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Feature Article – In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash!

So what is the proportion of truth to lies in the forwarded emails we receive from friends every day? Even if we were all Scottish Scrooges taking an economics course under a Jewish professor at university and had our security settings on our computers screwed down so tight that not even a whisker of a mouse's flea could get through, well, the lies would often outnumber the truths in our inboxes!

A dear brother in Christ recently forwarded to me an email which described a university student who defeated an atheistic professor's arguments against his faith in God. At the very bottom of the email, we were told that the student's name was Albert Einstein.

So I replied as follows,

"Dear Bro. _____,

I'd love for it to be true.

From what I've read elsewhere about Einstein's beliefs, there seems to be quite a variety of statements he made about God. When I first went into the ministry in the 1960's I came across a quote by Einstein saying that there is rational evidence for the existence of God. At other times, he seemed to believe in a form of deism, and at other



times he openly denied the existence of a personal god. When I read the first quote I had hope that he at least recognised the existence of Jehovah God, but am less sure of that after reading the later quotes.

I read his biography recently and discovered that his morals did not at all agree with God's Law. The email you forwarded makes the claim that he defeated the atheistic professor by his astute arguments. That email has been making the rounds for about ten years. When it first surfaced it contained no one's name that would identify the victor of the mental jousting match. For the last few years it has been ascribed to Einstein. I recently saw the same story set in a primary school and it was a little girl who exposed the folly of her teacher's atheism.

Let's suppose that the email is totally accurate and that it was Einstein who won the argument. Even then we would be faced with the question, "Did Albert Einstein believe in Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour?" As far as I can tell from his biography, he never repented of his sins and he consistently rejected Christ and went to Hell.

So we are faced with a dilemma, 'Can we in good conscience send this email out to encourage others to have Einstein's faith, a faith which could not save him?' We should ask the questions, "What kind of faith did he have if the story were perfectly true? Was it a deistic faith that proposed only the possible existence of a god who had nothing to do with man and made no revelation of Himself? Or was it a theistic faith that admitted the existence of a personal God who revealed Himself to man, but made no provision of salvation through the death of His only begotten Son?" What kind of faith did Einstein have, if the story was true?

I wonder if we do lost people much harm by encouraging them to mimic a celebrated sinner's spurious faith rather than to believe the gospel which demands of us repentance from sin and requires a heartfelt faith in Jesus Christ's death, burial, and resurrection?

You and I believe that God's truth never requires the support of fallible men, whether it is you, me, or Albert Einstein. All of our testimonials combined add nothing to the credibility of God, or to the veracity of his words. He does not need our support and never asks for it. Can you imagine God inspiring a holy prophet to write down the Words of God accurately and then on the back of the scroll, God deciding He needed to print several testimonials from poor sinful men so that people would know that the prophecy is to be trusted? How foolish! His Word stands forever on His character alone.

We would never agree to such a travesty as to lean on the arm of flesh.

His word stands secure and firm on the perfect credibility and veracity of God. It is His nature which makes His Word worthy of our trust, not Einstein's recommendation.

One of the subtle snares of modern day evangelical Christianity is their dependence on the testimonials of sinful men instead of on God's character alone. He cannot lie. His word is truth (John 17:17). Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life (John 14:6). The Spirit is truth (I John 5:6).

Every other person and everything else is more or less suspect. Every book, every email forward. Every televangelist. Every Bible college professor, and every religious denomination. We are all bruised reeds and smoking flax.

You, me, Albert Einstein, and anybody else we ever meet or hear or read. We are all less than completely trustworthy.

When I discovered the verse that says, "Let God be true, and every man a liar..." my little balloon of boundless confidence in any man began to lose all the hot air it contained and now lies deflated, moth eaten, and covered with dust in the corner of my mind. I can probably never get rid of the concept that

man is to be trusted, but I am learning more and more that my worldview must be based on the truth, "In God we trust, all others pay cash."

I think one of the saddest indictments against the present anaemic form of Christianity in our churches is the tendency to believe man and doubt God.



Men's unwavering confidence in Billy Graham is a perfect example of this inverted mindset among evangelicals. The fact that he is the best known evangelist alive, that he attained worldwide notoriety, that his crusades were televised for years, that he claimed to have numberless converts, that he was never tainted with any moral or financial scandals, that he counts among his friends the last half a dozen popes, all these facts have made him a religious celebrity without compare. BUT none of his admirers love God's truth more than they love Billy Graham. They all slam shut the windows, doors, and shutters of the mind

whenever anyone graciously, lovingly mentions Billy's errors. His repeated statements that the blasphemous false gospel of Rome is the same gospel he preaches, and his honouring of apostates like Bishop James Pike, and his removing of Mormonism from his list of cults, and his close friendships with immoral, deceitful, and corrupt American presidents, none of these unpleasant truths ever shakes the faith of his followers. When Billy publicly stated three times that it is not necessary for a person to believe in Jesus Christ in order to be saved (all very clearly documented by church historians) his followers never even blinked or questioned him about it. They just smilingly stuck by him. This denial of Christ would make the common garden variety pastor a heretic of the worst stripe, but not Billy Graham. Why not? Because he has attained celebrity status, and is forever above reproach. It's like he has been elevated to the status of a god.

Does this mean he has NO credibility? No, it just means that he has limited credibility. So do you and so do I. I would like to ask Billy's admirers if they believe that Paul or Peter or John or James were infallible? In all likelihood they would say no, that they were just men. Then I would like to ask them, if the apostles were fallible, how they can believe in the infallibility of Billy Graham?

Incidentally, this "respect of persons" mindset is the very same process that is at work in Independent Baptist Churches all over the world. The IB heroes just now are men like Paul Chappell, Jack Hyles, Clarence Sexton, and Jack Schaap (oops, that won't work now, since he is in prison for immorality with a minor!). Jack Schaap attained for a brief moment in history the celebrity status that brought him the unqualified admiration (worship) he craved. The pastors listed above are in the process of proving that history DOES repeat itself.

Sooner or later, every man's fawning devotees discover that all idols have feet of clay.

We must move toward the viewpoint, **IN GOD WE TRUST, ALL OTHERS PAY CASH!**

Thank you for writing,

Bro. Buddy Smith"

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Deacon True Sez –

If you give the Devil a toehold, he'll turn it into a foothold, and then a stranglehold, and finally, a stronghold.

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Manna In The Wilderness –

In each issue of Heads Up we try to include a link to good sermons for those who have no access to the preaching of God's word where they live. Pastor Wilbert Unger (Bethel Baptist Church, 4212 Campbell St., London, Ontario, Canada) can be heard on their church's website:

<http://www.bethelbaptist.ca/sermons2012/>

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Is Rome The Mother of Harlots ? –

There is no questioning the innumerable evils of Roman Catholicism. Historians, theologians, philosophers, and journalists for centuries have pointed to the utter depravity of The Roman Catholic cult. Catholicism's "gospel of good works" and her celebration of the Mass blaspheme the finished work of Christ upon the cross. The Roman Catholic papacy denies the Headship of Christ over His churches. Her ecumenical desire to set up a one world religion with headquarters in Rome is an attack on the Great Commission and the place of the local church in God's plan.

The worldwide epidemic of immorality that is spreading across the world through her priests is competing with Hollywood and may actually be winning the shock effect war.



All this (and more) is true of Roman Catholicism. But we are hearing more and more good men preaching that Rome is the Mother of Harlots. The text quoted is Rev. 17:1- 5 *"And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great whore that sitteth upon many waters: With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication. So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness: and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication: And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH."*

No serious student of Scripture (and of history) could possibly miss seeing the similarity between the Mother of Harlot's wickedness and the evils of Roman Catholicism. Both have enormous influence over the nations, as is seen in the phrase, "The great whore that sitteth on many waters." Both are guilty of illicit and corrupt involvement with the political leaders of wicked nations, "With whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication." Both religious systems proudly display their wealth for the world to admire, "And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls." Both openly flaunt their drunken infatuation with their abominable persecution of the saints and martyrs, "And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus..."

So is the The Great Harlot the same as Roman Catholicism? Many commentators say yes, and there seems to be a strong consensus in favour of this viewpoint.

I see several problems with this interpretation.

1) The Seven Mountains Are Not The Seven Hills of Rome.

Most writers who believe Rome is the Mother of Harlots hold that verse 9 describes a geographical setting which matches Rome's location. It reads, "And here is the mind which hath wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." It is assumed that the verse speaks of the seven hills of Rome. Two simple facts bring this interpretation into question.

First, the verse itself teaches that the seven mountains and the seven heads of verses 3, 7, and 10 are seven kingdoms under the rule of the Beast, the Antichrist. Revelation 17:3, 7, 10 "So he carried me away in the spirit into the wilderness: and I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the angel said unto me, Wherefore didst thou marvel? I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carrieth her, which hath the seven heads and ten horns. And there are seven kings: five are fallen, and one is, and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh, he must continue a short space." If we compare verse 9 with these verses we see that the Harlot sits on, or has her seat on the seven kingdoms ruled by the Antichrist. The Mother of Harlots does not sit on seven literal hills in Italy.

Second, the words for "hills" and for "mountains" in the Received Text are two different words. The Mother of Harlots does not sit on seven hills in Rome. She sits on seven mountains, or kingdoms in the realm of the Beast. Luke is the only New Testament writer that uses both words (hills and mountains) in one verse, and he does it twice. Luke 3:5 "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways shall be made smooth;" Luke 23:30 "Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us." Strong's concordance shows the two words to be as distinct in meaning as are the English words for "hills" and "mountains."

Also, 2) Rome Is Not The Mother of Harlots, But Is One Of Her Daughters.

Just as we would never confuse Jezebel with Athaliah, her daughter, so we should never confuse Babylon with Rome. There are great similarities between Jezebel and Athaliah, and there are great likenesses between Babylon and Rome, but they are not identical. The most obvious difference is that Rome did not originate all the vile, immoral, and blasphemous religious systems of the world. I have dear friends who believe that Rome laid all the rotten eggs that hatched into Islam, JW's, SDA's, Christian Science, Mormonism, and a thousand more of the daughters of Babylon. But it simply is not true. Take Hinduism, for instance. We just returned from a missions trip to Nepal and saw firsthand the vile practices of Hinduism and Buddhism. Neither of these began out of Roman Catholicism. Hinduism is as old as Babylon, and almost as ancient as the Tower of Babel. It has Nimrod's fingerprints all over it. The city of Rome itself can only be traced back as far as 800 BC. Hinduism is about 1000 years older than Rome, and almost 2000 years older

than Roman Catholicism. It is a very foolish historical anachronism for anyone to say that Rome is the mother of Hinduism. Rome is not the Mother of Harlots. She is one of the daughters of the Harlot.

I believe that we do our people a disservice if we preach that Roman Catholicism is the Great Harlot of Rev. 17. Rome is one of her senior daughters and well schooled in all the evil practices of Babylon, but Babylon is still Babylon, not Rome. Babylon, Nimrod's pride and joy, is the ultimate Old Testament type of the corrupt, one-world religious system that is being cobbled together as we live, right now.

For more than forty centuries Nimrod's religious system has been spawning its evil daughters, every one of them bearing the likeness of their mother. Some of them withered away and died, only to be resurrected under new names. Others spring up every week, and more are on the way. In the western world, for almost twenty centuries, we have watched and wept while one of the worst of all her daughters accumulated her wealth, and slew the saints and martyrs, and became drunk on their blood. We shuddered to see how kings and princes cozied up to the vilest of all their paramours, the Roman Catholic Church. But Rome is not the Mother. She is just one of the worst of her daughters.

We hear almost nothing said about it from our pulpits any more, but there is a family reunion in progress. Babylon is calling all her daughters home. And they are coming, some swiftly, some slowly, but they are coming.

Hardly anyone knows their church history well enough to remember that, for millennia, Babylon's daughters were increasing in number and spreading all over the world. It appears now that her daughters are being gathered home. Over the past fifty years or so the Babylonish system has become more and more ecumenical. What was whispered at Rome's ecumenical councils a thousand years ago is now being shouted from the house tops. Mystery Babylon is calling all her daughters home. In fact they are all texting, twittering, and tweeting about their glad reunion. They are on their way home if Mama will have them.

All indications are that Mama is very happy about the progress of the reunion. And Papa is over the moon about it.

Buddy Smith

PS. "Il Papa" is the Italian name for the Roman Catholic Pope.

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Lottery Fever –

OCTOBER 31, 2012 (first published June 20, 2007) **David Cloud, Fundamental Baptist Information Service** P.O. Box 610368, Port Huron, MI 48061, 866-295-4143, fbns@wayoflife.org

In the book *Money for Nothing: One Man's Journey through the Dark Side of Lottery Millions*, Edward Ugle says the "broke or financially troubled lottery winners are the rule." This proves the

truth of the Bible, which warns, "Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished: but he that gathereth by labour shall increase" (Proverbs 13:11).

In fact, the consequences of winning the lottery are often more frightful than mere financial trouble.

EVELYN ADAMS, who won the New Jersey lottery in 1985 and 1986 for a total of \$5.4 million, gambled and gave away all her winnings and by 2001 was poor and living in a trailer.

TERESA BRUNNINGS, who won \$1.3 million in a lottery in 1985, says that she had a party then, but, "Of all the people who came, not one speaks to me now."

MICHAEL CARROLL, who won about \$17 million in a lottery in England in 2003, said he only had \$3 million left in early 2006. He told the press, "I regret ever winning the lottery. I've spent \$2 million on drugs and given \$7 million to friends and family."

KAREN COHEN, who won \$1 million in the Illinois state lottery in 1984, filed for bankruptcy in 2000 and in 2006 was sentenced to 22 months in jail for lying to federal bankruptcy court.

JEFFREY DAMPIER, who won \$20 million, was kidnapped and murdered by his own sister-in-law and he boyfriend who targeted him for money.

ED GILDEIN, who won \$8.8 million in the Texas lottery in 1993, gambled away most of the money and left his wife with a slew of debts when he died in 2003. In 2005 Ed's widow, Janice, was sued by her daughter who claimed that she was taking money from a trust fund and squandering cash in Las Vegas. The daughter lost the case and mother and daughter agreed to "divorce" themselves from one another.

NOREENE GORDON, who, with her husband James, won a \$52 million Florida lottery in 2000 says, "It's a nightmare." She told Tampa Bay Online that "people come out of the walls to take advantage of you every day of your life."

BILLIE BOB HARRELL, JR., who won \$37 million a Texas lottery in 1997, committed suicide less than two years later after his spending habits spiraled out of control and strained his marriage severely. Shortly before his death, Harrell confided to a financial adviser: "Winning the lottery is the worst thing that ever happened to me."

WILLIE HURT, who won \$3.1 million in Michigan in 1989, spent his fortune on divorce and crack cocaine and within two years was broke and charged with murder.

MICHAEL KLINGEBIEL, who won a \$2 million lottery, was sued in 1998 by his own mother, who said he failed to share the jackpot.

JANITE LEE, who won \$18 million in 1993 in Missouri, filed for bankruptcy just eight years later and had only \$700 left.

MACK METCALF, who won \$65 million in a Kentucky lottery in 2000, divorced his second wife, gave away half a million dollars to a former girlfriend when he was drunk, was sued by his first wife for unpaid child support, and died in 2003 at age 45 of alcoholism. Metcalf's second wife, Virginia, who shared his jackpot, bought a mansion, surrounded herself with stray cats, and died of a drug overdose the same year Mack died.

PAUL MCNABB, who was Maryland's first lottery millionaire, ended up driving a cab in Las Vegas.

SUZANNE MULLINS, who won \$4.2 million a Virginia lottery in 1993, could not pay her bills 11 years later and was sued unsuccessfully for nonpayment of a loan.

KENNETH AND CONNIE PARKER, who won \$25 million, divorced just months after "striking it rich."

After **WILLIAM POST** won \$16.2 million in a Pennsylvania lottery in 1988 his brother tried to hire a contract killer to hit him and his wife. When he declared bankruptcy in 1993 he said, "Everybody dreams of winning money, but nobody realizes the nightmares that come out of the woodwork, or the problems." When he died in 2006 he was living on his meager monthly Social Security check and The Washington Post headlined his obituary "The Unhappy Lottery Winner."

KEN PROXMIRE, who won \$1 million in a Michigan lottery, was bankrupt within five years.

CHARLES RIDDLE, who won \$1 million in Michigan in 1975, got divorced, faced several lawsuits, and was indicted for selling cocaine.

After **JUAN RODRIGUEZ** won \$149 million in a New York lottery, his wife of 17 years filed for divorce and took half of his winnings.

After **LEWIS SNIPES' WIFE** won \$31.5 million in 1988, her husband disagreed with her and her sisters over whether to accept the lump sum payout. The matter was litigated for four years and split the family apart.

THOMAS STRONG, who won \$3 million in a Texas lottery in 1993, died in a shoot-out with police in 2006.

SHEFIK TALLMADGE, who won \$6.7 million in the Arizona lottery in 1988, declared bankruptcy in 2005.

RHODA TOTH, who, together with her husband **ALEX**, won \$13 million in 1990, is in prison for income tax fraud. Within two years after hitting the lottery jackpot, the Toths were borrowing money to pay bills and were living in a trailer without electricity. In 2008, Alex died "hating life" and Rhoda pled guilty to filing false tax returns and was sentenced to two years in prison. She says, "The winning ticket ruined my life."

JACK WHITTAKER, who won \$314 million in a lottery in December 2002, has been sued for bouncing checks at a casino, was divorced by his wife, was ordered to undergo rehab because of drunken driving, was sued by the father of a teenager who was found dead in one of Whittaker's houses, and took to drink. And he had pampered his teenage granddaughter, Brandi Bragg, with four new cars and a \$2000 a week allowance, she died of a drug overdose. Whittaker's ex-wife, Jewell, said, "If I knew what was going to transpire, honestly, I would have torn the ticket up." In July 2009 Brandi's mother, Ginger, was found dead at age 42.

VICTORIA ZELL, who shared an \$11 million Powerball jackpot with her husband in 2001, was penniless by 2006 and serving seven years in a Minnesota prison, having been convicted in a drug- and alcohol-induced collision that killed someone.

ABRAHAM SHAKESPEARE, who received \$13 million from the Florida state lottery in 2006, spent the money in a little over two years and was murdered by someone who was probably one of his newfound “friends.” His relatives said that he was “miserable early on from his newfound fortune” (“Trust was costly for Shakespeare,” The Tampa Tribune, Feb. 4, 2010). In January 2007 he purchased a million-dollar home and then sold it for a loss of \$350,000 two years later to a woman who said that she wanted to write the story of his life. In January 2010 Shakespeare’s body was found buried under a slab of concrete on the property.

AMANDA CLAYTON won \$1 million in the Michigan Lottery in September 2011 when she was 24 years old. A year later she was dead of a drug overdose. Three months earlier she had pleaded no contest to fraud for continuing to receive welfare benefits in spite of her lottery windfall (“Michigan Lottery Winner,” Fox News, Sept. 30, 2012).. She was also scheduled to appear in court in regard to an altercation with her neighbors. Her former boyfriend said, “She went down the wrong path, she got the money, got the freedom and felt like she could do whatever she wanted.”

If the aforementioned people knew the Bible, they should have known better than to have gambled. The Bible exposes the lottery for the lie that it is. The lottery encourages covetousness, which the Bible condemns, and it mocks contentment, which that the Bible exalts. The deceitful message of the lottery is that wealth can solve your problems, but the Bible says, *“Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven”* (Proverbs 23:5). It is a poor testimony for a Christian to trust in “Lady Luck.”

“Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me” (Hebrews 13:5-6).

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Country Music, A Safe Alternative? –

By Jeff Royal (jeffroyal5@bellsouth.net)

Music is a very important part of most people’s lives, and a quick scan of the radio dial reveals what people are listening to. Rock /rap/pop music dominate the airwaves, therefore many Christians are turning to a new venue—“country music. ” Why are Christians turning to this musical venue? I will try to give some insight on “country music” in this report that may help shed light on this growing problem in the church today.

Country music has hit the big time. It “has become the most popular radio format in America, reaching 77.3 million adults--almost 40 percent of the adult population--every week. Since 1989, country record sales have nearly doubled from \$921



million to over \$1.758 billion" (<http://www.roughstock.com/history/garthnew.html>).

Garth Brooks continues to be comfortably the best-selling artist in the Nielsen SoundScan era with more than 68.5 million album sales; 5 million sales ahead of the Beatles.

For the second straight year, Lady Antebellum finishes the year as the biggest selling group of 2011 with more than 2.1 million album sales.

<http://www.marketwatch.com/story/the-nielsen-company-billboards-2011-music-industry-report-2012-01-05>

The late country superstar Conway Twitty was nicknamed the "High Priest of Country Music" by his peers. He had this to say about his beloved country music profession, "As a country artist, I'm not proud of a lot of the things in my field. There is no doubt in my mind that we are contributing to the moral decline in America" (Conway Twitty, People magazine, Sept. 3, 1979, p 82).

Consider country superstar Carrie Underwood. Her 2005 cd called "Some Hearts" had a huge hit called "Jesus Take the Wheel." Many thought Carrie was a contemporary Christian singer after the hit because it mentioned Jesus. But her claim to fame was her 2004 American Idol debut in which she ended up winning the contest for that year.

Carrie Underwood claims to be saved. She also claims to be a believer in Jesus Christ yet consider her thoughts on gay marriage. Something God forbids in no uncertain terms.

"As a married person myself, I don't know what it's like to be told I can't marry somebody I love, and want to marry," the singer told the outlet. "I can't imagine how that must feel. I definitely think we should all have the right to love, and love publicly, the people that we want to love."

Underwood also told the publication that she and her husband, pro-hockey player Mike Fisher, attend a "gay-friendly" non-denominational church. The songstress went on to say that God wants Christians to love others

<http://www.theblaze.com/stories/ready-singer-carrie-underwood-cites-her-christian-faith-in-gay-marriage-endorsement/>

But God's Word has something very different to say than does Carrie Underwood.

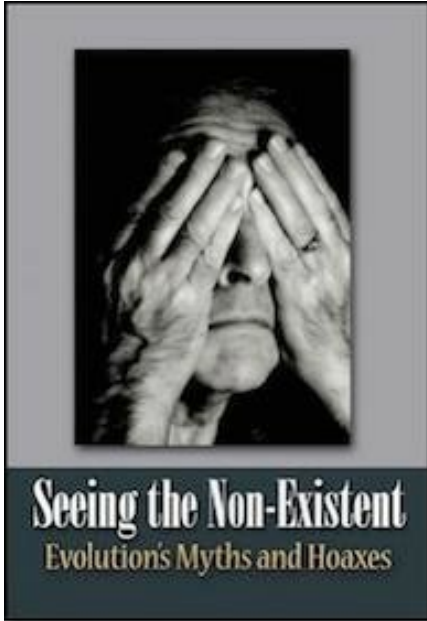
Romans 1:26-27 says, *"For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature: And likewise also the men, leaving the natural use of the woman, burned in their lust one toward another; men with men working that which is unseemly, and receiving in themselves that recompence of their error which was meet."*

[CLICK HERE TO READ THE FULL ARTICLE](#)

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Mark 7:6

"Well hath Esaias prophesied of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."



Nothing Batty About Bats!

The following is excerpted from [SEEING THE NON-EXISTENT: EVOLUTION'S MYTHS AND HOAXES](#). The contents are as follows: Canals on Mars, Charles Darwin and His Granddaddy, Thomas Huxley: Darwin's Bulldog, Ernst Haeckel: Darwin's German Apostle, Icons of Evolution, Icons of Creation, The Ape-men, Predictions, Questions for Evolutionists, Darwinian Gods, Darwin's Social Influence. The **ICONS OF EVOLUTION** that we refute include mutations, the fossil record, homology, the peppered moth, Darwin's finches, the fruit fly, vestigial organs, the horse series, the embryo chart, the Miller experiment, Archaeopteryx, bacterial resistance, the big bang, and billions of years. The **ICONS OF CREATION** that we examine include the monarch butterfly, the trilobite, the living cell, the human eye, the human brain, the human hand, blood clotting, the bird's flight feather, bird migration, bird song, harmony and symbiosis, sexual reproduction, living technology, the dragonfly, the bee, and the bat. The section on **APE-MEN** deals with Cro-Magnon, Neanderthal, Java Man, Piltdown

Man, Nebraska Man, Peking Man, Lucy, Ardi, Ida, among others. The section on **PREDICTIONS** considers 29 predictions made by Biblical creationism, such as the universe will behave according to established laws, the universe will be logical, and there will be a vast unbridgeable gulf between man and the animal kingdom. **DARWINIAN GODS** takes a look at inventions that evolutionists have devised to avoid divine Creation, such as panspermia and aliens, self-organization, and the multiverse. 608 pages. Print edition \$24.95, eBook edition (Kindle, PDF, ePUB) \$14.95 (available from the Way of Life online catalogue, www.wayoflife.org)

The bat is so amazing that even atheistic evolutionist Richard Dawkins admits that it has every sign of intelligent design:

These bats are like miniature spy planes, bristling with sophisticated instrumentation. Their brains are delicately tuned packages of miniaturized electronic wizardry, programmed with the elaborate software necessary to decode a world of echoes in real time. Their faces are often distorted into gargoyle shapes that appear hideous to us until we see them for what they are, exquisitely fashioned instruments for beaming ultrasound in desired directions (Dawkins, The Blind Watchmaker, p. 24).

Because of his willful spiritual blindness, Dawkins can write about sophisticated instrumentation, delicately tuned packages, elaborate software, and exquisitely fashioned instruments, and then turn around and claim that it was all evolved by blind forces of chance.

Adam Pitman remarks:

This sonar is a marvellous discriminator: in a bat-swarm, in cave or night air, a bat can know its own sound among thousands of mobile neighbours, detecting its own signals even if they are 2000 times fainter than background noises. It can 'see' prey, such as a fruit-fly, up to 100 feet away by echo location and catch four or five in a second. And this whole auditory system weighs a fraction of a gram! Ounce for ounce, watt for watt, it is millions of times more efficient and more sensitive than the radars and sonars contrived by man (Pitman, Adam and Evolution, p. 219).

The bat's rate of pulse changes. The brown bat pulses at about 10 per second as it is cruising, but this quickens when it detects an insect and begins to intercept it. The pulses can reach 200 per second. This

means that the bat's brain is capable of performing incredible amounts of mathematical calculations almost instantly.

Some bats have muscles that enable it to dampen its ear mechanism while it is transmitting its radar pulses. The muscles contract immediately before the bat emits each outgoing pulse, therefore switching the ears off so that they are not damaged by the loud pulse. Then they relax so that the ear returns to maximal sensitivity just in time for the returning echo. This send/receive switching system works only if split-second accuracy in timing is maintained. The bat called Tadarida is capable of alternately contracting and relaxing its switching muscles 50 times per second, keeping in perfect synchrony with the machine gun-like pulses of ultrasound (Dawkins, pp. 27, 28).

Many bats produce a sound that changes pitch. It is basically a high-pitched shriek that sweeps down about an octave. This technique is used in modern radar and is called "chirp radar". This gives the bat even more sophisticated ability to distinguish between returning echoes. Since its emissions begin at a higher pitch, its brain knows that if a returning echo is a higher pitch it is from a more distant object. When an echo from a distant object finally arrives back at the bat, it will be an 'older' echo than an echo that is simultaneously arriving back from a near object. It will therefore be of higher pitch. When the bat is faced with clashing echoes from several objects, it can apply the rule of thumb: higher pitch means farther away (Dawkins, p. 29).

Consider the amazing intelligence, though, that is required for a bat to apply such a rule of thumb.

The bat is found in the fossil record perfectly formed from the very beginning. The following quotes are from scientists who were interviewed for the book *Evolution: The Grand Experiment*(volume 1) by Dr. Carl Werner:

There's a ten-million-year period of early mammal evolution where you would guess that there'd be some sort of bat precursor, but once again, nothing. Bingo, they just show up (Dr. Gary Morgan, Assistant Curator of Paleontology, New Mexico Museum of Natural History and Science and a specialist in bat evolution).

We have no evidence for this evolution. The bats appear perfectly developed in the Eocene (Dr. Gunter Viehl, Curator of the Jura Museum in Eichstatt, Germany).



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Tick Tock –

by Joye Binstead

God has been speaking to me sternly about how I use my leisure time. I wanted to write something about time limits, and how the length of our days are numbered by God; how only He knows the number of them, and we are to use them wisely and carefully because we don't know when they will be over. Instead, I think I need to talk about how easy it is to think grand thoughts about time, and fritter it away in pieces here and there.

As believers, we know that the Lord is going to return to take us home to heaven (1 Thess. 4:13-18). We understand that it could be at any moment, morning, noon or night. We are told that He will come like a thief in the night, when He is not expected. The Lord Himself points out that the fields are ready for harvest, and the labourers few. We are even told that if we don't warn the wicked of their ways, and they die in their sin, their blood will be required at our hands (Ezek. 3:18). We are told to be prepared to give an answer to any man who asks the reason of the hope that is in us; we are to be studying to show ourselves approved to God – that we may be true workmen, unashamed because we are prepared (2 Tim 2:15).

We think of all this in an abstract kind of way – airy fairy, la la land, nothing to do with everyday life. We need to let these truths work their way deep into our souls, because they are truths. They are the kind of truths that are the foundation of how we live!

They're not pretend truths like 'Never stomp on those red and white fungi or you'll kill the fairies living under them' or 'If you watch too much television, you'll get square eyes'.

If we agree that the Lord is coming back, and we don't know when, then why aren't we living in a way that shows that we plan to be ready and living right when it happens? Why aren't we preparing ourselves for the opportunities that God sends us, when there is that perfect moment to speak up for Him? How is it that multitudes of people pass us by, and we look into their eyes but rarely think of their souls, or their eternal destinies?

Do we even feel the slightest tug of compassion for that rude sales assistant, or wonder if that road rager has any clue about where he will be heading after death? Our leisure moments are filled with self-gratification; we have begun to chant the world's mantra, 'It's all about me, it's all about me e e e.'

It is time to start thinking about pleasing the Lord, instead of myself. Now is the time to work on my relationship with God. Does God always have to send storms, so that I will finally try and draw close to Him? He wants me to pursue our relationship in good times, as well as bad. If we are going to be worth anything for God down here, now is the time to put in the effort. Once we are in Heaven, it will be too late to do our Christian duty, and you can be sure spirituality is not going to strike you suddenly, and make you an amazing Christian. We have become 'doers of the Word, and not hearers only' (James 1:22). If we just listen,

and never put what we hear into practice, James says we are deceiving ourselves. We think we've got it but we don't.

"Now, back to my leisure time. how I spend it reflects a good deal on how much I care about what I believe. If I spend my day reading froth and bubbles, if I crash on the couch with the TV remote for hours on end, if I spend all my free time doing only things that please me, how is this pleasing to God? I am not preparing my heart to hear His voice, I am not ready to give an answer to any man that asks me a reason for the hope that is in me. I am not seeing the fields white unto harvest. I am not seeing myself as God sees me, self-indulgent, only wanting to do what makes me feel good or happy or comfortable.

Remember the story of the foolish rich man, who heaped to himself more and more grain, until he had to build bigger barns? He didn't plan to share any of his blessings, he hoarded it. He had big plans for himself but God said to him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." There is a little poem, we have probably all heard it but it is still true:

Only one life, 'twill soon be past, Only what's done for Christ will last.

This world is not a place I should be relaxing in. A godly man once wrote, "The world is my gymnasium, Heaven is my place of rest." We are not in Heaven yet, we are in a place where we need to understand that spiritual hard work and sweat should be the norm. We need to stop resting and start building some spiritual muscle!

'Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing!' Let me encourage you to put down whatever it is that distracts you from your relationship with God, and pick up your Bible and start looking for His face, and listening for His voice. We have some work to do, and the seconds are slipping by!

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Sermon Fodder –

A Christian Elephant –

"Here I am reminded of the elephant that was being driven down an Indian street by its owner. The man was carrying a sharp pointed steel goad to keep the lumbering beast moving along. Then the man lost his grip on the goad and it fell to the ground with a resounding clang. The longsuffering elephant turned around, picked up the goad, and held it out to the master. If elephants could be Christians, that elephant was certainly one." - *William MacDonald*

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Our Worst Mistakes In The Twentieth Century –

(I am asking pastors to contribute suggestions for the worst mistakes made by churches, pastors, and religious leaders in the 20th century. Please send me your thoughts.- Ed.)

One of the worst mistakes made by pastors in the last hundred years has been to separate discipleship from salvation. - *Buddy Smith*

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This World Is No Friend To Grace –

"As I was walking to the Metropolitan Museum of Art later in the day I met a very urban New Yorker woman who lived around there. (It is by Central Park and the ultra fancy stores on 5th Avenue, not far from where John Lennon lived and was murdered). She was heading to the museum for some fancy do that was on for the evening.

She was friendly at first. In fact she commented that we must be heading to the same place, which is highly unusual in NYC. She was friendly when I said that I do research and friendly when I said I write books and friendly when I said I live in Nepal. But when she commented that it would be horrible to live in a place like Nepal, and I replied that it would perhaps be horrible without the Lord and I explained that I was converted 40 years ago and that know the Lord and He helps me in everything, she got angry and said, "That is evangelical nonsense; the Bible has been totally disputed."



I had no intention to get into a theological debate with the woman and had been minding my own business five minutes earlier and concentrating on what I needed to do in the museum, but since she brought it up, I replied, "I have checked every criticism against the Bible that has been made, and I have found it to be accurate in every point."

She hissed, "It should be put in a box and buried," and rushed ahead.

I caught up with her as she was walking up the steps toward the museum entrance and asked, "What should be put in a box; the Bible?"

She said forcefully, "No, YOU and everyone like you," and dashed off into her benighted world."

David Cloud

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Therapy For The Funny Bone –

A friend told me years ago about a man he knew in Perth who lived on one side of the Swan river and worked on the other side. He caught the ferry every morning to go to work in an office in the city.

One morning, just before time to leave for work, he looked out the window and saw the old family cat lying dead in the back yard. He told his wife and she panicked and told him they would have to do something with the cat before the kids saw it. So he took a newspaper and wrapped up the old cat and told her he

would dispose of it on the way to work. His briefcase had room for the cat and he intended to just drop the cat over the side of the ferry into the river as he crossed.

What should happen but his boss was on the same ferry and wanted to talk all the way to work. There was no chance to get rid of the cat. So he thought he would find a way to dispose of the cat at the office. No chance, he was kept busy all day in meetings and at lunch with a client. So when he started home from work he still had the cat. Only this time his briefcase was so full he had to carry the cat, wrapped up in the newspaper.

The ferry was on the other side of the river when he got to the dock so he went into the fish and chip shop nearby and ordered a milk shake. He laid the cat on the counter while he dug through his pockets for change, and then picked it up and rushed off to catch the ferry. He would just drop the cat over the side on the way home.

But no! His golfing partner was on the ferry and talked about their last game all the way across. What to do with the cat? He decided he would just have to take it back home and bury it when the kids were in bed that night.

He walked into the house, laid his briefcase and the cat on the dining table and went looking for his wife. She was trimming her roses in the garden when he found her and told her of his ordeal. She asked where it was, and when he told her, she panicked and told him they would have to get the cat out of the house before the kids got curious as to what dad brought home in the newspaper.

By the time they rushed back into the dining room the kids had already opened the newspaper, and they turned and looked at their dad and asked, "Hey, Dad! Where did you get the fish and chips?" (*I've always wondered who got the cat?*)



Another cat story –

As the story goes, in San Antonio, Texas.

Clutching their Dillard's shopping bags, Ellen and Kay woefully gazed down at a dead cat in the mall parking lot. Obviously a recent hit---no flies, no smell. What business could that poor kitty have had here?" murmured Ellen.

"Come on, Ellen, let's just go...", But Ellen had already grabbed her shopping bag and was explaining, "I'll just put my things in your bag, and then I'll take the tissue." She dumped her purchases into Kay's bag and then used the tissue paper to cradle and lower the former feline into her own Dillard's bag and cover it.

They continued the short trek to the car in silence, stashing their goods in the trunk. But it occurred to both of them that if they left Ellen's burial bag in the trunk, warmed by the Texas sunshine while they ate, Kay's Malibu would soon lose that new-car smell. They decided to leave the bag on top of the trunk, and they headed over to Luby's Cafeteria. After they cleared the serving line and sat down at a window table, they had a view of Kay's Chevy with the Dillard's bag still on the trunk.

BUT not for long. As they ate, they noticed a black-haired woman in a red gingham shirt stroll by their car, look quickly this way and that, and then hook the Dillard's bag without breaking stride. She quickly walked out of their line of vision. Kay and Ellen shot each other a wide-eyed look of amazement. It all happened so fast that neither of them could think how to respond. "Can you imagine?" finally sputtered Ellen. "The nerve of that woman!" Kay sympathized with Ellen, but inwardly a laugh was building as she thought about the grand surprise awaiting the red-gingham thief.

Just when she thought she'd have to giggle into her napkin, she noticed Ellen's eyes freeze in the direction of the serving line. Following her gaze, Kay recognized with a shock the black-haired woman with THE Dillard's bag, hanging from her arm, brazenly pushing her tray toward the cashier. Helplessly they watched the scene unfold: After clearing the register, the woman settled at a table across from theirs, put the bag on an empty chair and began to eat. After a few bites of baked whitefish and green beans, she casually lifted the bag into her lap to survey her treasure.

Looking from side to side, but not far enough to notice her rapt audience three tables over, she pulled out the tissue paper and peered into the bag. Her eyes widened, and she began to make a sort of gasping noise. The noise grew. The bag slid from her lap as she sank to the floor, wheezing and clutching her upper chest.

The beverage cart attendant quickly recognized a customer in trouble and sent the busboy to call 911, while she administered the Heimlich manoeuvre.

A crowd quickly gathered that did not include Ellen and Kay, who remained riveted to their chairs for seven whole minutes until the ambulance arrived. In a matter of minutes the curly-haired woman emerged from the crowd, still gasping, strapped securely on a gurney. Two well-trained EMS volunteers steered her to the waiting ambulance, while a third scooped up her belongings.

The last they saw of the distressed cat-burglar, she disappeared behind the ambulance doors,..... the Dillard's bag perched on her stomach.

We lived on a farm once and inherited a big billy goat. He died of old age and we wondered how to dispose of him. The ground was rocky and hard and we had no way to dig a grave for the old billy. We didn't want to leave him out in the pasture to decompose.

A friend who was a bit of a larrikin dropped by and we told him of our dilemma. He offered to carry the old billy off for us and said he would just tip him off the side of the mountain on his way down the range. So we thought that would be the last we would ever hear of old billy.

A day or two later our friend rang and asked us not to tell anyone that he had taken billy off us. We asked why and he told us that he'd had a brainstorm on the way home. He remembered he had a key to a friend's apartment, and decided it would be a great prank to play if he took old billy and sneaked him into his friend's apartment and left it for him to find when he came home from work.

Well, one thing led to another, and the old billy not only ended up in the apartment, but in his friend's bed (lined with plastic.)

In Australia, at least in the bush, practical jokes like this are all the go and a source of much amusement, but this one went horribly wrong. You see, when our friend's friend arrived home from work and found the goat, he was terrified and called the police and they came out and took it to be some sort of death threat

and maybe it was connected to some weird occultic group that practices blood sacrifice and midnight gatherings in dark places, etc, etc, etc.

So, for some years, we smilingly teased our friend, asking him how the market for second hand billy goats is doing.



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Eddy-Torial – The Baggage We Bring With Us – Part 2

In the last issue of Heads Up! we pondered the good baggage of Eliezer, Abraham's eldest servant, when he went to find a bride for Isaac (Gen 22). He took ten camels with him to Haran and at least some of them were loaded down with baggage. His camels picture for us the baggage we all carry, some visible and some invisible, some material and some immaterial, some temporal and some eternal. Eliezer gave to Rebekah and her family gifts of gold and silver and costly apparel and also gave to them the baggage of his heart. He unpacked the wealth of Abraham for their jewellery boxes and he

unpacked the treasures of Eliezer for their hearts. And which was worth more? Why, the wealth of his heart, of course! His faith, his prayers, his diligent stewardship, his obedience to God, his worship and his gratitude to God for His goodness. "A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things!" (Matt. 12:35a).

There is another pen portrait in the book of Genesis of the baggage we carry. It is found in the return of Jacob from Haran, and we read it in chapters 31 to 35. It is almost exactly the opposite to Eliezer's baggage, at least to begin with.

Jacob brought with him his flocks and herds, his wives, his wives' handmaids, his children, and much wealth. From a distance we would assume that Jacob was a wealthy and successful Bedouin, a prosperous businessman, someone to be admired. The modern Prosperity Cult would tell us that anybody with that much baggage MUST be blest of God. But as we read what the Spirit of God reveals about Jacob, we learn that everything Jacob had was tainted. Greed, scheming methods, devious and deceitful manipulation, and avoidance of accountability were the tools of trade for Jacob, the heel grabber. Laban pursues after him, intending to do him harm and is only prevented from doing so by God, and when he catches up to Jacob he says to him, "These daughters are my daughters, and these children are my children, and these cattle are my cattle, and all that thou seest is mine..." (Gen. 31:43) He informs Jacob that his baggage is actually Laban's baggage. (We need to remember that Laban was no paragon of virtue, either.)

It is a sad indictment against Jacob that, up to this point, virtually all his baggage was bad baggage! Not only all the four-footed treasure of his flocks and herds, not only the two-footed treasure of his wives and concubines and children and servants, but the treasure of his heart. And what would we find there if we unpacked the riches of his heart? Only what we see when Jacob unpacks it in his words, his conduct, his attitudes, and his relationships. You see, when he stole Esau's birthright, and then stole his father's blessing upon the firstborn, practicing deception left and right, when he ran away, and when he used the most deceptive means to obtain the best of Laban's flocks and herds, and then ran away again, and when he foolishly practiced favouritism in his family, he was unpacking the treasures of his heart. Even his prayers to

God were totally self-centred and self-serving. "An evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things." (Matt. 12:35b)

We are told that Jacob had baggage he did not know about. Rachel, his favourite wife had stolen Laban's idols and hidden them, and "Jacob knew not that Rachel had stolen them." (Gen. 31:32)

I am learning some heavy lessons from the baggage of Jacob. Do you see them?

- We all accumulate baggage, all our life long. We cannot avoid it.
- Our baggage is of two kinds, visible and invisible, outward and inward, temporal and eternal.
- We unpack our baggage every day. We cannot avoid it, even when we try our best to keep it locked away.
- We unpack both kinds, the visible baggage of earthly treasures and the invisible baggage of our heart's treasures.
- We unpack it in private, in public, in the home, in the church, and in the world.
- Sooner or later, people begin to see what baggage we carry. They view most of our earthly treasures, and all of our hidden treasures. Yes, they do!
- We may not think they see our hearts, but God says we lay out the treasures of our hearts for public viewing, every day. (See Proverbs 4:23 and Mark 7:20-23)
- Surely the most important lesson of all is that God sorts all the baggage of all His children. He did that for Job, and he did it for Jacob. He wrestled with Jacob and crippled him and made him into a prince of God. He humbled him and took away his favourite son Joseph for many years and took away his pride. He was sorting Jacob's baggage.
- To the point that Jacob soon learned to help by cleansing his household of all their idols (Gen 35:4).
- The final lesson is that God loves to add to the baggage of our hearts His very own treasures!

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