

CHAPTER I

THE DARK OUTLINES OF HISTORY

As I begin to write, I pray that my memory will not fail me in penning what I told Phillip at the mountain cabin last year. I recall that morning when Phillip and I, my youngest son, bade farewell to Ruth, the woman united to me before God on June 17, 1972. When Phillip walked through the door that March day in 2016 AD, the warm, diffuse sunlight poured through the kitchen window like golden, liquid smoke. We all wore homemade garments of brown wool to honor Mary's Brown Scapular of Mount Carmel. Phillip was twenty-five years old. The great peace had then lasted thirteen years.

"John David, the fence needs mending. And the horses could use new shoes. Your other eleven children and their families are coming for Easter Mass in two weeks -- and you've been talking to Phillip for hours. Isn't it time you did --"

"What time is it?"

"It's ..."

"We often disagree on what time it is, Ruth. That depends on the opportunities and the duties to choose from. It's going to rain. My guess is we've got a week of it down here in the valley. That's my invitation from the Lord to talk to Phillip about the past he was too young to understand. He's been asking me for years now."

"But ..."

"Woman, let me lead. It is help, not hindrance that I need from you."

"Then why don't you go to the cabin. I can't stand to see two men doing nothing!"

"We are not doing nothing, *Martha!* A man must understand many things that a woman does not need to be so directly concerned with. Phillip is of age. He must understand the past in order to prepare for the future. God help him. Saddle two horses, Phillip. I'll be gathering the food and reading materials we will need."

"Yes, Father."

"We'll mend that fence on the way, Sweetheart. John's boys will cross the valley if you need help. Just ring their "number" on the big dinner bell ..."

"Sometimes I can't remember the right number."

"It's written down ..."

"I'm losing my memory. And now you're leaving me because I suggested you get to work."

"I'm not faulting you for that, Ruth. But I know my own time, just as you know yours. And I'm not *leaving* you."

"Potatoes, dried beans, beef?"

"Yes. Mint tea and flour, too."

"And what time is this for me, David?"

"To you it is a time to prepare for my life's departure. In a year I will be seventy years old. Not a man's springtime."

"But you still work all day."

"But how slowly I now sow seed, plow a furrow and mow the wheat? I don't know how a man knows so many things, like the time of his passing away. God speaks to us, Ruth. Then we speak to you women.

"I'm giving you the biggest saddlebag."

"I don't have to understand the how and why of all God tells me in order to believe it all. Do the same for me. I'm just His messenger for you. I don't ask you to obey or believe on my arbitrary authority, but because of your faith that God guides me in truth and goodness."

"I know. I've got that figured out by now. ... So how will I do without you when you leave this world?"

"I will always be with you in spirit, Ruth, and with all the children and their children, until the end of time. I have decided to take the option of St. Theresa and others. Taking my rest in Heaven only after the end of time. For I wish to fight as a Heavenly warrior beside the people God has given me and will give me until all have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb."

"That's easy to say, David, but what does it mean to say you will *be with us*?"

"Don't cry, Sweetheart." I remember putting my arm around her shoulders gently. "It means I will whisper in your mind's ear, like this: *I love you*. And you will choose to believe in the words as mine or not, just like all of us must choose now when the Lord God in Heaven above speaks to us through His angels or our conscience or another person, to believe that they are His words or not."

"How will I *know* it's you, John David?"

"If you really know someone, will you not recognize them by their words alone, that is, in what they are saying to you -- even if those words are not audible but only in your mind? Didn't Jesus say, Mine know me and they hear my voice. Each spirit is as individual as a signature, and the words it speaks are the letters of that signature. And each spirit that is holy speaks of and for God. That is how God speaks to us. So, I will be like your own personal telephone."

"And who will do this work. We have so many acres, and the mine and ..."

"Phillip will inherit this ranch. Timothy's oldest son will soon run their own ranch and relieve our Phillip of his job there."

"Can't you give this place to Phillip now, and let us go away ... somewhere?"

"The work of this place Phillip will have soon enough. I will not give up the rule until I die, as man is commanded in Scripture. For us, there is no place to

go, my Dearest... but to God. Let us labor generously till that day; for our reward will far exceed our efforts, or any rest we can find here."

"Can you imagine me doing anything else but labor?"

"No," I smiled at her, love pouring from my heart, "and very generously, too. This talking with Phillip; it is part of my labor. Kiss me goodbye. I won't leave without it."

"Maybe you won't be leaving then," she said, wiping the tears with the back of her hand as she laid her head against my shoulder.

We rode for two hours that morning before stopping to mend the fence near the crossing of Emerald Creek. Then we led our mounts up a narrow trail to the top of the second rimrock 500 feet above the valley floor. From the top we looked down upon the rugged gray limestone rimrocks across the valley, slopes of pine, with groves of pale green aspen in the draws, their leaves rustling and shimmering, and a winding silver stream on the valley floor, carpeted by tall, green meadow-grass... I had loved this country all my life. I had fought for it -- for every square foot of ground it seemed. We all did, those few of us now left.

We walked into the cabin, solid but weathered like an old boot left outside. At 8000 feet it rested on a ridge 100 feet above timberline, and on that early spring afternoon only 200 feet below the receding snows of Victory Peak and neighboring Castle Mountain.

I said to Phillip as we dismounted under a cloudless blue sky, "I'll meet you at the fireside for supper in an hour, Son. I need to walk the saddlebow out of these brittle old legs and gather my thoughts for the story. I must pray too. Pray also for me. Only by God's help can I bring it all into focus."

I led our two Pintos over a lichen-speckled ledge of gray sandstone, down to a slope of tender spring grass dotted with tiny white periwinkles and mountain bluebells. I left them near their three-sided shelter at the ice rimmed stock pond, which was fed by each day's snowmelt. When they recognized their shepherding summerhouse by the breeze-rippled water, they were off and running, tossing their heads and kicking like the wild stallions they once were.

I sauntered through a small stand of dwarf evergreen trees to a familiar massive, rose quartz boulder. A luxurious sunset illuminated the horizon, with a layer of pale red below blue-green palisades of light fading into the starless, cobalt dome above.

From a seat as finely wrought, it seemed to me, as any throne, I looked upon the country to the northwest. There battles had been fought. Souls had been won and lost, a Nation and a Church saved from the enemies of God and man.

I prayed to God for the time and strength and patience to do this work with Phillip; for He is the Author of all time. And for an hour I pondered the vast scope of the epic story I intended to relate.

Phillip waited for me in the twilight, sitting on the sandstone ledge, a yellow fire-glow emanating from the cabin door behind him. We ate from hand beaten metal bowls, in silence,

sitting on two robes spread before the fire, one of buffalo and one of bear. After we finished eating, I slowly began.

"When you were seven, Phillip, even those the Communists called their "useful idiots" were beginning to see the handwriting on the wall of our world. Our President turned out to be as much a traitorous villain as Hitler or Stalin. But, in that day, a smiling tyrant seemed to some, if not most, a good, necessary or at least unavoidable evil. But no one man or handful of them defined the events of our day. No, this definition is in the power of the minds and hearts of the people, and it depends on the truth or the lies which they choose to believe and live out. Without an understanding of American society and how it arrived at such a state by the 1990's, you cannot understand the inevitability -- if the human race was to survive -- of what we now call the Second American Revolutionary War.

And so, Phillip, my young disciple and father of the time to come, you must bear with my long historical digressions and philosophical discourses; for without a *deep* understanding, you will be a small, rudderless boat tossed about on the giant waves to come over this world again -- the awesome events still to come before the Third Advent of Christ and the end of time and the Universe.

If what I am to tell you could have been read in those days preceding Jesus' Second Coming, the world ..." I stopped ... almost crushed by dejection at the rest of the sentence, ..."the world at large *still* wouldn't have believed!! But a few would have believed and joined the remnant awaiting His coming in truth and sincerity of heart and spirit. Plenty of past prophets, plenty of fine historical, political, and religious analyses, both detailed and general had preceded the final days. But the great majority chose to believe semi-transparent lies instead. Prophets, whether divinely inspired or humanly inspired, only help us come to know what we could know already from a study of the past.

In those days ignorance was king. And what is the root word of ignorance?"

"To ignore, Father. You have said that many times."

"Alas, many times was never enough for mankind. The sickness, Phillip, was a kind of idolatry. Everywhere were these so-called men of faith. They did not adhere to or obey the Church or objective truth or any reasonable tradition. No, they made up their own truth. They were believers all right!

"Made their own truth. That is hard to imagine, Father."

"Now, yes, it is. But in those times these egotists swarmed the earth. And their creeds were so diverse. Some worshipped the devil, some their own version of Christ and the Holy Spirit, some power, some the opinion of the majority, some TV personalities, even sports' commentators, and some their own fancy and pleasure. They were little gods, creators of their own spanking new universe.

Some claimed inspiration from God or from preternatural, psychic powers. Mere assertions of

opinion were instantly "validated" by mere assertion and put on a par with the most studious, well-founded doctrines of the ages. They were neither bound by philosophical truths, not even by logic itself, nor by the truths of any science, much less those truths revealed by God. No fact was honored, no history, no man, not Christ, His Church, the common knowledge of humanity or the common law of human history. To fashion their philosophies, certain truths were selectively used as authoritative, while a host of other truths were completely disregarded. We are talking about the most anti-intellectual, the most dishonest, chaotic age the world had ever known. There were truths aplenty, but they lay strewn carelessly about, unassembled, like the parts of an engine lying on the garage floor before a drunken mechanic.

"Why did all need their own personal creed, Father?"

To slake the thirst of their subtle pride, which *pretended* to objectivity or humility; but secretly desired to believe what it wanted as real, -- so it could justify the actions that needed justification, for the sake of self-interest. One's creed in those days was just a tool for getting what one wanted. These faiths or creeds were just self-serving opinions with "certitude" tags attached by the owner's presumed right of assertion, which really meant "my opinion is right too, because I can have one."

"But, Father, how could *they* themselves believe with certainty their mere opinions."

"They didn't know where one began and the other ended, just as the ignorant miner doesn't know fools' gold from the real thing. And, they lied to themselves, Phillip, without admitting it. And then they believed their own lies, to make a double lie, a double negative. And they compounded lie upon lie. They believed that authority came from within themselves. *They* validated what they said God had said. 'Everyone had a right to their own opinion.' This meant everyone had a right to believe with "certainty", that is to "know", but without sufficient proof or even logical probability or evidence. They had no concept of demonstrative knowledge -- logically proven, scientific knowledge. What they wanted, determined what they believed, Phillip. It was that simple. It was the triumph of misguided will over objectively informed reason. To serve their own conceits, they were willing to recreate the universe.

"This would lead to total confusion and non-cooperation, Father."

Of course. But to see that, they would have to admit what I just described as their way of dealing the cards. Some were bold enough, the Satanists and other cultists, to openly believe in self-proclaimed human deity, but the majority only presumed this implicitly by their belief in error. Do you understand that?

"Yes. But how many believed in the whole truth, Father, and how many had this sickness."

"Very few listened to the Word of God wholly, without picking and choosing what they wished to keep or reject. These "few" had *Divine Faith*. The others, even though they were

"sure of themselves," were totally skeptical about anyone (but themselves perhaps) being able to know the objective truth with certitude."

"But that seems to contradict what you just said about believing with certitude in their creeds."

"Not really. They claimed private truth, -- as if truth can be private and exclusive of other truth -- even to the point of making themselves a church. This is what Protestant Fundamentalism led to. But all these rejected Catholic Truth, that is, truth *universally* applicable and therefore binding upon all human minds. They rejected *objective* truth, but embraced a wrong notion of Truth as their subjective toy.

"So they contradicted the very notion of truth in their definition of it."

Well put, Phillip. This was the great age of heresy and apostasy, Son. Pluralism and indifferentism reigned supreme. Any belief, no matter how foul, was given credit, *except* the belief that *all* people were capable of and responsible for knowing the *one* truth and that they were *bound* to obey it. And among the few that believed in *this doctrine*, only a very few of them actually believed *the One Truth*. It was a great crisis in authority; for true and certain knowledge is the basis of all authority *and* all truly moral, voluntary human acts. Inevitably the question arose as to who the Author of reality and truth was. This flacid agnosticism finally led to atheism, because it is a form of practical or implicit atheism to even question whether the author of reality is the Almighty God who made us.

"Would you say, Father, that mankind determined to put God out of its mind and go it alone?"

Exactly! It was that spirit of non-dependence.

"Did they hate God, then?"

Intentionally? Not most of the people, Son. But if you think God is someone other than He is ... do you love Him? No. Because love depends on *truly knowing* the object of love. Not knowing God, who is in all ways ever present, is turning one's back on Him, ignoring Him. Such profound ignorance is an implicit rejection of God, a kind of hatred by culpable neglect. Because if we desire to know Him, He *will* reveal Himself to us. But without realizing it fully, people put themselves before God and in God's way, thus implicitly making themselves a "god" in *His* place. Some people called this the religion of Humanism. But Humanism was a defined creed, whereas this universal sickness I called *self love* ran like a ribbon through many creeds, even the creed that professed that one had no creed, no firm set of beliefs. Such agnosticism was

probably seen as the safest road by many, because it required no defense, no commitments, and one's direction or loyalty could be changed in a heartbeat.

"It all would have been so frightening, so dark. How could people live like that?"

"As this evil deepened and fed its own hellfire, Son, more and more people, even the

young, took their own lives. The inversion of values, the loss of meaningful, sustaining values was so great that mothers, by the millions, murdered their unborn children."

"No!! Father!!!"

"All over the world they did this, some boldly and arrogantly boasting of it in front of their Creator and all men. I can see, my son, you are deeply hurt. It is good that you are sensitive to evil. I have avoided this day as long as seemed prudent. But soon I will leave this earth, and you and your progeny will come into the time of all times -- the time of Anti-Christ coming *in person* to rule the earth.

"Do not believe you are too good to experience evil, Son, or that a good God could never permit such evils. The error that God's mercy would not allow evil as a corrective drove many to hate God or "put Him away", as you said, reducing Him to a merely useful *concept* for mankind.

"By what error, Father, will the remnant that is now left on earth again re-invite Satan upon the earth?"

This is the question you must answer in time, Phillip. I want you to look through the telescope of the past with me, in order to develop this power of envisioning what is coming.

"God is so good to us, Father. It is hard to imagine Him allowing such evils."

I know, Son. But remember, you have not witnessed the former wickedness of man as an adult. God ordains that the evil of suffering be a natural consequence of moral evil, in order to correct the sinner, who would otherwise be led to eternal separation from Him without the benefit of that evil consequence warning him in a concrete way. So, on God's part, chastisement is a saving act of love for those who will be brought to their knees, repenting of evil and yearning for the good it has obscured.

"But why does He allow sin to begin with!?"

What He creates out of love, He does not annihilate. Our rational nature, the intelligence and free will that makes us like Him, would evaporate if He removed our freedom to do good *or* evil, because one or the other is the inevitable result of every informed free choice. If He did not permit evil, He would not permit us to be human; for the essence of our rational nature is to know good from evil, truth from falsehood and to freely choose. Not only that, our will always by nature chooses what appears to be good. And our reason naturally apprehends

truth. So, it is only when we choose perversely to go against our higher intellectual nature and be led by our sensuality or imagination that we sin.

Man tends to blame God for the evil that he brings about himself as a natural consequence of his voluntary irrational actions. In fact, I will confess, Son, I have often thought that if God did not allow man to sin and to suffer its evil consequences here on earth, man's presumption of his own goodness would totally corrupt him. His vanity would

absolutely blind him.

"Maybe this love of one's self became a stumbling block for Lucifer in the beginning, Father."

"Yes, perhaps, but also Adam and Eve; they had in the Garden perfect nobility of nature, happiness and peace, until they failed the test of humility. But our first parents and their sin was just another myth to dispense with for the people of my day, Son. Even God's creation of the world many rejected.

"Impossible, Father!"

"Oh, they had a likely story. It was called Evolution. Maybe this is a good place to begin, Phillip. You see, they worked very hard, Satan's agents, to destroy, in a largely Christian or at least God-fearing world, the notion of a Creator and of the Original Sin of Adam and its inherited evil effects in us. *Concupiscence* is this inherited tendency to sin, due to the rebellion of our lower powers of nature, the bodily senses and imagination against the higher faculties of the intellect, will and reason.

When Evolution was accepted, nothing was created by God, not even man; all just magically "evolved" from something that already existed, which magically evolved from ... ad infinitum. So the reality of God the Creator and our first parents were reduced to stories, while the real fiction was that man had slowly evolved from apes; he had no free will to sin, just instincts like animals, only they were highly refined instincts which had adapted to situations; so that there was an *appearance* of free will. The choices man *seemed* to make were actually determined by what appeared to be, in a certain situation, the most rewarding or least painful response, given that individual's past training, thinking and experience. But moral rules, intrinsic commandments did not exist. If men appeared to have such immutable principles internalized as Natural Law, it was due to their common response to the common problems of human existence. But these *responses*, which in this fairy tale seem to take the place of reason itself, were always open to adjustments. So, man was not *individually* responsible for his acts or his fate. He did the best he could with what experience had given to him. Collectively though, man could gather a broader consensus, a more complete picture. Therefore, *collectively*, man could influence his fellows, learn, educate and guide the community or State to build a better world. But he was helpless as an individual. Only an enlightened master race of "experts" or "ascended masters" could guide mankind to utopia *by influencing their collective*

responses. These enlightened ones had to be trained in ancient lore that had to be kept secret because the most ignorant among men hated it and called it diabolical. This devilish nonsense, Phillip, was passed on by secret societies through their pagan priests, ancient lore, or Grand Masters, all of whom were possessed by demons, fallen angels. In this way, Satan actually became the ruler of the world.

In Evolution things evolved *from one another!* Nothing had a *set* nature. All was in flux. Change was governed by random material events. Phillip, do you see how the stability of objective truth could be undermined?

"Father, if you first undermine the unchangeable nature of real things, of reality itself; then, what could truth be based on? You have often defined Truth according to St. Thomas as "that-which-is in the understanding." But if there is no "that-which-is," there can be no objective basis for truth, and no "understanding."

"Excellent, Son! And if that which is, is always in flux, always evolving, always becoming whatever chance dictates, is there a Creator who made distinct creatures or anything else of a fixed, designed nature?"

"No, Father. The only "creator", the only design would be random chance which is the opposite of design."

So, there is no use trying to figure out why we are the way we are or the essential nature of anything, because things don't have essential natures. Everything, every law is open to change upon the decision of someone fortunate enough to be more enlightened than us. Therefore, there is no order in the universe, no basis of certainty for everyone. Therefore, there is no truth, no moral imperatives, no natural laws, no basis for *any* science or knowledge.

"I have often heard you say, Father, that only if man can be confidently described as "*rational* animal," can a law for man be prescribed. And our Nation was constituted on this natural law, Father, as you have said. To teach otherwise would seem to be a traitorous act."

"It is. But people were conditioned to accept this error which undermined the founding principles of our nation as a right, guaranteed by freedom of speech under the Constitution. When the letter of the law of freedom becomes license, then one can say whatever they want, no matter how false or destructive. And the right to do wrong is the substance of arrogance and anarchy. Such legalism based on sophistry allows the destruction of the inner law that must live in the heart of the nation that can have true liberty, which remains within the bounds of truth and reason. These scribes, our legalistic enemies, took our laws and perverted them in order to create a lawlessness they were ready to take advantage of.

The intellectual corrosion of this evolutionary propaganda crept into the popular mind and undermined the basis of reason and all that is known through reason, everything from religion to science to good government.

"It sounds like the serpent that tempted Eve, Father. The serpent promised Eve, if she disobeyed and tasted of the Tree of Good and Evil, she would be like a god. So, if by the lie called Evolution, the Creator is dispensed with, who *will* decide, other than man, what is and what is not, and therefore, what is good and what is evil. And that arrogant decider takes the place of God, the real Creator and Lawgiver."

Good point, Phillip. If we look at Evolution carefully, each thing would have to be the

absolute, immediate source of its own existence and destiny, and of its own offspring. This proposes that Evolution replace God. So too, if God and what He created is not the foundation of truth and law, responsibility for the evolution of our mental world is ours alone; we are like God again.

"It would be like saying, Father, 'What is, is what we think -- new truth, born each moment by every man's conception of it.'"

"Our God calls Himself 'I Am Who Am' in Scripture, Phillip. As St. Thomas put it, *God's essence is existence itself*, so that all creatures are necessarily, *given* existence by Him. But Evolution, by implication, tries to make all things God, because it proposes existence aside from Him, in things themselves. The universe is, therefore, God. This is the error of pantheism.

Absurdity, once willingly accepted, blinds the mind, Phillip, because rationality itself is already implicitly rejected and annihilated. This is why all uncorrected error can and does lead to greater error and, finally, to total absurdity or insanity.

I saw Phillip settle down in his bearskin against the dying fire, a perplexed and troubled look stretching across his innocent features. And I recall the tears that rolled down my cheek as I saw what all this was doing to his peaceful soul. I rolled another log into the fire.

"What is it, Phillip? Put into words your difficulties with all this as we go along. I need your help in that way if you are to really understand and own as yours what I say. For I know what I understand, but I don't know all you need to hear to come to that understanding as well.

"Surely, Father, the world did not come to the violence it did because everyone was walking around with errors in their minds?"

"Yes, it did, Phillip. What man believes, he acts upon -- individually and collectively. If he believes lies, he will be led by liars, either malicious ones or just foolish ones. Acts based on lies destroyed the health of our national life.

The American nation built upon the concept of natural law was wholesome. But the socialism or statism that resulted from the error of rejecting the concept of a natural law written in the nature of all men crushed the concept of and the hope for a good order of society that can follow from responsible self-government. We became no longer men accountable *to God*, ourselves creating a State government to aid us in that accountability to God, with civil laws based on

God's Law and the natural law protecting our liberty as long as we obeyed it. When the people turned away from God by believing lies that led to sin -- just like Eve -- they forsook self-government and made themselves accountable to the law of the state of rebellion which they had created by their rebellion to God's Law. Now enters Satan's henchmen to run this State; for it has been given the power to dictate to the people, even as idols did in the past

through the people's sin and foolish beliefs, the agency of Satan. The State became the people's idol, their god, because it replaced the conscience they had abandoned.

"When the Roman Emperors demanded that Christians worship them -- was this the same, Father."

"Essentially yes, because the Emperor represented the State, and all worshipped the power and authority of the State as the 'supreme being' in the person of the emperor."

"Was America pagan in the end, then?"

"The secret State that was hiding in the shadows of our true State was pagan, along with those who gave it their first allegiance. All of us patriots were in a dilemma, Son; if we rebelled before necessary, we would have thrown the baby out with its dirty bathwater."

"What do you mean?"

"Our Nation and its Constitutional Government was the baby worth keeping, but in throwing out the corrupt officers of the state, and the bad laws they had intertwined with the good laws, we risked anarchy by destroying *all* government. There was even a Libertarian Party whose extremists advocated no government, practically speaking. Only if all men were as good as angels and the world was perfectly in order could such a state of non-governance work.

The agents of our evil "shadow government" prodded our private militia groups to rebel, just to create an excuse for imposing martial law to "protect" all of us from the "anarchy" of patriots rebelling against their anti-American tyranny.

"Now, Father, I need to tie my thoughts together. I am only beginning to comprehend how the error of Evolution was a part of what caused the tyranny in America and the world before the Great Chastisement. Can you summarize what you have said so far to make this connection?"

"Son, Evolution was a hoax paraded as science, with the aim of providing a substitute for God the Creator. But when God is removed from the first place in man's accountability, a vacuum exists. The devil takes this empty throne. He rules man by man's own sinful creations. Communism, or militant atheistic One-World Government, was such a creature. It enslaved mankind through the power of the forces of Hell, working behind the scenes through possessed human agents. This power of Hell was the same Serpent that tempted Eve. He was really present in the world. He had a universal church of Satan with a Supreme Grand Master, or "pope," and "bishops," or Grand Masters, each one set up as rulers over

territories in every nation. By the time the Great Warning came, these possessed people effectively ruled the whole world."

"Was it like before the Flood?"

"Worse! God told us it was much, much worse."

"Why didn't He allow man to build a kind of ark, like Noah?"

"He did. For the good, like Noe, there was an Ark. God aided and guided the Noes of all ages to build it. It was the Roman Catholic Church. But we had to enter it and stay in it, the Remnant, to escape the evil waters all around us upon which it floated. And we threw lifelines to all the people. Some reached out and took hold and were saved. But the majority rejected help. In their pride, their ambition to be the one to know and *not* be the student, they stopped their ears to Divine Truth. They believed, up to the end, that each person's own chosen beliefs would be the means of their own salvation.

"What a terrible, terrible obstinacy, Father!"

"Son, let's stop for now. I think you need to rest, as I do. We have, with broad strokes, outlined some major features of the story to follow. I will try later to connect the development of evolutionary thought and tyranny as we go along. There is a vital, lifegiving relationship between these two evils, one philosophical and moral and the other political, one in the realm of thought motivating and the other in the realm of action.

Phillip and I stepped out the back door and drew a dipper of cold spring water from the little cistern. Stars filled the sky like a brilliant dust, each grain of diamond-like purity. I remember looking at Phillip's smooth skin in the moonlight and faintly recalling his childhood, the pure blond hair and tottering steps, which did not slow his eager exploration of the world. There would be some pain in what he was to learn, but also a sense of shouldering the responsibility of knowing the unpleasant truth about mankind and evil. Yet, against this blackness was set all God's wonderful goodness, glory and mercy, like the jewels of a distant *KINGDOM* towards which we journeyed with the compass of *Faith*.

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