



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 7, Issue 27

The Evil Empire

Jesus Christ throws Christianity under the bus.

Chapter 2 The Early Days.



My Father brought me down into Bethlehem because of the smallness and relative insignificance of the place. This is also why my parents were from Nazareth (God decides where each one of us is born) and why my mother and father took me there to raise me. The display of spiritual things requires the smallness and insignificance of physical things, out of which the spiritual things come. It is so that no one will be able to say, “The spiritual thing happened because of a great earthly strength, and because of a great earthly advantage.”

But if such were the case, then it would not be a spiritual thing, would it?

NAZARETH

Nazareth had a reputation then as the slum of Galilee, and the burg deserved it. No one brags of being from Nazareth. The city council then was a gaggle of selfish politicians valuing their careers over the citizenry. (God arranged for this.) The saying then was, “Can anything good come out of Nazareth?” I knew this saying even as a boy. It was even put to music on the playgrounds. We came to cherish it because we liked fighting against disadvantage. There is something in all humans that relishes this. There is something in all humans that wants a little bit of the uphill push.

The divine pattern became clear to me: Humble him every step of the way. Make him low, make his life low, give him every earthly *dis*advantage. Put him into places where no fleshly advantage may be claimed, where no one could rationally credit that which he does to earthly assistance. (This does not mean that my mother did not make exceptional oatmeal or that my father did not teach me to kick a ball, which I will tell you about in a future installment.) Thus, when the God-thing does occur, it must eventually be confessed, “This was of God.” As the

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prophet Zechariah said concerning the re-establishment of the temple (Zechariah 4:6), it would be, “not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit.” That’s how my Father does everything. When you become aware of this pattern, you see it everywhere. Never is there any other pattern. It is predictable but never boring. Life comes out of death; salvation comes out of sin; light comes out of darkness;

spiritual strength can only emerge against the backdrop of physical weakness. It is why Goliath enjoyed every fleshly advantage over David (up until the stone went through his forehead, at which time he enjoyed nothing). It is why Joseph entered Egypt as a slave. It is why God slashed the armies of Gideon from 32,000 warriors to 300 weak and foolish soldiers before conquering the 135,000-membered troops of Midian. It is why the promised son of Abraham comes only after that most notable patriarch had attained one hundred years and lost all lust due to the common ravages.

CIRCUMCISION & DEDICATION

In accordance with law, my parents had me circumcised on the eighth day. The number eight signifies a new beginning; My Father saved eight people out of the old world. He loves the number eight almost better than seven—if you want to know the truth.

They took me to the temple in Jerusalem for the Dedication after my mother had become clean. Dedication was a formality in accord with law; it was necessary symbolism in Israel to hold up a baby and say, “You are dedicated to God this day.” A human being’s true dedication to God, however, occurs before the baby is born—for me, it happened at my emergence from my Father. The dedication is a good excuse for people to drink wine, and they do.

Like every other male Israelite, I was subjected to

the most humiliating rite of Circumcision. But why this? If the strength of Israel comes from the progeny of Abraham, then there shall be a constant reminder in the “progeny muscle” that God owns it. It is clipped short. It becomes exposed and thus vulnerable. Nothing hides from God. How odd (but predictable) that Israel should turn this around and make it a badge of pride. Israel says to the other nations, “But you are not circumcised,” and the other nations rightly say, “You are right, and may God be thanked for it.” Right they are. God raised up Israel to demonstrate the weakness of human flesh. Israel thinks He has used her to show strength. She has it reversed. When one day the lights are turned on and Israel discovers her true purpose, she will bury her head in the nearest sand pit. This will be the beginning of the coming of wisdom for her, for wisdom proceeds one’s humbling, just as pride comes before a fall. Sand pits are useful for this.

LOVING THE ANONYMITY

My dad told neither the priest in Bethlehem who performed the circumcision nor the priests in Jerusalem who were enamored of their power to “dedicate” me, that I was the Messiah of Israel. None of them knew. None could tell by looking at me. No remarkable physical trait distinguished me from the lot of humanity—note the previously discussed truth. Not that my parents didn’t check for some extraordinary thing; they did. My dad told me so. I’m not sure what they hoped to find. A birthmark spelling some secret message? An extra toe?

No one would have believed them anyway. Had my parents attempted to educate the priesthood, they’d have done to them what they would eventually do to me. Their Messiah rides a white horse and he is certainly not a Nazarene. But this is what the Israel priesthood does. The messenger Gabriel did not say one way or another about disclosing or not disclosing my identity, so my parents kept the thing under wraps. It simplified things.

Part of them loved the anonymity of it; my mother told me that they reveled in the fact that no one knew. *They’re holding the Messiah of Israel, they’d think, and they don’t even know it.* It tickled them, she said.



Modern-day Jewish mother and baby. I looked precisely like this child. In fact, this child shares 92.5% of my DNA arrangement. This mother—though she does not know it and will not know it until the resurrection—is a direct descendant of my mother.

My parents were never overtly fond of any of the clergy. They despised pomposity in all of its forms. I can remember them clinking their wine cups together at dinner and saying, “Up with Messiah, down with the priests.” This was a saying in our family that I participated in as soon as I was old enough to hold a cup. But my mother and father always honored the priests publicly, in accordance with law.

SIMEON

They were standing in line at the temple for the turtle-doves (the sacrifice for their sin offering; my parents were poor), when an old man “scuffed up.” (These are my dad’s words.) “And I mean, he *scuffed*,” my dad said. They weren’t even sure that he scuffed toward them so as to speak to them, up until the moment that the scuffing stopped and there he stood. The first thing that the old man said was, “Praise God, I have beheld the Messiah of Israel. Please, let me hold him.”

My father was holding me at the time and he was prepared to hand me over. The shepherds of Bethlehem had primed him for anything, he said. But my mother grabbed my father’s arm to deny the old man. “This was maternal wisdom raising its beautiful head,” said my dad. “On second glance,” he said, “the man did look dangerous. His

eyeballs gobbled up everything. His eyes moved all over us, and his head snipped around like a bird’s head.”

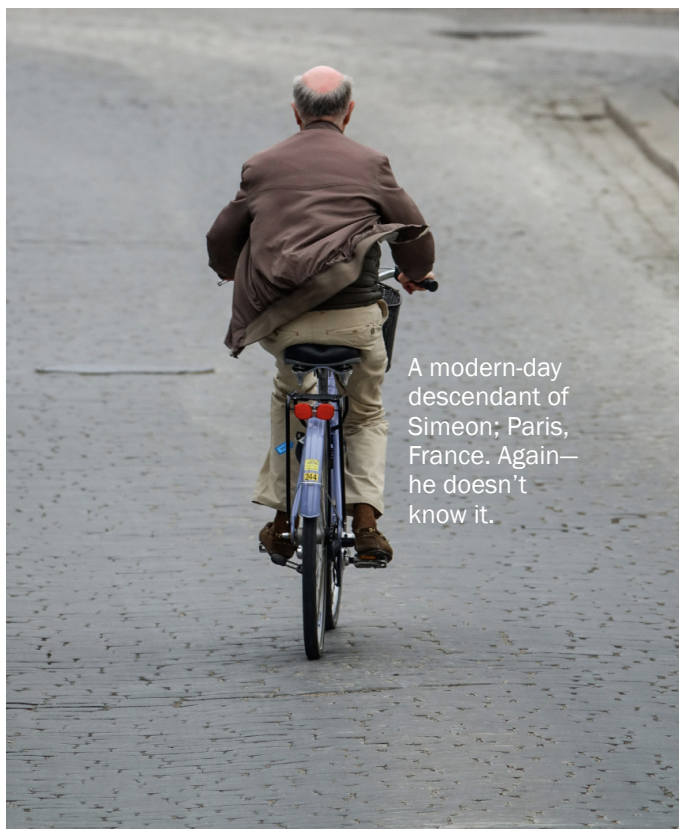
This man told my parents that he had been apprised by the holy spirit of God, in a trance, that he would not see death (in his words now), “...before being acquainted with the Lord’s Christ.” He said that his name was Simeon and that he was just and pious and anticipating the consolation of Israel. “I don’t think he was bragging,” my father said.

That was all my mother needed to hear. She took me from my father and held me out to Simeon. I quote my mother now: “I get tears in my eyes today when I think of that old man. I misjudged him. He clasped you to his breast and this is what he said, to the best of my memory: ‘Now are You dismissing Your slave from this earth, O Owner, God, in accord with Your declaration made to me, for my peace. For today my eyes perceive Your salvation, which You make ready before all the people. A Light, this One, for the revelation of nations, and the Glory of Thy people Israel.’”

Many people watched as he spoke, listening but not grasping. Simeon noticed not a one of them, so enraptured was he in this fulfillment of God’s promise for him. While still holding me, he blessed my parents in a long prayer for them, and my father has said that it was the only long prayer he’d ever heard that did not bore him to death. “This man could pray, let me tell you,” my father has said. “I couldn’t get enough of his words. I wanted him to pray forever. I felt saved and bathed in God’s spirit as long as Simeon prayed. Neither your mother nor I moved a muscle, and neither did anyone else standing there who could hear him.

“But then his mood changed; I could see the change come over him. His joy slowly passed into concern. He looked older than his ancientness as he turned to your mother and said words that I had been tempted to speak, but couldn’t. And now, this emissary from the throne room of God, come by the spirit, spoke them. I didn’t know whether to be glad or to cry. He turned to your mother and said, ‘Lo! He is lying for the fall and rising of many in Israel, and for a sign contradicted. Yet through your own soul also shall be passing a blade, so that the reasonings of many hearts should be revealed.’”

Having uttered these words, Simeon handed me back to my mother and went away. No formal good-byes, he simply vacated the temple area. My parents could not stand there any longer. They had to get away. People were staring at them, and my mother did not look well.



A modern-day descendant of Simeon; Paris, France. Again—he doesn’t know it.

MY DAD'S WRITING

My parents excused themselves to a corner of the Royal Porch. My mother was pale. She sat down and leaned her back against the wall. "What did he mean by that?" she asked my dad. "What did he mean by saying that a blade would pass through my soul? That already happened. That's just how it felt when he was born. It was as if a blade went through me. But why did the old man say that through my own soul *shall* be passing a blade? Isn't that what he said? I heard him right, didn't I? But that has already happened to me. I don't like him. How do we know he has the spirit?"

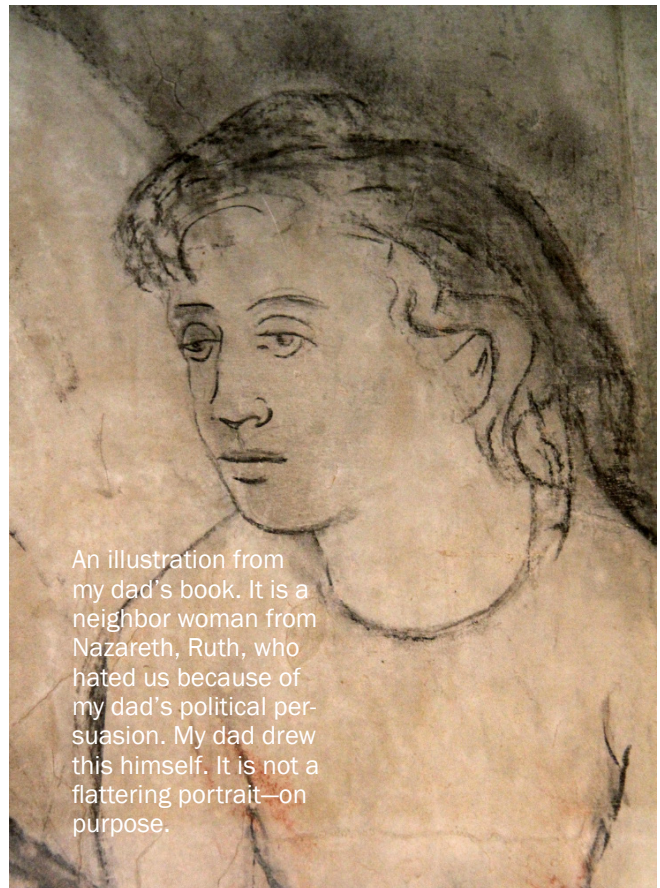
I can do no better now than to quote to you from my dad's book, *Living With The King* (currently out of print). He authored this book when I was around ten years of age. In this particular excerpt is revealed his innermost struggles with my destiny and with the softness of my mother's heart. (Note that, at that time, my dad could not even fathom the possibility of crucifixion)—

What was I to tell her? During my three weeks in the mountains of Lebanon after the messenger Gabriel had come to me to say that I should take Mary as my wife, the same holy spirit that had spoken through Simeon had also shown me some disturbing things concerning our son. The spirit showed me, in the pictures of the sacrificed lambs, an ultimate sacrifice for Israel. I didn't want to confront this. Whenever I had come up against it, I walked away. I walked to town. Or I cooked something, or made coffee. Or I lay down. But always, when I came back to the scrolls, it was there. What is written does not easily disappear.

Our son, the Messiah, was to be the sacrifice for Israel's sins. I now knew this. Without the shedding of blood—so says our law—there is no remission of sins. This was a curse of the worst kind, to know ahead of time what will befall a loved one, and be unable to stop it. The march of time will bring it to you, and there's nothing you can do. My son would be the ultimate sacrifice for his people. Yet how? In some optimistic corner, I saw it all as figurative. He would not actually be killed, but would be offered to God in another way, a figurative way. Abraham came to mind. I shuddered at my first contemplation of the scene with Isaac. God asked Abraham to sacrifice his own son as a test of faith and obedience. But thinking further on this, I became hopeful. As Abraham drew the knife, a messenger of the Lord stopped him. And there, in the thicket, was a ram for sacrifice. So the son was spared.

This buoyed me—for a while. Until Daniel. In the book of one of our greatest prophets, seventy sevens of years—four hundred and ninety years—are segregated for our people and for our holy city, to accomplish these goals: to detain transgression, to cause sin to end, to make a propitiatory shelter for us, to bring the righteousness of the eons to Israel, to seal the vision and the prophesy, and to anoint the holy of holies. Daniel gives more detail further on: "And you shall know and be intelligent: from the faring forth of the word to cause a return and to rebuild Jerusalem—from then till Messiah the Governor is seven sevens, and sixty-two sevens. It will return and will be rebuilt, square and salient, even in eras of constraint."

That had already happened. Jerusalem was rebuilt under Zerubabel seventy years after Nebuchadnezzar, and his armies sacked the city and took our forefathers, including Daniel, into Babylon. From the rebuilding of the temple, then, it would be 434 years (sixty-two sevens) "till Messiah the Governor." But what exactly did that mean, "till Messiah the Governor?" I added up the years between Cyrus's decree and the birth of our son; four hundred years. From this I knew that Jesus' birth was



An illustration from my dad's book. It is a neighbor woman from Nazareth, Ruth, who hated us because of my dad's political persuasion. My dad drew this himself. It is not a flattering portrait—on purpose.

not counted as “till Messiah, the Governor,” for there were thirty-four years left to the prophecy, according to my reckoning. The time must have counted toward something else, then, besides the birth. Daniel’s very next prophesy, when I saw it, raised hairs on my flesh: “After the sixty-two sevens, Messiah will be cut off, and there is no adjudication for Him.” This was something that would happen later in Messiah’s life.

See how I take to calling him “Messiah” whenever I speak of these things? We do that whenever we speak of this, which is not often. We can’t bear to say “our son” when discussing his sacrifice. The words “cut off” are what harrowed my soul. How would Messiah be cut off? And what did this have to do with the sacrifice for sin? I didn’t have specific answers, but it was enough to make me realize that a time of great sadness lay ahead for us.

“I’ve probed him in
subtle ways. Personally,
I don’t think he knows.
But he might. I’m putting
everything off; I don’t
want to know.”

This was, and has been, a curse. I never dwell on it, because when I do I become morbid, and angry at God. How much better not to know. To live life in ignorance is a gift. People say they wish they could see into the future. What fools. It’s the greatest curse you can imagine.

By the prophecy of Daniel, I knew that Messiah would be around thirty-four years of age when he would be “cut off.” How could I tell Mary? We were so excited then about the wedding, and the birth. Those were times of joy. Could I spoil them with my terrible scriptures? I didn’t see how I could, or why I would want to. At that time, we had thirty-four years to go. Why ruin everything on Day One? As a man and a husband, I felt responsible for sheltering Mary emotionally. And yet I felt at the same time that I was living a lie. I would have to talk to her about it sometime. *Sometime*. That was one of my favorite words, and still is. That, and the word “eventually.” These two words, and the phrase “one of these days;” I love them all. These are my comfort in times of trouble. If ever there was a thing to procrastinate over, this was it.

But now—Simeon. Sooner than I wanted came

Simeon, predicting sorrow, not for me, but for Mary. And he said, “a blade.” As soon as he said that, the phrase “cut off” came to me. I privately winced. A blade awaited us, then. For Mary, I believed and still believe it to be a figurative blade. It isn’t that I won’t suffer, but that I won’t suffer as she will. I could be dead by then, who knows? But there is no suffering like the suffering of a mother for her child. For Jesus? I think the blade will be literal, I grieve to say. But as soon as I say this, I say this as well: There is no such thing as a dead Messiah. There will be a mighty resurrection, this I know. There has to be.

As he raised his own blade to sacrifice his son, Abraham knew in his heart that God would raise his son from the dead. God had promised Abraham a seed, and this was the chosen son, still childless. It was obvious to Abraham—and such was his faith that I often thank God for it, and for giving the same faith to me—that God had to raise him. Abraham knew, I think, that Moriah was a test of his faith. Our faith, too, is tested. It was tested on this most recent day at the temple, and would be tested again. And again. But pardon me for repeating this: *There is no such thing as a dead Messiah*. This is our comfort. There must be a sacrifice, but there also must be a living King. And so, when the blade does come, it will not be forever. Resurrection must follow. And God will turn mourning to gladness, as He always does.

Jesus is such a happy boy now, and we’re all very happy. I have not talked to him about any of this, specifically. Only little hints. I’m waiting for him to come of age—two more years now, as I write—and it can’t happen too slowly for me. We read scripture together; maybe he knows. I don’t think he does. I get indications once in a while—from things he does and says, and from his incredible understanding of God and the scriptures—that he knows who he is. Then something else will happen and I’ll think, *no, he doesn’t know*. I’ve probed him in subtle ways. Personally, I don’t think that he knows. But he might. I’m putting everything off; I don’t want to know. It will come soon enough.

I savor every moment that we have together. Every moment is a gift for us. There is not a day goes by that we are not thankful for being together as a family. I hope this helps other families that are reading. Appreciate one another while you have one another. Things may not always be so happy. I know that many reading are under the thumb of an occupying power, but things could be worse. Let’s be thankful for what we have in the here and now.

ANNA

Speaking of my dad's "here and now," how quickly God replaces sorrow with gladness. At least He shines a glimmer of light into the deepest dark. As my parents sat at the Royal Porch, backs against the wall, eyes red from crying, an elderly woman approached with a steady purpose, sandals flapping. It had not been an hour since Simeon's prophecy. She introduced herself as Anna. "I am a prophetess," she said, "a daughter of Penuel, of the tribe of Asher." "Hello," my mother said. "Hi," said my dad. "I can't help but to see that you are distraught," Anna said, "sitting here against a wall at the Royal Porch in the great city. But why? There is a baby boy in your lap, is there not?" She pointed at me. "And have you not a newborn in your arms who is appointed the Redeemer in Israel?" She had been in the temple when Simeon had come in. And then, raising her voice to a level that could only have been granted her by God, she cried out, "I give to you, to all who are anticipating redemption, the Redeemer!" People all around stopped and looked over at us. Anna was pointing at us even more strongly now and raising her voice to an even louder pitch. "He comes in the name of God, this Child, to detain transgression, to cause sin to end, and to make a propitiatory shelter for us; to bring the righteousness of the eons to Israel, and to seal the vision and the prophecy; to anoint the holy of holies!"



Modern descendant
of Anna; Amsterdam.

Concerning this prophecy of Anna, my dad wrote in his diary—

I couldn't believe it. She was quoting Daniel. I cringed in preparation for the death knell, the cutting off. But

no. A miracle. God's spirit dictated Anna's words, I truly believe this. For only the spirit of God could know what Mary and I needed then, to get us to our feet and pursuing happiness again with the living. *"And by His life and the resurrection to life, shall Israel live for the eons and beyond!"* Thank you, God. Oh, thank you, Holy One. Only You could have given Anna those words, so perfect. What that did for me! Mary was relieved, but not as much as I. In the very portion of scripture that spoke of the severing, Anna overlooked it and heralded resurrection. Divine inspiration! Yes, the blade would come, but also resurrection. And here within an hour of each other was both, each spoken by a prophet of the Lord. It occurred to me then that perhaps this was God's timing. Perhaps Messiah would be dead only an hour, a literal hour, until the resurrection. I still believe this. We both do. It's the only thing that brings us peace. Glory! I jumped up and took Mary's hand, pulling her to her feet. "Mary! This is a day of gladness and celebration!" I knew that God was filling me with holy spirit. I could feel it, even as I had in the mountains of Lebanon. The gloom fell off me. "God breaks, but He heals. He kills, but He makes alive. He brings evil, only to show forth His righteousness. In the evening, lamentation may lodge, but in the morning there is jubilant song. The travail of childbirth brings forth the chosen one. For an hour's pain, an eon of righteousness and peace. Oh Yahweh! In Your benevolence, You have made my mountain to stand in strength, so that I make melody to You, O my Glory, and may not be still! O Yahweh, my Elohim, for the eon shall I acclaim Your works!"

I think Mary was impressed. I didn't care what anyone else thought.

(Next week: *Growing up in Nazareth.*)

—JSOJ

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About the project:

I realized after last weekend—and after some of the comments I received—that this project ought to be looked upon as a novel, for that's what it is. Thus, no one will suppose that I am attempting anything as mystical or impossible as "channeling" Jesus Christ. It is a work of fiction. Additionally, as you read, it will be helpful to realize that *The Evil Empire* is not written to you, the body of Christ, but rather to the world-at-large. It is just that you are looking over my shoulder as I write it.

There is going to be plenty of truth here, but some of it will be so subtle that you will probably take it for granted. But for new readers, it will hit them like a ten-pound halibut from the Sea of Galilee. For

instance, the simple line on page 2 concerning Dedication: "...for me, it happened at my emergence from my Father," will be enough to rock anyone's boat—and also to get him or her to think.

Also, please consider this: The Christian world loves books about kids who "go to heaven" and come back to write about it, or from people who "go to hell" and have come back to warn us poor unsuspecting people about the "godly" horror awaiting us. We know that these books are Grade A horse manure; tricks of the devil to fool the masses. So, what if I use their own technique against them, presenting writing as from Jesus Christ Himself, but chock full of the truth of the eons, of Christ's purpose, and of the success of the cross? I believe it will be a great blow to Satan's kingdom, and that I could very well hear this objection from him, "No fair!"

I'm not in this to play fair. Let God be true though every man a liar. —MZ

Here are some of the comments I received. I print them because I think that you will enjoy them. These are your fellow members of the body of Christ—

First I wanna get right into the meat. Your new book looks amazing so far. I love the idea of a first-person perspective of the Christ. In your video you said that you worry that it's too radical. But I've always adored you for your radical presentations, including your sarcastic bravado—though we probably share many of the same insecurities. Christ was a radical Himself. It takes big *cajones* to face adversity (such as religion) with such bold conviction and creativity. So don't sweat it too much! Just let it flow as you write. I really enjoyed the first excerpt. I'm saving the second for this weekend when I won't have one of your videos to watch.

So now maybe I'll move on to something more personal. I had come under immense trials a couple years ago. But strangely enough as my carnal life started crumbling before my eyes I actually started to worry about my after-life more. I began to fear hell, I was brought up Catholic but never bought into it. But with this new "thorn in my side" I felt convicted that I would have to endure eternal torture to pay for my sins. I begged God to spare me. Here is what happened.

I started hearing positive messages in my brain for the first time ever. First, God assured me that my suffering would pass and that I would not end up in "hell." Then He started giving me wisdom concerning spiritual matters. I found out about translation errors and saw contradictions in some "Bibles" that called themselves Scripture. I then got a *Young's Literal New Testament*, and my eyes began to open. I saw the salvation of all, like the finished picture of a puzzle on the box, but I didn't understand how to fit the pieces together.

That is when God led me to your videos, books and

webpage. You were like the light bulb moment that put all the pieces together concerning dispensationalism and rightly dividing the gospels. And then there were no more contradictions, even in my *Young's Literal*.

Anyway I have a lot to say but I just wanna wrap it up by saying this: I've been suicidally depressed for a long time. Still am, but I endure. But along with my mother and siblings you are one of the very few people who help me endure, who give me a reason to stay. I consider you family even though we have never met. I just want know your teaching literally saved my life in my darkest moment of despair, when I was on the verge of giving up. I love you like family, you saved my life, and yes—*please write that book*.

Your fellow saint.

Hello Martin. This project is genius. Why? Precisely because it has not been attempted before. You are right, you have to bridge the gap. Religion has strangled the message of the Gospel, and through it, Jesus Christ has been relegated to the position of a fictional character. The doctrine of eternal conscious torment, being so very repulsive to the average person on the street, has given people every excuse to dismiss Christ as a fiction. They see His message as a bad horror novel which lacks any resemblance of the love and mercy which Christ is supposed to represent. This has to be resisted. You can fight their fire with fire.

Now if anyone else were to attempt such a task as you are proposing, I would be concerned. But as I have commented in the past on your videos, you have two key strengths. These are, 1) an ability to communicate ideas, be it verbally or in writing and 2) a decades-long acquaintance with the truth. These are both vital gifts for you to be able to credibly pull this off.

I particularly like the idea of sneaking truth in amongst the creative writing portion of the biography. This will raise questions in the minds of inquisitive people, which can only be a positive thing.

One thing is obvious: dry theological writings will never make it into the hands of the wider public, neither will books claiming in their title to be an explanation of how wonderful Jesus is, whilst unfortunately He is cloaked in the garb of Christianity. No, something else is needed to crack this nut—and this may be it.

Well that's my 2 penneths worth (I'm from the UK), so I hope it helps you in whatever you decide to do with this venture, and besides "if this work should be of men it

will be demolished; yet if it is of God they will not be able to demolish it, lest they be fighting against God also.”

On a personal note, thank you for acquainting me with the truth of Paul’s gospel and all the other vital aspects which you tirelessly explain day after day. I marvel at the drive God has placed in your heart to present what, to you, must be a oh-so-well-trodden path, but never forget, to the rest of us it’s a never-ending succession of mind-blowing discoveries which further illuminate the Word of God.

I myself have found confidence in the evangel of Paul and, in any way I can, I challenge those who corrupt his message with law and works and all the other rubbish, which seems to infect everyone claiming the name of Christ Jesus these days. Except for you, of course. It is down to you (relatively speaking ha ha), giving me a crystal clear understanding, which I take to my own copy of the CLNT, and confirm and explore further.

Well, keep up the funnies, Martin. Your humour never fails to make me smile, and remember, you may be alone, sitting in some odd spots, talking to an unresponsive camera, but we are all out here, watching and thanking God always for that precious and wonderful thing called the body of Christ. You are never alone my friend.

Love ya man, and God bless.

Dear Martin, anticipating brilliance in your new book, based upon the reading of your most recent newsletter. *You’ve got this*. I believe every person whom God wants to be blessed by the wisdom of this book, will read it. Faithfully do your part. As you know, God will do the rest.

Hey, Martin. You always write with entertaining eloquence, and I’m sure that this will continue with your new endeavor. For me, I appreciate all the “meat” you have delivered and I hope that continues. If it is going to be in narrative form—i.e. Christ’s story—I’m in.

Martin, I think you have to write it. I believe you’ve been given a gift and a passion and an insight to write it. Of course some won’t like it. That’s the litmus (always has been) for the veracity of it. Don’t be swayed by a lack of confidence in yourself. God gave

you all you need to see this project through to fruition. So many of us are hungering to “know Christ and His sufferings” and this is just another rung on that ladder, another leg in that race. Those of us straining in this eon for more and more intimacy with Him appreciate any crumb of information that increases perception of our Lord and our God. Your creative writing skills are such a beautiful gift, perfectly honed and tailor-made for this work. Do it and don’t be concerned with how it is received, keeping only in mind to glorify God and His Christ, above all. No one but you would attempt this because no one else is qualified. Race ahead dear one!

Dear God, so what would You have me to say to him? After all, he is Your herald. You chose him to teach us.

You called him from before the foundations of the world. You knew him in his mother’s womb; You raised him up for these times. You imparted to him the knowledge of You, and gave to him the wisdom and gifts to impart that knowledge to those of us whom You have also called.

You did not give each of us those same talents, for You had given them to him, knowing that he would faithfully bring You to us. He has been faithful to You, and to us, for a long time now. At times he grows weary, in spite of Your presence. It has been very hard for him at times, the cost has seemed so high and ever endless: friends, family, spouses; You ask so very much.

They will call it sacrilegious, his portrayal of the coming of Your Son among us. It is quite entertaining and novel, though, and Your choice of herald to bring it is so very You!

Have I thanked You lately for calling me to be a party to his heralding? Surely there are other heralds that You could have used; though I do not know of any I would have preferred. You have kept him quite busy through the years, as You prepared him for this time.

I’m grateful that You have entrusted us to him, to bring us through these closing years (the last 15 minutes or so) of day six.

Thank you, Lord Jesus. And thank You, Father.

Oh, and thank *you*, Martin. Keep shepherding, my friend.

Hey Kelly, I occasionally write Martin little notes but it has been a while...actually it has been QUITE a while. The last time I wrote was the last time he had a crisis of confidence about his work and his concern

that he was speaking into a void. It is hard work to produce items from your heart and to remain uncertain about weather they are received...

Please pass this note on to your brother...I want to make sure he reads it. The ZWTF is a great platform for writing this type of book, I am speaking now of *The Evil Empire*. Let me explain.

1) There are several sites and channels online where people produce work related to the evangel. Honestly, most are lists of verses inserted between comments and a lot of the commentary. It is dry and hard to bite into, difficult to chew and (sometimes) it is hard to swallow. Almost *all* of the writers and video producers are doing a work directly tied to making the truth known through proof and apologetics. They detail it in the verses, explain the Greek and Hebrew, give commentary on the historical record... blah, blah, blah... It's scholarly and most often correct, but it reminds me of the dark side of education, that is, the *facts*, but not a lot that appeals to the heart and mind behind the facts.

2) I have worked/taught at a university and I teach in a high school now. Information does not always get into a human's consciousness when it is presented merely as "information." If a person is inclined to intellectual forces, then the knowledge of truth will motivate him or her to action and energy. If such ones are inclined to emotion and intuition, then they first approach God though their connection to God *as a being*.

This *Evil Empire* thing will be great for getting people to think about God as an actual *God* Who interacted with Jesus, who was an actual *human*, Who walked around in Israel, which was an actual *place*, and where there was an actual *reason* for it all to happen...

3) If Martin were to do the Myers/Briggs inventory, I think he would come up a very solid INFP. If he has not read anything about this, then he might not see why I say this... about his strengths and connectivity...

(From 16personalities.com)

INFP PERSONALITY ("THE MEDIATOR")

INFP personalities are true idealists, always looking for the hint of good in even the worst of people and events, searching for ways to make things better. While they may be perceived as calm, reserved, or even shy, INFPs have an inner flame and passion that can truly shine. Comprising just 4% of the population, the risk of feeling misunderstood is unfortunately high for the INFP personality type – but when they find like-minded people to spend their time with, the harmony they feel will be a fountain of joy and inspiration.

Being a part of the Diplomat personality group, INFPs are guided by their principles, rather than by logic (Analysts), excitement (Explorers), or practicality (Sentinels). When deciding how to move forward, they will look to honor, beauty, morality and virtue – INFPs are led by the purity of their intent, not rewards and punishments. People who share the INFP personality type are proud of this quality, and rightly so, but not everyone understands the drive behind these feelings, and it can lead to isolation.

We Know What We Are, but Know Not What We May Be

At their best, these qualities enable INFPs to communicate deeply with others, easily speaking in metaphors and parables, and understanding and creating symbols to share their ideas. The strength of this intuitive communication style lends itself well to creative works, and it comes as no surprise that many famous INFPs are poets, writers and actors. Understanding themselves and their place in the world is important to INFPs, and they explore these ideas by projecting themselves into their work.

INFPs have a talent for self-expression, revealing their beauty and their secrets through metaphors and fictional characters.

INFPs' ability with language doesn't stop with their native tongue, either – as with most people who share the Diplomat personality types, they are considered gifted when it comes to learning a second (or third!) language. Their gift for communication also lends itself well to INFPs' desire for harmony, a recurring theme with Diplomats, and helps them to move forward as they find their calling.

Listen to Many People, but Talk to Few

Unlike their Extraverted cousins though, INFPs will focus their attention on just a few people, a single worthy cause – spread too thinly, they'll run out of energy, and even become dejected and overwhelmed by all the bad in the world that they can't fix. This is a sad sight for INFPs' friends, who will come to depend on their rosy outlook.

If they are not careful, INFPs can lose themselves in their quest for good and neglect the day-to-day upkeep that life demands. INFPs often drift into deep thought, enjoying contemplating the hypothetical and the philosophical more than any other personality type. Left unchecked, INFPs may start to lose touch, withdrawing into "hermit mode", and it can take a great deal of energy from their friends or partner to bring them back to the real world.

WHAT IS AN INFP?

INFP stands for....

INTROVERTED	... energized by quiet time alone
INTUITIVE	... see patterns and possibilities
FEELING	... prioritize people and emotions
PERCEIVING	... prefer freedom and flexibility



Luckily, like the flowers in spring, INFP's affection, creativity, altruism and idealism will always come back, rewarding them and those they love perhaps not with logic and utility, but with a world view that inspires compassion, kindness and beauty wherever they go.

No, I do not believe in the objection that Martin is somehow “channeling” Jesus, or adding to the Scriptures. Even in the Scriptures it tells that if all that Jesus had done and said was written, then the volumes would fill the world. So it is apparent that a lot of other things happened. This ZWTF pokes me in the ribs to *finish a thought*. Let me explain. I had never finished the thought that Joseph had probably never delivered a child so—*who helped?* Probably not a woman named Bathsheeba, but *someone* did! Maybe the inn keepers wife...who knows. It has never entered my thoughts that Mary rode on the back of a beast for quite a distance and that things happen on trips...

I used to read Tom Clancy novels till I hurt...Sometimes I read from the moment I returned from work until I had to shower the next morning to return to work. (That is a bit of a messed-up confession.) The stories were not compelling because they were true, but because all of the detail and human behavior that were included in the story made the drama meaningful, and made me think about what I read... *This is how people*

actually *act*, I would tell myself. *This is how people actually carry on conversations...*

I read this entire ZWTF (link below) in one sitting that seemed to only last a minute—in complete disregard of work that needed to be done and food that I wanted to eat. I haven't read an entire ZWTF in one bite like that for quite a while... *Really!* Did Joseph walk away every time he heard “Sorry, we're full,” and just say “It's the will of God”—or did he get pissed eventually?

There was a religious series of fiction novels written a couple of decades ago that changed the way many Americans thought of the return of Christ. It was not very well written, but it entered the public's mind through the *story*. It had many of the details that one would expect in real life, but had the timeline, rational, and reason incorrect.

I think that Martin needs to write this book, and I selfishly want to continue reading it.

There is so much more I would love to add, but I need to get my day started.

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