

## **Chapter IV -- Troubles Being “Born Again”**

During the “Finding God” period, Jean and I were sure that miracles were happening to us all the time. We would pray and what we prayed for would come to us. When we needed something, such as a parking place, it would simply appear. We knew other people who had gone through similar “awakenings” and had experienced the same steady stream of miracles. This type of thing is probably not unique to Christians, and most likely happens in all religions and walks of life. It seems to happen when people join AA, and probably when they find a new rock star to “worship”. It’s one of those things from the other side of the curtain -- I don’t know how to explain this phenomenon.

### **Jesus at Disney World**

It was Christmas Day, the wind was blowing hard, and it was wet and cold – the temperature was hovering around freezing -- in Orlando, Florida. We had waited in line for what seemed like hours to get into the General Motors Transportation Exhibit at Disney World.

Jean and I sat next to each other on a little train riding from the prehistoric period, all the way to GM’s “view of the future”. Our two daughters were on another seat in front of us on the train, sitting next to each other. One of the first exhibits we passed was a caveman scene – the invention of the wheel, I think.

When I looked at the scene, I saw what Christ is supposed to look like, standing there, leaning against a rock, dressed only in a loincloth. He looked exactly like the drawings of Jesus that you see in Sunday school books. I was shaken up to see Him standing there in front of me at Disney World – on Christmas!

When we got off the train, I asked Jean, “Did you see something strange on that ride?” She said, “Yes, I saw the head of Christ!” I wondered why she saw only the head, when I had seen all of Christ in the caveman scene. Our children had seen nothing even resembling Christ. He was ten feet away from us, the center of the exhibit for both Jean and myself, and our daughters did not or could not see it. Christ was there for us to see, but not for them.

What did that mean?

### **The Periodic Table of the Element “Lit Up”**

While on the General Motors ride, I saw a “Periodic Table of Elements” on a wall of one of the scenes. The Table seemed to “light up” – as if I was to give it special notice. I then realized that one of the decoding tables to be used for the ET Corn Gods language was the Periodic Table of Elements which contains the natural elements, their names, their atomic symbols, and their atomic numbers.

In the word “MAN”. AN stood for Atomic Number.

### **Sunday is Snob Play**

For quite a while, Jean and I continued to be immersed in the church/Bible stuff, striving to learn about what God wanted of us. We were told, and it made sense (we wanted it to make sense) that all of the answers about life and living were right there in the Bible. And we believed that the various expert preachers and lay teachers we’d found would help us along.

We later found out that we had been wrong all along. As we learned more and more, we began to realize that this “Bible Truth” thing might not be so concrete. What one preacher said didn’t seem to match up with what another preacher said, even when both used the same text version of the Bible. A preacher would explain a Bible verse in one way and, on another day, the same preacher would say the opposite.

Worse, those listening did not seem to care what was said at all.

They just wanted to be there and to be IN. To them, it was IN to be in church.

### **Bullshit at Westport Church**

Our earliest and strongest concerns were about what was being preached at the Saugatuck Congregational Church in Westport. That church had a telephone number to call and get a daily inspirational Bible reading and commentary by the minister, Ted Hotskin. I had called there every day for about one month. I tape recorded each daily message coming from the church, so I could learn and be sure not to miss anything. I was serious about wanting to learn anything and everything I could about the Bible and what God wanted of me.

On studying the tape recordings, however, most of it did not make

any sense at all to me. The preacher, usually Ted Hoskins, would ramble on, supposedly from or about the Bible, but the statements would not check out. He would make a statement about what the Bible said. When you went to the place in the Bible where Preacher Hoskins said the statement was made, there was no such statement.

More often than not, there was no way to tell what he was saying. It was simply a meaningless diatribe.

People we met at the church coffee hour on Sunday used to rave about the same telephone messages we had heard and studied. We had come to the conclusion that these tapes were not only indecipherable, they were pure bullshit. People would say, “aren’t the telephone devotionals wonderful?” and “they help me so much,” and “doesn’t he have an unusual grasp of the Bible?”

We were learning that Religion was some kind of “I’m ok, you’re ok” thing which had very little to do with “God’s truth”.

### **Don’t Rock the Boat, Baa Baa Baa**

I also taped three of Ted Hoskins’ Sunday sermons. Then I had the sermons transcribed. Jean and I would then study the versions on paper, and we found that there was no way to figure out what Ted Hoskins was trying to say. Each sermon was a bunch of words strung together in an almost random pattern. Points would begin without conclusions. Sentences would be started without finishing them, just a lot of dramatic verbiage and arm waving. His sentences were pages long – they didn’t conclude – going off on one tangent after another.

*“Praise the LORD!”.*

I confronted Ted Hoskins and several of the Lay church leaders. I wrote several letters to the church and enclosed the transcripts. None of the preachers or the lay people wanted to talk about the details of the sermons. Nobody cared that what was being preached might not make any sense at all.

- Why didn’t they want to know?
- Why didn’t they care?
- How could that mindless gibberish have made any sense at all to any thinking, probing person?

How could hundreds of “sophisticated” Westport, educated people listen to that stuff, not complain, and keep coming back every Sunday? I later realized that in the Bible, when Jesus talks about “My sheep”, he means all the people who are sheep to whatever “MY” is, generally whatever people choose to blindly follow.

Preachers aren’t the only “important” people who make their living from such mindless rambling, I have met important business leaders who are just as incoherent. I have had many business dealings over six year’s time with one of the country’s leading Real Estate executives, Dottie Herman. Dottie is the CEO of Prudential Douglas Elliman, New York State’s largest real estate agency.

I don’t know of anyone who has ever heard Dottie Herman finish a sentence. If you hear her speak before the same group of people (i.e. her managers), once a week for three weeks, she drones on saying the same disjointed things in each of the three meetings.

What is it that allows us to tolerate such hogwash from our leaders?

In the Bible, God is quoted, saying that his name is “I Am”. (Exod.3:13-14) This could be translated to mean, “I Am a Christian”, “I Am a Jew”, “I Am a Born Again Christian”, “I Am a college graduate”, “I am a Jets Fan”, and the list goes on.

Man’s God is “I Am”, it is a “want-a-bee” world where our God is “I am ...”.

### **Sheep with Sheep Skins, Just us**

It is only natural that college graduates are good at this church stuff; they are the ones with the sheepskins.

There is nothing that will ruin a good creative mind quicker and in a more permanent way than what most call a “*good education*”. A good education should teach seeking skills, practice telling the truth from bullshit, and problem identification/solving skills. The typical liberal arts education is simply bullshit.

When the preacher Pat Robertson turned into a Presidential Candidate, he was caught lying to the press. After being caught, he said that he never had a job “like this”, which placed so much emphasis on telling the truth.

This told me that the business of being a preacher is not an occupation that places a great deal of emphasis on the truth.

Could that be? I was beginning to see that that was precisely the case.

This book is about experiences related to me finding a hidden language in the English Language, and the Bible. Words have multiple hidden meanings. Two of the ET Corn Gods Language decoded meanings of the word "Jesus" are:

*"Jes Us" and "Jerks us off".*

Coincidentally, that's the way you say "just us" if you are a good ol' boy down south, *"Jes us"*.

### **Bible Study Notes**

Our questioning at Saugatuck was viewed as rocking the boat and also unacceptable. So, we quit going to that church in Westport and, needless to say, a lot of people were relieved that we left. A few others, however, left when we did, for the same reasons. We may have represented their *"Jes us"*. Who knows?

We started to analyze the Bible study notes that were written in Texas by that holy Bible Study Fellowship holy lady. This was the daily homework we had been assigned. However we analyzed it more, probably much more, than she intended anyone to analyze it. Jean and I began to question what was being taught there. We looked at page after page of the printed notes that we were given to study.

We found countless errors on the typewritten pages, not errors of opinion, but actual errors of FACT! We spotted these errors based upon direct comparison of the Bible scripture being quoted for study.

How could this extremely well respected Holy woman be making such erroneous statements? For instance, a sentence would say that the fourth chapter, first verse of the Book of John said one thing. We would check the fourth chapter, first verse of the Book of John. The reference she made was not there. The errors were obvious and unmistakable. The lady would tell Bible that were not in the Bible. She simply made up most of the stuff she attributed to being from the scripture.

Jean and I were so shocked that this well-respected woman was creating her own Bible, that we wrote up our observations and presented a written analysis to the leadership of the Bible Study

Fellowship and to some of those who were going there.

A few of the Bible study participants left, as we did, but most participants just did not care. As with the Saugatuck churchgoers, I bet these people were glad we were gone. The people were so owned by the “MY” of the place that they didn’t care about the truth and honesty of what they were being taught.

We saw that the “Emperor has no clothes”. Others refused to see that they were witnessing a long stream of lies, because it was more important for them to be “IN”.

*“Praise the LORD!”*

My father was a Deacon or Elder in his Presbyterian church in Tulsa. That means you are one of the big givers to the church. He would go to church and I’d talk to him after he returned to his home. He would say, “that was a very good sermon”.

When I would ask him to tell me what sermon was about, he couldn’t remember.

### **No place to Go**

We experienced like disregard for what in any logical discipline would be considered “truth” at St. Paul’s Church in Darien. We studied the tape recordings of that preacher’s (Terry Fullum) sermons that the church to a worldwide audience. The sermons were touted as “Bible Based” were simply Preacher Fullum’s views of what he said the Bible said – most of the times they were not what the Bible had said.

That church did not turn out to be for us either.

So we went to the next church, Black Rock Church in Fairfield. This was ten minutes east of Westport. We found those sermons to be silly and full of holes.

When we spoke out at our prayer groups, they too didn’t seem interested in having us come back if we were going to continue to be questioning. What we were doing was not considered “loving”, and the key to Christianity was LOVE. Christians told us that we had to have a “Church Home”. None of the churches we had gone to fit that mold. We had no place to go to where we could be IN. We were OUT. What was wrong with us?