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Rome Protects Criminals

Roman Catholic priests are threatened with excommunication and lifelong penance if they dare to tell police of a serious crime, identifying the criminal who confesses.

Yet, there is an absurdity! If the same confession is made OUTSIDE the confessional box, the priest is allowed to tell police. But, if the very same confession is made INSIDE the box, the priest cannot tell the police! This is farcical. It is also how thousands of Romish priests got away with child abuse, and how priests got away with IRA terroristic acts during the Northern Irish troubles in the 1970s and later.

The confession box is not biblical. Nor is confessing to a priest. Nor is the very job of priest. Nor is the Catholic 'church'! It is all lies built upon lies. The Roman church is a fake, yet many countries allow its priests to remain silent about very serious crimes, when anyone else, including Protestant pastors, have no such privilege.

Thus, Rome is in the business of giving support to serious offenders, even in cases of abuse and murder. Priests who will not tell police what they know are morally and ethically wrong, committing sin by letting evil men and women go free, often to commit even more wicked acts. No false religion deserves respect. Remember that!

What We do

For those unaware of how we work this ministry... when it began I was working as a school-teacher and college lecturer (though I began Bible teaching and preaching about twenty years earlier). During every spare moment I worked on the ministry, which was very labour intensive because computers were not then available for the task. I had to type articles on paper. I also cut and pasted illustrations, or drew them myself.

The articles were then taken by James to a secretary in the University where he worked. She typed them up on an office machine and returned them, Then, I again cut and pasted so that the

illustrations were married to the text, and copies were printed using an office quality photocopier. After that, I had to collate and staple the copies, sort them into piles, put them into envelopes, label the envelopes and post them. For this reason we only produced materials quarterly. Of course, I first had to research and write the articles.

When the pack (illustrated newspaper plus several separate articles) had been sent out by post, I began on the next round of articles and illustrations! So, I worked at my 'day job' and then on the ministry work when I got home. In total I did an average of 100 hours a week, not counting the Sunday studies; plus my 'day job'.

When I finally had a computer, early 1990's, it speeded up writing of articles, though research by internet was still at that time (mid 1990's) very primitive. I no longer provided illustrations, because I could not afford the software (which was also primitive anyway) and I was too busy researching and writing.

This is where James took on the role of webmaster and facilitator (circa 1999), someone I cannot do without; his role is essential to my own, because without his expertise I cannot function in a computer/web-based ministry. And he still fulfils this role today.

In 1996 I re-entered nursing as a manager of a large nursing home, working 40 hours a week, and often up to about 78 hours, when I had to work overtime, which was usual. Each day consisted of a thirteen hour shift. Because of the nature of looking after a lot of ill people I was constantly on my feet, being called to check or treat them when staff called for me. My last employment covered three floors and over 100 patients.

My wife and I left home at 6.30am and returned home at about nine pm, because of travel time and my handing over to night staff and giving reports. Before leaving home I worked for at least an hour on ministry work. When we arrived home, I then worked until gone midnight, every day.

On days off (rare) I worked full time on the ministry, usually about 18 hours. This was at the height of the charismatic 'Toronto Blessing' falsity, when I was also in touch with over ten thousand Christians displaced by charismatic leaders.

When I was sacked in 2005 (for my views on homosexuality), I worked full time at the ministry, and still do, though Diane's illnesses have reduced this lately. Interestingly, when we did all the work by hand and sent out by post, we had regular gifts to help finance the work.

But, since going internet, when folks can just read and copy at will, such gifts reduced to just two a month. Yes, just two small offerings, for which we are grateful. Yet, the number of readers (visitors) each week is into the thousands!

This is like opening a ten storey department store and only having two customers... the costs and effort of remaining open are still the same! God has given us strength to carry on, but with almost no income we have to finance the expenses ourselves. The PO Box alone costs me over £300 a year, and I know James pays for several items (hosting, domain names, software, etc), too. For myself this comes out of a state pension.

Our ministry is hard-nosed and strives to present God's truth, and this is probably why we receive no finances! (Truth is hard to take). Even so, we are not concerned to make people feel better or to publish only 'nice stuff'.

As some tell us, the ministry is vital and different. Also, but not documented in our work, people are saved through this ministry. One person, an Indian fisherman in a small sail boat, even sent a message to our website via his cell 'phone, to tell us how he was thus affected, while fishing for his family's food in the middle of the Indian Ocean!

We now have about 2000 articles (including Bible studies), and though James works as fast as he can, only about half are presently on the website. The rest are found on a list I maintain for myself (ask if you want an up-to-date list). It is an intriguing situation.

Figs – with Wasps

Did you know that figs we eat come complete with wasps? A female wasp with eggs crawls into a fig where the stalk is, and with immense effort pulls itself into the fig. As she does so, the wings are ripped off because she literally borrows into the very young hard fruit, into a hole made by its own body.

When she starts to burrow into the fig, the effort bursts her abdomen and the egg pops out onto the exterior. Because of this, and the loss of her wings, the wasp then dies.

Sounds disgusting – but remember that honey is bee-spit! This weird action is what makes the fig ripen, for the wasp pollinates what is, to that point, a female fruit, so that it grows as male! What about the wasp inside the fruit? Well, enzymes in the fig dissolve and assimilate the wasp until its body disappears. By the time the fig is ripe the wasp is completely gone. Yuk? But, what about honey – it is just the spit of bees!!

If the wasp did not do this, the fig would remain female, and would not ripen. What this shows me is the amazing design of figs and wasps, provided by God.

Weird!

The very first Baptist chapel was built in a place called Gower, in a serene valley in the country, surrounded by tall trees. Last time I saw it, it still had a back wall and a low stone wall on the other three sides, with fallen stones around it. I went there yesterday to find it gone. Or, rather, overgrown by grass under a mound. And the plaque referring to it has been removed. No trace!

Opposite is a long barrow, used BC by people who lived in the area. Last time I saw it, it was a mound covered in grass, with a small opening for intrepid people to crawl in. Now, it is manicured, with fresh walls I never saw before, and the top has been removed – no grass just fresh air. The opposite of the Baptist chapel! Why do this??

Yet, in Istria Croatia, in a town called Poreč, is a perfectly preserved church Euphrasian Basilica, the first one to be built in Europe. Is it preserved because it is Catholic?? It has that air of calm and age (I have seen it several times) and is obviously rickety. But, it has been left to history.

It seems UK authorities just have to mess about and change historical places! The cleaned-up version of the long barrow is not the same as when it was left alone. The Baptist church is no longer visible. Our city Swansea used to look interesting, with old buildings. It is now a lousy

symbol of everything 1950s, of no interest whatever... which is why shoppers go to Cardiff, the capital, and tourists have nothing much to look at.

Change for change' sake is never a sound idea, whether it is buildings, towns, or spiritual things!

An Amusing Piece of Reformation History...

Nothing was dull about the period in which the reformation took place. Take the following account of zealous new Protestants in Riga (the capitol of what is now Latvia)...

"They could act out their sense of personal liberation from a deception. In March 1524 the younger members of a confraternity destroyed only the altar... which their own organisation had previously endowed, and left the other images in the church, for the moment intact. (A year later) Riga also witnessed the grim humour of iconoclasts as they humiliated objects formerly credited with power. A much-venerated statue of the Virgin Mary in the cathedral was denounced as a witch, uprooted, and ducked in the river Dvina: since the wooden object floated, the evangelical revellers pronounced it guilty and burned it at Kubsberg."

A lot of Protestants would love to do the same thing today! But, they don't seem to realise what Paul told the Corinthians, that an idol is nothing, it has no power.

God's Word Vindicated Again!



Photo: Temple Mount Sifting Project

These decorated tiles, unique in the time of Herod the Great and using amazing skills of artisans, formed the courtyard floors of the Second Temple. The incredible facts are that they have been uncovered in a continuous archaeological dig in Jerusalem... and, more importantly, are directly under the Dome of the Rock! This is vital information, because even UNESCO has been sucked in by Islamic claims that the Dome belongs ONLY to Muslims! These tiles prove once and for all that the whole of Jerusalem and the Dome in particular belong to the Jews, as God's word amply testifies.

Muslims have continuously tried to damage the site many times with unauthorised building work, but the project has worked tirelessly to prove that the Dome belongs to Israel. For more information read my iPatriot column about the find. It will drive Islamists crazy, but facts are facts. The Director of the project is my kind of man, for, as he says, he is not presenting 'proofs' of the Temple, because the evidences speak for themselves; the facts are so tightly interwoven that no academic worth the name can deny what these tiles mean – that the site they claim as their own does not belong to them.

With this latest huge strand of information, Jews are building a case for their side of the story. Add to this that many descendants have been found who are in the line of king David – some of them direct family – and Islamists are being forced to shut their mouths, which always lie. (For more info on the actual descendants of David, see relevant article on the iPatriot site). It is getting harder and harder for Islamists to continue their pathetic fabrications! They don't belong in Jerusalem, and it might soon be that these historical and archaeological finds will force a confrontation. Meanwhile, don't be surprised if Muslims try to blow up the whole site rather than hand over the Dome to the Jews.

A Little Truth...

“But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.” (2 Samuel 12:23)

If you read this in context, look at 2 Samuel 12:18-23. What do you think it means? The majority think it means the baby went to Heaven. From this they assume that all babies go to Heaven. This is NOT what the text is telling us.

David is simply saying that just as the baby died, so will he. Thus, David is acknowledging that when he dies he will go the same way as the baby – to the grave. It is wrong, then, to extend this text so that it becomes a doctrine. Another example of misreading a text and coming up with the wrong conclusions! Read carefully.

How Things Can Change

On Thursday we had one of the few sunny days in summer, so Diane (my wife) and I went to a small seaside town nearby named Porthcawl, accompanied by my sister, Sharon, and her hubby, James. As a precaution we took a wheelchair with us, in case Diane got too tired. James kindly wheeled it empty alongside us.

But, Diane is independent and would not think of using it, even in her sad confusion. The stroll up the single shopping street went well (though I was stung on the neck by a wasp!) and we returned to the seafront and had lunch.

We went back to the car park and that was when things had changed. Diane (due to her dementia) was unable to lift her foot high enough to get it into the car. This was an impossible situation – if she couldn't get in we would be literally stuck. In the end, though I hated doing it, I had to push her into the seat, which caused her to cry out in alarm. We got back home, but I had to go shopping for food. Diane got out of the car okay, but again could not get back in. This happened a few days beforehand, too.

Thus, what we have is a worrying new problem, for if she can't get into the car we will be stuck indoors for the foreseeable future. I had a narrow patio started outside the kitchen (between our house and next door's wall), but the builder who started it never came back. He was to have put a step outside the kitchen door to help Diane get out into the sun. So, his negligence means Diane missed out on the whole summer sun, short periods though that was. Diane can't walk very far without becoming very tired, and her legs will give way if too tired. So, this is a big change.

She can just make it up and down the stairs to bed, but if this function is also stopped we have a greater problem. The same builder was supposed to have completed work upstairs, but he has left me with a mess for months and dust is everywhere. That means I will take even longer to finish all the work, so that I can start redecorating – vital if we are forced to move to a bungalow... though the cost of a bungalow is presently beyond the price we'd get for the house!

The missing builder, then, has lost me valuable time – eight months in total, and I will have to pay all over again for another builder to complete the work. HIS change has caused big changes and stress in OUR lives!

I have no doubt God is looking after us and is in the situation, but it shows that just one change can affect an entire life. And for the Christian, he can expect changes of all kinds, because the life of faith is affected from all sides. As I try to start clearing up before decorating, I hope God will give me strength – I have had minor chest pains for a few months, so I need power from God to do the smallest of things, to overcome the attendant tiredness.

To put it bluntly I MUST be given this by God, because I have to look after Diane. It would terrify me if I was not in the picture and she was left without me... that would be a change too far. Even so, I must stay firm and look to the Lord, through all and any changes. Prayers from friends would be appreciated, if prompted to pray for us! Meanwhile we continue to gain many readers, in the hundreds and thousands. We pray God will use us to make a difference in their lives. (As we work so we look on with dismay as fellow believers think so lightly of God's word).

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