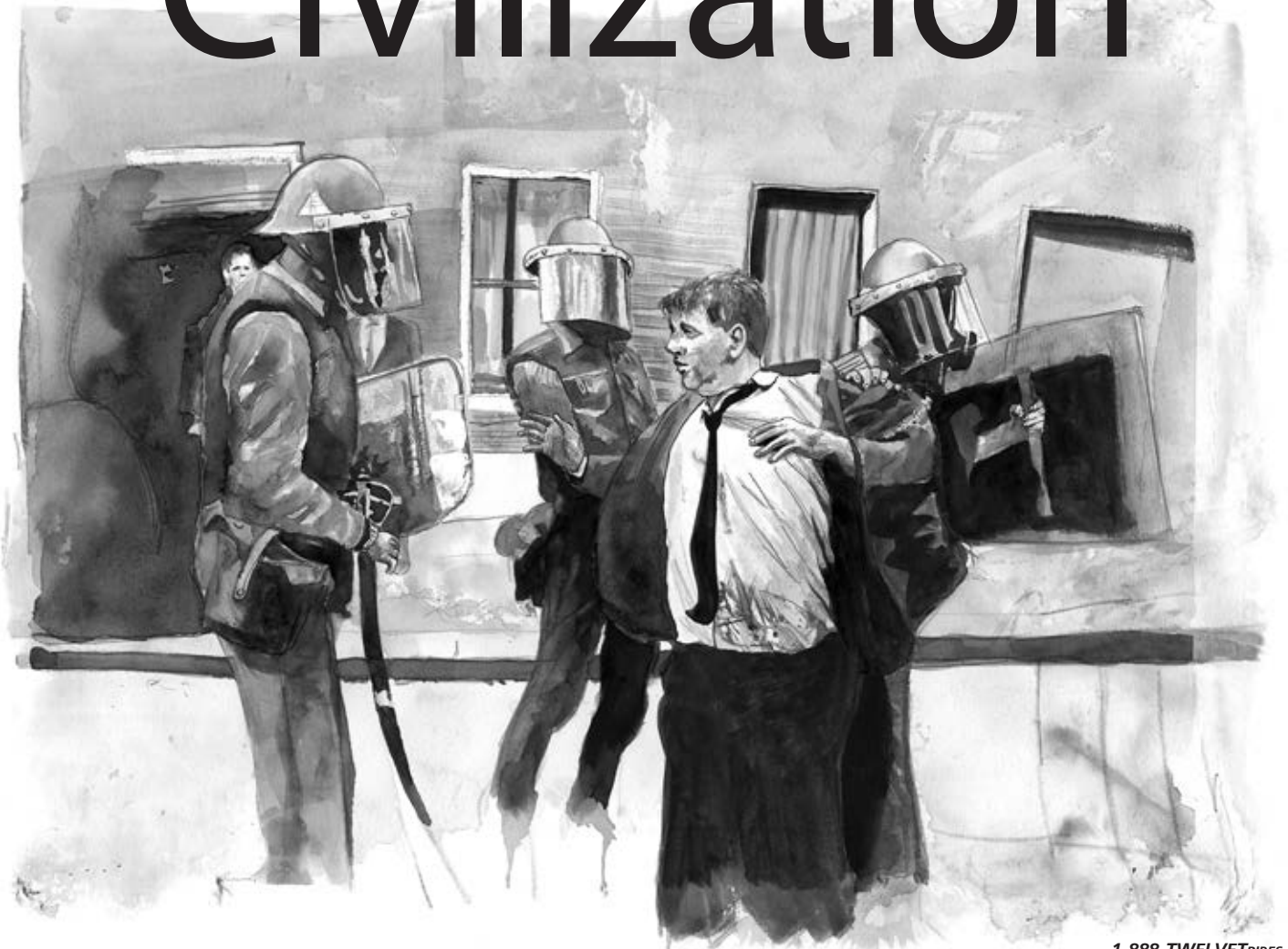
Yet the increasing number of people who are lonely and alienated is unrivaled by any other time in human history. Why?

The crushing loneliness that many face as they pour their cereal at the breakfast table, or sip their coffee at the local diner, is simply a side effect of the fast-paced, popular culture we live in. While the industrialized world is basking in unequalled levels of wealth,

medicine, science, and life expectancy, its people are plummeting into an epidemic of sadness.

Skeptics will scoff, "Crisis? What Crisis?!" But strip away the denial, the wishful thinking, the façade of sunny, can-do Americanism, and it becomes clear that something is wrong at a fundamental level in the lives of vast numbers of people. It isn't so much what is happening to those people as what isn't. Something vital is missing. Something essential and meaningful has been displaced by something hollow.

The Magnificent Civilization



The possibility that forces outside our control are overwhelming us, changing us, is so frightening that many people frantically grasp at safe responses to their escalating anxiety.

People rely in record numbers on prescription drugs.² They escape into the multimedia pleasureplex in an attempt to cope with reality. The French radical Gilles Ivain wrote of the beginnings of this some thirty years ago: "A mental illness has swept the planet... no more laughter, no more dreams. Just the endless traffic, the blank eyes that pass you by, the nightmarish junk we're all dying for. Everyone is hypnotized by work and comfort."

For those living in this hyper-commercialized, global society, a question presents itself: "Have we and the rest of the industrialized world gained power and wealth at the price

of a piece of our soul?" Or, in the words of a very misunderstood prophet of 2000 years ago: "What good is it for a man to gain the whole world, yet forfeit his soul? Or what can a man give in exchange for his soul?"³

The moment you confront these questions head on, the cool, commercial façade of this magnificent civilization suddenly dissolves. Before you is a web of psychological, sociological, and cyber-cultural threads, and behind you a wake of meaning-less existence. "Why am I sad? Why was I created? Why can't I love? What am I living for?" These questions gnaw at your soul, like someone trapped under the ice in a river, frantically searching, desperately trying to claw their way out... but where is the opening?

So now, into the midst of the most

fundamentally isolated society in human history plops the Internet. Instead of old-fashioned relationships, people are now promoting the Net culture. Chat rooms are the craze. You laser in by subject, interacting with people "along a slender strand of common vocational interests." People have now effectively surrounded themselves with specialists, whom they call on briefly for one thing only –



to fulfill themselves.

In this, the affluent members of the human species have made a sudden leap from a real to an electronic environment. For generations, human beings have gotten their cues from each other and from nature. Now, they get them from the computer and video game screens. Could this be related to the ever-increasing rates of clinical depression and loneliness?

These technological placebos lift the mood, calm the nerves, and attempt to fill the ever-increasing void in peoples' lives. Emanating from their screens are thousands of explicit and subliminal marketing messages every day teeming with sex and violence. The underlying purpose of this electronic culture is to keep people entertained, and numbed to the moral panic that is happening all around them.

Depression is a symptom or a defensive response that tells us some-

thing important about ourselves or our culture. It makes no sense to clip its alarm wires with drugs like Prozac. This however, is what countless people are doing. And for the masses, who are mindlessly being herded down a psychotropic path to pledge allegiance to this new world order, everything seems fine and dandy. The alarm is simply not sounding.

Postmodernism is a philosophy that says we've reached an endpoint in human history. The "modernist" traditions of advancement and ceaseless extension of the frontiers of innovation are now dead. Originality is dead. The avant-garde artistic tradition is dead. All religions and utopian visions are dead. And resistance to the status quo is impossible because revolution, too, is now dead. Like it or not, people are stuck in a permanent crisis of meaning, a dark room from which they can never escape.

Amazingly, all of this was envisioned 2500 years ago by a prophet named Daniel. The political, social, religious, and economic luster of this emerging global society was depicted as an enormous statue – a Colossus.⁴ It was awesome

and its appearance was dazzling and of extraordinary splendor. The feet of Colossus represented the religiously dominated political system that would rule the planet in the last days of human history. While elections will still be held and people will still go about business as usual, Colossus will have intruded into every aspect of normal life, passing moral laws to hold the decaying society together, while offering peace, prosperity, and security for those who submit to its rule.

Just as Rome embraced Christianity to save the decaying empire, so again, Colossus will join forces with this mighty world religion and usher in a new global church-state that will dominate the entire world. People will swap their freedoms for security in this new world order. All who do not pledge allegiance

to Colossus will be dealt with in an appropriate fashion. After all, who but utter rebels would stand in the way of this perfect society?

Colossus is at the root of everything that is happening in society today.

The forces at work, although expressed through the words and acts of men and nations, have their source in the spiritual ruler of this world — Satan.

This may be hard to swallow, since Hollywood and the mass media have for decades been successfully giving the Western world an electronic lobotomy. They have made Satan out to be a ridiculously fantastic, red-horned "devil" who is the star of Saturday morning cartoons and the ancient myth of

ously. In the meantime, this virtuoso propagandist has been masterfully herding all of humanity to a very specific destination — a magnificent civilization.

Many will scoff at this ancient prophecy and its relevance to current events, but the parallel of this dream to the contemporary political and religious climate in the world is chilling. Like it or not, when you look underneath the veneer of modern life, you are face-to-face with a decaying, hopeless humanity. Filling this vacuum of well-being is the cold iron strength and the clammy clay persuasion of Colossus, the world government revealed to Daniel in his dream. While promising comfort and security, it is crushing the freedoms and consciences of men.

But there is something else taking shape, something else coming

Colossus. It has a different source, a different nature. Ultimately it will destroy every trace of Colossus. It is just around the corner.

¹ "America the Blue", by Kalle Lasn and Bruce Grierson, *The Utne Reader*, September 22, 2000

² "How many millions and millions of people can take Prozac and Zoloft and all the other drugs? We have more adults taking antidepressants than the National Institute of Mental Health estimates there are depressed people in the United States. The market is saturated, so the pressures move automatically to other markets. And the biggest next market is children." (Dr. Peter Breggin, May 3, 2001, interview for the PBS Frontline Special "Medicating Kids", <http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/pages/frontline/shows/medicating/interviews/breggin.html>)

³ Mark 8:36-37

⁴ Daniel 2:31-35



The Divided Nations

There is hardly any institution that gets better treatment in modern schoolbooks than the United Nations. In its books many rich and famous people like Roosevelt made it their duty as some media figures like Turner do today. Anyon doubts the importance of uniting the nations as a means of ending war and saving the planet is considered a destructive, backwards agent in society.

Yet the ancient story of the Tower of Babel stands in stark contrast to the popular wisdom of today. The confusion of languages ought to serve as a warning, a proverbial lesson like Sodom and Gomorrah, about the dangers of men getting together as one great, global force. If that were to happen, the Bible warns, men would be able to do whatever was in their heart to do:

And the Lord said, "Behold, they are one people, and they all have the same language. And this is what they began to do, and now nothing which they purpose to do will be impossible for them."

Genesis 11:6

Once men feared such a day, knowing that power corrupts. As a wise man once said, "Absolute power corrupts absolutely." Were the whole earth under one authority, the corruption would be complete, unbearable, and unending. What other power on earth could end it? Would God intervene again to frustrate their efforts, or would He leave men to their own devices this time? This is a chilling thought. It is appealing to some to think that a united mankind would use his combined creative genius for the common good, but history does not support that assumption very well.

The simple fact is that God divided man for his own good. Men once respected what was

in the Bible and appreciated the distinctions among races and nations, understanding at some deep level that God's purpose was the Divided Nations, not the United Nations.

Now these are the records of the generations of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah; and sons were born to them after the flood... From these the coastlands of the nations were separated into their lands, every one according

to his language, according to their families, into their nations... These were the families of the sons of Noah... and from these the nations were divided on the earth after the flood.

Genesis 10:1,5,32

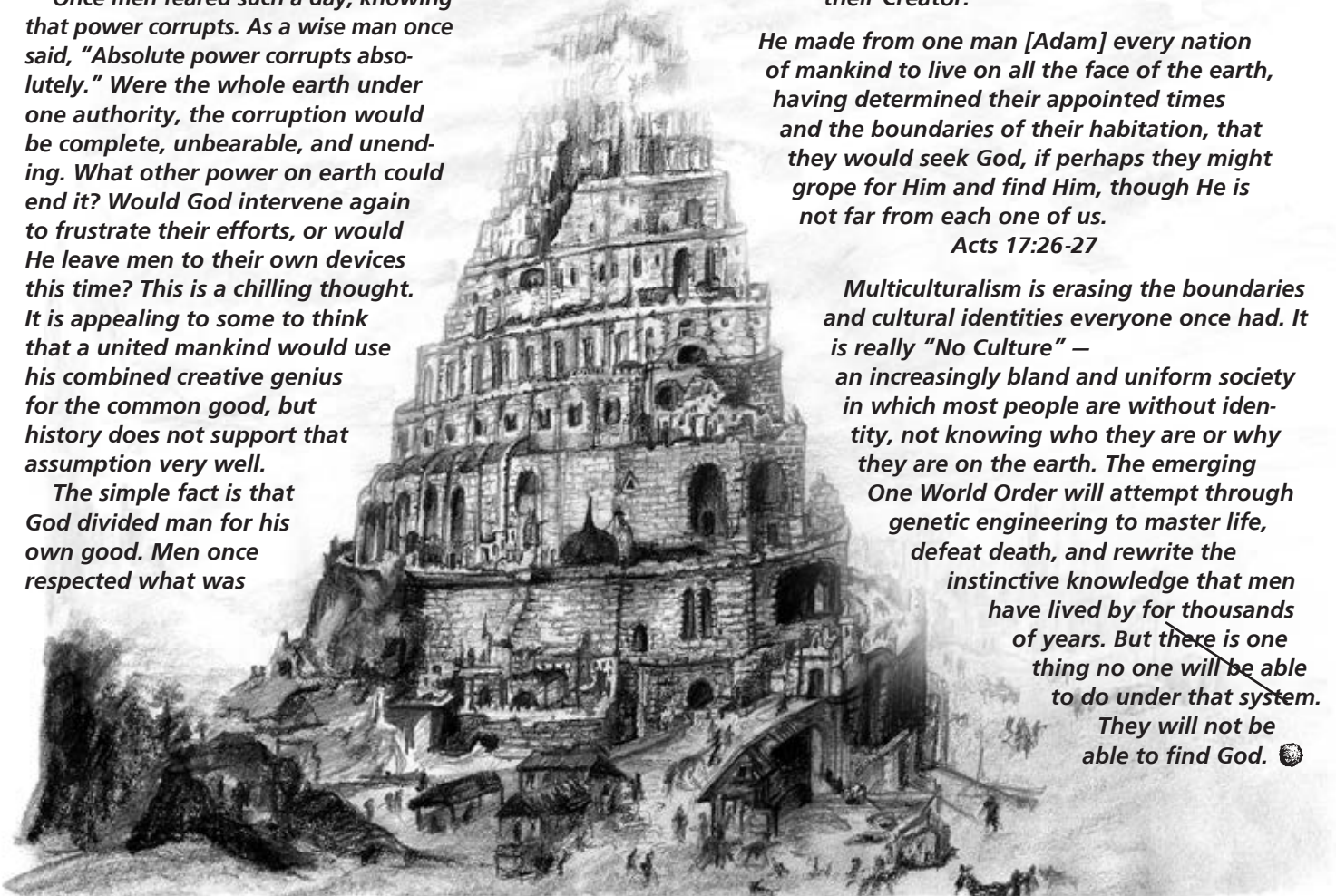
So at that time God segregated men according to their languages, their lands, and the three races of man that sprang from Noah's sons. He knew this was their best opportunity to live according to their consciences, in places where each person knew who they were among their own people. The massive alienation that characterizes modern society was unknown in the not-too-distant past. Everyone, whether they chose to live by it or not, had a clear standard of right and wrong in the context of their culture. This was the kind intention of their Creator:

He made from one man [Adam] every nation of mankind to live on all the face of the earth, having determined their appointed times and the boundaries of their habitation, that they would seek God, if perhaps they might grope for Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us.

Acts 17:26-27

Multiculturalism is erasing the boundaries and cultural identities everyone once had. It is really "No Culture" — an increasingly bland and uniform society in which most people are without identity, not knowing who they are or why they are on the earth. The emerging One World Order will attempt through genetic engineering to master life, defeat death, and rewrite the instinctive knowledge that men have lived by for thousands of years. But there is one thing no one will be able to do under that system.

They will not be able to find God. 🌐





Multicultural Madness

What does “multiculturalism” mean? To most people, it’s that all cultures are given equal weight, that no one culture is superior to the other, and that all cultures should be equally respected. And that sounds really good, but the fine print reads, “Man isn’t built that way, and he can’t live up to it. It is totally normal for someone to consider his own culture and the way of life of his people to be better than others.”

Consider the rich young Yuppie in his multicultural neighborhood, sitting in his living room ready to enjoy an evening of classical music. Tonight it’s Beethoven. From one side of his house comes the throbbing bass of his neighbor’s stereo as they gather out back for some reggae. The house shudders to every note, while on the other side of his house the neighbors fire up their barbecue and boom box,

laughing raucously over the grating syncopation of something called rap. Fleeing from the violent lyrics, our Yuppie hero, himself a multicultural enthusiast, shuts the windows, grits his idealistic teeth and dons his headphones, trying to convince himself that all music is good.

Let’s face it. It is just not reasonable to expect people to live contentedly alongside of others who are culturally and racially different. This is unnatural, and sometimes forces people to go against what

they instinctively know in their conscience. They are told, “You can’t discriminate.”

Even though you may view discrimination as an evil sin, isn’t it within a person’s rights to segregate himself if he wants to? Why is it that integration must be forced upon people, under penalty of law? Isn’t it because it goes against the natural grain of humanity, and that people left alone will generally not choose to cross cultures? Yes, it is obviously so, and it makes the advocates of multicultural-



ism mad because the truth is undeniable.

Yet it is totally normal for you to consider your culture as the most desirable, because it is yours. Today we find ourselves manipulated by forces beyond our control, compelling us to accept what is unacceptable to us. We can find ourselves enraged over such manipulations, and not even know why.

What happens to a person if he or she chooses to reject the ideal of "cultural diversity?" In order for multiculturalism to stand unchallenged, this ideal must be constantly kneaded into the loaf of society. You are told that if some other way of life is low and base, you still

must have respect for it. Who are you to judge? Everyone is dignified; every culture has equal value no matter how it subjugates, humiliates, oppresses, and destroys. Yes, it sounds so noble that all cultures should live together in harmony, in mutual toleration, in mutual respect.

www.twelvetribe.com

But in reality, to swallow it you have to cast away common conscience itself. You have to, by law.

The reason that there is so much momentum behind this engineering of man's societies is that a one-world government looms on the horizon. Like it or not, it is an inescapable fact that has been prophesied in the Bible for thousands of years. It is coming. When this one-world government gains power no real liberty will exist for an individual to remain faithful to the voice of his conscience. Freedom of choice will be removed. Global government cannot allow the nations to have their own independence or sovereignty. A worldwide Gestapo system will take its place, a planetary police state. It will of course be more "humanitarian," not dressed in uniform. The Gestapo are plainclothesmen.

In order to enforce this tyranny, people must be coerced to abandon the God-given boundaries of race, culture, and morality. Man must be taught to

ignore his instinctive desire to live with those of like mind, to congregate in neighborhoods with those of the same race and ethnic origin. He must be taught to swallow his natural loathing of perverse and immoral people, and he is learning his lesson well. Any nation or culture with high moral values will be strong and independent, and this is contrary to the coming one-world government. With no moral conviction to make a culture outstanding, the job is done. This has been the highly successful role Hollywood and the public schools have played in destroying the moral integrity of Americans. A whole generation is trapped in the cage of political correctness.

There is an old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together." Yet multiculturalism is birds of different feathers caged together and forbidden to squawk. It's an artificial scheme, a world vision crammed down the throats of a humanity that would rather live in its own neighborhoods if it could. ●

the bigot

A man hangs out a sign on his house advertising an apartment for rent. Along comes an inquiring person, wanting to check the place out. The man, judging the looks of that person, does not want him as a tenant. He may have a good reason why he refuses. Maybe the person who looked and acted like him held wild parties all night and kept him from sleeping. Now he must come up with some excuse why he cannot rent his apartment out, lest he be hauled into court for discrimination. "Er, Ummm... Well, let's see, my wife put that sign out before I fixed the apartment up! Why, it won't be ready for... gosh, I can't really say..."

It wasn't so long ago that a man could rent his property to whom-ever he felt comfortable having as a tenant, and he wouldn't be hauled into court for it, no matter how much he hurt someone's feelings. "Look, bud, I don't rent to people with big ears. The last time I rented to someone who looked like you, he wrecked the place and stole the furniture. I've just come to the place that I don't even like people with big ears any more. Beat it."

You may think that such a person is a Neanderthal bigot, and you might be right. Perhaps you think that he should not be allowed to discriminate in such a way. You may judge him to be an intolerant brute, and maybe so, but this raises two questions: if you, unlike him, have learned to tolerate others, is there any room in you to tolerate him? And the other question is: if you think that such a person should not discriminate against others, meaning he should not



judge others, how did you come to that conclusion without judging him? In other words, have you not discriminated against him?

You'd very likely be uncomfortable eating next to him at the local diner, wouldn't you? So what makes you fundamentally any different than our big-ear-hating landlord? Is it that you are more civilized and noble than him, or just that you do not judge others and are more tolerant? How can this be? Haven't you become a hater of big-ear-hating landlords? So

who is the bigot?

The reality is that our bigoted landlord could very well face a fine or some other punishment for hurting someone's feelings and thereby breaking the law. And maybe that's fine with you. But if the house belongs to him, why doesn't he have the freedom to rent it to whomever he wants to?

It's because the real landlord around here is Colossus, and the owner has become a mere property manager. ●

Who Will Decide?

In the late 1960s I lived for a year in the country of Korea. In Asian countries, protocol and social graces are of utmost importance. Failure to pay attention to some minute detail can have disastrous social consequences. A classic example of this is what happened when I was in a public building in Seoul, Korea.

I sat on a bench with my friend Jung Dae Wung. I was quite relaxed, and, in typical American fashion, I crossed my legs with the ankle of one leg resting on the thigh of the other, the bottom of my shoe visible to everyone to my left. My friend and I were conversing, when I noticed that several people seemed a bit agitated, and kept looking in our direction.

My Korean friend caught sight of the agitation and annoyed glances, then realized what was happening. He quickly told me to uncross my legs, and to put both feet on the floor. Not understanding why, but sensing the urgency in his voice, I complied. He politely bowed from his seated position, in the direction of the other people, offering some explanation in Korean. I did not understand Korean at that time, but I imagine that he

told them that I was American and just did not know any better. Turning to me, my friend explained that showing the bottom of your shoe to someone is tantamount to calling him a dog or worse. It is highly offensive.

Upon hearing this I was quite embarrassed, and turned as red as my brown skin would allow. Needless to say, I never did that again.

The point of that example is to bring up a question: If the Koreans and the Americans lived together in a multicultural society, who would have to give up what? Is it wrong to cross one's legs? Is it wrong to react to the bottom of someone's shoe being pointed at you? Whose culture is right? Whose culture is wrong? And the chilling question is this: Who is going to decide?

And by whose wisdom? The founders of America did not think uniformity of opinion was necessary. Are we greater than they? Laws compelling men to buy from, or sell to, or hire particular individuals would have been an appalling intrusion, not just into their personal freedoms, but they would have

viewed them as an assault on the very rights of conscience they had waged a revolution to secure. To them each man's moral ability and freedom to discriminate between right and wrong, between what is acceptable to their conscience and what is an offense to it, were sacred rights. No one's exercise of his rights could deny another person the free exercise of his rights. But the politicians of today create "rights" to housing, employment, education, health care, etc., that others must provide, even against their will and conscience. This cannot happen without fostering a seething hostility just beneath the surface of the polite society, ready to explode when the pressure becomes too great.

When several different cultures are brought together through legislation, there are thousands of deep cultural differences just waiting to cause offense and hostility. Political correctness must, of necessity, become the rule. But who

is going to give up crossing his leg, and who is going to give up being offended? In such an atmosphere, there is no genuine peace or love, and the only way to keep the lid on the boiling cauldron is more legislation. This is the looming specter of Colossus.



The Best BC Citizens of All

They came from all over the world to Ellis Island. Sixteen million immigrants passed through her doors. They came to find a life filled with hope instead of fear.

"You press forward to the bow of the ship. After three weeks at sea... After years of hunger and dreaming...

For the first time you see it..."¹

There she stood, the Statue of Liberty – the symbol of America.

"Give me your tired, your poor,

Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me,

I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"²

They rolled up their sleeves and went to work. They gratefully took the humblest positions in work, the least desirable housing, and the lowest place in society – because it was better in America. At least here they could look up. Things would get better. And they did. They fought their way up by the only weapon they had – hard work. They learned



the language, the history, and the ways of America. Then they could come to the proudest day of their lives, becoming an American citizen! They went on to fight in America's wars and enter every realm of their beloved adopted country.

Unwanted and oppressed in their native lands, they found dignity and acceptance in America. They didn't

come demanding their rights. They only wanted a chance and America gave them that. They loved the nation that gave them a new life. And they made the best citizens of all.

This was not "multiculturalism." It was the only way in good conscience a man could cross the boundary from one culture to another – by embracing the new one you entered. If it weren't superior, you wouldn't have come. Since it was, you treated it that way. Then there was peace in the land. 🌍

¹ <http://historychannel.org/ellisland/>
² Emma Lazarus, *The New Colossus*. She wrote that America was "Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame, with conquering limbs astride from land to land."

In large cities where there is a large Asian population, you will find invariably a "Chinatown" or the equivalent. In some part of the city will be the Black section of town. Next will be the Irish Catholic section, and one can continue on, according to all the different cultures that make up that city. People naturally gravitate to their own culture. They feel more comfortable there. Forcing them out of it causes discomfort and alienation.

The *New York Times*, in a major series on race relations last year, quoted one black woman about



the desire of another black woman to integrate into the white society around her:

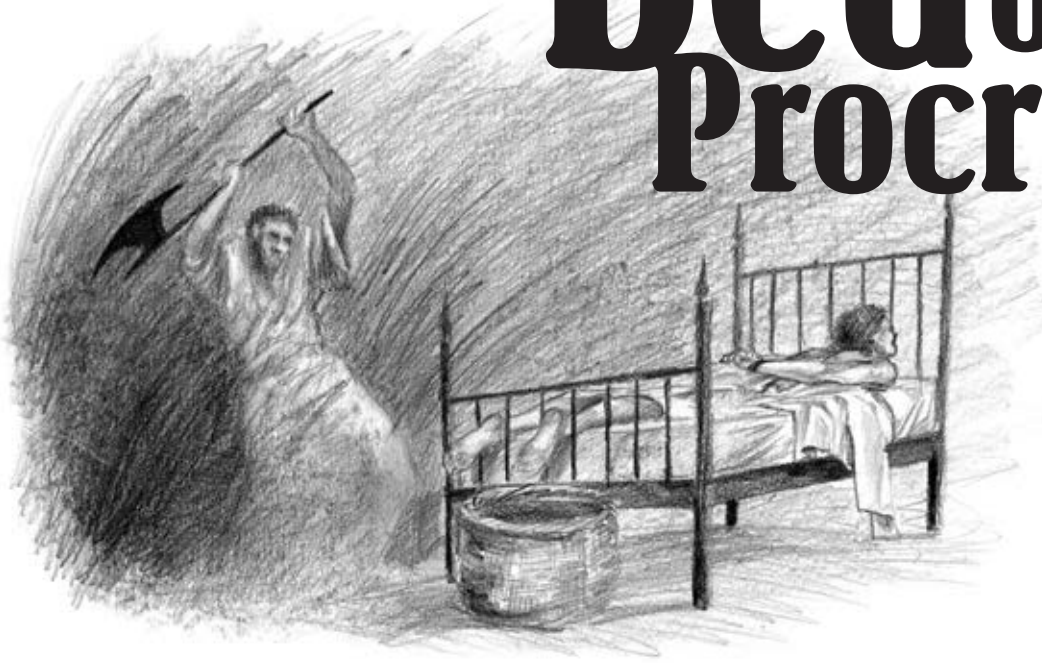
"It's a wanna-be thing," says Mrs. Ray, who attends a black church. Her sister-in-law, she thinks, is too eager to make white friends and entertain them in her home. "Some

people don't know who they are and have to go somewhere to validate themselves. She doesn't feel comfortable being black."¹

Those who are comfortable with the way God made them are being made to feel uncomfortable in today's twisting society. Yet what do people do when they have some refuge from the laws compelling them to integrate? They segregate!

¹ June 4, 2000, "Testing the Faithful" by Kevin Sack.

The Bed of Procrustes



The Greeks had a really nasty character in their mythology nicknamed Procrustes, or “The Stretcher.” He kept a house by the side of the road where he offered hospitality to passing strangers. They were invited in for a pleasant meal and a night’s rest in his very special bed. If the guest asked what was so special about it, Procrustes replied, “Why, it has the amazing property that its length exactly matches whoever lies upon it.” What Procrustes didn’t volunteer was how his “one-size-fits-all” miracle was achieved. As soon as the unsuspecting guest lay down and fell asleep, Procrustes went to work upon him, stretching him on the rack if he was too short for the bed and chopping off his legs if he was too long! What his motives were we can only guess; maybe he judged everyone’s height by his own.

This is a lot like political correctness today. The bed of Procrustes has become a proverb for forcing someone to fit into an unnatural scheme or pattern, like a doctor who makes his patient fit the treatment instead of the treatment fitting the patient. Who decides how long the bed of Procrustes should be, anyway?

The ancient Greeks made a mon-

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ster of such a character because what he did was so unjust. The story goes on to tell of the hero Theseus who inflicted upon Procrustes the same kind of torture that he had imposed upon his victims. Unfortunately, the Greeks hadn’t been taught as well as we have, that uniformity of opinion is such a good thing. They felt it contradicted their basic rights of moral judgment and free speech. But who needs such faculties when Procrustes is there to tell us how to think, how to act, and how to speak? And after all, we might hurt someone’s feelings if we exercised our moral judgment and acted on it. If Theseus were here today, he would go on trial for hate crimes.

There are two problems with the bed of Procrustes today. For one, who decides the right length of the bed, since people come in different sizes (along with ideas, opinions, tastes, etc.)? And two, why can’t people be free to associate with whomever they want, however they want? Are we afraid of being free?

But such issues are the stuff of days gone by, as Procrustes now spreads his couch by which to measure us all. Any difference of opinion with him, and he pulls out the blade.

Exercise your basic moral judgments as to whom you approve of, sell or rent to, hire or fire, and what happens? You get one more ratchet on the rack, making you a little more flexible about moral issues. There is no end in sight to this remorseless silencing of the human voice, using the fear of social rejection, fines, and even imprisonment to compel “right thinking” in those unenlightened people who prefer to be with others of their own kind.

Like the old saying, “You’ve made your bed, now lie in it.” So it goes with this leveled and passionless society today, where we fear our voice may make us a target. Imagine a Theseus rising up today to help the victims of political correctness speak up! Alas, that can only happen in the myths and in the movies.

Calm down. You can trust Procrustes. He’s already figured out the right length for your bed. It will just take a little tailoring of your dimensions to make you fit just right. And when he’s finished, imagine how satisfied you’ll be when you and everybody else are exactly the same, with no differences at all.

So fluff your pillow, pull up the sheets, and have a good night’s sleep. 🌙

THE APEX OF HUMAN GREATNESS

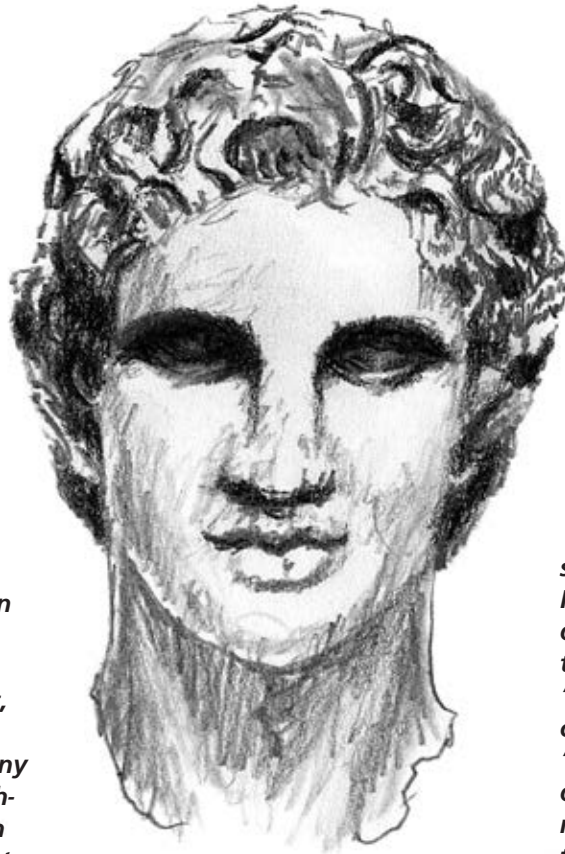
"If human greatness is a matter of scale and glitter, then no doubt Alexander the Great is at the apex of human greatness."¹

So wrote the historian H.G. Wells of the man whose brief career historians regard as marking an epoch in human history. Imagine the breath-taking awesomeness of being known as the greatest man who ever lived! What would a man give to gain such an honor and wield such power? Alexander gave his own soul for it, counting it well worth the price.

Now here was a man whom many would say succeeded in accomplishing what he set out to do in life. In his own words his bloody conquests and his role in bringing Greek culture, which he regarded as superior to all others, to the known world, were a "lovely thing."

*"I set no limits of labor to a man of spirit save only that the labors themselves... lead on to noble enterprise... It is a lovely thing to live with courage and to die, leaving behind an everlasting renown."*²

Could he have but known in his own lifetime what renown would come to him because of his personal courage and the superb fighting machine of his Macedonian and Greek armies, perhaps he would



have died a satisfied man. But his lust for greatness led him to the bizarre, exalting himself as a god among men, even demanding their worship. It consumed him like an unquenchable fire, leading him to desire to add more lands and peoples under his dominion. The ancient historian Arrian (Flavian Arrianus) records that if he could have, Alexander would have conquered the entire world.

"Alexander had no small or mean conceptions, nor

would ever have remained contented with any of his possessions so far, not even if he had added Europe to Asia, and the Britannic islands to Europe: but would always have searched far beyond for something unknown, being always the rival, if of no other, yet of himself."

The selfish ambition of Alexander was far loftier than establishing an empire. His ambition soared even beyond world empire. He was inflamed with the dream of uniting the races and cultures of the ancient world into one great "loving cup." The merging of many cultures into one was his design for "world peace," a peace that could only come about after the pitiless murder of those peoples and cultures that opposed him. It is for this vision that the world calls him "the Great!" Alexander's ambitious goal of world domination was cut short at an early age, the result of an uncontrollable alcoholic binge. Strange behavior for a god.

H.G. Wells writes that he had expanded the way men think, enlarged their horizons of the possible, to encompass an idea so great that men had not conceived it for thousands of years.³ Alexander's life made possible "the idea of a world policy [with] world law and organization." Because of this historians and the world to which they write

have ever after been "fascinated by the youth and splendor of this young man."⁴ They freely call him "the Great" in spite of a life hideously marred by the same qualities that have earned many men the title of villain.

The Roman historian Plutarch wrote of his desire to join the continents of Europe and Asia "in lawful wedlock and by community of offspring." Alexander's view has come to be accepted as the ultimate way of producing world harmony and prosperity: one government, one culture, one race, presided over by "God in the flesh," namely himself. Other mighty men and emperors since then have envied Alexander and taken thoughtful, calculated note of his path to greatness. They have imitated his blend of brutality, his merger of the cultures, and sometimes his exalted status as a god,

if they could pull it off.

Befitting one of such great authority, all previous restraints of morality and custom were cast aside. This marriage of cultures and races was not to be a mystical union, for that alone would not produce one race. No, it had to be as intimate and real as the children who would spring from it. The National Geographic writes of his epic mass marriages in this light:

"Alexander celebrated a mass marriage at Susa in the spring of 324 BC. Alexander, in Persian dress as king, takes the hand of his bride Barsine, a daughter of Darius, while 80 Macedonian officers wait to wed Persian noble women. 10,000 troops marry Asian women. Alexander's death

the following year robbed the world of his dream."⁵

This was the greatest mass marriage in the history of the world. The most enlightened thinkers of today mourn the untimely end of it all, as it promised the fusion of conflicting cultures and races into one perfect man dwelling on one perfect globe. They say his death robbed the world of his multicultural dream 2300 years ago. Praising Alexander for his greatness means that to his admirers it is a lovely thing to them too, to live with such noble courage as Alexander did, as he robbed, killed, stole, divided and forced multiculturalism upon the mass of humanity, at the cost of millions of murdered souls. Those whom he did not massacre, he sold into slavery at his whim. Families, homes, towns, and cultures meant nothing to him, just as to many other



invaders down through history. His entire desire was to take control of the world for his own glory, which was no glory at all. It was nothing more than egotism inflated beyond any other man's wildest dreams. He floated his royal yacht down a river of innocent human blood.

In light of the historical truth about Alexander, how can modern man condemn Hitler? Although it's hard to imagine, Alexander the Great murdered more people more aggressively and with greater cruelty! It is a disturbing world we live in, where Hitler is condemned, and righteously so, while Alexander is put up on the highest pedestal of humanity, winning the award for highest achievement.

Hitler is a demon, while a grateful history dubs

Alexander as "the Great."

There is a profound lesson here, and sensitive individuals in these corrupt days should learn it. Did Alexander's death rob the world of the fulfillment of his dream, or did his death save it? The United Nations condemns anyone who imitates Alexander's brand of global conquest, yet applauds his great dream. That's like saying his intentions were good, but he just used a little too much force.

So what might have happened if he had not drunk himself to death? For thousands of years people have been formed in their own territories as God has intended, and they enjoy being who they are. If Alexander had lived on, all the different peoples, races, and cultures, along with their different customs, manners, even bodily features, emotions, and intellects, would have been

squeezed into what is contrary to their nature — just as it is happening today. These differences, like the differences between man and woman, are inborn in us all, since the Creator of man knows what is best for us.

H.G. Wells said it well. If being "great" in the eyes of humanity has to do with having the grandest vision of power over others, then Alexander is their apex. But who would want to be a part of such a humanity?

Amazingly, and increasingly, most people do. 🌐

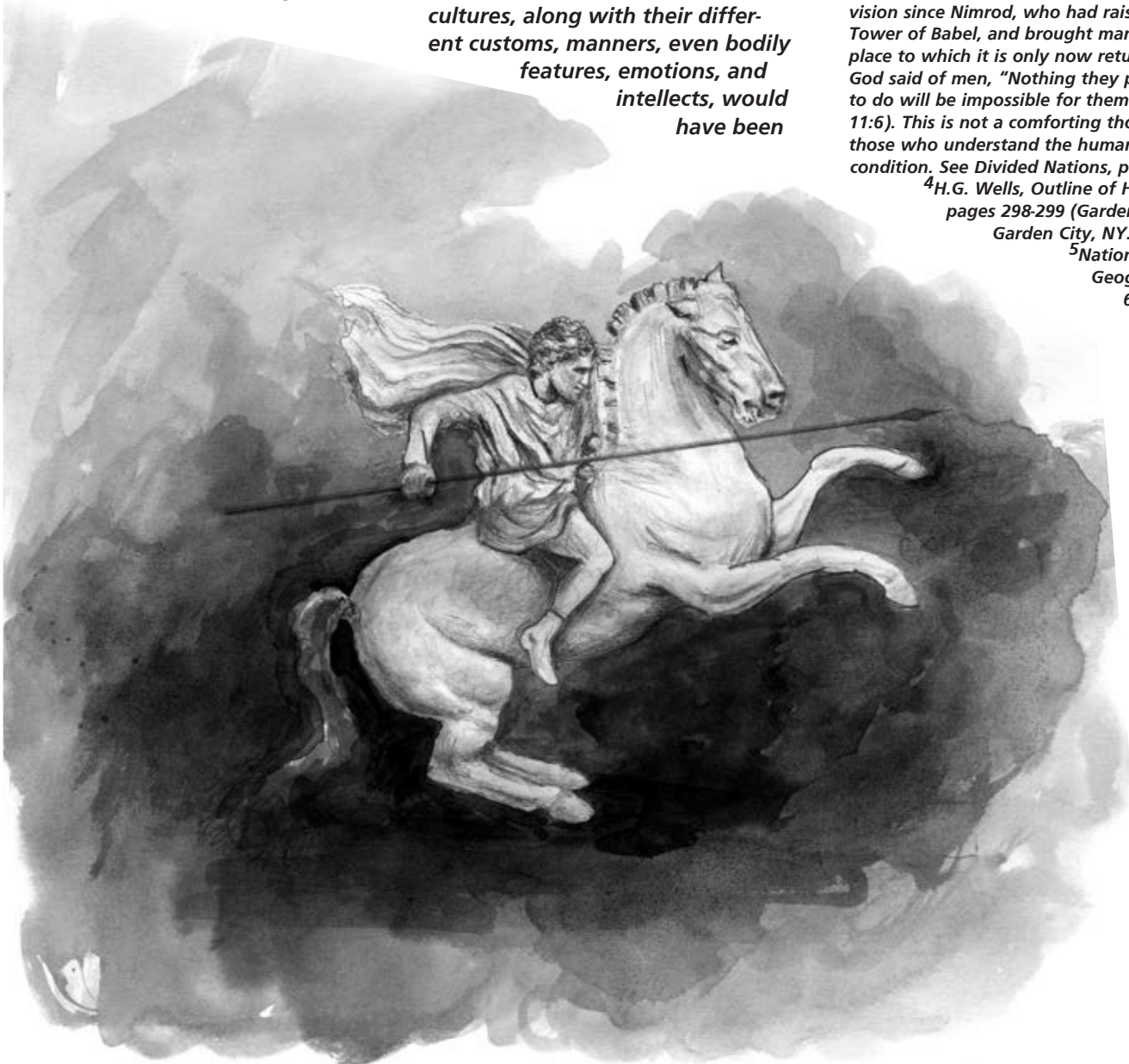
¹H.G. Wells, *The Outline of History*, p. 704, fn. 3 (1961)

²National Geographic, vol. 33, no. 1, p. 65 (January 1968)

³No one had possessed this breath of vision since Nimrod, who had raised the Tower of Babel, and brought mankind to the place to which it is only now returning. There God said of men, "Nothing they purpose to do will be impossible for them" (Genesis 11:6). This is not a comforting thought for those who understand the human condition. See *Divided Nations*, page 11.

⁴H.G. Wells, *Outline of History*, pages 298-299 (Garden City Books, Garden City, NY, 1961)

⁵National Geographic, page 64



ALEXANDER THE GROSS

A story from Alexander's life shows how he brought multiculturalism to his own resistant

soldiers — by the power of the sword. It was the same way he brought it to the Greeks and Persians. A close relative saved Alexander's career from ending almost as it began, in his first battle with the Persians in 334 BC. At Granicus, a Persian commander attacked Alexander, his blow breaking Alexander's helmet. He felt the weapon's edge graze his hair. As his enemy raised his weapon high for the blow

that would have changed history, his foster brother Clitus thrust a spear through his body. The Persian battle line then broke, and Alexander's victory was complete.

Years later, this same Clitus had become a bitter man, snarling under the confusion of Alexander's desire to bring Persians and their ways into his Macedonian kingdom. Adding to his inner turmoil was the fact that Alexander had become convinced that his own father was not Philip, who was King of Macedon before him, but that his father was the god Ammon! His bitterness came out at the height

of a drinking party when Alexander called him a coward. The historian Plutarch records his pained words in reply:

"This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he to him, "saved the life of a son of the gods when in flight from the Persian's sword; and it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height, as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the Son of Ammon."

Rebuked by Alexander, Clitus,



who had faced death many times for Alexander's sake, would not let up:

*"Speak out if you have anything more to say, or else why did you invite men who were freeborn and accustomed to speak their minds openly without restraint, to sup with him? You had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not hesitate to bow the knee to his Persian clothing and his white tunic."*¹

The dramatic tension frightened everyone in the room. One did not talk this way to Alexander. His friends rushed Clitus from the room. Obstinate, he found another way

in, loudly reciting the words of a Greek poet:

*"Are these your customs? Is this how Greece rewards her combatants? Shall one man claim the trophies won by thousands?"*²

Alexander met him at the door and thrust a spear through his body, silencing forever the voice of this "freeborn" man. Only a few years later Alexander's own voice would be silenced after a prolonged bout of drinking.

Alexander's early death saved the world from the folly of such oppression and multiculturalism 2300 years ago, but his dream is coming into view once again. He paved the way for those who would elevate them-

selves to the place of God – who would presume to determine what was right and wrong, what was just and unjust for others, as though a higher and better answer was available to men than the instinctive knowledge of good and evil which they were born with. And for those "freeborn men" accustomed to "speak their mind openly without restraint" there are, for now, the restraints of political correctness. For those who continue to have the courage to speak up in the future, there will be the spear of Alexander! 🗡️

¹Plutarch, "Lives of the Greeks and Romans." (Project Gutenberg at www.gutenberg.net).

²H.G. Wells, "Outline of History," page 295. (Garden City Books, Garden City, NY, 1961).

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Our Master Yahshua the Messiah Liberator

A person facing certain death has no doubt about the reality of judgment. At that instant he knows where his life is taking him; he is no longer able to ignore the voice of his conscience.

He faced certain death. He not only sensed judgment — He stood before the judge and was condemned. The dreadful sentence of death had been rendered. He bore a heavy weight of guilt as He left the court.

His was not a private execution before the eyes of a few required witnesses. He walked before His countrymen, disfigured by the brutal treatment of His guards. Strong men paled at the sight of Him and women wept. Step by awful step He walked to where His life would finally be wrenched from His battered body.

Many men had walked that grim path before. The guilt they bore sealed their eternal destiny. Stumbling and collapsing from exhaustion, He finally reached the place of execution. In a few agonizing hours the public spectacle came to an end. Those who were there heard Him cry out about being forsaken by God. He surely was.

There before the eyes of heaven and earth His life ended. The weight of guilt thrust His righteous soul down into the pit of death. Yet He didn't bear His own guilt — He bore ours. He willingly took upon Himself the anguish that our sins deserved. In all His suffering He uttered no complaint and felt no bitterness.

His death was the greatest act of love ever demonstrated. His innocent blood covered every unjust and filthy act that we have ever done — all the things we continued to do against our conscience.

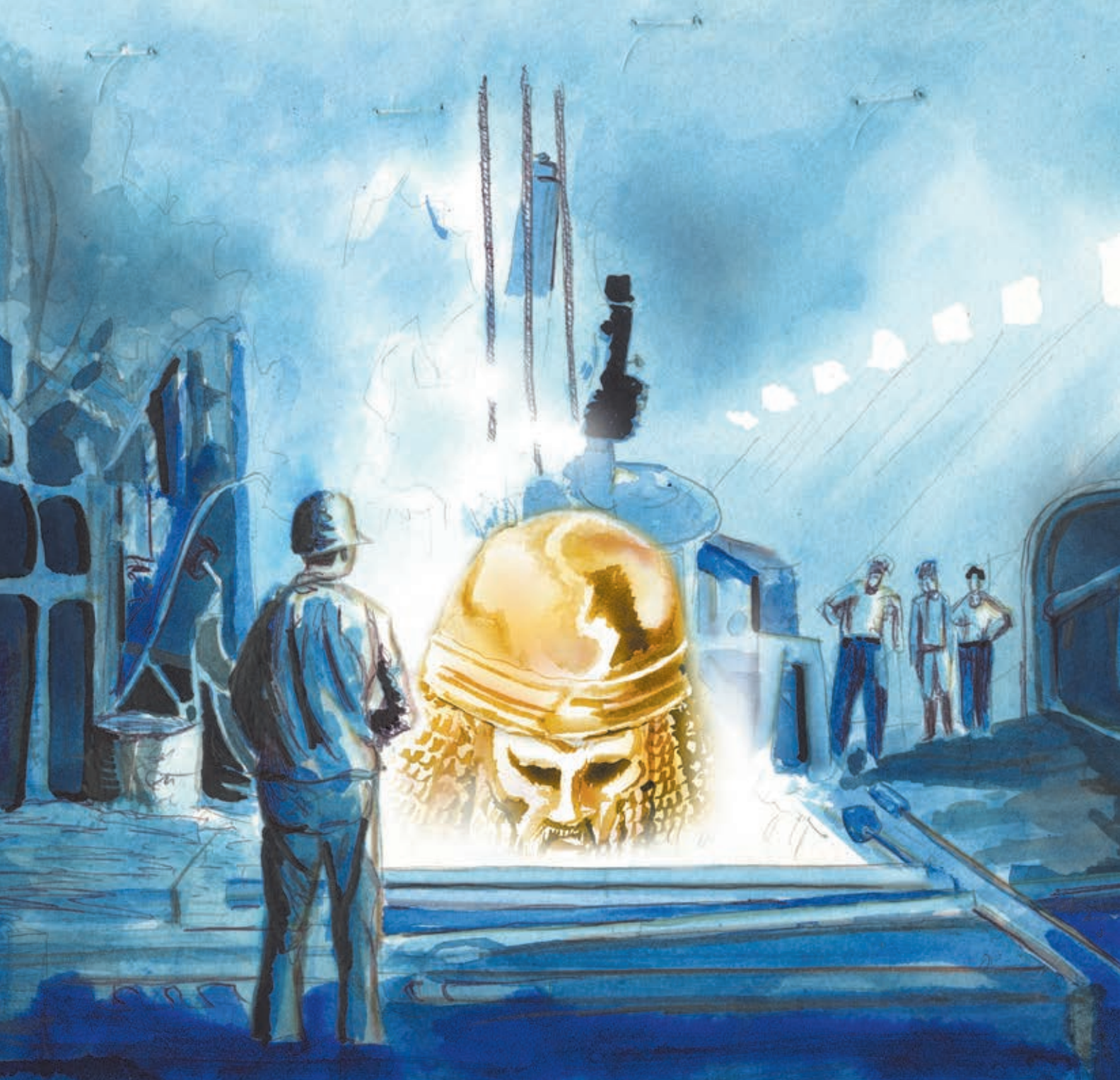
He spent three days and three nights in death, and that was enough to pay for the sin of us all. The pain He went through was

enough. Even in death there was not one bit of distrust or resistance to His Father's will for Him. That's why the full anguish of death was able to reach the very core of His being in such a short time. It more than equaled the suffering which the hard-hearted will resist eternally as they continue to reason away their guilty consciences.

When He had done all He was sent to do, His Father raised Him from the dead. Because of His innocence it was impossible for death to hold Him. In His death He purchased the earth and all its inhabitants. In His resurrection He became King to all who would follow Him. His name — Yahshua — means He is mighty and powerful to save. That same power that raised Him from the dead enables His disciples to love one another the same way He loved us. It actually breaks down the barriers that alienate human beings from one another. It produces a life of love and unity — the evidence that God loves mankind and sacrificed His Son to set us free.*

He is our Liberator. Anyone who is willing to do His will can come to Him and be set free from death. God, in His great mercy and loving kindness towards man, provided a way that even the unjust and filthy could find forgiveness and change their eternal destiny. ☉

**Yahshua is the Hebrew name of the Son of God. The footnote to Matthew 1:21 in the New International Version of the New Testament reads: Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua. In Hebrew, as in old English, there is no "J" sound, so the name is more accurately rendered Yahshua.*



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