



# ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 8, Issue 12

## The History of the Universe, Chapter 9.

The creation of Earth.



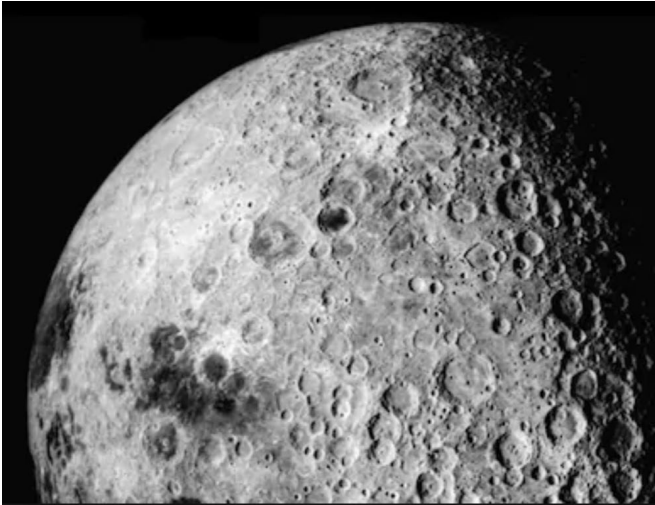
Not all celestial beings are nice. Think of the cantina scene in *Star Wars*. Yes, they're all drinking together at an intergalactic watering hole, but one senses that *all* hell would break loose if just one of the kinder, gentler freaks squeaked wrong. They're all from different galaxies, for crying out loud. Some look so dark and barbaric that, well—you wouldn't want to make eyes at their girlfriends. The big ones scare me. I realize that I've just stereotyped oversized space creatures, so I'm sorry. I'm just being honest. Chewbacca appears to be the exception. He looks like he eats cows for breakfast but I think you could ask him for a light. The tall, hirsute biped from the planet Kashyyyk works for good. He's a vessel of honor—*probably*. It's never far from one's mind, however, that Chewie could go to the Dark Side. You can't have teeth like that and make those kinds of noises without being possessed of a hair-trigger for evil. (*Hair-trigger*. Get

it?) Chewie could snap an Ewok in two—if he had half a mind. But I'm not sure that he does.

The heaven of Scripture is a cantina scene—constantly; not just at the bars, but everywhere light sabers are sold. I have been telling you that earthly productions follow a heavenly pattern. Take that right down to moral dispositions and amounts of hair. George Lucas, in his richest imagination (and we have seen screen-loads of Lucasian fancy) has barely scratched the surface of the types and species of celestial beings flying far above our heads, far beyond the reach of our most powerful telescopes. The *Star Wars* cantina scene comes closest.

We look for life on other planets. We'll never find it. We're looking too close. With the exception of Earth, our solar system is a celestial junkyard. What we're looking at is spare parts (blown-apart chunks of space matter) with a couple rings and spots thrown in for comic relief. The moons of the planets are the spare parts of the spare parts. In our solar system, spare parts revolve around spare parts. Not even our moon has life. The Apollo astronauts





went to the moon and found nothing besides craters, dust and rocks. That's because nothing else exists there. The moon just hangs in space getting sucker-punched for millennia by meteorites and cosmic rays. It's a celestial punching bag. It's deathly silent, too. There's no wacky cantina music; no hum of mosquitos. (You've got to go farther out for these things; *way* farther out.) If you hit a golf ball on the moon and no one hears it land, does it make a sound?

### THE SINGULAR EARTH

So why is Earth special? I ask because this is what I'm insisting. I am insisting that the planet we now occupy is the greatest orb in the universe. Not the most beautiful, but the greatest. How can I sit here on a futon with a computer in my lap, way out on the outskirts of the left arm of the Milky Way galaxy, at the edge of the bottom of the Floridan peninsula, and think that my home planet is so damn special? I've heard it said that to think of Earth and the human race as singularly spectacular is the height of arrogance—and probably somehow racist. (I'm not claiming this planet to be singularly spectacular due to any geologic feature or a multi-layered atmosphere, but because of something incredibly important that happened here and nowhere else.)

Those idiots in the group Kansas sang "Dust in the Wind"—"All we are is dust in the wind." If it were true, I'd finish listening to the song and then kill myself. It's not even quaintly self-effacing. Rather, it's the fodder of suicide. Have you ever considered that Kansas could be wrong? What if we are the most important species on the most important spheroid—and I could prove it? Kansas plays "Carry On Wayward Son" and the people cheer.

They play "Dust in the Wind" and the people smoke pot. Consider that for a moment. Is this something that dust in the wind can do? Write songs that move people to either delight or dope? Twang a string under tension and bring an audience to its knees? I've never seen dust command \$300 from people wanting to see it blow. Kansas contradicts itself every time it plays its sad, hypocritical hit. Where else does this happen, then? Tell me if you know. In the Andromeda galaxy? Messier 81? Give me a break.

Obviously, it's more than just rock and roll that distinguishes Earth from elsewhere. Admittedly, I have no proof that there is not a Kansas-like band somewhere else in the universe. I have no proof that there is not some other idiotic collection of musicians somewhere imagining its race to be but small particles of passive dirt, even while composing moving melodies. I'm not too concerned about life elsewhere. I know it's there. The life may make music; I don't much care. The *Ramones* are probably the result of sin and death. Where there is no sin and death, there is no *Ramones*. In any case, so much for dust in the wind.



But as I said, it's that something stupendously important happened here and nowhere else that makes Earth the greatest of all celestial addresses. I will even claim that our planet is regularly (albeit stealthily) visited by far-flung celestial dignitaries, much as our fellow Earthlings flock to Machu Picchu. They want to *see* this planet. They want to see where "it" happened.

What is "it"?

The following God-breathed Scripture is why I know that this third rock from the sun belongs behind glass in a celestial Smithsonian, and why humanity holds deed to the most unique race of beings ever to fall off God's fingertips. Hebrews 9:26—

Yet now, once, at the conclusion of the eons, for the repudiation of sin through His sacrifice, is He manifest.

God's very Son became manifest one time ("yet now, once") to repudiate sin. Where did He come? He came here. We have a record of it. Does anyone else have a record of it? They don't. They can't. Why? Because the thing that needed done—the thing because of which Christ was manifest—needed done but once. What needed done? *The repudiation of sin*. But wait. It has been posited that Jesus Christ could also have visited other galaxies. It has been hypothesized that other galaxies have also suffered under the burden of sin and death, and that Jesus Christ visited there as well—went into *their* world; made Himself look like *them*; died for *them*—just as He died for us here. Yet the above verse, Hebrews 9:26, dispels this theory. Christ came *once* for the repudiation of a *universal* sin (an overall failing) that infected not only earth, but heaven as well. Ladies and gentlemen, there is nothing besides earth and heaven. Earth is the ground upon which we walk, and heaven is all else—no matter how far out one goes, or in what direction. This is the scope of the sin-wracked realm that Christ died once concerning: *everything and everywhere*. There is no other scope besides heaven and earth. If there is no other scope, then there can be no other Savior. And if this Savior was manifested once and it was *here*, then Earth indeed became the ultimate arena upon which God would stage the ultimate showdown between good and evil.

#### FAILURE IN HIGH PLACES

Sin in heaven? Colossians 1:20—

It was through what His Son did that God cleared a path for everything to come to Him—all things *in heaven* and on earth—for Christ's death on the cross has made peace with God *for all* by His blood.

Something happened long ago in the annals of universal history that was so heinous that "all things in heaven" required a reconciling to God. Nothing less than a blood sacrifice was needed to make a peace that had somehow been violently lost by beings that we have never seen, created long before there was even an earth upon which a sacrificial lamb could suffer and die. God deemed necessary and fitting the shedding of the blood of a lamb-like Innocent—in a single place at a single time, never to be repeated—to clear a path for *something* to return to Him,

something which had fled from Him like thunder flees lightning.

Back in the early history of the universe, an event so dark occurred that no horror writer or occultic author has ever imagined it. We think of sin as existing only upon the earth. In this, we are shortsighted. Before sin existed here, it existed in heaven—before there was even a humanity. Here then is yet another example of how Earth reflects heavenly realities; I should say that Earth reflects heavenly *atrocities*. It happens in heaven, *then* it happens here. Do you want a *Star Wars* cantina scene served up from the deepest wells of nightmare? Then here is Paul in Ephesians 6:12—

For our fight is not against any physical enemy: it is against organizations and powers that are spiritual. We are up against the unseen power that controls this dark world, and spiritual agents from the very headquarters of evil.

That's from *The Message*. Here is the same passage from the *Concordant Literal New Testament*. The naming of actual celestial hierarchies in this version ratchets up the malevolence—in my opinion—to a tortuous degree. To me, here is true horror. Its understatement serves only to heighten the creep factor. Here is the more literal rendering—

For it is not ours to wrestle with blood and flesh, but with the sovereignties, with the authorities, with the world-mights of this darkness, with the spiritual forces of wickedness among the celestials.

#### CREATURES OF THIS DARKNESS

Paul—one of the few men given a behind-the-scenes glimpse into the chieftains of evil—names three denominations of creatures, elaborating upon something that we already know, namely, that great evil exists and that great beings effect it. I am simply holding it up to your face. No, it has not been your imagination. The evil is real; the beings are real.

The lowest form of these creatures—the world-mights—would ground you to powder. The authorities could hold galaxies hostage. You do not even want to see a sovereignty. I do not know what these larger beings look like. George Lucas tried to imagine it in *Star Wars*. His renditions are cartoonish, as they must be. I just watched the *Star Wars* cantina scene again, and it's laughable—*almost*. I say "almost" because of the



disturbing reality behind the scene. I don't want to know what the actual beings behind Lucas' caricatures look like, especially not the larger ones. I wish never to see the sovereignties. God does grant us insight, however, into the physical constitution of some of the smaller beings. The apostle John, stranded on Patmos with pen, papyri, and apocalyptic phantasms, saw what I believe to have been world-mights. Here is his inspired description in Revelation 16:13-14—



And I perceived, out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the wild beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, three unclean spirits, *as if frogs* (for they are spirits of demons, doing signs), which are going out to the kings of the whole inhabited earth, to be mobilizing them for the battle of the great day of God Almighty.

The suggestion here is that the lower order of spiritual life is amphibious-like. That John said the spirits were “as if” frogs precludes them *being* frogs, but frogs were the first things the apostle thought of when beholding the creatures. My guideline for determining what the larger creatures might look like is as follows: 1) consider frogs, 2) exaggerate the frogs' physical characteristics (their bulbous eyes, the glandular skin with secretions ranging from distasteful to toxic) by a million, 3) make them the size of Australia, and 4) run.

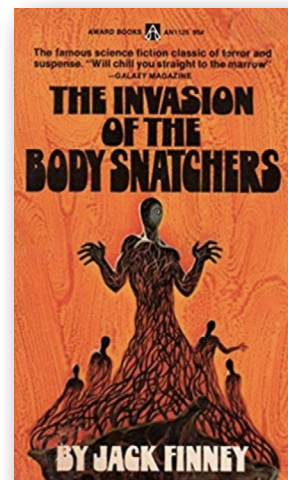
We are considering now spiritual forces of wickedness among the celestials. *In heaven*—in the place where everyone wants to go. And yet, as on Earth, heaven thunders with torment, shame, plague. So much for the streets of gold. (These come later.) This is not incidental evil, but evil wrought by beings so dark that, were they not beholden to God and His jurisdiction, would consume us. We blessedly have never seen or encountered them. We feel but the whispers of their presence. We are visited, thankfully, by only the lower orders.

## THEY HAUNT US

Soveriegnities. Authorities. World-mights. All “of this darkness.” We are haunted here, and everyone knows it. Everyone knows, instinctively, that there are dark forces *out there* afflicting us and wishing us gone. Movies are made of it. Books are written concerning it. Most

authors tap into the reality (they know it's there) but then fictionalize it, thinking themselves clever embellishers. The truth is far more terrorizing than any fiction. These writers—even the worst, or “best” of them—grasp but the hem of the size and malevolence of the evil forces. They're showing us children's theater. They're poking Godzilla with a marshmallow-roasting stick.

Such evil as that which occupies celestial realms is chiefly beyond the reach of mortal description. Strangely, people stand in line to purchase the embellishments. They long to know what lurks beyond. The popular hunger for derangement and crime astounds me. It sickens me, actually. Better yet for the reading public if the malevolence is otherworldly. And so the reading public turns to



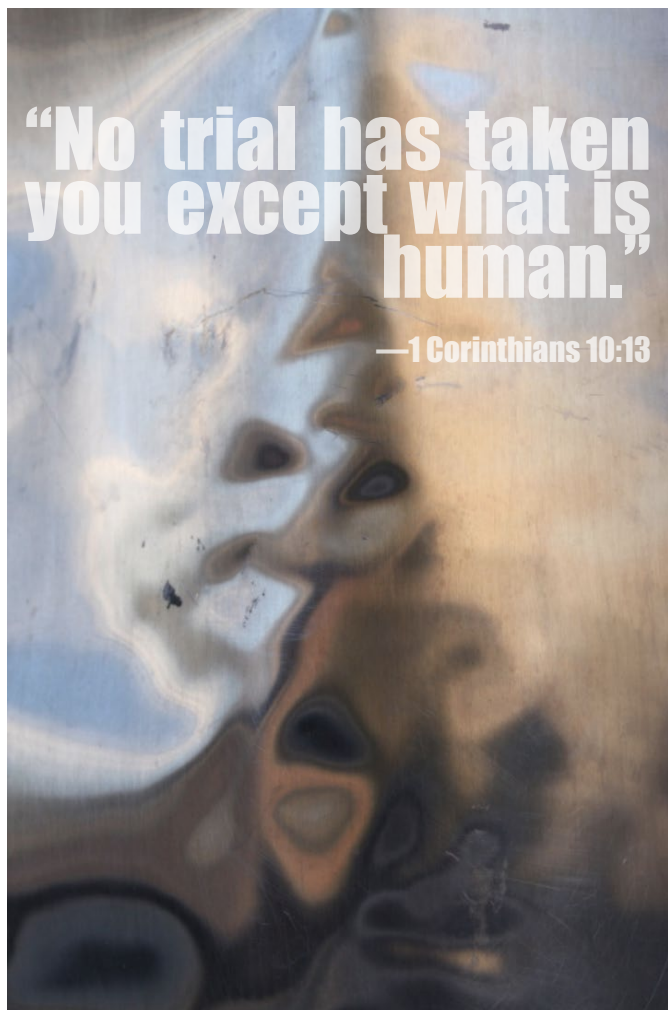
the likes of Stephen King, of Dean Koontz, of Clive Barker, Peter Straub, Bram Stoker, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, Anne Rice, Edgar Allan Poe, William Peter Blatty. It pants for such titles as *The Bad Seed*; *The Devil in Silver*; *Dracula*; *The Fifth Child*; *Frankenstein*; *Ghost Story*; *The Haunting of Hill House*; *Interview With the Vampire*; *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*; *Phantoms*; *Psycho*; *Rosemary's Baby*; *Pet Sematary*; *Amityville Horror*;

*The Talisman*; *Verses for the Dead*. What these writers and readers claw the edges of, I hold to your face. I cannot help that God understates it. He does the opposite of Stephen King and the rest. These writers prod the underbelly with stick and stone. God considers the same darkness from a satellite viewpoint, reporting evil and the demons behind

it as though they are but fading radar blips—which is what they are to Him. The sooner that this becomes our perspective as well, the sounder will be our sleep.

God knows that good is stronger than evil and ultimately reigns supreme. God created both evil and good (Isaiah 45:7). All evil subserves good in that it provides the necessary contrast for the display of it. God understands evil as a potter understands a pot. God knows evil's end. Why shouldn't He? He cast this player at the forefront of the production. He knows the prince of darkness to be a vessel of dishonor and, practically, a defeated foe. Satan will yet be reconciled to Him. (I doubt that Satan yet realizes it.) God wrote Satan into the Script as he is, pre-determining the enemy's parameters. God showed the Script to some angels one day and the angels said, "Shit!" (I have no Scripture for this; I simply choose to think it.) Only God could have done this. The Deity understates evil because He knows it "came to pass." "Coming to pass" is the opposite of "coming to stay."

I doubt that Stephen King grasps this.



## CUT AT THE EDGES

Many cannot imagine that demonism and the creatures behind it could be ultimately of God. Occultic terror and the fangs of all things diabolical oppose what is good and God-like. But again, God wrote it all in. It is God Who, moment by moment, protects us from the grim ends that would surely find us should the evil be unleashed. But rest your soul; the evil will never be unleashed. God restrains it at every turn. It does not seem so, I know. That evil is restrained is a matter for faith. But consider this: "No trial has taken you except what is human" (1 Corinthians 10:13). There are inhuman trials that we will never know. If we could witness a non-human trial, we would then realize all we've been spared. On a future day of revelation, when all curtains are parted, we will know exactly how little evil (of all the available evil) God directed into our personal worlds. We are cut at the edges only. We are blistered by the heated needle, not the roaring flame. Today, even the biggest, most vile beings tug against tethers. These tethers—praise the Almighty—are wrapped tightly around the fists of God. If we could know what fate evades us at every turn, we would fall to our knees in tearful thanksgiving. We are subject, at any given moment, to supernatural death. And worse. They want to shred our bodies, smash our souls, annihilate our spirits. Yet we are protected against the worst of it by the benevolence of The Force.

The Force wins. In the meantime, The Force restrains.

God underplays the malevolence to absurd degrees. I like this about Him. It comforts me to see God considering evil but a rude, passing necessity. Stephen King is a pea in God's vegetable soup. Goddamn son of a bitch horror writer from Maine; he imagines himself the king of the hill. He knows nothing. What dozens of human authors like him strain to enlarge, elongate and celebrate (making us vomit in the wakes of their glorification of evil and lasting darknesses), God comments upon as though considering a red dress in the back window of a passing car. Think of what Jesus Christ said to the apostle Peter in Luke 22:31-32—





Now the Lord said, “Simon, Simon, lo! Satan claims you men, to sift you as grain. Yet I besought concerning you, that your faith may not be defaulting. And once you turn back, establish your brethren.”

### “I HATE GOD”

I first felt demonism when I was a kid. I was ten years old and had already gone to bed for the night. My room was dark and completely silent. Just before sleep came, a disturbing phrase entered my head that could not be dislodged. The phrase was, “I hate God.” I knew I didn’t hate God, but the saying wouldn’t give up. I tried to say another thing, but every alternative failed. I cried for my mother—Mom!—who rushed into my room and sat down on my bed. I can still feel my mother’s blessed weight settling in next to me and me rolling into her weight, toward the warmth of that woman. I told her what was happening to me. She said, “But you don’t hate God. You love God.” “Then why can’t I stop saying it?” “It’s because you’re not thinking of the swimming pool in the back yard,” she said. “Think of the swimming pool in the back yard.” It had never occurred to me to do that. She said, “While you’re thinking about the swimming pool, keep telling yourself that you love God. But make sure that you see the blue water of the pool.” I finally did that enough times that I fell into sleep.

Why did this happen to me? My parents took me to Catholic church. I was dipped into the mystery of the Mass with its demonology and dark guilts. It seemed pleasant and innocent on the outside, but inside were the bones of the dead and the barely-alive. One missed confession, one missed prayer, one lie, one misplacement of the eyes, and I would feel *another* weight, this one that of my fingernails clawing the edge of an abyss as I was dragged by Satan into the belly of hell. When the Mass was over the priest used to say,



“Go in peace to love and serve the Lord,” and I would think, even then, *Are you out of your fucking mind?*

### THE CREATION OF EARTH

If God had not been trying to humble Job, then we might never have received an account of the creation of Earth. It came in the afternoon post. But because Job was talking too much and God needed to butt in, we have something here more important than the Declaration of Independence. Not only have we an account of the creation of Earth, but a backstage glimpse at what the more noble celestial beings were doing at the time. As for the



following Scriptural excerpt, I should stop quoting at “the morning stars sang together and all the angels shouted for joy” because this ends my point and marks the place where I want to begin my commentary. But the rest trickles so prettily from God’s lips that I can’t and won’t stop Him until He tells Job how He actually aims the lightning. (Don’t try this at home.)

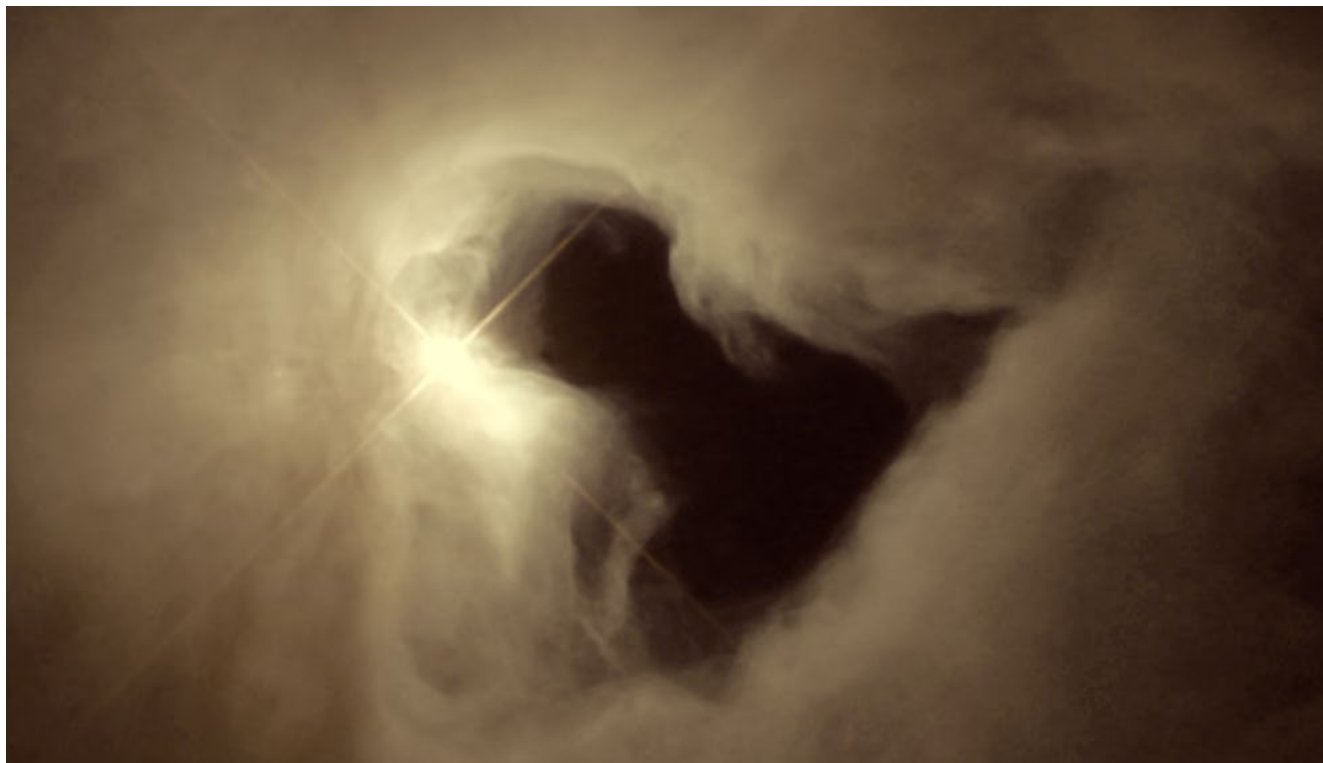
As I was saying, God was fielding Job’s complaint, had had enough, and then launched into *this*. There is nothing like it in all of literature. I would subtitle it, “By The Way, Tough Guy, I Created the Earth”—

Then the Lord answered Job from the whirlwind

“Why are you using your ignorance to deny my providence? Now get ready to fight, for I am going to demand some answers from you, and you must reply.

“Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth? Tell me, if you know so much. Do you know how its dimensions were determined, and who did the surveying? What supports its foundations, and who laid its cornerstone as the morning stars sang together and all the angels shouted for joy?

“Who decreed the boundaries of the seas when they gushed from the depths? Who clothed them with clouds and thick darkness and barred them by limiting their



shores, and said, ‘Thus far and no farther shall you come, and here shall your proud waves stop’?

“Have you ever once commanded the morning to appear and caused the dawn to rise in the east? Have you ever told the daylight to spread to the ends of the earth, to end the night’s wickedness? Have you ever robbed the dawn in red, and disturbed the haunts of wicked men, and stopped the arm raised to strike?

“Have you explored the springs from which the seas come, or walked in the sources of their depths? Has the location of the gates of death been revealed to you? Do you realize the extent of the earth? Tell me about it if you know! Where does the light come from, and how do you get there? Or tell me about the darkness. Where does it come from? Can you find its boundaries, or go to its source? But of course you know all this! For you were born before it was all created, and you are so very experienced!

“Have you visited the treasuries of the snow, or seen where hail is made and stored? For I have reserved it for the time when I will need it in war. Where is the path to the distribution point of light? Where is the home of the east wind? Who dug the valleys for the torrents of rain? Who laid out the path for the lightning, causing the rain to fall upon the barren deserts, so that the parched and barren ground is satisfied with water and tender grass springs up?

“Has the rain a father? Where does dew come from? Who is the mother of the ice and frost? For the water changes and turns to ice as hard as rock.

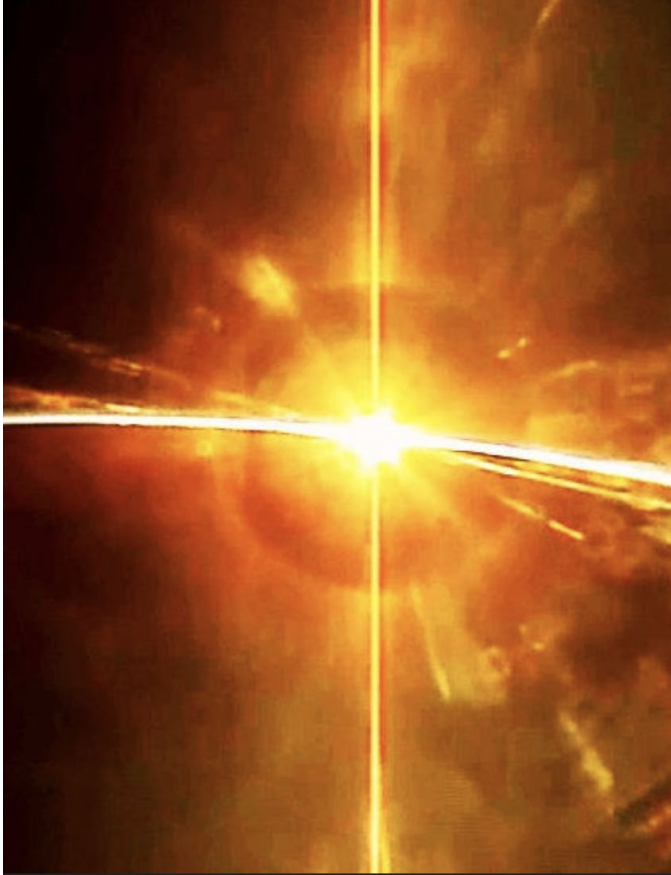
“Can you hold back the stars? Can you restrain Orion or Pleiades? Can you ensure the proper sequence of the seasons, or guide the constellation of the Bear with her satellites across the heavens? Do you know the laws of the universe and how the heavens influence the earth? Can you shout to the clouds and make it rain? Can you make lightning appear and cause it to strike as you direct it?” —*Job 38:1-35. The Living Bible.*

The prophet Isaiah says of God in Isaiah 45:18—

For thus says Yahweh, Creator of the heavens; He is the One, Elohim, the Former of the earth and its Maker, He Himself established it; *He did not create it a chaos; He formed it to be indwelt.*

What God described to Job was the “not-a-chaos” mentioned here by the prophet Isaiah. It was a gorgeous globe, prepared and ornamented for coming life. The “morning stars” singing together here are radiant celestial beings, called “stars” in the Hollywood sense—masters of their domain. The morning stars sang at the creation of this Earth, and the angels shouted for joy.

Why the fuss? They knew that an important stage



“They knew that an important stage had been cast into the empyrean.”

had been cast into the empyrean. For what? None of them knew then. Shove a microphone into any angelic face at that time and one would have heard extravagances such as, “amazing,” “sparkling,” “stellar,” “important,” and from the more insightful, “I’ve never seen Him do anything like this; something is up.”

There were other orbs in other galaxies—many. What made this one different? What made it so special so as to demand the publishing of its blueprint (in the book of Job) and the description of the detail of its founding? Is it that Earth was a stage set for a showdown between malevolence and good that no morning star, angel, or world-might could have then imagined?

Remember, the Son of God—Christ—had already fared forth from the bosom of His Father. The celestial host had already been created through Christ. The eons—the framework of time during which this drama would unfold—had already been hung upon their invisible

time-frames. And the heavens had already been sprinkled with stars, galaxies and planets innumerable.

Only God and Christ could have known, then, what Earth was created for: that there would be a battle fought here, a battle so important for the future of the universe and its denizens that it would showcase not only God’s power, but His heart. Thus far, the universe had only seen God’s power—His power in the creation of all that existed up until then. But none had yet perceived His heart. How could they, when His heart had no foil against which to display itself? There was no sin yet in the universe; no darkness, no pain, no distrust or disease to spoil anything. All was calm; all was bright.

A.E. Knoch writes in “The Object of Creation”—

Now some might think that this must have been a perfect world, a world which enjoyed a perfect revelation of God, which was therefore capable of bringing the most perfect satisfaction both to Him and to the creatures which He had made. But this was not so. All that His creatures were then able to see was a Creator of unlimited power and ability. His innermost heart remained hidden from them. They could know Him as the embodiment of might, but not as the embodiment of love. They could not know good as long as there was nothing to contrast it with. They did not know evil. They did not know what it was to overcome evil and to develop good to its sublimest height in the struggle with sin. The Deity they could grasp resembled the One Whom countless unbelievers admire in nature.

God knew that another revelation was needed; needed for His own sake, for the sake of His Christ, and for the sake of His creatures. It was the revelation of evil. The old theological quarrel, whether Satan fell from a state of perfection, or whether he was created as the personification of wickedness, is in vain, for even had he once been good, God made him so that he could become the very embodiment of everything that is evil. And that is what he was made for. He was a necessity for God’s most sublime revelation.

As one considers this and contemplates the reaction of the morning stars and angels to the founding of Earth, one might call them naïfs, blissfully unaware of the coming night. Perhaps so. One thing is certain: we have no record of Christ celebrating the founding of this latest celestial wonder; how could He, really? For truly, He must have known what would happen to Him there. He may have already felt the pang of the nails being driven through His wrists. He saw ahead to a battle between good and evil yet



unfelt and unmanifested, but even now—at the creation of Earth—waiting in the wings. And then there was Satan. As Judas contemplated betraying his Lord even while supping at His table, the one created to be the king of all evil must have paced the perimeter of this scene, brooding in grim anticipation of what he knew he must now do.

### AUTHORITY OF DARKNESS

God had bestowed upon Satan much power and authority. Indeed, he was one of the sovereignties mentioned by Paul in Ephesians; the king sovereignty, in fact. Satan would one day tell Christ—upon the very Earth now founded—that all the kingdoms of the world were given to him and that he gives them to whomsoever he wills (Luke 4:6). Jesus did not contest the point. Paul calls Satan “the god of this eon” (2 Corinthians 4:4), and the apostle John reports that “the whole world is lying in the wicked one” (1 John 5:19). Clearly, Satan had been granted juris-



diction over this most important new orb—just as Christ assigned Judas the purse strings of His tiny band of apostles. But as the purse-keeper plotted—even at the last celebratory dinner—to betray his Master, so did this one stalk the perimeter of the joyous founding of Earth, not jubilant as the rest, but lost in contemplation of

what might come upon this place—how it might affect his kingdom and what he might now do to stop it.

Satan was the Judas of this celestial convocation. As he gazed about the scene, he knew that there were others who would go with him. He bided his time.

### JUBILATION AND TREACHERY

The night of April 13, 1865, was one of the most radiant anyone in Washington could remember. With the agony of the Civil War drawing to a close, the city celebrated peace by draping itself in lights. “There was an incredible sense of jubilation that the war was finally coming to an end,” said historian Doris Kearns Goodwin. “And it was witnessed in the light and the spectacular scenery, with the crowds on the street and lights in all the windows. It must have been a beautiful thing to behold.”

That night, John Wilkes Booth walked among the revelers in a haze of resentment and alcohol. Said writer James L. Swanson, “He heard the taunts against General Lee and the Confederate army. He saw the Union soldiers in their uniforms marching up and down the streets



celebrating. It was the most beautiful, joyful night in American history since we had won the Revolutionary War. And John Wilkes Booth had to witness it all.”

Later, a disconsolate Booth wrote his mother a note—

Everything was bright and splendid, more-so in my eyes if it had been for a nobler cause. But so goes the wolf. Might makes right.

When he went to bed that night, he was a man with little hope. He was a man without prospects. He was a man who felt that his world and everything he held dear had been crushed and humiliated. Something had to be done about it.

\* \* \*

What happened next in the heavenly vault was a thing that not even Stephen King could have imagined.  
—MZ