



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 8, Issue 13

The History of the Universe, Chapter 10.

The earth is disrupted.



Satan is the god of ruin. He's the god of wreckage. He's the god of short-sighted scheming. He cannot think or see past his own hand. He is capricious, nervous, a mastermind of mayhem, though not of long-term planning. He has ADHD. He acts first and thinks later, if he even thinks at all.

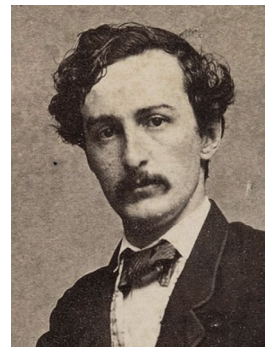
I personally do not like him that much. But I know why he's here and how he came to be.

He was created to be how he is. He did not realize it then and still does not know. The divine tether around his neck, being invisible and therefore physically indiscernible, eludes his awareness. Indeed, for him to fulfill his role, he must be kept ignorant of the invisible compulsion. He is, as we know, a key player in the great Production, a production which, in the end, will demonstrate to the universe the great love and magnanimous heart of God, a love indemonstrable apart from a field of hate upon which to vibrate.

Salvation cannot be realized apart from loss, nor can life be realized apart from death. Satan is the god of loss, hate and death. For him to build the necessary kingdom to oppose his Creator, Satan must be kept ignorant of the fact that everything he does—and, here in the early stages of universal history, everything that he must do—accords precisely with the pre-determined will of God (Ephesians 1:11). Every day of his dubious yet necessary career forwards God's plan as well as gives God's friends someone to wrestle against, eventually earning them the divine equivalent of Medals of Honor in the fight against evil.

DELUSIONAL TRILOGY

Like Judas, Satan sees himself a champion of the right. Like John Wilkes Booth, he imagines himself a folk hero, destined to rid the world of great malignancy. While Washington D.C. celebrated on April 13, 1865, Booth plotted to kill the president. While the sons of Israel celebrated the Passover of April 13, 32 A.D., Judas plotted to save our Lord from Himself and help Israel toward a political rather than a spiritual government. Satan; Judas; John Wilkes



Booth—all self-supposed heroes set to destroy what they perceived to be great evil, but what in fact was the greatest of all good.

INSPIRED STUPIDITY

As is to be expected, God is several steps ahead of His creation. This truth flies against the Christian assertion that God races around the universe putting out fires started by celestial and terrestrial arsonists who have somehow broken the leash of His control. Yes, the popular theory is that the most nefarious characters of God's Novel have escaped the confines of the book and are running amok. This would be like Huckleberry Finn, tired of his country bumpkin persona, deciding on page 108 of the novel bearing his name to "jail-break" off the edge of the page (with Jim in tow; Twain is distracted lighting a cigar), hop a train from Hannibal to Boston, apply at Harvard, get a law degree and then turn around and sue Twain.

Only those unaware of the greatness of God could even imagine such a scenario. And only those perceiving the beauty and order of the universe and chalking it up to chance could be so unaware of the greatness of God. And only a supernatural force of divine caliber could sustain such blindness in the face of such utter greatness. The stupidity required to think of God as having lost control of His universe is immense, and this is what *actually* keeps God busy: re-kindling the fires of such duncehood. He's not running around the universe putting out fires, He's busy fanning the flames of ignorance to assure that the antagonistic spiritual beings, religious folks and all others stay just dumb enough to continue on with His Masterpiece. He needs them to oppose His righteousness. As Jesus said to His disciples in Matthew 13:11—

To you has it been given to know the secrets of the kingdom of the heavens, yet to those it has not been given.

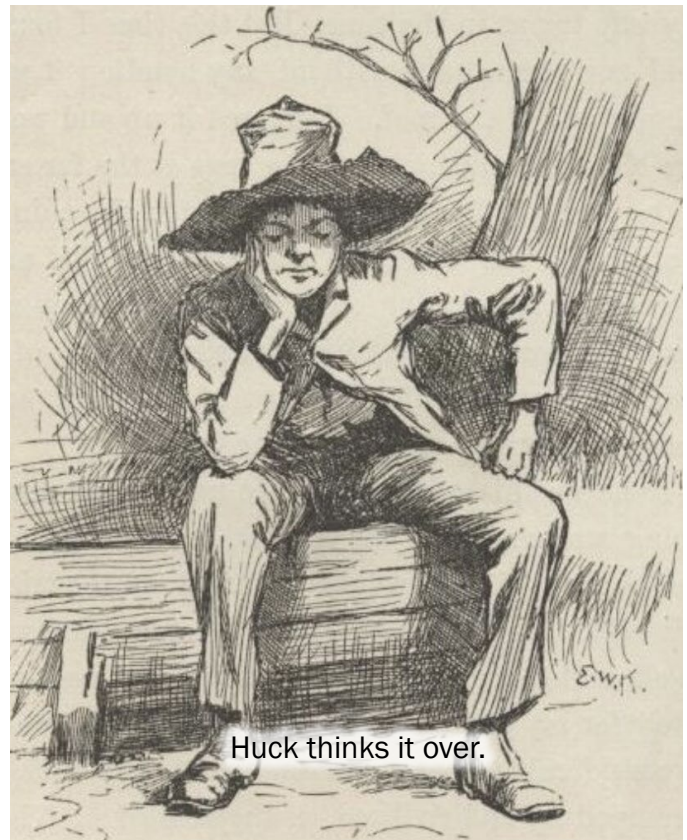
CONSPIRACY OF SELFISHNESS

While the universe-at-large celebrated the founding of Earth, Satan took an accounting of those who were with him. He was not the only spiritual being created at arm's length; other darknesses prowled the perimeter, primed for the coup.

One of John Wilkes Booth's accomplices was Joseph Burroughs, a stage-hand at Ford's who waited in the

muddy alleyway behind the theater at 10:15 p.m. on the night of April 14, 1865. He held the horse upon which Booth would escape, first over the Navy Yard bridge out of Washington D.C., and then south into Maryland and eventually into Virginia. Once in the South, Booth supposed he would receive a hero's welcome.

Judas' fellow conspirators were Annas and Caiphas, the religious leaders of Israel, holding their own "horses" of a Roman regiment, awaiting Judas' word as to the whereabouts of Christ. "We need to know where the soldiers can find him," they told the traitor.



Huck thinks it over.

To the priesthood of Israel, Judas was their salvation; an insider who could rid them of the troublemaker, Christ. Booth supposed that the South would view him as their deliverer from "that great tyrant," Abraham Lincoln. As for Satan, he perceived nothing but ill in the new creation—for him. Earth? This one was different; a celestial orb unlike all the others; not a dead rock of cold stone, no, but clearly a place to be inhabited—*but by what?* The celebration of his fellow celestials—whom he knew to be overly servile to the Deity—was all he needed to see. What was good for God and these weak, shiny sycophants was ultimately bad for him.

Booth was a nationally-known actor; Judas the purse-holder of the rag-tag band of disciples headed by Christ; Satan the deed-holder of great power and might over large swaths of universe, including that sector within whose precincts Earth now hung. The prince of darkness enjoyed measurable support among the rebels, yes, even within the ranks of other sovereignties such as himself. I speak now of the sovereignties, authorities and world-mights. As Judas had curried the favor of the mainstream religious powers, and Booth of the southern secessionists, Satan won support among the more disgruntled of the celestial ranks.

In each of these cases, the pot of profit at rebellion's end was power: personal power, personal might, the glorification of self. In these three things we see the commonality between all adversaries of God. It is not that God swears off glory, might and power, but rather that this holy trinity radiates *from* Him, not toward Him. He would send the glory abroad. Not so His adversaries. They would corner the market on power, might and glory and hoard it to themselves. God's ultimate desire—which of course shall be fulfilled—is to share His glory, might and power with others. As we have seen, it was He Who created these other beings in order to eventually fill them. Remember, God longs for fellowship. To assure that He gets it, He creates it Himself, not only for His own enjoyment, but for that of His creatures.

Satan saw all of this and blanched. Judas and Booth didn't care too much for the great heroes of their era either. The sharing of glory is the disposition of the true, and of all who would legitimately hold such power. True greatness, as I have said, radiates outward—not inward—desiring fellow bathers in the great pool of glee.

COUNTDOWN TO CORRUPTION

And so there sat the Earth in all of its pristine beauty. Nothing appeared to be holding it in space, but this was illusion. The spirit of God held it up. Upon this planet would come Jesus Christ; Moses; Abraham; David; Peter; the apostle Paul. The body of Christ would live here, as well as myriads out of Israel. Here would be the training ground—the boot camp, if you will—of all those to whom God would reveal His deepest secrets. Not everyone would be told the secrets. Those not in God's confidence would wander around guessing at things, reading books by Stephen Hawking and Eckart Tolle. One commonality between every future Earthling: each of them would undergo temporary suffering to prepare them for a future of eternal bliss. Everyone would suffer to a degree, though

not without many helps and survival mechanisms such as fried chicken, families, cigarettes, sex, alcohol, sunshine, lounge chairs, dogs, cats, beachballs and peanut M&Ms. Most would die having not received certain and specific promises in their lifetimes but nevertheless being assured (whether apprised of the assurance or not) of the promises ahead and of a resurrection from the dead. Some were given the faith to grasp the future; others were kept in the dark. (At least they had fried chicken.) And yet all were to be included by virtue of Christ's death for the sake of Adam's race.

Death could never and will never permanently hold anyone. Ironically, such a joyous message originates outside of mainstream religion, for mainstream religion does not even believe it. This is why the saying has gone forth: "Believe in God, in spite of what the clergy say."



BORN TO REIGN

Some of the inhabitants of the new planet would be prepared to rule and to reign; yes, to rule and reign with Christ both on Earth and in heaven. "The new aristocracy" as it were. Paupers to princes. Not everyone would be called and prepared in this way, for this task, but some would. The others wouldn't mind it one bit. Why would they? They would all—to a man and woman—be beneficiaries of the most beautiful of rulerships. The faithful of Israel would be trained to rule the Earth, while a called-out organization known as the body of Christ—a select gaggle of idiot Greeks and other non-Israelites with no Abrahamic pedigree—would be trained to rule in the heavens.

In the heavens. This is what Satan hated most of all. Like the Grinch gazing down upon Whoville from the

summit of Mt. Crumpit, Satan resented even the faintest note of praise—conscious or otherwise—from the tiny creatures of God’s gracious hand. The Prince of Darkness wriggled his nose and whiffed it all in as the scent wafted past Orion, up over the Pleiades, through Virgo’s fair bosom and out into the empyrean—and he hated it. Oh, how he hated it.

The Grinch smelled the Who-hash and Who-pudding of Whoville; this is what set *his* teeth (yellow as they were) on edge. John Wilkes Booth caught the scent of Union cannons; for Judas, it was the wicks of Roman torchlights, letting go smoke into the hollows of the olive trees. Make no mistake: Satan smelled trouble. For himself. For his minions. For his own ambitions. He could not let this...this...*Earth* continue. The celebration at the founding had *highly* unsettled him—as I’ve already mentioned. The delight of the Deity in the founding of it irked him beyond his capabilities of endurance.

God counted down on His fingers...*five, four, three, two, one*...because He knew, of course, the precise moment when it would occur.

PULLING THE TRIGGER



John Wilkes Booth opened the door to the presidential box, leveled a single-shot derringer pistol at point-blank range just behind the president’s left ear, and fired. Judas stepped

forward—separating himself from the Roman squadron who had come to this garden to arrest the troublemaker—and kissed the cheek of the Christ, betraying Him. The Grinch barrelled down Mt. Crumpit in his homemade ramshackle sled, along with his dog Max, determined to steal Christmas from Whoville.

Satan? He assembled his compatriots, gathered his wits, whistled for the world-mights—and charged.

Peter speaks of the noise that this present earth will make when it is at last destroyed to make way for a new heavens and a new earth—

Now the day of the Lord will be arriving as a thief, in which the heavens shall be passing by with a booming noise, yet the elements shall be dissolved by combustion, and the earth and the works in it shall be found (2 Peter 3:10).

We do not know the sound produced at the disruption of the first, pristine earth, but surely it rivals the Petrine description of a planet exploding inside-out from core-bound pressure and heat. The noise of the destruction of the pristine earth *must* exceed it, in my opinion, because here the physical destruction is accompanied by the din of self-determinism. The earth we now occupy will be destroyed in the future by the will and power of a nature bending its knee to God. *That* earth was disrupted by the rabid desperation of a panicked sovereignty. *How* did he do it? No one knows. We are offered no detailed description. But I offer you the following—

You have seen and heard in popular film the battlecries of soldiers rushing as one onto fields of combat: think Gettysburg; Cannae; Somme; Leipzig, Stalingrad; Little Big Horn. Take all of these battles, combine the combatants, mix into their already demented minds a supernatural angst, stain their hearts with otherworldly hysteria, slap into their frog-like fists weapons of mass destruction undreamed of by mortal man, and you may approach the ruckus. Combine the ranks of the combatants, multiply them by the sum by the number of sand grains on the sea, and then perhaps you *may* scale the weakest battlement of the height, breadth and depth of such a holocaust.

A SINGLE WORD REPORTS IT

We would never even have known of the great mutiny were it not for the correction of a single mistranslated word, and the setting right—linguistically—of the very first paragraph of the opening book of Scripture.

In the Greek Scriptures (the so-called New Testament), we read such phrases as:

- ▶ “You love Me from the *foundation* of the world” (John 17:24).
- ▶ “...according as He chooses us in Him before the *foundation* of the world” (Ephesians 1:4).
- ▶ ... “the precious blood of Christ, as of a flawless and unspotted lamb, foreknown, indeed, before the *foundation* of the world” (1 Peter 1:20).
- ▶ ... “so that fulfilled may be that which is declared through the prophet saying, I shall be opening My mouth in parables, I shall be emitting what is hid from the *foundation*” (Matthew 13:35).

The trouble with these passages—the glitch that hides from our eyes one of the most monumental events in universal history—is the word “foundation.” This is a mistranslation of the Greek word *katabole*, a two-part

Greek word whose composition is: *kata* = DOWN, and *bole* = CASTING. *Katabole*, then, ought never to have been translated “foundation,” no, but “down-casting,” which is the opposite of a founding. God *founded* it, but Satan *downcasted* it. The *Concordant Literal New Testament* gets it right and translates this word, “disruption.” Like this—

- ▶ “You love Me from the *disruption* of the world” (John 17:24).
- ▶ “...according as He chooses us in Him before the *disruption* of the world” (Ephesians 1:4).
- ▶ “...the precious blood of Christ, as of a flawless and unspotted lamb, foreknown, indeed, before the *disruption* of the world” (1 Peter 1:20).
- ▶ ... “so that fulfilled may be that which is declared through the prophet saying, I shall be opening My mouth in parables, I shall be emitting what is hid from the *disruption*” (Matthew 13:35).

The disruption of the world—that is, the rebellion of Satan and his minions that wrecked the first earth and introduced sin into the universe—is mentioned eleven times in the Greek Scriptures. And yet few have ever heard of it. Why? Because of a critical mistranslation that, itself, was introduced by God. Why in the world would God do that? “It is the glory of God to conceal a matter, and the glory of kings to investigate a matter” (Proverbs 25:2).

THE DISRUPTION OF THE WORLD

I said in the previous chapter that God created the earth to be inhabited. Here again is the verse from 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.*

Try to reconcile this with the common reading of Genesis 1:1-2. Here is the King James Version—

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

According to this wording, God created the heaven and the earth without form and void; He *created* it that way. Isn’t that the impression? “God created the earth, and the earth was without form and void.” Kind of like, “I created a

vase in ceramics class, and the vase was the ugliest thing anyone had ever seen.” The vase was created ugly. Yet this crashes headlong into Isaiah 45:18, which says that God “did *not* create [the earth] a chaos, but rather formed it to be indwelt.” Both verses, as they read, cannot be true.

It’s yet another translating issue. Compare the *King James Version* of Genesis 1:1-2 with this, the *Concordant Version of the Old Testament*—

In a beginning Elohim created the heavens and the earth. As for the earth, it became a chaos and vacant, and darkness was over the surface of the abyss.

There it is (i.e. “Eureka!”). The earth was not *created* a chaos and vacant; it was created to be inhabited. The earth *became* a chaos and vacant. How did it become this way? Satan and his minions bum-rushed and wrecked it. This is the thing referred to eleven times

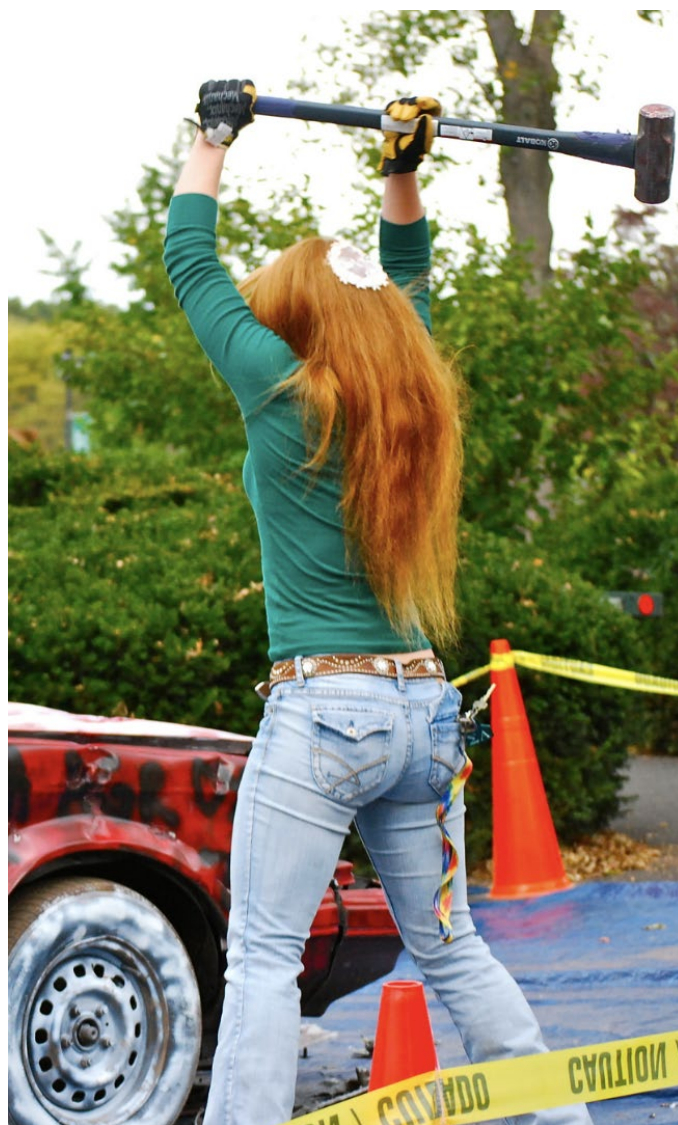
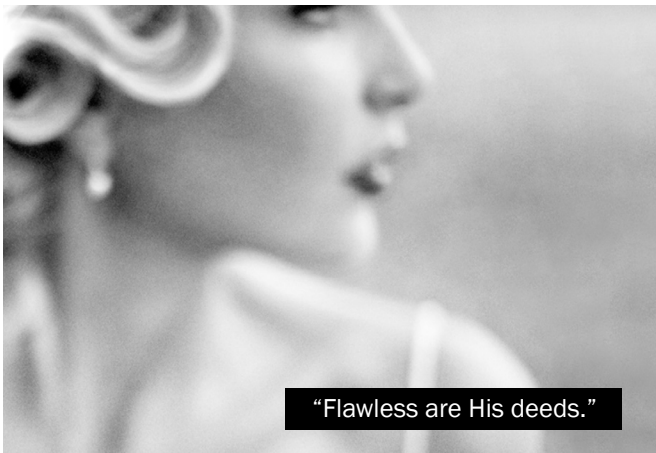


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in the Greek Scriptures (the “New Testament”) as “the disruption of the world.” The disruption of the world changed everything. It’s the biggest thing that no one knows about—all because of the KJV mistranslation of Genesis 1:1-2 and in those eleven New Testament passages. The disruption of the world. We are still living atop its physical chaos. We still suffer amidst its spiritual discord. Christ came because of it. No disruption of the world = no Christ.

“I created a vase in ceramics class, and the vase *became* the ugliest thing anyone had ever seen.” How did it become that way? Perhaps someone dropped it. Perhaps someone pilfered it, re-heated it and whacked it into another shape. In any case, Genesis 1:1-2 hits us between the eyes when we look at the right translation. The Hebrew word translated “became” is *vayhi*. The King James translators got it right in Genesis 2:7 with, “And the Lord God formed man of the dust of



“Flawless are His deeds.”

the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became (*vayhi*) a living soul.” Why didn’t they translate *vayhi* “was” here, as they translated it in Genesis 1:2? Because it obviously doesn’t work here. God breathed into man’s nostrils and he *was* a living soul? Awkward. Then put “became” in Genesis 1:2. Nope. They didn’t. And because they didn’t, Bible readers think that God created the Earth a chaos and vacant—as if He’s nuts. As if He would create an earth that would suck. Deuteronomy 32:4 says, “Flawless are His deeds.” It does not say, “His deeds suck.” Then the Bible readers assess Isaiah 45:18 in light of this—which says that God did *not* create the earth a void—and they want to throw a pie at God, or at least use His Bible to substitute for a broken sofa leg. God loses all respect—until one discovers what He actually *said*.

OLD EARTH

This truth puts to bed the “old earth” arguments. Ladies and gentleman, we are not on the first earth. This is the second earth. Thus, when “the spirit of God vibrated over the surface of the waters” in Genesis 1:2, and over “the darkness that was over the surface of the abyss” in the same verse, we are not reading of the creation of the first earth. Hell no. We are reading of the *re-adjustment* of the first, wrecked earth. We’re on the second earth; *this* is the earth that emerged out of the disruption. There is one more earth in our future, the creation of which is described in Revelation chapter 21.

The spirit of God vibrated over the chaos caused by Satan. Ladies and gentleman, the wreckage of that first earth was so bad that nothing remained of it but water and darkness—nothing. Or should I say, water and darkness covered it. That old earth cohered *out of* water and was destroyed *by* water. This is why the earth is 71% water. We’re “lucky” it’s not more. It is by the grace of God that it is not more. Water is God’s preferred substance of destruction. His second is fire. Have you ever been out on the ocean at night? It’s just a tad frightening. I’m talking about a night bereft of all moonlight and void of stars. I’m talking now about a night so black that you cannot see your own hand in front of your face. Now take that and cover the entire earth with it. *This* is what remained after God had created a perfect earth—a sublime planet fit for habitancy—and it was disrupted by Satan and his world-mights. But remember: God counted down to the bum-rush. The bum-rush was part of the Script. Thus, God



knew precisely when it would enter “stage left.” And enter stage left it did; all necessary evil enters from the left, if you ask me. The disruption provided the wreckage upon which the spirit of God would vibrate. The ensuing readjustment would reveal God’s heart. We see God’s power in the creation of the earth, but His heart comes forward in the restoration.

The people, therefore, who say that the earth is more than 6,000 years old are correct. “Bible people” panic at this because they suppose that it contradicts the Bible. It does contradict the Bible—the King James Bible. But it does not contradict *Scripture*. The Bible “says” that God created the earth in six days. No. God re-adjusted the *fucked* Earth in six days. We don’t know how long it took Him to create the original earth. Scripture doesn’t say. Further, we don’t know how long it sat there looking fine before the malignant spiritual forces disrupted it. This is a case where the “Bible” is wrong, but the Scriptures are correct. True science and Scripture will never contradict one another. How could they? God is the Author of both.

POSTCARD POTHOLE

Our planet did not start out this way. You think it’s beautiful? It’s not. Well...a case could be made that God refurbished it very nicely. Leave it to God to beautify the bones of trauma. Tourists flock to the Grand Canyon to “ooh” and “ahh” over it. They think it’s beautiful. For a scar, I suppose it is. But it’s a scar. A wound. A giant pothole. As I say, only God can make giant lesions postcard-worthy. The Grand Canyon is an epic gash upon the face of earth, the remnant of a shit-ass cataclysm at the forefront of creation effected by giant, amphibious-like beings (who are also very rude), whose chief is Satan.

* * *

“I had this feeling about the Grand Canyon.”

“Harold, you’re just saying this *now*, after what you just heard the kid say. I remember you saying ‘hot damn,’ at the time that we went there.”

“I did? Well, that’s a very versatile saying. That saying can be interpreted different ways. Maude, you have to admit that. ‘Hot damn’ can go either way. That canyon disturbed the shit out of me.”

“They say that the Colorado River got to it. It doesn’t seem likely now.”

“Right? Come on now. The river meanders through there for a million and a half years and cuts all that? How stupid do they think we are?”

“We believed that for years.”

“Now we know. The earth and the world was disrupted by a shit-ass cataclysm. It happened in an afternoon.”

“If you can call it that.”

“Were there even afternoons back then, do you think?”

“I don’t see how. The sun wasn’t made yet, Harold.”

“Oh. I’d liked to have been there.”

“I don’t know. It sounds kinda wet.”

HERB DIRKS

Herb Dirks was a German guy who came to the Bible studies at my house in the early 90’s. He had been a POW in WW II—of the Russians. That’s right, Herb was a little Nazi. But now he was a lover of God with a soft heart, although bristling still



with the crusty exterior of pure Germanic extraction. Herb stuttered like a freight train going uphill, but he brought groceries to our home when he knew we weren’t doing so well financially. He loved everyone at the Bible study but it wouldn’t take much to set him off. It happened one morning when a poor guy mentioned something about the Allegheny

Mountains being beautiful. I don’t know how we got *there*—but there it was. The guy would have been better off taking Herb’s beer.

Herb started shaking and you just knew that the freight train was starting up the Matterhorn. I forgot to tell you that “Herbie” Dirks spit whenever something got his goat; this, mind you, in conjunction with the freight train taking new coal into the boilers; this was all happening now, big-time. All it took was for Herbie to hear “the Allegheny Mountains are beautiful.” His eyes widened like a gecko’s and a seemingly endless supply of saliva fueled and lubricated the following: “*Nein! V-v-vot you s-s-s-see; d-d-d-dat is... zerstörung der welt! (disruption of the world!) Dummkopf!*”

Herb Dirks could simply not sustain anyone beautifying what to him—and rightly so—was the entrance of sin into the universe. The reason that Herb did not slap the man was because Herb was *also* aware that: no disruption = no Christ. In the end, Herb tipped a beer to

the guy. And perhaps to God as well. After all, it was the Deity Who, indeed, had at least covered the bones of the disruption with moss and pleasant-looking green trees. Herbie at last had to admit *that* much, although I would not ever, myself, have injected such a word as “pleasant” into *any* mention of the disruption of the world in the presence of Herb Dirks.

Herb died a couple years after that, but I will never forget that day, and neither will the poor *dummkopf* who thought that the disruption of the world that produced the Allegheny mountains was anything but disastrous.

COME SCOFFERS

Many people scoff at the idea that anything super bad could happen to this earth. It just seems too stable, this earth. For us, every day comes and goes in the same way that it has come and gone since our birth. And so we have become complacent, even laughing at so-called “doomsayers” predicting a radical change that could, someday soon, buck us off this oblate bronco. There are “doomsayers,” and then there are those who read the times—sniffing the air for famine, pestilence, plague—to declare that the return of Christ is imminent—but not before the earth is wracked with “birth pangs,” taking it nearly to smash but delivering a promised Millennium to the people of Israel destined to reign upon a re-generated version of this planet, administering a kingdom over the happy beneficiaries of divine rulership.

The Lord’s disciple Peter—the fisherman who also walked on water—challenges those who would scoff at such predictions of radical change. He calls them, of all things, “scoffers.” As he defends the prophecy of God from skepticism, he calls upon a long-ago event in the history of the universe to prove to the scoffers that, no, things have not always been like this. The earth has been shaken, and it will be shaken yet again. Because God inspired Peter to scoff at the scoffers, we receive an inspired, insider description of the disruption of the earth of Genesis 1:2. Here is the apostle Peter in 2 Peter 3:3-6—

In the last days scoffers will be coming with scoffing, going according to their own desires and saying, “Where is the promise of His presence? For since the fathers were put to repose, all is continuing thus from the beginning of creation.” For they want to be oblivious of this, that there were heavens of old, and an earth cohering out of water and through water, by the word of God; through which the then world, being deluged by water, perished.

I know this is awkward wording, but I did not write it. I purposely chose the most literal version, the *Concordant Literal New Testament*, due to its frightening precision. This was not the flood of Noah; no, that was another matter altogether, an event subsequent to the disruption of the world, though also executed via water. What system of biblical cosmogony accounts for an earth “cohering out of water and through water”? This is more in alignment with some of the theories of science than theology, especially the Christian version of theology. Note that Peter said “they want to be oblivious of this,” and then goes on to describe “a heavens of old, and an earth that perished by water.” This could not have been the flood of Noah, for none of those of Peter’s day were oblivious of that. Not only that, but Noah disembarked onto the same earth from which he had departed, not “an earth of old.” Accounts of Noah’s flood existed in the scoffers’ oral and written histories. It was legendary.

No, but what Peter’s contemporaries *were* oblivious of was the disruption of the world, for they foolishly said, “all is continuing thus from the beginning of creation.” Not so. Subsequent to its creation, the earth had been violently disrupted. (I’m glad I wasn’t there.) Kind of like Jesus being whisked out of Bethlehem a few weeks after His birth. The Jewish religionists of that day missed the prophecy (Micah 5:2) that the Messiah would come out of Bethlehem because they assumed that He was *born* in Nazareth, where His family moved after that little Egyptian affair. Same with this. The disruption happened too quickly (relatively) after the creation to be duly noted. Besides, no humans were alive to witness it. The scoffers missed it. They thought the flood of Noah was rough? And yet these scoffers are so scoffedelic that they don’t even seem to be accounting for the flood of Noah. They’re complacent. Tired. Dry.

God has shaken the world before, and He will shake it again. But He never shakes anything without holding something better in reserve, just offstage—something that cannot be manifest without the necessary prelude of darkness and damp.

But you really must see what God does upon that dark, tempestuous water. Satan thought he had whacked the whole program out of existence. Another swing and a miss for old ratface. He thought the earth was finished. Finished? Well, no. Things were just beginning. —MZ