



Bible Believers' Bulletin

Vol. 41 No. 4

“Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth” (John 17:17)

April 2017

ENGLISH: The Worldwide Language

By Brian Donovan

One of the many inexplicable problems for the believers in the unscientific theory of evolution is the ability of mankind to communicate through spoken language. None of the animals from which the human race is supposed to have evolved are capable of speech. The evolutionist has no explanation for the development of human language, either through anatomical, evolutionary changes or through historical and archaeological steps, that were required for animals to become human beings, with the ability to speak words. Instead, the honest researcher must admit to a fossil record that finds all of the animal kingdom being unable to make tools, farm land, make fire, or communicate through words, while all human beings were always able to perform all of the above. There is no fossil record of the larynx slowly being pushed down the throat, turning man from a grunting animal into a being who is capable of articulated speech. As a matter of

fact, the difference in the lower location of the voice box in mankind from the animals would be a very harmful mutation that made it possible for man to choke on his food. Without a driving intelligence behind evolution, we are to believe that this mutation took place in spite of the hazard that placed food dangerously close to the windpipe, resulting in the accidental benefit of equipping mankind with the gift of speech. But that is how the theory goes, natural selection just continued to allow the windpipe to slide into the dangerous position of accidentally taking in food and choking, without any knowledge that this was being done to allow the gift of language. The truth is, that the millions of fossil specimens in the world today are either animals without the ability to use spoken language, or they are fossils of human beings with the complete ability to communicate with the spoken word. There are no in-between fossils with the larynx slowly sliding down the monkey's throat.

The reader need only study any history of human language and if the author is honest with the facts, he will admit that human beings have always been endowed with the capacity for language. Most linguistic professors
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The Vacant Chair

By Peter S. Ruckman

“Then Jonathan said to David, To morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty” (1 Sam. 20:18).

In the passage, David is on the run from Saul. Saul is out to kill David because he's jealous of him. David knows it, but his buddy Jonathan, Saul's son, isn't convinced. He's still hoping things can be made right between the two of them.

So Jonathan and David work out a plan where David doesn't show up at the feast of the new moon, which

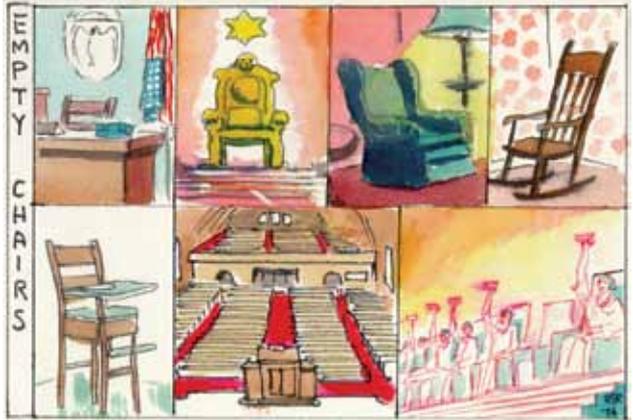
lasted for two days. Well, Jonathan sat on Saul's right hand as the heir to the throne, and David sat on Saul's left as the king's son-in-law and his champion. If David weren't there, Saul would miss him and ask where he was. Jonathan was to make some excuse for David's absence and watch how his daddy reacted. If Saul had a "flying fit," Jonathan would know his daddy was out to get David, and Jonathan would tell David so he could get away.

“Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.” With that historical background, I want to make practical application. The first thing I want to say about the text is that *chairs have personalities*. You associate a chair with the personality of the one who sat in it for so long: chairs assume the personalities of the occupant.

You take an electric chair. One look will tell you that "hot squat" doesn't have your best interest at heart. Isn't it kind of foreboding? It's got its own "personality." "Old Sparky" isn't rigged for comfort; it's to make you "ride the lightning."

If you've had anyone in your house who has been in a wheelchair for years and years, you know what it means for that chair to have personality. If the Lord takes that invalid home and you keep that wheelchair in the house, it will "speak" to you: it will call to memory that loved one every time you go by it. That's why some people try to sell those wheelchairs as soon as possible, or at least get them out of sight: the memories are too plentiful.

When Adolf Hitler conquered France, he went to the tomb of Napoleon. At that tomb is the chair Napoleon used. It's an ornate work with a big "N" on the back of it. It fascinated Hitler; he stood there with his generals and attachés staring at that chair for thirty minutes. That wouldn't mean much to a lot of people, but it means something to me as an artist. In the classes I taught on



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church history, I showed slides to my students of Adolf Hitler and then Napoleon. Then I showed them a slide where I had drawn a “toothbrush” moustache on Napoleon. You couldn't tell that picture apart from old Adolf's.

There's a lot of strange connections between Napoleon and Hitler. After Hitler had that look at Napoleon's chair, he attacked Russia, like Napoleon did. Hitler's armies got embroiled in a winter war in Russia for which they weren't prepared, like Napoleon's forces did. And both men “lost their shirts” in that eastern assault. Hitler stared at that chair and then went out and made the same mistake Napoleon did. It's as if the personality of Napoleon in that chair infected Hitler's mind.

Back around 1963, when Oral Roberts set up his university, he purchased a chair for \$370.00. That's nothing nowadays, but back in 1963, that was an expensive chair for a preacher to own. But that was Oral Roberts—\$500.00—\$1,000.00 suits, \$100.00 shoes, new cars every six months, \$18,000.00 country club memberships. The chair reflected the opulent lifestyle of a *religious faker*.

In an orchestra, the “concertmaster” has the “first chair” in the violin section. He tunes by the piano, and the rest of the orchestra tunes by him. The rest of the orchestra grows accustomed to seeing him there; that chair assumes his personality.

Back in 1963, JFK was shot. He was a fornicating scumbag, but he was a news-media “god.” When he got assassinated, for weeks the newspapers, TV, and radio just went on and on about it *ad nauseam*. “The very worst thing in the world has happened: the President is dead!” “He died for us the living that we might live.” Oh shut your mouth! He didn't die for anybody except himself.

Some congresswoman said, “It's the worst thing that possibly could have happened to us.” Is that right? I thought it was a pretty good deal. After all, the fellow had just signed executive orders (10995–11004) allowing him to seize all transportation, all media, all power supplies, all health and education facilities, and all food supplies; and to register and relocate the populous in case of an “emergency.” All he had to do was declare a “crisis,” and he could take everything you've got and send you off to an internment camp. Maybe it was a good thing he got his brains blown out before he could carry through on the whole deal! You reckon? He got killed: tough apples.

(Don't worry; I'll say a great deal worse than that before I'm through. We aren't “out of the hanger” just yet.)

But some people missed JFK. That chair in the Oval Office where he sat was empty. “Camelot” was gone. Some people even missed Adolf Hitler when he was gone: his secretary and bodyguards. He wasn't a “monster” to everyone.

When I was a boy, the presidency was an honorable office. It used to be said, “In America, anybody can grow up to be president.” That gave you hope that you could be somebody great as a leader. It doesn't mean anything anymore. You might as well say you can grow up to be a bootlegger. After birds like FDR,

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JFK, Lyndon Johnson, “Tricky Dick” Nixon, Jimmy Carter, “Slick Willie” Clinton, and Obama, that’s nothing to which to aspire. There’s more honor running a shrimp boat. But I must admit that after a bunch of fellows like that, you got to missing someone like Coolidge, Hoover, or Reagan.

If you are a Christian, there is one chair, presently sitting empty, that you miss its Occupant. It’s an empty throne over in Jerusalem. I am waiting on that seat to be filled by the One to whom it was promised (Luke 1:32). And whether the world likes to admit it or not, that is for what it is waiting (Rom. 8:19–23). All the graves in the cemetery face *east*, waiting for the *sun* to come up (2 Pet. 1:19; Psa. 19:4–6; Mal. 4:2).

When Jesus Christ came the first time, He was promised, **“the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David”** (Luke 1:32). He didn’t get it; He got a cross and a crown of thorns. So that means if God didn’t lie (and there’s no doubt in my mind that He didn’t—Tit. 1:2), that Jesus Christ is coming back some day to sit on that throne.

You know, God has a sense of humor when it comes to these things. That throne is going to be located in a place known as the “city of peace” (*Jerusalem*—Zech. 14). City of peace?! About what are you talking, man? That city was attacked *33 times* before 1948. It is probably the city that has been fought over the most in military history. But God said that when He brings peace, He will bring it right there (Hag. 2:9).

There will be no peace on this earth until **“The Prince of Peace”** sits down **“upon the throne of David,”** and then it will never end (Isa. 9:6–7). If the United Nations is to get what it wants (see the inscription from Isa. 2:4 on the “Isaiah Wall” out front), then **“Shiloh”** (“the peaceful one”) has to come (Gen. 49:10) so **“the word of the LORD”** can go forth **“from Jerusalem”** (Isa. 2:3). The problem with the UN right now is they want the abolition of war with *them in charge*; they don’t want the Judge coming and rebuking them (read the part of Isa. 2:4 that’s NOT on the Isaiah Wall).

I miss Him because His seat is empty. I want Him to come back so He will get what’s coming to Him. And if this bunch of God-defying, drunken, fornicating, murdering, blasphemous idolaters get torn up in the process, I say, “Let ‘er rip!” They had their chance and turned the free gift of God’s mercy, love, and grace down flat (2 Thess. 1:7–10). Let them get what’s coming to them so He can get what’s coming to Him. Amen, amen, and AAAMEN!

Another chair with which we have to deal is *daddy’s* chair. When daddy dies, he’ll be missed because his **“seat will be empty.”** I know there are good daddies and bad daddies. There are some daddies that it would be a mercy to their homes if the Lord killed them. I have no sentimental illusions about the matter. There are men in this world not fit enough to raise a dog, much less a child. But a good daddy will be missed.

I had a good daddy. He wasn’t even saved, but he was a good father. He provided for his family. He had character. He got to be a colonel in the army.

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I never recall where he was involved in any kind of a shady deal. He never stepped out on his wife.

Probably the best testimony to my dad's character (at least to my way of thinking) was said to me by my mother when she was a little bit "tipsy" one time. My dad was a smart man, a graduate of MIT. I asked my mother why he never got ahead in this world and became anyone important. She said, "Peter, your father never learned how to *use* people." He wasn't manipulative; he didn't politick. I think that's a great character quality myself.

Daddy's chair is usually an "easy chair." It's the most comfortable chair in the house because he's been out working all day. In the old days, daddy's chair was where the kids got their good night kiss. It was also where the kids got a whipping over daddy's knees.

In my home, daddy's chair was where we kids would get a story read to us before bedtime. Every year on Christmas Eve, dad would read to me and my brother and sister "'Twas the Night before Christmas." This nation would be in a lot better shape than it is if more daddies would spend the time in their chairs reading the Bible rather than the TV guide, *Time*, *People*, and the newspaper.

Another chair whose occupant you'll miss when she's gone is *momma's* chair. In the old days, momma had a special kind of chair: a wooden rocking chair with a tall, straight back. It doesn't look comfortable, but it's not made for comfort. It's made to rock the babies to sleep.

I'm talking about an old-fashioned mother. Mother's lap was where you deposited all your troubles. Daddy wouldn't give you the ear momma would. Mother would listen to you; if you had a problem, you'd tell it to momma.

That's what you need as a Christian: a place to deposit all your cares. "**Cast- ing all your care upon him; for he careth for you**" (1 Pet. 5:7).

The old song goes: "Are you weary? Are you heavyhearted? Tell it to Jesus alone." There are things that you will only be able to talk over with the Lord.

That's how the Lord is like a mother. Don't misunderstand me; I believe God is *male*. God the Father is *male*; God the Son is *male*; God the Holy Spirit is *male*. But God is like a *mother* in some of His attributes.

"As one whom his MOTHER comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem" (Isa. 66:13).

That's why Jesus said to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, "**how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a HEN gathereth HER chickens under her wings, and ye would not!**" (Matt. 23:37). That's God the Son offering comfort like a mother hen.

Someday, momma will be gone, and you are going to miss her. You need to let momma know you love her while she's still around. That goes for you Christians who have unsaved mommas. You don't have to approve or go along with everything they do, but you had better show them your love while you have the chance. The day will come when you won't be able to do it, and you'll regret you didn't.

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One day you'll be standing beside her grave, and it will be too late. I didn't find out my mother and father had died (I was never told they were even sick) until two weeks after they were buried. The next time I had a meeting up in Delaware with Bro. Sam Ingram, I asked him to drive me to their gravesite. It was in the cemetery of a little country Methodist church. There were three graves right together: Marian Armstrong Ruckman (my younger sister), Mary Warner Armstrong Ruckman (my mother), and Colonel John Hamilton Ruckman (my father). I thought to myself, "Boy, I sure am glad the first year I was saved I drove up to Rehoboth Beach, Delaware and apologized to them for living like the devil before I was saved." I remember getting on my knees in front of them and saying, "Momma, Daddy, I'm so sorry for living the way I did when we lived in Topeka (Kansas). I must have put many a gray hair on your head by the way I lived, and I just want to apologize to you for it and say I'm sorry."

I couldn't lead either one of them to Christ, but thank God I got that off my conscience. I'm glad I didn't have to kneel down by those graves and say, "Momma, Daddy, there's something I need to tell you." Too late! If you have something to tell momma, you had better tell her now.

I was in a meeting one time up in North Carolina at Carl Lackey's. After one of the services, we had dinner at a farmhouse of one of his members. There was an old mountain woman at the table who was the matriarch of the family. While the rest of us were having dessert, she excused herself from the table and went to the living room. I could see her through the French doors as she sat down in that old high-backed rocking chair with her Sears-and-Roebuck reading glasses and her big Hertel Blue Ribbon Bible. Her lips would move as she silently read that Bible. Occasionally, she would take off her glasses and dab the tears from her eyes with a handkerchief. When she got through, she bowed her head over that Bible and prayed. If an unsaved young man had a grandma like that, he sure would have a hard time going to hell.

One day momma will be gone; grandma will be gone. Her chair will be empty. What happens to the chair? Well, the family can't bear to part with it, so they put it up in the attic. And on some windy night a draft goes through there and that chair creaks as it rocks back and forth. And somewhere there is a grandson trying to live like the devil and raise hell, and that old rocking chair creaks. As it does, that young fellow's plans go all to pieces. What's the problem? It's grandma's chair as a testimony to that old woman's prayers.

"And thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." Then there's the high chair, the chair where the baby sat to be fed. If the Lord reached down from heaven and took that little lamb to the bowers of eternal summer, you'd miss that child. God has been very merciful to me; I have never had to bury a child or grandchild. But I have had to preach the funeral of a dead child. It's a terrible thing.

Did you know that during the Holocaust in Germany, of the six million Jews who died, a million of them were little boys and girls? An additional half million

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were Gypsy children, Polish children, and Russian children. Those mommas loved their babies just like you. Those children were murdered in some of the most callous, horrible ways possible. Can you imagine surviving that, having lost your child?

A preacher was visiting a friend of his in the ministry. His buddy had a large family with four or five young children. As little children are apt to do, they would tear through the house playing, fighting, racing, etc. As those two preachers were talking, that daddy would occasionally have to shoo them out of the room. After one of those times, he turned to the preacher visiting him and said, "Isn't it a wonderful thing to know the children are alive and happy?" You don't think of it that way until death comes and silences one of those little ones. You wouldn't care for that, would you? Then you'd be pining to hear the yelling, squealing, and fussing.

Back in the Gold Rush days, people traveling to California from the east coast by ship (which was a much quicker and safer trip than over land by covered wagon) would have to go around Cape Horn at the tip of South America. Some of the '49ers would go ahead of their families and be in California two or three years mining before their wives and children could join them.

During some Fourth of July picnic in some big city in California, a band was playing, and some mother who had just arrived to be with her husband was trying to quiet her baby who was crying and screaming at the top of its little lungs. Every time that band would play, that baby would just scream bloody murder, and when the band would stop, the baby would stop. After about the fifth song, some old miner yelled out, "Would somebody stop that band and give that baby a chance!" He wanted to hear a baby because it had been so long since he had heard one.

Sinner friend, if you wind up in hell, do you know what one of the worse things about the place will be? *There won't be any little children there.* No children laughing, smiling, playing, or running around. Rough place, boy.

Bob Jones Sr. had dinner at a millionaire's house one time. The table was so big that Bob Jones Sr. said it took a pony express to get an order down from one end to the other. They were saved people, good folks, but with all the junk that goes along with being rich.

During the meal, Bob Jones Sr. noticed an empty high chair at the table. Finally, curiosity got the better of him, and he asked, "Do you have any children?" The woman lowered her head, and the man cleared his throat. He answered, "Well, Bob, God gave us a little boy about five years ago. He died, though; the Lord took him. We've tried to move that chair several times, but we can't seem to be able to do it." That baby was missed.

After every war, there is many a chair at the table that sits empty. The young man (or young woman, these days) isn't coming home. Momma and daddy got a letter from the "CO" and \$10,000 from Uncle Sam to compensate the loss of their child. *No amount of money makes up for losing your son or daughter.*

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“Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.” Another chair about which I want to talk is the *pastor's* seat. One day, God will call your pastor home, like He did J. Frank Norris and Beauchamp Vick, and somebody will have to take his place. Of course, some will be glad he's gone because of the way he preached, but a lot of the congregation will miss him.

When Beauchamp Vick pastored Temple Baptist Church in Detroit, I was the only speaker he would have in to preach two or three days during a revival. One meeting, I preached my sermon “Old Soldiers Never Die.” Within three months of my preaching that sermon, Beauchamp Vick was dead. I remember saying in that sermon, “Joshua’ is hard to replace. One day, you’ll look up on the platform, and Bro. Vick won’t be here.” It takes a big man to fill shoes like those of Norris and Vick; in fact, the shoes were so big, no one ever successfully stepped in to fill them.

Vick had taken a trip to Korea—*tourist class, seventeen hours*—when he was up around 78. He never fully recovered from that trip. Three months later, he was found dead on his knees in his office at the Baptist Bible College in Springfield, Missouri. He died “with his boots on,” I’ll give him that: he died in prayer.

Christian, when you don’t attend services, you are missed because your seat is empty. Church members get into a habit of sitting in a particular spot in the auditorium, and a pastor notices whether you are in your “spot” or not.

There is nothing worse in this world, I don’t believe, than an empty church. If you really want to feel “spooky,” go into an empty church at night. That is especially true of a building where the word of God is preached straight and true. The reason for that is, is because when you are there with a bunch of folks in whom the Spirit of God dwells, with a pastor preaching in the power of the Holy Ghost, it drives out the natural atmosphere of the world the rest of the time. When you come in there when no one is there, you feel the contrast.

When you don’t attend services at your church, it says to the treasurer, “Here we go in the hole again.” It says to the prospective church member, “There’s nothing here worth fooling with.” It tells your fellow church members that you don’t think much of the work.

“Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.” The final chair to which I want to draw your attention is the *one in heaven for you*. Christ said, **“I go to prepare a place for you”** (John 14:2). Peter says it’s **“reserved in heaven for you”** (1 Pet. 1:4).

God has a reserved seat in heaven for you. Some people don’t show up to sit in their reserved seating.

When you get to heaven, you will be surprised, to begin with, that *you* are there. I know you have the promises in the scriptures, but the first time to have the center of your consciousness *out of your body* and *up in glory* will shock you. It will surprise you who is there that you thought would never make it. There will be bums there who got saved at the rescue mission; there will be thieves and murderers there who got saved in prison; there will be many a Southerner

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there who got saved at a vacation Bible school or off a bus route, but never managed to grow up in the Lord and do anything for Him; you might even see some Jews and Mormons there who didn't heed the warnings of Ephesians 5:6; 2 Thessalonians 2:3; and 1 John 3:7. But it will also surprise you *not* to see some people whom you were sure would make it.

Now I have spoken to Christian folk who will make it because they trusted Christ for salvation. But I never know who reads these articles. Dear reader, how is it with you? Are you going to make it?

There's an old hillbilly song that goes: "I dreamed I searched heaven for you." The songwriter thought a loved one was saved, and he or she wasn't. Is that your case? Will someone be looking for you in heaven and not find you because your seat is empty?

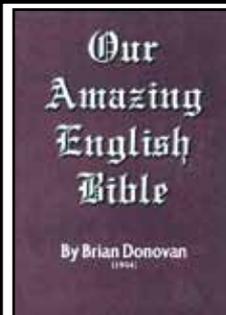
There was a great preacher of the last century named Robert Edward Neighbour. He got converted when he was a boy through a nightmare. He had heard preaching on the verse: "**And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire**" (Rev. 20:15).

He dreamed he was at the White Throne Judgment, and the names were being called from the book of life. The As were called and the Bs and the Cs. He kept wondering, "Will they ever get to the Ns?" Well, when the Ns were called, things went on forever, as they are wont to do in dreams. Finally, when the Neighbours were called, he tried calling out "Here!" but the recording angel said, "No, that's another Neighbour." After several of those, the angel called out "Robert Edward Neighbour." He yelled out "Here!" so loud he woke himself up. He ended up getting saved over that.

We sing, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there." Will you? Paul said of the Christians in Philippi: "**whose names are in the book of life**" (Phil. 4:3).

The song says, "Is my name written there on the page white and fair?" I can answer with another song: "There's a new name written down in glory, and IT'S MINE!" Is that your testimony? It can be.

Don't be missed up in heaven because your seat is empty. "**Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house**" (Acts 16:31).



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By Brian Donovan

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ENGLISH: The Worldwide Language

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will scratch their heads and admit that the ability to learn and speak a language is as innate as learning to walk. The experts are also coming to grips with the fact that they cannot explain where all the various languages came from, and are at just as much of a loss in trying to find a "mother tongue", from which all the others are related. Linguistic evolutionists try to find a starting point for human language. Their guesses range from Africa to Turkey to Central Europe to Mongolia, all showing their bias against the Bible record that shows mankind beginning in the Mid-East in a garden, possessing the ability to immediately speak as a grown man (Genesis 2-3). Using terms for the ghostly "mother tongue" like "Indo-European", "Germanic", "Scandinavian", or "Neolithic", linguists are unable to make enough connections between the extinct and existing known languages to nail down a foundational tongue. Of course, the Bible believer knows exactly why the scholars cannot ever find the elusive missing link between languages. That is because at Babel (Genesis 11), the Lord God confounded mankind to immediately begin speaking different tongues so as to separate him and prevent him from getting together until the end time, when the Lord Himself will again bring man together under a common, worldwide tongue that will bring the united nations together to their own destruction (Joel 3).

As we steadily draw nearer to that end time, the languages of the world continue to die out, as the tribes of

the earth either die out or become absorbed into the others, often driven by nothing more than economic success. The actual number of languages on earth cannot be nailed down with certainty, with expert guesses ranging from 2500 to 7000, given the difficulty of trying to distinguish between the hundreds of dialects that have so many similarities. In India alone, estimates are as high as 1700 different languages and dialects, with experts arguing where to draw the line on making a difference between any two. What is certain, however, is that there are hundreds of languages on the verge of extinction, with as many as 500 of them being spoken by less than 25 people. Tribal languages are quickly dying out in Australia, Papua New Guinea, Bolivia, Brazil, and many other parts of the world.

In the meantime, English is the one language that continues to adapt and spread throughout the world, resulting in it truly being referred to as the worldwide, end time language of mankind, and when one considers its history and location, this is an amazing fact. The Roman withdrawal from the island of Britain in about 450 AD, brought an influx of Saxons and Jutes. As they settled in different areas of Britain, they encroached on the previously dominant Germanic Angles, who were there some 1500 years earlier. The country eventually came to be called England and its language English, even though the Angles, from which the names came, had become mostly obscure.

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Brian Donovan

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ENGLISH: The Worldwide Language

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The single most remarkable thing that stands out in the history of the English language has been its adoption of thousands of words into its vocabulary from the surrounding countries. From the Danish invasion of the 700's, when it took in Scandinavian words, to the Norman conquest of 1066, when it took in French words, English simply added thousands of words to its Germanic and Celtic base. This habit of incorporating words from other languages, including Spanish, Italian, Greek, Latin and others has built English into the end time worldwide language. Compare this fact to the French language, which has always tried to isolate itself and even attempt to legally enforce speakers to speak only French, resulting in a culture and a language that has been left behind, except in a pretentious, elite, and out of touch circle. An often overlooked fact of the history of the English language is its use by the common folk, even while the Norman aristocracy stuck with French in its courts, as evidenced in our words like "baron", "countess", "duke", and "duchess". It is an odd and unknown fact that English rose to its dominance, not only on the island but worldwide, even as it was being treated as if it were an unimportant, inadequate language spoken only by second rate peasants. Yet this is exactly how the Lord works with men (Isaiah 66:1-3). As the Lord was getting His world ready for His words to go out in the end time in a worldwide language, His hand can

be seen in the political developments of the Tudor line through Henry VIII's casting away of the Roman pope (1525), the 45-year reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603) that served to spread the language to colonies worldwide, to the rise of King James I and the translation in 1611 that became the final authority in the worldwide language. But the hand of the Lord should not be overlooked in the continued development of the English language leading up to the translation and printing of the KJV1611. Shakespeare's plays are not anywhere near as important in their content, as in their influence on the language. Given credit for coining about 2000 new words, his unique phrases continued to open up the archaic Elizabethan English to become the most influential and widely spoken language in the world. Phrases attributed to Shakespeare that made their way into everyday speech include, "to be or not to be", "in my mind's eye", and "vanish into thin air". Yet it was the language of the English Bible that became rooted in the common man's everyday language that is still in use today, though modern speakers typically do not have a clue that the phrases and wordings they employ came directly from the KJV1611. For instance, the average American has no idea why he says things such as, "wolf in sheep's clothing" (Matthew 7:15), or "my days are numbered" (Psalm 90:12), or "it's time to face the music" (Daniel 3:15), or "by the skin of my teeth" (Job 19:20), or "a little bird told me" (Ecclesiastes 10:29), or "in

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ENGLISH: The Worldwide Language

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like a lamb, out like a lion" (Revelation 5:5), or "scapegoat" (Leviticus 16:10), or "take the bull by the horns" (Exodus 29:10), or "lay it on me" (Ruth 3:15), or hundreds of other sayings that found their way into our language, based solely on the Bible.

Even as an elite circle of scholars continued to write and print in Latin, the Lord was using common, street preachers of English to reach the common sinners with the gospel of Jesus Christ. While in 1516, Thomas More wrote his *Utopia* in Latin, and while in 1616, William Harvey wrote his *Exercitatio Anatomical de Mortu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus* (Latin for An Anatomical Study of the Motion of the Heart and of the Blood of Animals), and while in 1687, Isaac Newton published his *Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (Latin for Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy), the Lord God was moving everything into place to get His pure words into one Book, using a single, end time language that would go into print in over a billion copies— in English, not Latin.

All of the arguments of the critics, detractors, and imitators of the King James 1611 will never be able to overcome the fact of this universal sway of the King's English. Neither Spanish, German, Latin, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, or any other language can dethrone the English Bible of 1611 as a worldwide authority. In spite of the attempts to rewrite history and deny the rise and dominance of the language, English continues to be

the world's language. When the first settlers came to America, they were Spanish, Dutch, German, Portuguese, French and English, yet it was English that became the dominant tongue, even without any laws that enforced it. English is spoken by almost two billion people in the world and that is in spite of the attempts to deny and denigrate the "evils of British colonialism". With English as a first language from Australia to India to South Africa to Canada to the USA, and a second language throughout Europe and many African countries, as well as most of the Asian world learning to speak English, the Lord has seen to it that His pure words can be found in one Book. When men first got together with one speech (Genesis 11), it was an attempt to reach heaven without the need for God. When this world again comes together in only a matter of a few years, it will be under a one world government with a worldwide language, and it will be another attempt to set up heaven on earth without the true God, but it too, will end in disaster (Joel 3, Revelation 16).

The single most despised Book in the world remains, since its birth in 1611, the King James Bible. The single most influential Book in the world is the King James Bible, carried by missionaries around the world, with millions of souls saved by receiving "with meekness the engrafted word" (James 1:21). The King James Bible is quoted by the Roman Catholic Popes who inwardly despise it, even suppressing it from their sheep for much

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ENGLISH: The Worldwide Language

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of their cultic history. From the Council of Toulouse (1229) we read, "we forbid also the permitting of the laity to have the books of the Old and New testaments...we most strictly forbid them to have them in the vulgar tongue." The Roman Catholic answer is that this was a temporary measure till they could extinguish the "heresies" of those who were interpreting the scriptures with the scriptures, instead of by the Roman traditions. Yet almost three hundred years later in 1503, some Roman Catholic cardinals got together with Francesco Piccolomini (alias Pope Pius III), and told him to "...permit the reading of the gospel as little as possible in all the countries under your jurisdiction..." and, "The Bible is the book, which more than any other, has raised against us the tumults and tempests by which we have almost perished. In fact, if one compares the teaching of the Bible with what takes place in our churches, he will soon find discord, and will realize that our teachings are often different from the Bible, and oftener still, contrary to it." Yet another three hundred years passed, and from a Jesuit meeting in Cheri, Italy in 1825 we read, "Then the Bible, that serpent with head erect and eyes flashing, threatens us with its venom while it trails along the ground, shall be changed into a rod as soon as we are able to seize it... For three centuries past, this cruel asp has left us no repose." And seize it they did, as over the next one hundred years, the Jesuit devils entered the English revision committees bent on getting

rid of the AV1611, through the Vaticanus manuscript, along with the other corruptions coming out of Alexandria, Egypt.

Yet still, as we often sing in our Sunday services, "the Bible stands like a rock undaunted mid the raging storms of time, its truth by none ever was refuted and destroy it they never can... the King James stands though the hills may tumble, it will firmly stand though the earth shall crumble, I will plant my feet on its firm foundation, for the King James Bible stands"—in English.

Bro. Donovan's Meeting Schedule

April 7-9

Bible Baptist Church
619 Albemarle Road
Asheboro, NC 27203
Pastor Tom Cochran
(336) 625-3095

May 5-7

Lakeside Baptist Church
3055 Bacom Point Road
Pahokee, FL 33476
Pastor Ted Hines
(561) 924-7592

June 9-11

For His Glory Bible Baptist
92 Butler Rd.
Union, ME 04862
Pastor Mike Kee
207-975-5571

June 14-16 (Wed.-Fri.)

Calvary Baptist Church
285 N. Magnolia St.
Monticello, FL 32344
Pastor David Walker
(850) 997-2165

Rescued From the Dump

By Dr. Peter S. Ruckman

In Job 33:22–30, we find RUIIN (vs. 22), REVELATION (vs. 23), RANSOM (vs. 24), REGENERATION (vs. 25), RECONCILIATION (vs. 26), and RESURRECTION (vs. 30). And this old story has been told and enacted so many times in the history of sinful man that 3,000 volumes of 1,000 pages each would not tell the story. God's salvation has carried thousands of men (literally) from the "guttermost to the uttermost," and if the truth for many a life were posted over the door posts of that heart, it would read "RFD"—Rescued From the Dump.

Here is John Gimenez, who began to fool with hallucinogens and lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD), and finally began to "take off" as a mainliner on heroin. Gimenez was a first-class junkie before he was 25 years old; he was "on the horse" when God rescued him from the dump. In his childhood, Gimenez knew more about Murphy men, hustlers, chickies, bulls, fences, horse parties, narcos, "booting it," skin pops, pushers, and muggers than most of you will ever know about your Bible. At Mountain Dale (a Christian rehabilitation center), Gimenez finally wound up "cold turkey," after touching the brink of insanity and suicide half a dozen times. A burnt-out wreck at thirty years of age, Gimenez had "had the treatment"; he had drained the barrel of life and found nothing in the bottom of it but gravel and broken glass. At Mountain Dale, a converted "knife" man (Jackie Dean) suddenly woke up the "barracks" one night, at three in the morning, hollering, "Devil get outta here! Leave this place right now; in the name of Jesus, GO!" Gimenez got up in a cold sweat and went outside the building while the rest of the men knelt inside to pray. In his own words, Gimenez was "crying, weeping way down deep inside." Gimenez said that God was shaking him like he had dumped a dirty rag into a washer and was banging it round and round. With the men inside praying for him, Gimenez staggered down a dirt road at 3:20 A.M. He began to weep and laugh at the same time. Suddenly all the heaviness left him and he began to sing: "Jesus, Jesus, praise your name! Thank you, Lord! Come here, Jesus!"

At 7:00 a.m., that former addict (with nothing behind him but sin and nothing ahead of him but a harvest [Gal. 6:7–8] that would cause Gabriel to tremble) came back into the barracks and fell asleep. He didn't wake up till noon, and when he got up, he was a new creature in Christ, filled with the Holy Spirit, born again, and burning with a desire to witness for Christ instead of smoking pot. Gimenez said: "Man, it was like an explosion!" In writing to one of his former friends (who was still "carrying the monkey"), Gimenez said, "Curtis, you'll make it man, with Jesus Christ. Don't you forget it, Jesus is HIGHER than HIGH!" (And for those of us who have read Col. 1:16–18, an "Amen" would be just as appropriate following this junkie expression as it would be following a reading of John 3:16.)

And over in this corner is Thomas Noah Carter, arrested in Arizona for dope and malpractice of medicine. Both of his grandfathers were preachers.

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Rescued From the Dump

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Thomas Noah Carter studied at Mercer University and was the graduate of a medical college, but he never received Christ, and he never believed the Bible. His mother prayed for him for more than twenty years. In jail, Carter cursed God and the Bible. A tubercular condition siezed him, and he went from 225 pounds to 118 pounds in less than six months. One time in his cell, he passed into a catalyptic state, and the prison doctor pronounced him dead. The prison officials notified Carter's aged mother, but she wrote them a letter saying, "I don't believe it. I've been praying for twenty years that God would make a preacher out of him, and I haven't heard him preach yet." He wasn't dead, but he was half dead.

A week later, Carter's voice failed him, and he could only curse God in a whisper. Carter then went to the chapel and came forward at an invitation, but the chaplain told him that he was too wicked to be saved (Isa. 1:18). So in despair, Carter returned to his cell, tore a blanket into strips (intending to hang himself), and prepared to die. But Carter's preparation miscarried. Just as he was tearing a third strip off the blanket, a Bible fell out of it. Carter sat down on his bunk, in a sweat, and opened the Book. It opened at 1 John 1:7. As he read 1 John 1 and 2, the Lord said to him, "If you will teach and preach this Book, I'll save and heal you."

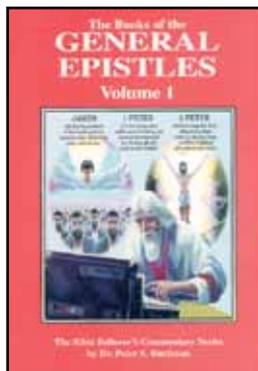
Carter began to shout; he woke up all the prisoners in his cell block. The warden and two guards came in to give him some "special treatment," but the warden got converted coming through the door. (God had been dealing with the warden for nearly three months, and as he stepped into the cell block and heard Carter yelling, "Glory to God! Praise God for the Lord Jesus Christ!" the warden accepted Christ on the spot.) When they opened the cell, Carter rushed to him and hugged him and yelled, "Warden, I've just been saved! I've just been saved!" Before the body guards could interfere, the warden was yelling, "Me too, Carter, me too!" Thomas Noah Carter was given an unconditional pardon after serving four years of a ten-year sentence, and he preached the truth of God till the day that he died: RFD—"Rescued From the Dump!"

And who could forget old "Bulldog" Charlie Wyman from Kent, Kentucky? You could "read the wallpaper" on the walls of the house where he was born; it had a ground sandstone floor. When Charlie was a boy, his mother whipped him three times because of three fist fights he had with an older boy at school who had challenged him. Each time she whipped him, Charlie would say, "Mother, if you whip me again, I'll beat that boy up worse than the last time." The third time (after he had put the older boy in the hospital) he said, "Mother, I'm going back and whip that kid again, and if you whip me one more time, I'll kill him." So Charlie's "home discipline" (without a father) ended there at the age of fifteen.

The rest of Charlie Wyman's life reads like a Zane Grey novel or a Hollywood "Western." He shot out all the street lights in his hometown as fast as they were put in, and he whipped every deputy sheriff that came to town to

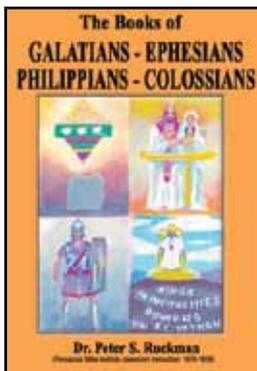
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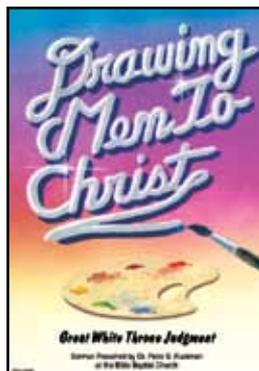
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Rescued From the Dump

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arrest him. He took the guns out of the holster of a sheriff and told him, "Be a good boy and go home before you get into trouble." He crippled a man for life in one gun fight, killed two men in another, and shot all the fingers except one off a man's hand. In a bloody shotgun versus .38 duel, one man went insane, one died of wounds, and Charlie caused the death of a clean-cut youngster (named Foss) who was not even involved in the fight. Running a liquor store and pool hall, "Bulldog" Charlie Wyman ran that town.

Then, in 1913, a small, circuit-riding, country preacher came to town. His name was "Night Hawk" Tom. He was called that because it was rumored that no man could know as much about the sins of his congregation as "Night Hawk" knew unless he was abroad at night "window peeping." The first time Wyman saw Tom going down the street to the "meetin' house," he said, "Ah, that little rabbit! Ah ain't going to kill him; ah'll jus run him outta town." The next day, "Night Hawk" Tom crossed the street to Charlie's pool hall, introduced himself, took Charlie's hand, and invited him to the revival meeting. When he left, Charlie shook his head and said to himself, "Now I wonder why a good man like that would take time out to talk to a rascal like ME?" Well, **"the steps of a good man are ordered by the LORD"** (Psa. 37:23). Charlie didn't know it, but he wasn't about to run "Night Hawk" Tom out of *anywhere*.

The next night (after the revival had been running for a week), Wyman got terribly sick. He closed down the pool hall early, and in a drizzling rain, he walked home down the dark streets of the town. As the downpour increased, he stepped into a front yard and took temporary shelter under the eaves of a large two-story house. The house had belonged to a young woman (Gaussey) whose husband was serving time for killing a man during a gunfight with Wyman. Leaning on the gate post near the window, Charlie Wyman wound up his "career." You see, the townspeople at the meeting had been praying for Charlie Wyman in public and private devotions for nearly a month, and as Wyman huddled against the house below a bay window, he saw Alice Gaussey—the wife of the man who was in jail—come into the room with her two small children. They knelt, facing the window, and as the storm slacked and the rain stopped, Wyman heard that woman and her children praying aloud: "Oh God, please save the godless sinner, Charlie Wyman! Oh Lord, please save us and our town from that murderer! Don't let him burn in Hell; Lord, please save him!"

That prayer struck old "Bulldog" Charlie through like an arrow piercing to the marrow of the bones. Charlie said to himself, "I am the man for whom she is praying. Oh my God!"

To make a long story short, Charlie was in church the next night. Before an amazed congregation, he literally ran to the altar at the invitation and knelt there, as he said, with "blood dripping off my hands." At the altar, that old-time Methodist circuit rider told him to repent and make restitution before asking God for any favors (that's how they did it in those days). Charlie got up and

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Rescued From the Dump

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went to the banker and apologized to him for some bad checks; he then turned himself in to the sheriff whom he had made “dance” with bullets when the sheriff came to arrest him. When asked for someone to sign his bond, Charlie moaned, “Nobody in this county would sign a bond for me.”

“Well,” said the sheriff, “do you mean business for God?”

With tears raining down his face, Wyman said, “Oh I want to do *right*. I want to be a GOOD man! I want to go to Heaven. If I have to go to the penitentiary the rest of my life, I must make it to Heaven.”

The sheriff bonded him out.

“Bulldog” Charlie preached the old-time gospel for nearly fifty years after God rescued him from the dump (Job 33:24, 27–28). And time would fail us to tell of those legions of “mouldy saints” with “unwashed breath” whom God salvaged for His glory and made their “harps” (Job 30:31) sound forth the praises of Zion.

On the 14th day of March, 1949, a drunken bum, working as a disc-jockey at a radio station (WEAR, Pensacola, Florida), received Christ as his Saviour. He made the decision in the record room of the station surrounded by Hank Williams, Patti Page, Tony Martin, Tex Ritter, Doris Day, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Dizzie Gillespie, Artie Shaw, Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman, and Stan Kenton. At 27 years of age, this DJ had “had the treatment.” Raised as an Episcopalian with a vestryman for a father, educated as a college graduate with a major in Radio and Psychology, trained as an infantry officer with 46 months active duty as a rifle platoon leader, catechized as a Roman Catholic proselyte by a Jesuit priest from Loyola, and acquainted with the world system through jobs as a lifeguard, bartender, beach boy, radio announcer, newspaper cartoonist, and dance band drummer, this wreck had reached the end of the rope. Liquor had not solved his problems, lust and dissipation had failed to provide any happiness, education and science had failed miserably, religion and mysticism had accomplished nothing of a permanent nature, and three years of “TM” and Zen Buddhism had failed to still the voice of outraged conscience and guilt. At 27, this junk heap was on his way to the junk yard—lost, drunk, ruined, disillusioned, bitter, broke, and alone in the world, “**having no hope, and without God**” (Eph. 2:12).

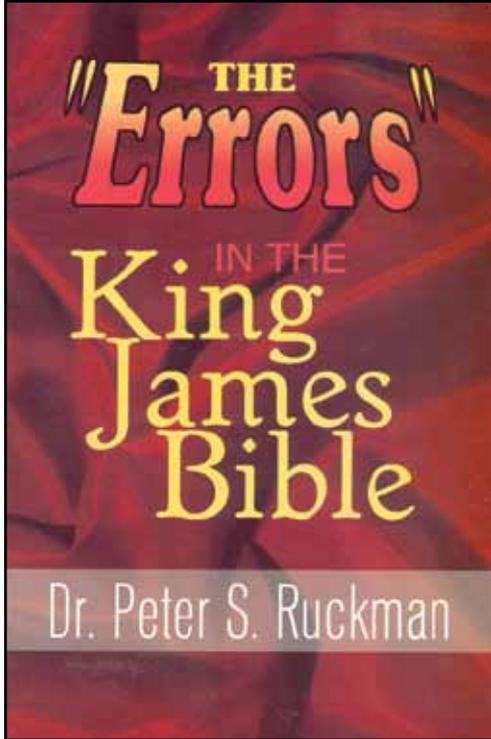
A country Baptist preacher led him to Christ in the radio station that morning. In less than a month, he was studying the Bible. In less than a year, he was preparing for the ministry, and that depraved sinner (who had tried everything short of murder and suicide to attain his ends) has been preaching and teaching the living words of the living God for more than 48 years.

What he could not find in two universities, three religious systems, four years of government service, and every hellhole from Bourbon Street (New Orleans) to Hell’s Half-acre (Honolulu, Hawaii), he found in God’s Book! RFD—Rescued From the Dump.

(Editor’s note: article taken from pages 478–484 of the *Bible Believer’s Commentary on Job*, 1993 ed.)

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A Miserable Diagnosis

By Robert Militello

“Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his maker?” (Job 4:17).

When presenting Jesus Christ to a lost sinner, the soulwinner should realize that a something, more than a Someone, is usually rejected. One who is without hope and without God in this world (Eph. 2:12) may have heard of Jesus Christ, but does not know Him. To refuse to trust someone you do not know is normal. Jesus Christ, the person, is not being rejected as such. What is unacceptable is the assertion that you are lost and your soul will go to hell without trusting in His saving power. In a day when men are so easily offended, the Bible teaching that human nature is depraved and desperately wicked (see Jer. 17:9) draws blood instantly.

“All the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes; but the LORD weigheth the spirits” (Prov. 16:2).

Being told your sense of self-worth is delusional and your perception of your own goodness is thoroughly flawed by sin is not what one likes hearing. What America doesn't hear from the media, or in the high schools and colleges and in the deliberation of its elected representatives, is that the God in whom we may trust (U.S. currency) is holy. The fast-diminishing fear of God in our society is the result of thinking that God is like us. Pastors who are afraid to preach truth that is negative have conditioned millions of Christians to propagate the fiction that God loves everyone. Sadly, the widespread acceptance of this non-biblical nonsense eviscerates the blood-drawing power of God's word, the sword of the Lord. Can I, as a soulwinner, be willing to say, **“But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags”** (Isa. 64:6)? No, I would not choose that scripture if I wanted to tell the lost sinner that God loves everyone whether he has trusted in His Son or not.

“And he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him” (John 3:36). Imagine each morning you wake up, you never look above your head. A lost soul sees no ominous, dark, black cloud hovering above him. He looks around and sees all is where he last looked before retiring for the night. His mind is locked in the horizontal mode. He sees others going about their lives, and he makes comparative judgments based on what he sees. He cannot move his mind over to a vertical mode; he doesn't know such a mode exists. Such is the helplessness and hopelessness of one that is spiritually **“dead in trespasses and sins”** (Eph. 2:1).

Grace alone puts your mind in the vertical mode, and you see eternal things. You see the dark, fearful clouds hanging just above the heads of friends, neighbors, coworkers, and loved ones. You now realize that those outside of Christ are not loved of God, but have been condemned already because of unbelief (see John 3:18). The “God loves everyone” pabulum you ate at church Sunday morning was prepared by the devil in his kitchen of lies.

“Cursed be he that doeth the work of the LORD deceitfully, and

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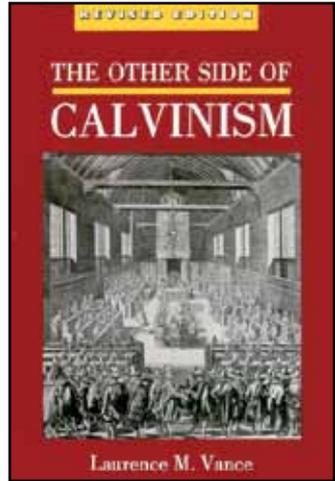
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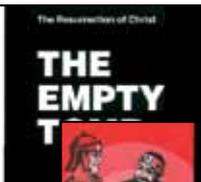
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A Miserable Diagnosis

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cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood” (Jer. 48:10).

A squeamish person has no business in the operating room. Scripture must be used by a Christian like a scalpel in the hands of a surgeon. Tumors are not removed by drawing-salve applications. Sin, the disease that takes us to our graves, has no foe on this earth except the living and powerful word of God. A correct diagnosis must be given to sinners if we are to be faithful witnesses. No one wants to hear that he has cancer. Spiritual cancer can only be identified in the light of God's word, or it goes undetected and takes its victim to hell. When you take a right attitude towards the hearing of God's word, you allow the Holy Spirit to give you a reliable MRI. It is necessary for you to see, before more time elapses, all the dark corners to where sin has hidden itself in your soul. God's word is an x-ray machine no scientist could ever have invented. Do you realize what a treasure you have before you when you open that 406-year-old *King James Bible*? I hope so.

On February 8, 2015, Dr. Ruckman preached his last sermon at Bible Baptist Church. He went on to teach Sunday school until August and then never went into the pulpit again. His text on that February morning was Job 24:10–12. If you possess a *Ruckman Reference Bible*, read his note on Job 24:10. It is classic Dr. Ruckman. He believed in stating things plainly and, after doing so, would often quip, “Get what I mean, jellybean?” Directness and the willingness to cut sharply when necessary with the sword of the Spirit is what is badly lacking today among believers. A “man's man” is a term used to characterize a male who doesn't feel the need to apologize when what he believes offends others. Men who are most admired by other men are those who project fear to enemies and warmth to friends. Such men can be brutally direct and even threatening at times.

Look at John, chapter 5, verses 1 through 14. There you have a man, a cripple, desperate to be made whole, languishing in that condition for 38 years. Jesus takes pity on the man and makes him whole. The sabbath-observing Jews cared little for their own unfortunate fellow Jews, only that the seventh day be regarded so highly that nothing really good should be done for anyone. Religious fanatics have a problem with mercy, don't they? After performing this miracle, Jesus left the man—see verse 13. Now the miracle was out in the open, but what followed later was private. Obviously, according to verse 14, the Lord's business with the man made whole was not finished. Jesus sought him out and delivered a fearsome warning.

“Afterward Jesus findeth him in the temple, and said unto him, Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worst thing come unto thee” (John 5:14).

Turn over to Proverbs 3:7–8 for more light on this matter. You don't see this kind of stuff preached on in most churches. It makes Christians (professing and possessing) nervous. Our Lord is ever ready to show mercy and kindness, but there are issues in our lives that He is not willing to ignore. Sin

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A Miserable Diagnosis

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must be dealt with, and the sooner, the better.

Take the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well in John 4:1–30. This woman is amazed that Jesus is dealing with her because Jews and Samaritans are like America's Hatfields and McCoys: not exactly lodge brothers. The Lord intrigues the woman with an offer of living water, not at all like what this woman drinks and then thirsts again. So the Samaritan overcomes her doubts about dealing with a Jew and asks directly for this water. She now wants what the Lord offered in verse 10, but there's a catch. Dealing with those who are outside of Christ is an exercise in futility unless the issue of personal sin is recognized. Roto-Rooter work is distasteful; the sights and smells associated with plumbing can be quite offensive, AMEN? Our Saviour is not squeamish. Confrontation between a sinner and a Holy God is unavoidable if a soul is to be rescued from hell. Jesus doesn't tell her, "God loves you."

"Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither" (vs. 16).

A well-trained and experienced radiologist knows how to read an MRI or a CAT scan. Locating a small mass hidden away in a vital organ is what they are paid to do. Finding a tumor is news that must not be kept from the patient. A sinner almost always rebels against the probing of the Holy Spirit, but the Samaritan woman's desire for the water Jesus offered her was greater than her shame of having this Jew expose her. See verses 17–18. It's not often that a soulwinner gets to hear a frank admission of sin. The tendency to justify oneself, though in open rebellion against a holy God, has made psychiatry a welcome escape for millions unwilling to open God's word and get an MRI.

Another encounter with Jesus doesn't end well for a young man seeking eternal life in Matthew 19:16–22. This young man was feeling pretty good about his spiritual condition and wasn't prepared for the diagnosis he was about to receive. I believe a sincere believer really wants to commit his or her life in service to the Lord. Many think they are "sold out" to Jesus when they are not. It takes a personal encounter with the Lord to see what He sees in us. In verse 21, the Lord challenges the young inquirer to sell out. The young man asked for an honest and frank diagnosis in verse 20, and he got it.

"But when the young man heard that saying, he went away sorrowful: for he had great possessions" (Matt. 19:22).

Our God has no trouble pointing out what prevents us from selling out. Too many churches in our nation are nothing but fallout shelters (we had these in the fifties and sixties) for believers wanting to avoid real spiritual battle. These churches are spiritual morgues.

Confrontation was standard fare in the Lord's short ministry on this earth. Yet even before beginning his public ministry, Jesus, as a boy of twelve, confronted the doctors of the law while in Jerusalem for the Passover. There, He stood up to Joseph and his mother, not apologizing for putting His Father's business before the concerns of His family (see Luke 2:39–50). Our Lord's unswerving desire to do His Father's will made controversy, conflict, and

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confrontation necessary, because man's ways are not God's ways (Isa. 55:8).

The word of God is a sword, not a plastic butter knife, and in a real battle, people get hurt. Pride, self-righteousness, hypocrisy, covetousness, and deceit are all targets to be stabbed at by the Holy Spirit using God's words. If you are timid about spiritual confrontation, convert to Catholicism. The only battle you will face in that church is the battle to stay awake during the Mass.

Sometimes you are the only one who is aware of the filthiness of your own heart, and sometimes the whole neighborhood knows about your sins. In John 8:1–11, you have a public showing of religious hypocrisy and then a private warning by the Lord to a woman who needed a course correction in life. In their zeal to honor Moses, the scribes and Pharisees wanted the adulterous woman stoned. Somehow, the other party engaged in the sinful act made an exit. Maybe he was a friend of the scribes or a big giver at the temple; God only knows. The idea here was to put Jesus on the spot, but as always, He was more than a match for their devilment. **“He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her”** (John 8:7). Turning the tables on a bunch of pious snakes is the Lord's **“TOUR DE FORCE”**; you have to love it every time you read it. He alone can turn so-called winners into losers and losers into winners. What a Saviour we are privileged to serve, AMEN?

After being convicted by their own consciences, the self-appointed avengers of indecency and sinful behavior **“went out one by one, beginning at the eldest”** (vs. 9). Jesus and the newly rescued adulteress were left alone. The public spectacle was now to become a private engagement. All the temple “morality police” had gone back to their jobs, looking to see who went into whom's bedroom. Digging up dirt on folks is a time-honored tradition in Washington, D.C. If anyone spends any time studying human behavior, the conclusion to which all honest people come is that humanity is thoroughly filthy. This is the diagnosis that is scorned so resolutely in our day because it is God's own truth.

In verse 10, Jesus lifts Himself and sees that He and the adulteress can now talk privately. **“Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?”** She is fully aware of the narrow escape provided her by Jesus. Taking a drink from the cup of God's mercy, she has been positioned by the Holy Spirit to receive a stern admonishment. Showing mercy to one who fully deserves punishment of some sort buys you what I call “spiritual currency,” to be used at a time of your choosing. Folks who are not often treated kindly rarely forget the kindnesses they have received when their actions called for strokes. Who among us is not greatly relieved when stopped by a sheriff's deputy for speeding and is given just a warning instead. If a Christian can't praise the Lord for that mercy, he or she deserves a flat tire before the day is done, AMEN?

Here it comes: **“go, and sin no more”** (vs. 11). I wonder if the Lord's

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countenance changed when He spoke those words to her. I suppose not, but mine certainly has when I felt it necessary to “lay down the law.” This woman was flat out told to quit her devilment, or what? Remember the impotent man in John 5:14? **“Sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee.”** He was threatened, and a threat is often an extension of a sharp rebuke you are afraid will not be heeded. Here, with the adulterous woman, the Lord makes no such threat. It is so important for believers to consider with great concern as to how long they can go in rebellion to their Lord before a serious whipping comes due. Because our flesh loves sin, we are more apt to elevate the Lord’s longsuffering above His holiness or hatred of sin. Do not miscalculate in this regard, as error may prove fatal. Get what I mean, jellybean?

“But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh” (Prov. 1:25–26).

Do you think those harsh words in verse 26 are only for the lost? Think again! Read 1 Corinthians 5:15 and see how Paul was ready to turn a fornicator over to death. When Jesus told the adulteress **“go, and sin no more,”** He meant it. Perhaps death was closer to her than she imagined, and the Lord saw it. He instructed her emphatically; she did not have to pray about it or wonder if other immoral women received the same warning. She received mercy and could not be certain that forgiveness would be given if she sinned again. Scriptures do not teach that you will be given second, third, and fourth chances, *ad infinitum*.

“Boast not thyself of to morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth”(Prov. 27:1).

Hillary Clinton certainly learned the truth contained in that verse when she awoke a loser and not a “sure” winner on November 9, 2016. You and I don’t know about tomorrow.

“To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your heart” (Psa. 95:7–8).

His word is alive. It is sharp and it cuts. All men receive the same unflattering, depressing, unacceptable diagnosis. It has been like this since Eve ate the forbidden fruit and Adam followed after. Dealing with a soul about the need to be saved is futile unless that soul is aware of his or her lost condition. Religion is a tool used most skillfully by the devil to confuse and to hide the fact that if one is outside of Christ, he or she is condemned already and is under the wrath of God. The “love” gospel is building megachurches for those who will not hear the whole counsel of God. How can you say, “God loves everyone,” if the scripture says He is **“angry with the wicked every day”** (Psa. 7:11)? He is angry and stays angry until you repent and trust His Son.

Oh, how often I have been told while street preaching that I wasn’t going to win anyone to Jesus with my “unloving” style and harsh tone. “Win them with honey,” brother. “God loves these souls and you’re frightening them.” “Preach more love and less condemnation.” It did not take me long to realize

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that God's people would not and could not live in the real world of God's truth. These sincere but sorely misguided brethren live in a fantasy world which can only receive God's word as some kind of aphrodisiac. Sitting in a church where these brothers and sisters gather on Sunday morning would be like going to a restaurant with only one item on the menu—MUSH!

“Open rebuke is better than secret love” (Prov. 27:5).

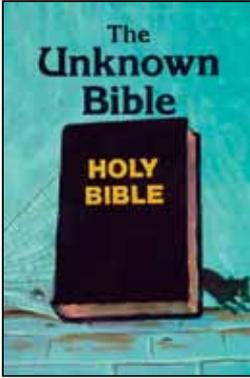
Thank God for pastors not enslaved by the fear of man. **“Faithful are the wounds of a friend”** (Prov. 27:6). The Holy Spirit wounded me badly with His sword almost forty years ago in Brooklyn. Someone became my friend that day. He has continued to care for me by wounding me with His word and top-grade Bible preaching, opening my eyes to see things from His point of view. Now more than ever, because of the paucity of Bible-believing churches and preachers willing to declare the whole counsel of God, Christians need more encounters with the Lord, one on one.

Prayer will open the door to these kinds of confrontations that are recorded in the gospels. In prayer, we enjoy the privilege of “getting things off our chest.” Our Saviour wants us to be direct with Him, coming to His throne boldly with all our cares. I wonder, though, if most Christians wait for the Lord to respond. Do you want Him to be direct with you like He was to the adulteress, the Samaritan woman, the impotent man, and the rich young man seeking approval for keeping the commandments? Stop; please consider whether you are up to hearing from the Lord in that way.

How many times would our Saviour have us to get alone with Him away from all distractions, allowing His voice to speak to our hearts with power? Again, I wonder how many of us really want the Lord doing an MRI on us? Who wants to go to the doctor and hear he has cancer? Who wants to be told to stop eating that which he enjoys so much or expect a heart attack and a surprise exit from this world? Can a Christian change course? Is victory over your besetting sin something other Christians experience? How much longer will the Lord suffer your double-mindedness? Are you really in love with Him, or has your heart continued on in a flirtation that kept real commitment at a distance?

You and I may be standing before our Saviour really soon. He'll be looking right in our eyes. It will be a look such as we have never known. Talk about personal confrontation, we'll know what it is like then, won't we? As a Catholic, I was taught to examine my conscience before going into the confessional. What kind of examination was that? You wouldn't want to know. Let the Lord examine me; that's the only examination that will really benefit me. Is it not wholly desirable to submit to the Lord's surgery now with perhaps the opportunity to straighten some things out, or do you think it will go better for you at the Judgment Seat of Christ? You judge!

“Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O LORD, and teachest him out of thy law” (Psa. 94:12).



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THE CREED OF THE ALEXANDRIAN CULT

1. There is **no final authority** but God.
2. Since God is a Spirit, there is **no final authority** that can be seen, heard, read, felt, or handled.
3. Since all books are material, there is **no book on this earth that is the final and absolute authority** on what is right and what is wrong, what constitutes truth and what constitutes error.
4. There **WAS** a series of writings one time which, **IF** they had all been put into a **BOOK** as soon as they were written the first time, **WOULD HAVE** constituted an infallible and final authority by which to judge truth and error.
5. However, this series of writings was lost, and the God who inspired them was **unable to preserve their content** through Bible-believing Christians at Antioch (Syria), where the first Bible teachers were (Acts 13:1), and where the first missionary trip originated (Acts 13:1-52), and where the word “*Christian*” originated (Acts 11:26).
6. So God chose to **ALMOST** preserve them through Gnostics and philosophers from Alexandria, Egypt, even though God called His Son **OUT** of Egypt (Matthew 2), Jacob **OUT** of Egypt (Genesis 49), Israel **OUT** of Egypt (Exodus 15), and Joseph’s bones **OUT** of Egypt (Exodus 13).
7. So there are two streams of Bibles. The most accurate—though, of course, there is **no final, absolute authority** for determining truth and error; it is a matter of “preference”—are the Egyptian translations from Alexandria, Egypt, which are “almost the originals,” although not quite.
8. The most **inaccurate translations** were those that brought about the German Reformation (Luther, Zwingli, Boehler, Zinzendorf, Spener, et al.) and the worldwide missionary movement of the English-speaking people: the Bible that Sunday, Torrey, Moody, Finney, Spurgeon, Whitefield, Wesley, and Chapman used.
9. But we can “tolerate” these if those who believe in them will “tolerate” US. After all, since there is **NO ABSOLUTE AND FINAL AUTHORITY** that anyone can read, teach, preach, or handle, the whole thing is a matter of “PREFERENCE.” You may prefer what you prefer, and we will prefer what we prefer. Let us live in peace, and if we cannot agree on anything or everything, let us all agree on one thing: **THERE IS NO FINAL, ABSOLUTE, WRITTEN AUTHORITY OF GOD ANYWHERE ON THIS EARTH.**

This is the Creed of the Alexandrian Cult.

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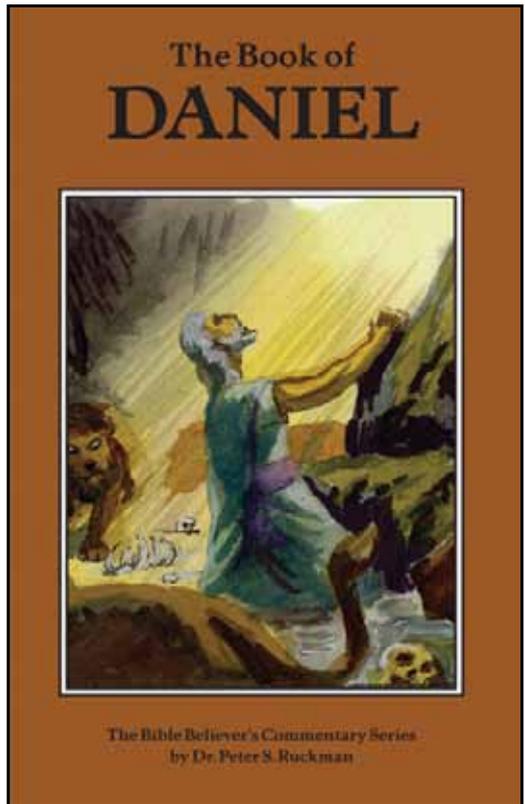
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