

# THE BAPTIST HERITAGE

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## I DO NOT CARE TO LIVE HERE ANYMORE

The America which I knew growing up was a nation of sinners who were confined, albeit grudgingly and as perfunctory as possible, by the Ten Commandments. By no means were the majority of the residents of Connersville, Indiana in the 1940's and the 1950's heaven-bound, God-fearing, Christ-honoring, Spirit-led, Bible-believing citizens. Even so, very few of the some twelve thousand souls who lived there were openly defiers of God. The Ten Commandments were unquestionably broken, knowingly broken, even regularly broken; but the Ten Commandments were mostly broken in the darkness of the midnight by individuals who did so with a guilty conscience. Brazen contempt for godliness was not the normal, everyday occurrence. Old C'ville residents had thieves among them, but few screen doors were latched. (*Screen doors and their latches are ancient relics now. I wonder if they are still manufactured?*) Rapists lived in old C'ville; however, not for very long; as did

*I do not care to live in an America which defends depravity because of ability.*

murderers, they soon departed the community. Children safely played outside, even after dark. Grandparents walked the streets any time they

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As the calendar faithfully moves toward a new millennium, the utter destruction of the entire civilized world becomes ever more apparent to the self-appointed, self-anointed PROPHETS of CONSPIRACY and CATASTROPHE. For forty years of ministry, I have heard "prophetic" warnings regarding atomic warfare, comets, ice ages, planets lining up, computer chips, rising oceans and surging temperatures, new money and anti-CHRISTs. Certain evangelists have made

## Y2K OR YUK?

their living by keeping the mantra alive, singing the same tune, even using the same words, just changing the "title." Their message can be summarized as: "Run for the hills." "Hide in the caves." When I hear such comments, I cannot but be reminded of the folks described in REVELATION 6:15-16. Why are believers so ready to accept the conjectures of mankind and dismiss the commitment of God? Yes, we MIGHT have confusion on January 1, 2000; however, Christ WILL return! One is possible, the other is assured. I would that believers would be as concerned to prepare for the guaranteed coming of Christ as they are in trying to be ready for the projected chaos. *My confidence is in the Coming Lord not in a pending disaster.* ✕



## This and That

This edition of The Baptist Heritage represents a major revision in both design and size. The intention is to provide a new article and to reprint a previous article in each issue. After twenty-two years of publication, some things need to be repeated. By the way, suggestions for a topic or a reprint are appreciated.

I hope that you will agree that these changes are improvements. But, I will be glad to listen to complaints as well. Write, call or e-mail—just let us hear from you. You will find phone number and the e-mail and postal addresses on page ten. ✕

## A REQUESTED REPRINT The Funeral of America

Those few remaining who can personally recall the glory days of America, when she was the envy of all the world and the desire of all peoples, remember a place that has passed away and is gone forever. This place now known as the United States of America is not the "good old US of A." George M. Cohan would testify under oath that this current creature is an impostor and a poor counterfeit attempt at that. Kate Smith would deny she ever knew this America or anyone remotely similar. While it is likely that less

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chose without fear. Women went as they needed, without armed guards. There was no market for home security devices, other than the pet collie. Few yards were fenced. Any neighbor could, and often did, drop in uninvited--usually by opening the screen door and calling out "Anybody home?" Do not misunderstand, old C'ville was not Paradise. Sin abounded; but sin was neither honored nor respected. I would move "back" to *that town as it was* in the 1940's and 1950's willingly and without hesitation. I would like to live there, even somewhere "kinda like" that place, again.

I have decided that I do not care to live any longer in the America that I find today. The Ten Commandments no longer have any influence, let alone exert a guiding force, in modern America. I have never been on the band wagon for "returning prayer to the schools." Conducted at its very best, school prayer times were not exercises in biblical praying except in the rare classroom. What needs to be returned to the American public schools are the two essentials to any "good" society; these are respect for authority and respect for others. Somehow, some way, somebody removed the Ten Commandments from the schools. Just as the Pledge of Allegiance has disappeared (*taking with it the pictures of George Washington on the front wall, Abraham Lincoln on the back wall and the flag in the front corner*) from the daily routine, so have the Ten Commandments vanished. The latter theft is the far more heinous crime. With, in my view, malice aforethought, the political history and the religious heritage of America are now denied the children of America. That denial has borne a terrible harvest in our nation's moral and political character. Both Senator McCarthy (*Joseph, not Eugene!*) and Chairman Khrushchev were right. Sen. Joe was right when he suggested that there was a *socialist/commie/pinko sympathizer* under every pumpkin in the patch (*pity the young do not know of the honor of Whitaker Chambers and the treason of Alger Hiss and the story of the pumpkin patch*) and

the Chairman, though removed in disgrace, had it right--the socialists have buried us.

The America being left for our children and grandchildren to inherit is rapidly becoming a place fit only for the pigs to live in. Look around--pick any direction, this land has the order and the appearance of a hog-lot. This America has suffered more than the loss of screen doors. More than homosexuality has come out of closets. God-haters, God-mockers, God-defiers have popular national television and radio "sleaze shows." Ma Perkins's soap opera has been replaced with the slop-bucket. (*A slop-bucket was the container kept behind the stove into*

*Sodom and Gomorra would be afraid to visit this place. Potifer's wife would blush to see what has become of womanhood. Jezebel would stare in amazement at her counterparts. Pharaoh and Herod would tremble at what we do to babies.*

*which what now goes into the garbage disposal was placed so that Pop could "slop" the hogs.)* What was then hidden under the counter in the back room is today plastered on the billboards along the highway. What was whispered behind the hand is now shouted on the streets. What brought embarrassed silence now produces raucous applause. Subtle innuendo has been replaced by brazen deed. Sodom and Gomorra would be afraid to visit this place. Potifer's wife would blush to see what has become of womanhood. Jezebel would stare in amazement at her counterparts.

Pharaoh and Herod would tremble at what we do to babies. No, I do not care to live any longer in the America that now is. I do not wish to turn the clock back (*I resent having to do that once a year as it is*) for I know that what once was will never be; but how I grieve for what now is and I do not want to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where the murder of babies is a growth industry. Hitler is rightly described as a maniacal monster for his responsibility for the deaths of fifteen million "unwanted" souls. What responsibility lies upon the legal profession, the judicial officers, the voices of support, the weak-spined politicians and the professional medical men and women involved for the murders in medical facilities (*and increase that number by a half dozen or more babies since you started reading this article--an estimated 4000 daily, three every minute*) in this blood-drenched America in

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which we live? It would require a Hitler and a Stalin combined to equal the bloodbath conducted by this nation. I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where the perverted is extolled and the proper is ridiculed. The more weird, the more queer, the more abnormal, the more erratic that the conduct is, the more applauded it is. Things unspoken in the old C'ville are open topics in the new America. My Dad operated a service station and I heard wicked, bold men say rough, raw things in old C'ville. In new America, women speak in tones more vulgar, with words more obscene and purposes more blasphemous than the vilest rake in old C'ville. I have hear words today from the mouths of pre-schoolers that the most debauched back then would not have said in mixed company even when "dead drunk." Wickedness is considered a virtue and righteousness is termed a vice. I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where Dr. Jack Kevorkian can practice medicine. No person of Christian character wants to sustain life only so there might be a breathing lung and a beating heart. Such a concept is that of a mad Frankenstein. But, there comes a time

when mechanical means should be unplugged. The time comes when enough is enough. I recommend that every believer have a living will. Having said that, I also affirm that such a decision varies from situation to situation. However, the "doctor" from Michigan does not unplug machines nor does he withdraw food. The doctor kills people whom he says want to die. They would commit suicide, says he, only they lack the means. What they lack, in some cases, is the will power and in others, a sane mind. Why he considers only the physically ill is a mystery to me. He could set up practice in Pensacola and "help" the two hundred plus who attempt suicide for various social and emotional reasons locally every year. How can the same Americans who cry when a barbaric murderer is executed clap when Jack executes his victim? I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where Dennis Rodman can be a hero. He is not eccentric. His coach, Phil Jackson, is eccentric (as well as a dangerous theologian). Rodman is the antithesis of decency, morality and integrity. "Oh, but he knows how to play basketball." I do not care to live in an America which defends depravity because of ability. America has lost all sense when it comes to choosing heroes. Michael Jackson, the alleged singer,

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than 20% of my readers know anything about either George or Kate, my readers are the poorer for that ignorance. I would not swap one flag waving Kate Smith for a million flesh wiggling Madonna's, nor would I trade ten million slop-writing Webber's for one song writing George Cohan. No intelligent broker would even offer such a deal, knowing the exchange would be laughed out of intelligent, polite society. The America that George and Kate knew is gone.

Teddy Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington all knew the same America. The America of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Patrick Henry was the same America of George Patton, Dwight Eisenhower and Douglas

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MacArthur. Tom Mix, Wild Bill ("Red Ryder") Elliot and John Wayne knew the same America as did John Chisum, Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett. Dolly Madison, Annie Oakley and Shirley Temple all grew up in the same America. But the America they all knew has passed away; she died and the corpse is awaiting burial. Not one of those patriots would recognize this apparition of today as the America of his/her heart and mind. The America for which Francis Scott Key, John Philip Sousa and Irving Berlin wrote songs, for which Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan gave speeches, for which John Paul Jones, Sergeant York and Audie

Murphy fought, for which Nathaniel Hawthorne, Crispus Attucks, and Gus Grissom died, that America is gone. This tawdry carica-

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Madonna, the alleged female, Charles Carlin, the alleged comedian--what a pathetic list I could compile, but you must already get the point. The vulgar, vile and vain, those without a trace of virtue are revered as they revile virtue and extol vice. The more profane and obscene a person is the higher his/her popularity seems to be. Nobody wants to wear a white hat in this new America. The language of the gutter has become the vocabulary of Main Street; but even worse the morality of the alley is paraded down Broadway. The Grand Marshals of the event are those that the old C'ville would have called disgusting perverts, too filthy to be mentioned in public; *they might have been at the front of the march down Central Avenue, but it would be astride a rail, dripping tar and sporting feathers.* Name the athletics that you know who are men and women of moral integrity and who have honorable character; can you name a handful, five? Name the politicians that you respect; you will not have to use your toes. Name the members of the Entertainment Industry that you would trust with your son or daughter. Name the television preachers that you would like to have as a neighbor--*if you could afford the neighborhood.* Where have the decent and good gone? They are not living among the heroes of this new America. I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where the hallways of Washington are used as passages for encounters--*the code word for fornication and adultery*--rather than pathways of entrance. The term "Houses" of government has taken on an entirely new meaning. Presidential or Congressional "liaison" has an altogether new definition. Political prostitution is no longer a hyperbole. The White House has apparently been treated as if were entered via the alley off Bourbon Street. Old Harry cussed, I know that he did, even while Bess refused to allow liquor in her White House home. The parties there now would leave Harry speechless and might well drive even Bess to drink. Individuals holding high positions in the government, both elected and appointed, today would have been

considered unfit to have been dog catcher in old C'ville. And, the pundits and commentators warn us that if we seek only men and women of moral character to serve in public office that no one will qualify. If America has come to that, I do not care to live here anymore.

***The language of the gutter has become the vocabulary of Main Street; but even worse the morality of the alley is paraded down Broadway.***

I do not care to live in an America where perjury is 'accepted' as justified, *if the motive is good.* The only thing deemed sacred in a secular society is a statement given under oath. "Inviolable" is the secular word, but, among its synonyms is the word "sacred." When a man or a woman raises the right hand and promises to tell the truth, his/her testimony is to be *"the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."* When that inviolable wall is

breached and left unchallenged and unpunished, nothing, and I mean nothing, remains of the legal foundation of the society. Sure, everybody lies—that is why an oath is required for giving testimony. The oath declares that this is not "just talking," this is speaking the truth, nothing less and nothing more. There is no "legal lie" until an oath is administered. That oath says, *"I am telling the truth and you can trust me."* When a person is proven to have broken that inviolable trust and has "legally lied," he/she is adjudicated to be a felon (with all of the penalties attached) and never again are they to be granted trustworthiness. It is dangerous to live in a society where a person's word is not guaranteed to be good by simple speech; however, it is deadly to try to exist where his/her word under oath is allowed to be a deliberate lie. When this occurs, that society has, there and then, lost the connecting thread of its moral fiber and will unravel since the violation of the inviolable is validated and not adjudicated. When truth is an option under oath, I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where to be a biblical Christian requires an apology. *(There is a pseudo-Christianity, wide spread and more widely respected, that is not biblical, which finds complete unequivocal acceptance.)* This land was founded on religious principles and declared at her inception that God brought her to be and that God had granted to her citizens

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inalienable rights. Prayer was even requested by old non-Christian Benjamin Franklin. Today the next step for Christians might well be the reservation; if it is not the gas chamber. A teacher may read obscenity in the classroom, but not a Bible. A coach can curse at his team, but cannot pray for them. A preacher may recite a prayer in a civic setting, but he may not close it "In the Name of Jesus Christ." Biblical Christianity is blamed for racism, environmental destruction, poverty, violence, spousal and child abuse, and wars. One can claim to have visited Mars with nine-headed green creatures from Venus as companions and be welcomed on national talk shows to spread the news; however, for one to state that God was manifested in the flesh and dwelt among us in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ and that He lived sinlessly, died vicariously, and rose triumphantly is to be thought mad. Shirley McLain may say on national television, "I am god" and receive a standing ovation for her strength of courage; but let a preacher say that only those who come to God through Jesus Christ will be in Heaven and he will be forced to apologize or be labeled a bigot. America was never a Christian nation in the full and true sense of the term; but old C'ville at least re-

spected Christianity and admired those who lived the Christian life. This America hates biblical Christians I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live in an America where the suffering of disease is rampant in the very land that invented good medical care. Where immorality is permitted to spread preventable disease and go uncondemned, while decent folk cannot afford simple care, something is terribly wrong with the heart of the land. I do not care to live in a nation where the "old folks" are warehoused, instead of respected and loved. When a governor (*now former*) of Colorado (*but notice what position he now holds*) may say that the old just need to go ahead and die to get out of the way so the young are not burdened by them and not be "lynched" by the press, I do not care to live here anymore.

I do not care to live anymore in this America as she has become. If I were living in a world such as existed in the 1600 or 1700's, even the 1800's, I might emigrate as did thousands of believers who came to America to escape the very conditions as I have described; however, in these days approaching 2000, there is no place to emigrate. If I desired to be

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ture, this cheap imitation of the reality that once was is as grossly distorted from the original as if it were being viewed in the warped mirrors of the fun house of a carnival. The America all those patriots knew was a sweet land of hope, of opportunity, of freedom where the peoples of many nations were melted, merged and molded into one nation under God, with liberty and justice for all. Certainly, that old America had her problems, but her problems were problems of deeds not character.

America did not always live up to her knowledge; she corrected her bad habits far too slowly, but she did try. Now, she is dead.

America is deceased; she simply has not been entombed yet. The corpse is painted and

polished and paraded, but the appearance of decay can already be detected. When the occasion calls for her appearance, an excerpt from an old film is dubbed into modern settings to convey the illusion of her presence and vitality. Even so, the observant observer will notice that the words are not in synchronization with the movement of her lips. And, though the voice is close, the mimicry falls short, the accent is wrong, the breathing is unnatural,

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the phrasing is missed. The lady is dead and what is shown as alive is a fraud intended and used to deceive. America is dead, she just has not been buried yet.

The charade cannot be maintained much longer because the corpse cannot be kept intact much longer; already the delicate nose can detect the smell of death and the keen eye can discern the pallor beneath the cracked make-up. It will not be long before the buzzing of

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disobedient to the teachings of Scripture, I might flee to some remote area or find an island in the far seas and there take refuge in isolation. It is, however, impossible to "go into all the world and preach the gospel" from isolation. If I did not know of the biblical alternative, I would just lay down and die. None of these concepts are solutions and, really, none of these are valid escapes. There is, however, a clear Bible answer. I will begin praying in earnest, not simply as a technical formality, for the Lord Jesus Christ to come quickly, because I do not care to live here anymore.

Face it, fellow believer, if the average Baptist church called a special prayer meeting where the single request was to be a pleading for the Lord Jesus to come "tonight," the main auditorium would not be needed to hold the attendees. The janitorial closet most likely could contain the crowd, even with the mop bucket remaining. We believe it. We preach it. We sing about it. We *cautiously* mention it in our prayers. But, we do not "love His appearing." We are like a certain man, that I know, who having received an in-

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heritance, remarked that "it would be just like the Lord to return before I can spend it." Years ago, I can remember hearing preachers say that the Lord would return and wipe out all their debts. Now I hear them moaning that He will likely come just as they get the kids through college and pay off the mortgage. American believers do not "love His appearing;" instead, as Demas, they love living in this present world.

**Now, consider this line of thought with me.**

The Lord God Almighty promised Abraham that his descendants would be in Egypt serving in affliction for four hundred years (Genesis 15:13-14). The God of Israel kept that promise to the "selfsame day" (Exodus 12:40-41). The time when the deliverance was established before the time in Egypt began. The bondage did not commence at the entrance to Egypt, but only after a Pharaoh was on the throne who did not know the debt Egypt owed to the Hebrews and began an oppression, growing in intensity, that lasted a very long time. Apparently, for considerable time, the Hebrews

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flies will attract the attention of even the dullest minds. Already, high in the sky a few, slow circling, vultures fly, waiting for the commotion to cease so they can feast on the carcass. America is dead; the funeral has not yet been announced, but it is scheduled.

America was a great country before her strength was drained by moral decay, when her freedoms were honored not cleverly manipulated, when jails had the bars on the windows and the locks on the doors and homes were left open and stayed safe, when her leaders kept the doors to their bedrooms closed, when her preachers identified sin by name, rank and serial number, when baseball was still a game, when George Washington had his own holiday, when culture meant something different than the slime that slides out of a test tube, when babies were welcomed by par-

ents (*plural*) and not slaughtered by doctors, when her military was entered with pride and her combat troops did not wear pantyhose, when family meant marriage, home and responsibilities, when "gay" was an adjective and not a noun, when women wore hats, gloves and clothes in public, when booze was sold in beer joints and not in gas stations and at religious round-ups, when children were well educated in reading, writing, and arithmetic but were well ignorant of sex, smut and drugs, when teachers fought running in the halls, chewing gum, spit-balls and talking out of turn, and when police-persons were called peace officers. Those were good, old days; those days when America was great because, as Tocqueville wrote, she was good. She ceased being good and, as he predicted, she, thereby, ceased being. America is dead; the internment awaits.

There may be a question by some as to the exact cause of death, since no autopsy has

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were content as a people to accept this lot in life. However, a time came when the government began to hate the people of God, who began to cry to God for deliverance. It is only then that the Lord Jehovah came down to visit His people and to send Moses to deliver them. **God moved through the political structure to bring such heavy persecution to the children of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob that they began to want what God had promised them--deliverance.** Jehovah had not forgotten His people. He was not ignoring their burdens and cares. He knew their sorrows. He used the temporal political situation to cause His people to desire the very thing He intended for them to have. Please take note that their praying did not bring deliverance--*the deliverance had been promised by the God Who has never broken any promise and it came on the very "selfsame" day that He had promised.* Recognize that simple truth--*their praying did not bring the deliverance, even though God answered their prayers in giving them deliverance--*and realize that God brought circumstances that "led" His people to pray for what He desired to give them, indeed

***I am not a prophet, but I have come to believe with all my heart, that the blood-bought people of God are going to be "compelled" to cry "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus."***

exactly what He had promised to provide.

Make no mistake, the Lord Jesus Christ is coming. The exact time is known only to the Father. The rapture will be on schedule, His scheduled schedule. The "time" for the coming return of Christ to call out His Own is determined by the God of Heaven, not by the conditions on this world. Having stated that, I declare without hesitation that I firmly believe that the Lord is moving the political, social, material and physical circumstances on this earth at this very time to bring His people to their knees, praying for the promised return of Christ. I am not a prophet, and I have no desire to be "sign-pointing," but I believe with all my heart, that the blood-bought people of God are going to be "compelled" to cry, ***"Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus."*** God will, I believe, cause His children to desire to receive what He desires to give them. The hope, the blessed hope, of the believer is the rapture. Come today, Lord, I really do not care to live here anymore. ✠ *Pastor Manley*

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been performed yet; however, before her death, America displayed several distinctive symptoms of a specific disease. There were convulsions that began in the twenties and apparently disappeared for forty years, as the character of the nation seemed to grow even stronger through the burdens and sacrifices of the Great Depression and World War II. Reappearing in the sixties, however, these seizures became violent. Obviously, urgent measures were needed, if America's health was to be salvaged. In her desperation, America choose alternative cures rather than to endure the possible horrors that many predicted would result from the catastrophic surgery some suggested as vital. Those alternative "medicines" proved to be her destruction. She tried them all and in abundance. From material idolatry to sexual perversions, from Eastern mysticism to satanic

worship, from old paganism to New Age religious practices, from indulgence with drugs to inundation with alcohol, from lasciviousness to luxury--America freely gave herself in extravagant dissipation. America died of an over-dose of gratification.

America was a good country and, for the most part, a moral and decent, even God-fearing country. She never became a true Christian, but she surely had all the outward evidences of Christian knowledge and biblical values. Like so many others, she knew the truth and adapted her lifestyle and manners to conform to that knowledge, but she never truly repented of sin and turned to God for salvation. In the dark hours of bloody battle or other adversity, America could pray with the saints; but in her times of prosperity, America would play with the sinners. Even after her terrible experience when the roaring times of sex, drugs and booze came to a sudden stop in 1929 and such an awesome har-

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vest of broken banks, broken lives and broken hearts was reaped, America would fall again as soon as prosperity returned. It took a generation, but the fabulous fifties began an unparalleled expansion of her economy and an unimagined elevation of her living standard that continues nearly fifty years later, with only minor "corrections" along the way. America reached for the moon and she got it. Then, at the zenith of her physical, material social, political glory, America died.

Her death might appear sudden but it was not. The death rattle began in the turbulence of the sixties and grew worse in the rebellion of the seventies. Her's was not a skin disease, but a disease that attacked the vital organs deep within the body. She began to believe that she alone of all the empires of the world had found the magic elixir and would live forever. She drank deep of the sparkling potion thinking she had found the fountain of life; instead, she drank a deadly poison that, though slow in its action, was deadly in its results. From the moment she began to drink of that compound, she was as surely dead as if she were already in the grave. America thought she had discovered what all the previous generations had sought but never found; America turned all her energy to passion. Her desires, whether for material comfort, mental ambition, physical pleasure or spiritual euphoria, became the consuming lust that took all the energy of her existence. In her attempts to fulfill all these cravings and to do so all together and all at once, she exposed herself to the fullness of sin. Sin became the game of society and social sin swept the nation. Whatever had been repugnant to her goodness, she now pursued with a Manhattan Project effort. Whatever had been perversion to her purity, she now embraced with the same effort she expended to put men on the moon. She fell in love with the love of sin. As lust lifted the glittery cup, she drank deeply, entirely forgetting that "sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." America died, consumed from within by her own sinfulness; and she died with neither bang nor whimper, right in the midst of the wild party. So seductive was her death, so successful was the party that her dying spasms were mistaken as

***America reached for the moon and she got it. Then, at the zenith of her physical glory, America died.***

sighs of pleasure by her guests, and she died alone in the midst of the frivolity, unnoticed and un-missed. She is dead though no network made mention and no news reporter has announced the passing.

How shall we remember America? We might describe America as the prophet described Ninevah of old, "the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart I am and there is none beside me" (Zephaniah 2:15) since, as did the city, America ascribed to herself those attributes reserved to God alone. No equal geographical space on earth had the abundance, variety and wealth of resources as did she. No equivalent political space on earth had the freedom and opportunity as did she. Her social, religious and intellectual independence and freedom were coveted by the rest of the world. Yet, somewhere, sometime, for some

reason, America exchanged her liberty for license, her freedom for bondage, her abundance for indebtedness and her character for role-playing. Doing so, America turned from life unto death and, from that turning to her final demise only a few short years passed.

Artificial, mechanical means prolonged the breathing lungs and the beating heart through the eighties and early nineties, but the brain waves ceased long ago and soon the inevitable shake of the doctor's head will force the plug to be pulled. The sham may continue, but America is dead.

We now await the funeral. No announcement has been made because the death is being denied. For varied reasons, funerals may take place years after a death or are held in secret and some are never held; but the funeral of America will be held. Sodom had a funeral. Gomorra had a funeral. Jericho had a funeral. Samaria had a funeral. Jerusalem had a funeral. Babylon had a funeral. Ninevah had a funeral. Assyria had a funeral. Greece had a funeral. Troy had a funeral. Rome had a funeral. And America will have her funeral. It may be fire falling from heaven, defensive walls tumbling, invaders from the south, invaders from the north, enemies entering by deception and infiltration, falling from the rot of decay within or perhaps something entirely new; it makes no difference, the funeral will come without fail because America is dead and the

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God of Recompenses is alive.

I do not know when the funeral of America will be held, but I know Who will schedule it; Who will preside over it; Who will bury her. The funeral will be conducted by Almighty God. Perhaps He has the funeral scheduled to transpire before the Rapture, perhaps afterwards, perhaps during the Tribulation, perhaps this week, perhaps before the year 2000; perhaps it remains years away. I may see it and I may not. You may see it and you may not. All of that is immaterial; the funeral will come even if it seems delayed, because America is dead and God is alive.

**THE MOST IMPORTANT PART**

I desire to become very personal. I wish to address my comments to you who are reading this article, just as if you and I were sitting across the table from each other right after supper. I have no intention of being offensive; however, I have every desire and purpose of being very direct and most personal.

If you have not received the LORD JESUS CHRIST as your Saviour, then you are spiritually dead even while you continue to live physically. Your grave plot may be purchased already or it may be bought by those you leave behind. Your tombstone may even now be carved awaiting only the addition of the date or it still may be a part of a boulder in a quarry. Your grave may be in the next week or it may not be scheduled for many years. It is, however, scheduled, for "it is appointed unto man (*every man and every woman*) once to die." Just as surely as you are alive, you will leave this life to face God someday. That someday could be any of the days of your life, even today.

At the moment, you are yet alive physically; but you are already dead spiritually. You are a dead man, a dead woman, a dead youth still walking, still talking, still moving, still breathing; but you spiritually dead. You have the life flowing from Adam; you need the life flowing from Jesus Christ. Ephesians, chapter 2, declares that all who have not received the atonement provided by the blood of Christ are already dead in trespasses and sins. Those who do call upon the name of the Lord are made

alive in Christ. John 3, verse 36, states beyond the possibility of confusion that if you have not believed on the Son of God then you shall not see life—*church membership or no church membership, baptism or no baptism, good intentions or no good intentions*—but the wrath of God already abides on you just waiting for the day you step into eternity. Verse 18 of John 3 plainly says "he (she) that believeth not is condemned already, because he (or she) hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." The difference in eternal life and eternal death, Heaven and Hell, is the acceptance or rejection of the blood of Jesus Christ as the sole means of salvation.

Life does not come through churches, religious rites or good intentions; it comes through God's Simple Plan of Salvation. Christ Jesus died for our sins—*yours as well as mine*—and whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have eternal life. Some consider the word "whosoever" to be archaic; but it is not. My newly purchased dictionary defines "whosoever" as "the emphatic form of whoever." God emphatically extends the invitation to you today to receive the salvation He provided through the gift of His Son.

Receive the Lord Jesus as your Saviour today; do it now, without delay. ☐

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Permission to reprint is granted. Acknowledgment appreciated.

*Pastor Manley*

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# Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth? Galatians 4:16

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*In This Issue...*

*I DO NOT CARE TO LIVE HERE ANYMORE*

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