



Spiritual Thoughts

Author:

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FORWARD:

Time will not allow me to write everything down, but I will give it a good try.

At this printing, I have lived 28,415 days. Can you imagine that? Written out, that is Twenty Eight Thousand, four hundred fifteen days. There is just no way I can sketch that many days, so I will just mark a few of the experiences of life for you here.....

I want my children, grandchildren, and all those that have been my friends, to know who I really am. You see, I believe that we all know the truth, we just either accept it, or we hide from it. But we know it. It will either set us free, or constantly dog us all along our journey of life, and keep trying to get us to look in the right direction. Some never will, while others will accept it, learn from it, and make great success of their lives.

These pages following, are things revealed to me from God, experiences I have dealt with throughout my life, and they will either enlighten you, confuse you, teach you, compel you, make you smile, cry, or even some; make you wonder just what I really mean. No matter what it does to you, I will be delighted, because that is my goal. Even if it makes you question the things you read, maybe you will be compelled to read it again and finally be able to see where it was that I intended for you to arrive.

To my children, family and my friends; I wish you the best. This may be my last words and statements to you, as we never know, and I will wait for you in the great beyond, when I am finished with the task that God has planned for me, and hopefully I have done my best. Mistakes a plenty I have made, and repentance I have done. So, ENJOY, if you will, and thank you for reading.

Love you all, Bill Porter

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Chapter 1.

Time

Time is no doubt my favorite subject, when I am just thinking. I seem to sit and ponder for hours, just thinking of what Time really is, and how you might categorize it, or explain it so that it can be better understood.

My latest thought is this; Time is like bits on your computer hard drive. You have only so many, and you can fill them up with whatever you choose. But, one day, with your time storage, you will find that it is all used up, and unlike hard drives, you don't have the luxury of adding more space, or another drive, so that you can continue on. When it is gone, it is gone. Also, you are not able to erase a few gigs, and put something more important in its place.

I also like to think of time as millions of containers, some very large, and some very small. Each one being able to hold just so much, and then it is put away. On occasion, you can go back and open the container, look at the contents, but never able to change a thing. You can learn from the contents, but never change them to something different. As you look at time in this manner, you suddenly realize that when you are young, time is your friend, but, when you get old, time is your greatest enemy.

I wish to explain that statement, for those of you that have put too much "Time" into thinking about it. When you are young, you usually have billions of slots of time in which you can use and invest as you choose. This of course is not always the case, and as many have found out the hard way, time is not guaranteed. It is a luxury, given to you from a higher power, and dispensed to you for your own use. You can waste it, spend it, or give it away, all too often done so, and then suddenly finding that it should have been used more wisely, so that circumstances could be different than they turned out to be. You also have the luxury of holding time. I know this comes as a shock to those of you that are not used to managing your time well, but it is true. How many times have you wished you could remember what the teacher said? What your mother said? What the preacher said? If you manage time well, you will do as the old sales motivator, Zig Zigler, used to say; "If you repeat something over and over again, you will remember it.

But, if you just let it pass you by, you will forget 80% of most things you hear. Also, let's remember the technology that has been with us for many years now, "The Recorder". Imagine you are getting ready for a semester test, and you try as hard as you can, but you just can't remember what the Professor said in the class you had last week, where he discussed all the things you need to know about this week's exam. What were you thinking, why in the world didn't you record this class? Think back to the last time you visited with your grandfather, and he told you some stories about his past, and some of the experiences he had. Now it is 20 years later, and you try as hard as you can, and you just can't remember, and neither can he. If only you had recorded those conversations, you could have captured for a lifetime, several pieces of time, and you could rehearse them again, now that you are older and more able to understand his wisdom. Think also, of the good feeling you could have, because you spent, (yes, you spend time, just like you do money), time with someone who was sick, and now you are sick, and someone spends time with you. Think about the time you spent doing something you should not have done, and the problems it brought you, if nothing more than guilt, wishing you could bring back the day, or the moment, but it just cannot be done. Then think about that extra time you spent, searching for the right answer, or the right solution, and when you suddenly found it, you were so proud of yourself. Yes, time is your friend when you are young, and your enemy when you are old. Your friend when you are young, because you probably have a storehouse full, and your enemy when you are old, because you know you have precious little to spare, and so much wasted in your memory that you wish you had used more wisely. So let us spend our time, knowing that we only have a limited quantity, and remembering this also, what goes around, comes around. And as with any investment, the return is what makes the difference, not how much we had to start with.

Bill Porter

June 6, 2014

Chapter 2.

Hebrews 6 and 11

I have had Hebrews 6 on my mind the last few days, especially verses 10, 13, 14 and 15.

10. For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister.

13. For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he swore by himself,

14. Saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee.

15. And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.

The key words I've been fixed on were; "patiently endured".

Abraham patiently endured, waiting on the promise of God, without question or fear, knowing that if God promised it, it was going to happen.

Think about it.. Abraham did not see the promise fulfilled, but still "patiently endured", knowing that even if he did not see it with his eyes, experience it with his very being, the promise of God was still sure.

That is the way we are suppose to be. I say that, knowing full well that I fail, oftentimes myself, to have that patience that the writer here is speaks of. Abraham was human, so I cannot use the phrase; "I'm human", or "it just isn't possible". There are so many things it seems, that we tell ourselves we are not able to endure, or wait for, or hope for, or strive for, or even need to apply to ourselves, when in fact it is shown to us in the scriptures that we can, and sometimes should, if we just will. Too many times now days, we hear the weakness of the human expressed as normal, or acceptable, when in fact, God has shown us that we are capable of much more and even asked of much more, if we are just willing to give it our all. But, we have been told over and over again that; "we are just human, and it's just not required of us, or it's not reasonable", when in fact we have forgotten about those in the

scriptures that were able to do just what we are speaking of. We also forget how those before us were willing to suffer the adversities of the past, sometimes far beyond the expectations of the "norm", so to speak. Traveling across the country from say; St. Louis to Calif. or Oregon in the 1800's, with all the adversities of those days. Months on end, 20 miles or less a day, not knowing what the next day would bring forth, or even if they would still be alive on the next day. Today we are so spoiled. We have not a care in the world, as to wondering where our next meal comes from, or where we will lay our heads at night, or what adversity will befall us on the days ahead. We are so accustomed to having all the comforts of life, the luxuries of "too much to eat", "too much to drink", too many comforts", and most of the things our hearts desire. So, when God calls upon us to endure some hard trial, or to go the extra mile for someone else, we make excuses. We begin to have all these doubts and fears, and these same doubts and fears we allow in our hearts and minds today will then creep into our daily lives in every form, be it carnal or spiritual. We have all read the scriptures, about the promises of God, the Salvation of God, and the examples of those before us who endured things beyond measure, without ever giving up. They endured the hardships of life in the hard times they lived in, (the dust bowl days), (the great depression), (civil war times), with loved ones and possessions being taken from them, or even sometimes just destroyed, for no reason at all. How would we have fared in those days, and how much would our faith have faltered? Would we have done as Job's wife asked of him to do? Curse God and die?

I know some will say; "you're just too doom and gloom", "too negative", and yet forget the scriptures that say; "as it was in the days of Noah".

History repeats itself you know. You can read it in the scriptures over and over again where they drifted away from those things that God had told them were so important, and did those things they were told not to do, and what would happen if they did. We have enjoyed so much in our time, all those things I spoke of before, and sometimes without even giving thanks for the plentiful supply of all we enjoy. But, soon after, we loose just one or two of those pleasures, or just a small trial comes upon us of sickness or hardship, and we murmur and complain, we come wailing to God

and our friends about all of our problems. We act as though we are the only ones who have to endure the trials of life, or the hardships of sickness, and the whole world should come running to our rescue, having forgotten about our over-site of those who were suffering, or going through hardships a month ago, or a year ago, and we, were too busy doing our own thing to take the time to go and comfort them, or take provisions to fulfill their needs, or concern ourselves with their problems. If we are not careful, we forget about the good times, when we had plenty, and only casually gave thanks to our God. We went to the Assembly over and over again, not having a testimony or a word of thanksgiving, just expecting everything to continue on the path of "all things wonderful".

So, as my mind wanders back to Hebrews 6, and the, "patiently endured", it reminds me again that Abraham was never able to see what God had promised him that would come to pass, but he believed, and held confidence in the promise of God, knowing that in God's time, it would all come to pass. He "patiently endured" all that came his way, and if we read the story, we find it was with great distress at times, and as we continue on down to Chapter 11, in Hebrews, we find it said concerning all those who had also received the promises of God; verse 13. These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, (end of quote)

So, let us who have now seen the promise of God fulfilled in our time, "patiently endure" and hold on to those promises that God has made to them, and to us, and to the many other promises that God has made in His Word, and be ever so careful, that we ourselves, faint not.

Bill Porter April 9, 2018

Chapter 3

Things and Stuff

I remember the old song; Ain't it funny, how time slips away". The only thing is, "sometimes it just ain't funny". Sometimes it is actually sad, and regretful. We spend so little time here on planet earth when you measure it in decades, and yet it seems like an eternity when you measure it in seconds. But think about it, how many of us actually live our lives in seconds? That would seem so dumb, actually most people would think you were a little off your rocker!!

Well, when you think about it, its when you live every second like it is very important, you get more done, do a better job of it, make more friends, have better friends, better marriage, better children, etc., and do I need to go on?? Living life on the edge, so to speak, leaves so many holes in your day, your relationships, your work and even your very existence. We do so many things we don't need to do, forget so many things we should have done, and travel roads that are not necessary at all. Why do we do this? Perhaps its because we are too distracted from the important things, and attracted to the non/essential things of life. How many hours a day do we scan through things on the internet that are not important at all, when we could be dropping a line to someone we love, checking on someone who is sick or puny, or maybe, reading a bible story or an interesting study of something we have been thinking about but just didn't take the time to do the research. Life is short, and at times it is most enjoyable. But, if we would just do the things we know are best, it would be so much more fulfilling.

I had a dream awhile back, and in this dream I don't remember seeing myself, or my wife or anybody else that I can say I recognized. That seemed unusual to me the next morning as I remembered it so well, but it didn't strike me at first as unusual. Then after a couple of days, going over it again and again in my mind, suddenly it all came to me. This is what I dreamed...

I was going down a highway, driving an old Chevy Pickup, 4X4, and pulling a large 4 wheel trailer like the ones used for years, out in Tulare, Calif. to haul cotton. It was long, maybe 30' long, with the high sides of chicken wire all around it, and it was filled with stuff, all the way to the top. I call it "stuff" for lack of a

better word, as it was not junk, but things that I had planned to keep, important enough to me that I was hauling it along behind me, going I'm not so sure just where.

The travel was slow, pulling this loaded trailer, and suddenly I came across an old couple broke down along side the highway, with the hood up, and it was pretty obvious they were not going anywhere soon. I stopped, as we always should, and asked if I could help? They of course, were not sure how I could help them much, seeing as how I was loaded to the hilt, pulling an old trailer loaded with stuff to the top, and they were helplessly broken down. After a short conversation, I found myself moving along, pulling the trailer, and of course, pulling their old car behind it. It all seemed so real, and yet I can't imagine anyone doing such a thing, but there I was. Then, suddenly I came to a detour in the road, the blacktop road was closed, and the detour went off the blacktop and onto a county road that was dirt, uphill, and of course, it started to rain. It seems, I thought to myself, now how do I find myself driving an old truck, pulling a large trailer, loaded with stuff, all the way to the top, and behind it all; an old car, with old folks inside, hoping to soon be where they could be helped in some way that would be useful!!?

Very soon the road became steep, muddy, and I was 4-wheel drive, pedal to the metal and slinging mud high in the air. I was moving very slowly, thinking "I am not going to make it", when up ahead I seen a sharp curve, a large rock the size of a car on both sides of the curve, and my mind begin to think all kinds of things; "how am I going to make that turn, and will I even be able to get there anyway"? Suddenly, in the midst of it all, I woke up. !!!

The next morning I told my wife about it, and she looked a little confused, and I understood that. She asked if she were in the dream, and I told her I was not sure she was, I was not even sure I was in the dream myself. All I knew was, it was all so vivid, and I remembered it all in detail. I thought about it for a day, running this and that through my mind, but not really satisfied that I understood it at all. Then, a day or two later, sitting down to the table to eat supper, it all came to me, clear as a bell.

The person in the truck is you, and you, and you, and yes, me too. We are all loaded down with the cares of life, "stuff", so much so that we need a very large trailer to carry it all, and we are not

able to travel like we should because it is just too much. This is why we are so bogged down, seemingly going nowhere fast, and yet unwilling to make any changes. A couple of years ago at the Idaho camp, it was said; "if nothing changes, nothing changes". We are just not willing to let go of anything. Time consuming as it is, expensive as it is, unnecessary as it is, we just pile it on top, and pull it along even though our trailer is even dangerous to be toed already. Then, all of a sudden someone needs our help, desperately broken down, unable to travel on, needing a tow, so to speak, and being the "good Christians" we are, we offer to help, but where do we put them; Why, behind all of our "stuff", of course, which we are already having great difficulty towing along in the first place. Struggling along, working the old truck for all its worth, throwing mud high in the air, slipping and sliding not sure how in the world we are going to make that next turn.

And so it is, as we continue our travel through life, hanging on to everything we don't need, continuing in the same ruts we should not be in, unwilling to make the changes necessary, life becomes almost too much to bare. Now I understand, it is not every one of us, for some even though their trailer is much smaller, and not piled nearly so high, and the things they carry have some value worth the trouble, they are the ones that are sometimes towing 2, maybe even 3, that are broken down, needing a tow, and while they are making a little better time than most, they still are struggling along wondering if they are going to make that next turn.

So I ask myself today, where am I? I know the dream was about life, about most people, and certainly not just about one or two. So, shouldn't we check and re-check, and make the necessary changes that need to be made, remembering; "if nothing changes, nothing changes", and could we use wisdom in our thinking, so that perhaps our journey will be more secure, knowing that we have been promised; "I will never leave you, nor forsake you". But, perhaps we are traveling back out into the darkness, going in the wrong direction, hopelessly lost, and forgetting to call upon the source of our strength, and not realizing, that sometimes our journey is impossible, because we have made it so, and not because we are forsaken?

Bill Porter Sept. 10, 2015

Chapter 4

Don't Look Back

We have been told so many times in our lives, don't look back. Even the bible says it;

Philippians 3:13 - Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but [this] one thing [I do], forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before,

Luke 9:62 - And Jesus said unto him, No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

Genesis 19:26 - But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.

So how do we truly decide what looking back really means, and is there a time when we might look back for a good reason? Moses said, in Exodus 13, "Remember this day, in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage, for by strength of hand the Lord brought you out from this place:" And in one of my favorite books, Ecclesiastes 11:8 "But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many." So we see, that looking back is ok, if it is for the right reasons.

Oh how good it would be, if men who are important to the events of today, whether it be in Government, or even in the oversight and management of the church, they would look back, see the mistakes of the past, and not REPEAT them. The future is so uncertain, but the past speaks no lies. Of course this statement is only true, if opinion is not the rule, but truth is the rule of the day. Unfortunate at times is the fact; "that truth is so opinionated, whether clouded by doubts and fears, or put forth by those who have an agenda of deception, which they desire to put forth for devious reasons." The devil, we must remember, by reason of his ability to distort the truth, deceived and convinced a third of the Angels (stars) of the first heaven to follow him, and were by this misguided reasoning cast out of the first heaven, as it states in Rev. 12. And then of course, again in chapter 21:1 it says; "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed

away;" It is with this thought in mind, and the subject of looking back, I just have to say; "when we look back at this, and also with the 10th chapter of 1Corinthians, where it says; verse 11, "Now all these things happened unto them for examples: and they are written for our admonition, (authoritative counsel or warning), upon whom the ends of the world are come." So I ask myself; why do men make the same mistakes, over and over again? Isn't it Albert Einstein, who is broadly credited with exclaiming; "The definition of insanity is, doing the same thing over and over again, but expecting different results"? Is insanity rampant in the world today? I have to say; yes I think it is.

These things were on my mind this morning as I thought of the happenings in the world around us today, and the hand writing that is surely on the wall, so to speak, and I just wondered; where is it all going?

Time has a way of taking care of things, as wise men of the past have said, and time is now seemingly cleaning up some of the past at this very moment. It also behooves us ourselves, personally, to visit our own past, look for some of the mistakes we have made, acknowledge them, and see if perhaps we have taken a wrong turn somewhere in our past, and with careful consideration, venture back a few kilometers or so, and get back on the right pathway.

Just thinking; Bill Porter 11-22-17

Chapter 5

Love is more than 4 letters

Today, this week, this month, even this year, is a very important time in our lives, and I feel like we just wink it by without even a thought of how important it really is.

I can't say for you, but for me, the week of March 14, 2015, was very special. You see, I lost a very important friend that week, a friend that I feel certain, no matter what I looked like, no matter what mistakes I had made in the past, or the parents I was born to, or how much money I possessed, he loved me just the same. And

no matter what anyone else might think, this was a friend I am going to miss more than any great President, or great actor, or even more than I probably realize myself.

You know, God made all kinds of things and all kinds of people. Places where people live that other people would not live at all, areas in this world where it would seem no one or not even an insect could exist, but there you find something or someone who calls it home and even gives something back to the place where it ultimately lives. That my friend, is the way we are supposed to be. I have lived in one of the most beautiful places in the world, Northern Calif., where at one time my grandmother came to visit us and we took her up to the Tree's of Mystery, where she said; "This, Must be the Garden of Eden". Of course, it was not the Garden of Eden, but it was a place, which once it grew on you, it became to you like the Garden of Eden. This is the way friends can be sometimes. Some might call them the dearest people on earth, while others, of course, might call them something you would not want me to mention here, using the words they might use themselves.

You see, each one of us is given a gift from God, and that gift is supposed to be given back, good measure, pressed down and running over. What do you suppose might be your gift to the world, especially if it seemed you had very little, if anything, to give? What if someone you knew was so handicapped that his or her capabilities were almost -0-? What if their very nature, their appearance, their habits and everything about them, turned you off, and all the other so-called "normal people", would say; this person is despicable and impossible to love?

In the book of Luke, chapter 6, verse 37, it says; Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven: Today, this verse and the one in Matthew that says close to the same thing, seems to be one of the most quoted verses in the bible, flashed back to you almost every time you begin to mention someone's faults, even when those same faults are destroying their health, their appearance, their character, and sometimes even the only friends they seem to have. But the many verses directly above this verse, are left far back in the cloud of dust, created by the busy lives we all live today. What about, Love your enemies, do good to all men

and the many other similar verses. You see, it is easy to love them that love you, and especially them that do what you say, act like you want them to act, treat you the way you want to be treated, and so on. But, this is the very person that Jesus was referring to when He said in verse 32; For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them. 33; and if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners do also the same.

And so you see, if no-one you ever knew was hard to love, what challenge would you have in your life, that God might look upon you and say; “Well done, good and faithful servant”.

Not too long before this dear friend passed from this life, I went to see this friend when he was in the hospital. His spirits were high, and it seemed even though his health was not good, he still had a little time left to live in this old world he had been brought into, some 77 years earlier. We visited about days gone by, times we had enjoyed together, places we had been, and things we had shared. When I was ready to leave, I said to him; Brother, do you want me to pray for you before I go? And he said; oh yes Bro. Bill, I would like that. I knelt by his bed, and I asked my Heavenly Father to have mercy on him, whatever that mercy might be. When I started to walk towards the door, he said to me; Bro. Bill, thank you for coming and visiting with me, and for praying for me. I turned back and said to him; Brother, “I love you”. He said back to me; Bro. Bill, do you know how long it has been since anybody told me they loved me? I gave him that familiar look, and a little wave and I left the hospital that day. I have not forgotten those words since, and I probably never will. Today he is gone from this old world, and the story of his life is told, as David said in the Psalms, 90:9 For all our days are passed away: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

And so it is, no matter what I say, no matter what I think, nothing will change a thing for my friend. But you and I, we can change our thoughts, our actions, or even our very lives, if we will but learn to love without reservations, without criticism, and without the judgment of what we all seem to think is “Normal”. And so, on that day, months ago now, I gave my deep respects to one whom I loved and thanked God for the things I learned from this friend. I shall miss him greatly, and his replacement will be

difficult. It would be my desire, for all that knew this friend of mine and that you too, might learn from the past, and find the true love for one another that God has manifested to us in the gift of His Son. The last chapter of the life of this friend is written, and nothing shall be added to it or taken away. But the story of our life is still being told. Our friends will tell only the good that they remember, and our enemies will tell only those things which are bad, or those things they heard, which may or may not have been true. But thank our Heavenly Father this day, that only He, knows the truth of it all and only He, holds the keys to the kingdom and will give to whomsoever He chooses, life eternal, without consultation with me, or anyone else. Your life matters, and so do the lives of all others living now, or in the past, even when to only a few, it seemed, the purpose was great.

And so, I said farewell to my friend that day. May we meet again, in the great beyond, where the past will be forgotten and the eternal future will be better than we could ever imagine. I loved you dearly brother, and you truly were my friend.

Bill Porter April 23, 2018

Chapter 6

The Dream

One night, many years ago, (1959) I dreamed a dream. Now you must remember, I was an ornery 18 year old, strayed away from the pathway, and wasn't really sure I was ever going to get back where I needed to be.

It was a vivid dream, not one of the many normal dreams that you have that leaves you not remembering what really went on. No, it was one of those dreams that you do not forget, sometimes all your life. I dreamed that I was with my dad, (as I'm writing this, he's been gone for many years now), anyway, we were in an old

pickup truck, going up a very long narrow valley with high mountains on each side. It seems that we were cutting firewood along the way, and we nearly had the old truck filled. I had noticed up the valley a short ways, there was a small store and gas station.

Now as I remember, this was an unusual road, because the road was dirt. It was one of those roads that you see in the hills where there are just two lines where the wheels have rolled along. It was not a wide road, but a very narrow road that really seemed to go only up this little valley, seemingly, nowhere. All of a sudden, I looked up ahead, and the people that were in the store, were running down the road towards us shouting, flash flood, flash flood!!!

I looked up the narrow valley about a mile, and here came a wall of water about a hundred feet high, rolling down the valley like a wave coming in from the ocean. I shouted to my dad; "run up the mountain dad, fast as you can". So he and I, both began to run up the mountain on our left side. As he ran, often times he would fall down. Myself, being younger and stronger, I never had any problem. But over and over again, I would have to stop and help him up, and then we would run some more. Time and again I would stop and help him up, until finally we reached the top of that hill, and suddenly, that wall of water came rushing down through the valley, whoosh right past where we had been standing. I remember it so vividly, for you could see, in this water, were all kinds of things.

Now the dream was like in the past, but the things that were in the water were things of the present. There were new cars, new houses, people, lots and lots of people. It seemed there were things of all sorts washing down the valley, tumbling over and over, just like you see in pictures of floods. Then I woke up. I was really troubled by that dream, and knew right away that God was trying to tell me that my dad needed my help, (he was a Bishop in the church, and I was his wayward son), and it was now, high time for me to get to work, helping him.

I still, to this day, can't believe that I had strayed away so far. So far in fact, that I didn't even want to ride to work with the those other men, who all worked at the same place as I did, and the same hours also. My dad, my uncle Ace, Brother Chester Butler, whom I loved dearly because he always told me at work on Mondays, that

he missed me at Church yesterday. That was even when I had been out of church for at least a year. They all shared rides, one driving one day, and someone else driving the next, and this made it so, you only had to drive once a week. It was 16 miles to work, one way, so it made it less expensive and much less wear and tear on your car. But no, I always drove my own car, so that I could stop off at the theater, or Bim's Drive-In hamburger joint, on the way home to see who was there, and what craziness was going on. Still in all, this dream did not change me, or get me to see where I was, and where I was going. But, God wasn't through trying...

One night, some time later, maybe a month or so, I remember now, it was a Saturday night, and I had worked overtime that night, which meant time and 1/2 pay, more money in the paycheck. As I was on my way home from work, going by the airport just outside of Eureka, Calif., all of a sudden something large and white went across the front of the windshield. "Flash it went". It blurred my vision for a second or two, I must say, and it scared me. I shivered a little, and slowed down to about 30 or 40 miles per hour. I finally got my composure back, and the devil told me it was nothing, no problem at all He likes to do that you know. So I got back up to speed, but having not gone another mile farther, when suddenly something began to bang on the right side of my car. Bang! Bang! Bang it went. Now that I have to tell you, almost scared me silly. I stopped the car, went around to the passenger side of the car and looked for a blowout. Well, nothing was wrong, tires were fine. I remember now, I was shaking really bad, and as I got back into the car, I remember saying; "Lord, what are you trying to tell me"? In my mind, he spoke to me clearly that night, and He said; "My son, its high time you got back on the pathway, and begin to help your dad". "My son, the devil wants to take your life".

I thought very deeply about this, all the way home. When I got home, mom and dad were not there. I was at first, kind of puzzled, but then I remembered that it was church night, and after church on Saturday night, they always either, brought someone home with them, or they went somewhere and had fellowship with some of those that were at church. Sing, pop popcorn, visit and enjoy themselves. They all worked second shift, and were not used to being in bed until after midnight anyway, and, church on Sunday

morning did not start until 11 AM, because of the fact that so many were used to sleeping in every day.

So, I begin to think, where would they be? Oh, I know, they are probably at Bro. Chester and Sis. Louise Butler's house. So, off I went to their house, only about 3 or 4 miles away. Sure enough they were there, as well as several others. I remember as I walked in the back door, where they were singing and enjoying themselves, a deep hush came over everyone. - - - - - Quite it was, like something terrible had just happened. I stopped, smiled, and looked at everyone and said; "what's wrong with everybody"? Mom looked at me and said; "well son, we didn't expect to see you here. But we are really glad you are". Now I had already told mom about that dream some time back, and so I said to her; "Mom, I have finally decided that it is about time I started helping dad", and she began to cry. We all cried a bit, and from that day on, Sunday after Sunday, day after day, I began my journey back to the pathway. It was a long journey, many valleys and gullies, and some hard places to cross, I must say, but as time went by, my life changed dramatically. I married, I was called into the ministry, traveled the many miles, went far and wide, baptized many souls, made lots of lifelong brethren and friends, and the rest is all just history.

So my message in this little story is this; If you have lost your way, you've drifted off the pathway a mile or so, maybe more. You've lost site of the goal, been told by the devil that its just too far, you can never get back. He lied.... Get yourself started back in the right direction. Read the book of directions. Find someone that will help you. Make a determination, that today, I am going back to the Lord, where I started out, and make a brand new start.

You can do it, and I'm hoping you will.

Bro. Bill Porter March 25, 2019

Chapter 7

A Root of Bitterness

Not long ago, a wonderful brother and his wife came to spend the weekend here where we live, and they brought along another wonderful brother who spent the weekend with my wife and I. It was so enjoyable, and we had some of the most wonderful conversations on Bible Scriptures. Then, a few days later, he called me; and said he had been studying on Heb. 12:15 "a root of bitterness", and said that God had brought to his mind the Scripture in Deuteronomy. 29:18, "a root that beareth gall and wormwood" which is very bitter. And in reading this passage, he wondered if I had any thoughts on this subject, and I told him I would study on it, and so I did.

Many years ago, an older brother, one that was so very precious to me, came to visit with us often, very seasoned in the Word, taught me something very special about studying the bible. I am ever so thankful that he did, and that was; always determine, who is talking, who is he talking to, and what is he talking about. This has helped me tremendously over the years, because if you do not take these 3 things into consideration, you probably are not going to understand what any particular piece of scripture means, or what understanding you should acquire from it. So, of course this is what I did, and this is also, what I came to understand.

Looking first at the chapter just ahead of Hebrews, chapter 12, in chapter 11, seeing that (it's probably the Apostle Paul, in his only letter written to the Israelites, "Hebrews", concerning those things they had suffered many years back, in their journey from Adam to Malachi, the last prophet), and the hardships they had to suffer, being strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Through faith they were able to subdue kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtain promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, received their dead raised to life again. Then he said; they suffered trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, they were in bonds and imprisonments, they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword: wandered about in

sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, wandered in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves, and through all of this they obtained a good report, but received not the promise. And also, after all of this, "without us", he said, they could not be made perfect.

Can we see now, how it could be so easy for them to be angry with God, put out with His way of doing things, and now it has come down to; the Messiah had come, He who would be called Emmanuel, "God with us", and he's been killed, no literal kingdom has been established by him, and they were still in bondage to the Romans. And besides this; the Gentiles, who were counted as only dogs and cattle, were now being admitted into the fold, now supposed to be treated as brethren, having the same inheritance as these Hebrews had. Is it any wonder that it seemed to these Israelites, that they had every right to be totally dissatisfied with the order of things now, and could easily have allowed a "root of bitterness" to enter in.

So, it became clear to me that the root of bitterness the writer spoke of, is a root of bitterness against God, for the things that were happening to them, and drastic changes being brought about in their lives by the coming of Christ, who seemed to be doing away with the Law, and allowing the Gentiles to also become clean by the blood of Christ, and were now being made equal heirs with the Jews, of this spiritual kingdom that God had spoken of for thousands of years. This Kingdom, not being a literal kingdom, but one that dwelled in our hearts by faith, and comes only after death in reality, and not while they lived physically here in the world. This is what God was revealing to Bro. Trent, that the children of Israel had felt the same way, there in that 29th chapter of Deuteronomy, "a root that bore gall and wormwood, which is very bitter", as at that time, these children of Israel, had also suffered all the things of the wilderness, beheld the riches of their enemies and their idols.

Could it be, that maybe Gideon had felt it too, hiding there behind the wine press, in Judges 6:13 (And Gideon said unto him, Oh my Lord, if the LORD be with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of)? Elijah might have also felt it, in 1Kings 19:10 (they seek my life, to take it away), and so it is with us; we give our lives to the Lord,

seek Him in all we do, spend and be spent for the Lord, when in reality we might have become rich, maybe even of high status in the world, but we choose to deny ourselves for the kingdom of God, and all of a sudden, as it has happened to our brethren who have given up their children, sometimes their husbands or wives at a young age, and if they are not careful, they also become bitter. We even at times find those taken from their families, put into prison, charged with despicable crimes which they did not commit, and now all alone in a terrible place, feeling forsaken. Now, here comes the devil, seeking to plant that little root of bitterness against God, looking at others who have given so little, and seemingly have so few trials. Then I thought of an old Elder who is gone on now, a faithful elder, a man I have admired all the days of my ministry, always giving it all, going when it seemed he was not able, giving when he had little to give and needed all that he had. Laboring when his body cried out in pain, at times almost beyond what a man is able, and then laboring a little more. Then, in the end of his days, when sudden death would have been pleasant, he was called upon to suffer some more, die slowly, and with only a few moments of mercy given by the Father at particular times. It seems like, so many others have suffered the same things, even in death, so that they might be called upon to be an example of great faith, even in the end of their days. The devil, lurking always nearby, could so easily have come and spoken to them, over and over in their minds and say; why is this happening to you? Why does your God not give you an easy way to go? Why are you called upon to suffer so, even in your last days, after all you have done? See, how that all the way to the end, he seeks to stir that root of bitterness against God, never giving up in his mission to destroy.

So, now you know my thoughts, and how the lesson to us is this; no matter what comes our way, no matter what the trials may be. No matter what others may say or do, or the afflictions that may come. No matter what we have to give up, we press on, asking for strength for the day, and we do not allow that root of bitterness to overtake us. We remember the old song that we sang when we were young; "This world is not my home, I'm just a passing through, my treasures are laid up, somewhere beyond the blue. The

angels beckon me, from heaven's open door, and I can't feel at home, in this world anymore."

Bill Porter

April 13, 2016

Chapter 8

Reality

My wife and I, had this long conversation about reality awhile back, and it just hangs in my mind, and won't go away. I believe reality is essential in our lives or we live in a make-believe world, and that is what most people are doing today. Our politicians do it, as they sit in their ivory towers, drinking expensive "taxpayer paid for" wine. Could it be the people's fault, those that vote for them time and time again, re-electing these people over and over again, sometimes 30 or 40 years or more.

Reality is "the clear picture of who you are, where you are, and where you are going".

Reality does not just all of a sudden "bingo" and it all comes to you, clear as a bell.

Reality is the process of seeking and getting good advise, processing that advise and researching the probability of that advise being correct, then putting it into action in our lives, with Honor, Sincerity, Integrity, Respect, Loyalty, Honesty, Dignity, and many more words taught to us by our grandparents and those old people in our past that walked the walk, and talked the talk.

You can't just "take someone's word for it", just because they have a flashy title in front of their name, hold a high office in government or society, or just because they're a Bishop or Leader in the Church for that matter.

Too often the advise or information you hear, or find, is not correct. In fact, sometimes it is not even close to correct. Now days, it's not unusual for it to be a down right lie.

If you are not walking in reality, you are in the dark my friend, and you are going down a steeper and steeper slope of uncertainty,

despair, and failure, until one day you will find yourself in so much trouble, even your friends won't be able to help you, and those uninformed, unlearned people you were getting your advise from, well, they are either; no where to be found, or sinking in the deep do-do they created, or believed wrongly so, and they too are sinking in it right along with you.

So, who are we, and where in the world are we going?

I believe sites of rubbish of the past, show what is going to happen in the future, and might just be happening right at this very moment, showing us clearly just where we might be going with the future of our own lives, and maybe even taking those around, those dear to us, down that same dismal pathway. Not just in the financial world, or the political world, or even our spiritual world, but in the world we live in each day of our lives. Moral decay, honesty and truth decay, character decay, and in total leadership failure. In politics, local or congressional, in business, in our spiritual and church family lives, and in the very lives we live before our children and grandchildren. Could we possibly be leaving them in the dark, following an unrecognizable pathway to an uncertain future, both for them and their offspring?

So, as you observe those things around you that were once shinny and new, but are now rusty and broken down or in the junk pile, think about REALITY. When these things were brand new, did it ever enter into the minds of the creators or builders, or buyers, of these things, that one day, sooner than could even be imagined, it would all come to just as just a glimpse of reality, or life as it really is? Short lived and soon to be piled upon the ash heap of time and become an old broken down pile of waste.

Then, try to imaging what the future will be, for yourselves and for those around you that you love dearly, if we do not teach and observe REALITY. We must look it in the face, and make the corrections that need to be made, so that the future can look brighter and our legacy will be one of hope and peace. If you will, you can know who you are, where we are, and where we are headed.

Bill Porter July 11, 2017

Chapter 9

Where did I fail?

Years ago, when I was young, I went to Zig Ziglar's Salesmanship School; "See you at the Top".

One of the many things Zig taught us in his lessons and also in his stories of life, as he was full of stories, was the time he spoke of being in Chicago. The story went like this; "while in Chicago awhile back, I was walking down the street, and right there in front of me was a gentleman who recognized me right away, and reaching out to shake my hand, with a big smile on his face, he said; Zig, oh Zig, I am so glad to see you. I was at your seminar not long ago, and I must tell you, it was great. I was so pumped up when I left, I don't think I have ever been so excited!!!" They chatted for a moment or two, and then this gentleman went his way. It was then that Zig said to himself; "Where did I fail"?

You see, his mission was not to excite, while excitement is not bad. It was not his mission to pump people up, while being pumped up is not all bad either. You see, it was his mission to get people to change their lives, make a better person of themselves, go in the right direction, follow the simple rules of success, and in doing so, arrive at the right destination with success in their career, or any of the other aspects of life itself, whatever that might be.

So it is, as I watch the responses to things that I say, and things that I write, whether they be inspirational things designed to open your eyes to what is really going on, or encouraging you to get back on the pathway to success, or pointing you in the right direction when the way seems a little foggy, or maybe just sharing with you some of the words or thoughts of others that have inspired me over the years. Social Media, as well as writing books, has this neat little way of telling me how many people are reading the words that I say, and even when they do not respond, I know they at least were able to look into the window of my mind.

Zig taught people to be great salespeople, as also, Og Mandino's book, "The Greatest Salesman in the World" was a teacher to sales people, showing them the right way of thinking in their sales career. But the one thing they both had in common was this; they were both very Christian oriented, and used the stories and

writings of the bible to get their message across. This is the reason they were so profoundly inspiring to me, and helped me keep my focus on track, in my sales career over the years when I worked as a salesman, and as a person living my everyday life.

Now, as a minister, often times I look out across the crowd as I am speaking to them, or maybe I'm just relating to an experience in the past which taught me a good lesson about life, and I see those that seem to be listening, seem to be taking in the words that have been given to me. And as I'm doing so, I often see those faces of some that have heard the words God has given me to speak, and listened intently. Even sometimes remarking to me later, "I sure enjoyed what God gave you to say today", and yet, as I see their lives in the days ahead, the next week, and even over the next few years, time and time again, seeing no changes in the direction they are going, no corrections in their life decisions, I too often say to myself; "Where did I fail"?

I know, I can hear some of you saying to yourselves right now; "isn't that judging people, and how do you know if they have changed or not"? Well, I respectfully must say; your life, and my life, is an open book to all, and for all to see. I realize without question, none of us are perfect. But if someone's life reveals a failure in management of time, money or resources, it stands out like a 20 story building, and if it has continued for several years, it is evident that they are not making any changes in the direction they have been going. Oh they get excited from time to time, but then they go back to their regular life, and continue to do the same things they have always done.

So, what are some of these things, and how can we make a difference in our lives, just by putting things in action that we have not been using, even though sometimes we have been taught the right things, or seen the examples of those who seem to have it all together?

First of all, we must recognize within ourselves the need for change, and then with an honest determination, decide we are going to make those changes that are necessary. Fail we shall, over and over again, but we will not give up. And feeding ourselves on information that encourages us to get back up and try again, will always be the key to our success. This is the remarkable reason we

should read the Bible, day after day, year after year, even when it means we are reading the same things over and over again. How many times is it, that we read a passage of scripture that we have read many times, and suddenly it flashes lights, rings bells, and we say; Wow, now I get it!! The first several times we read it, our minds were not in tune, or we were just not ready to make the decision to do the right thing, so it would not have blessed us that day, nor made us understand what the writer was saying. Finally, the day comes, when we have made the decision to do the right thing, NO MATTER WHAT!!

That was the day it spoke to you the things it was saying with clarity and understanding. On that day, your feet were in place, ready to run, all the way.

So, I ask you today... Are you ready to run? Ready to make the changes in your life that need to be made? Ready to say yes, to the things that you need to know, and stop making excuses for your failures and lack of direction? Are you ready to stand on your feet and make that testimony before all who are willing to listen, of the wonderful, wonderful things you have been blessed with in your life? Would you be willing to give that testimony each time you feel it necessary and to whomever might be willing to listen? How about "most times"? Are you ready and willing to re-establish yourself in a lifestyle that is true to yourself and your family, one you have been neglecting for these last few months, or maybe years? Are you ready to start looking for those who seem to be lost and going in the wrong direction, seeking out the discouraged and disadvantaged, so that you might give them a lift? Or how about visiting the widows and the fatherless in their despair and lack of attention? Or, are you going to just continue on, being the same way you have been, unwilling to change, following in your old bad habits as you have been doing now for some time, unwilling to see yourself, unwilling to get the message and apply it to your life, and so, winding up far off course, lost in a sea of despair, and even at times, making excuses for your failures? "It's this persons fault, or that persons fault. It's because of this, or because of that"?

Don't just be excited by the words of the speaker, whomever it might be, speaking to you from a Wise heart, often times a message that God has chosen to be delivered by one of His Servants on a Sunday morning. Listen intently; take notes, even

record it if you must; so you can play it back again and again. Make that determination, that you will challenge yourself to be changed by it. Then, and only then, will the writer of the good words, or the speaker of the important message, or the examples of those who walked the walk, not be in vain, but will truly accomplish that which God intended.

Bill Porter June 4, 2015

Chapter 10

Winning and Losing!

Sometimes a loss is not a loss, and sometimes a win is not a win. You now ask, how can this be? Well, at times when you think you have lost, you are only in the beginning stages and you have already determined the ending, when in fact the race has only just began. And then, sometimes when you think you are winning, you in fact have just began to lose, because your arrogance, and your overconfidence has lost you the game already.

Life has so many challenges, and it seems as though, they are all so different at times.

We went to a basketball game in the season of 2017-18, my adopted daughter was the coach. Her team, which was a championship team, able to beat any contender they went up against, decided on this day, they were just going to play "their own game". No matter what their coach said, and sometimes sternly so, they just continued to play their own game. And of course; they lost. My text message to the coach, my adopted daughter, the next morning, went something like this; "I'm so sorry about the game last night. I felt your frustrations, knowing those girls could have won, but didn't, just because they insisted on doing their own thing. I have dealt with this same frustrations, all

these many years in my ministry. People just doing their own thing, not listening to or paying attention to, the lessons God has given me to teach to them. Sometimes, over and over again, but still they just go on their own way, doing their own thing, and fall on the thorns of life and suffer defeat. It's not your fault Coach, don't blame yourself, you did your very best....

I have thought about that for some time now, even mentioned it in a testimony the next day, how many times it seems we receive really good advise, teaching that will take us in the direction we should go, make our life successful and happy, but we were just not willing to listen to those good instructions, usually coming from those who have walked the road before us, and found the right course, seen the end results, and tried so hard to point us in the right direction, but we just would not listen. My adopted daughter's college team, had went all the way to the Nationals, undefeated, and met up with a team that was determined to be the best, and was. Losing the game, which they did, we must realize, is not always losing the game. You see, if you followed closely the rules, did your very best, but met a team that was just a hairs breath better, that is not defeat, that is just the challenges of life. But, if you lose because you didn't play by the rules, were not willing to give your all, relished in overconfidence, were just a little bit into yourself instead of being a team, you didn't lose, you forfeited the game, and shamefully so if you were not willing to admit to yourself personally and as a team, what the true nature of your loss really was. In basketball, you can do that, and it will not be the end of the world for you. But, if you get caught up in that way of doing things, suddenly you might just find out; "It is the end of the road for you". How, you might ask? Well, you just drove a little too fast most of the time, didn't follow the rules of the road, or you took that death defying dare from someone who was a loser in the first place, and was jealous of your successes in life, as they challenged you to something they would never do themselves, and "BANG", it's all over. You see, the things you do in life, the little bit of; "I'm invincible", or, "I can do this all by myself", "I don't care", "who needs to follow the rules", and in so many other little things we get caught up in, our own MO; "modus operandi" (way of doing or accomplishing), and these little ways of skirting the rules, doing our own thing, suddenly catch up with us.

Habits are formed very early on in life, and some are very hard to break. There are of course, good habits and there are, bad habits. Detecting them early on in life will save you so many heartaches. Too often, the difference between losing, and winning, is just an attitude, or being a team member. Its a lonely world when you try to make it all on your own. Being a team member, is more fun, more successful, and in the end, WINNING, is really WINNING.

Bill Porter March 11, 2018

Chapter 11

Wisdom

My son, posted on Facebook a very short piece awhile back in which, he said; “By me kings reign, and princes decree justice” what am I.? And of course, the answer was “Wisdom”, from Proverbs 8:15. So now, ever since he posted that statement, I have asked myself over and over again; “just what is wisdom”? We find the word written in the KJV, 234 times, almost as many as most of the very important words, and yet we seem to know so little about it.

Listening to the Supreme Court Justice hearings going on in the Senate that same day, Judge Gorsuch was being grilled, and at times being treated like a criminal himself, being questioned by none other than those criminal Politicians, mostly Democrats, who were now the ones doing this ridiculous questioning.

How very patient he was, and with such “wisdom”, answering those ridiculous questions, “statements of their own dim intellect”, and with such ease and steady reasoning. I remembered back when it was Justice Sonia Sotomayor being questioned by those same people, and the simple 1st grade questions asked of her, and her smirk and seemingly sneering answers, revealing to those of her peers, the true person she really was, and what her intentions

would be when nominated to the Supreme Court, the Highest Court of the Land.

Now, going back to that word “Wisdom”, and the depths of it’s meaning, and the diversity of its ability to make clear judgments and wise decisions. I continue to see more and more people of these United States of America, even some, whom I hold in high respect, leaning towards the Constitution being a “living document”, made to grow and change with the times and the life styles of the present day. This thinking is often referred to as “Originalism verses a Living/Changing” document, made neutral in its wording, as in making the he’s, he/she, and the his, his/her, and in effect making it gender neutral, and with so many other things that leave us to decide for ourselves what this great document really means. As one of the outspoken lady Senators on that day reminded Judge Gorsuch, that the Constitution always refers to the President as; he, his and such like; “Does it mean that a woman cannot be President, she said”? Of course not: said Judge Gorsuch. But what he could not say was, the framers meant by their wording; “a woman (should not) be President”, for her biological makeup was not suited for the job, nor as a Senator, a Congresswoman, or any other form of government leadership. For the scriptures plainly said; 1Tim 2:12 “But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority of the man, but to be in silence”. Or maybe it would be said; 1Corint 11:3, “But I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God”. Now wouldn’t that have gone over with a bang?

So, as the world in great numbers, desires and moves towards the Constitution being a living document, needing tweaking from time to time, and so, moving towards the more liberal way of thinking; I must ask; “isn’t this the same thing we have seen over these last number of years being done with the Holy Scriptures”? “Well, I know what it says, but that’s not what it really means”. Why, in my lifetime alone, they have totally rewritten the bible several times, and in these late versions, each time removing and replacing those words that “someone” feels it necessary to do so, and each time it becomes more and more liberal, watered down and harder to understand. Not one time does it become more rigid or stringent in its instructions or its efforts to draw us closer and

closer to the true nature of God, but farther and farther away from its true identity, which is God's eternal instructions and "Wisdom", revealed to us in the form of His Words.

As time goes on, and surely I have had the experience of time moving on, having experienced 77 years of them now, the changes that I myself have seen are beyond description, and that is not to be compared to the changes of those that are much older than I, and having lived in the days of the horse and buggy or wagon, and then coming to this time of space travel and instant communications, world wide. I remember so well, my grandfather on my mother's side, not having ever owned a car, who traveled to town each early Saturday morning, from about 10 miles out in the country, by team and wagon to do their shopping for the normal staples of flour, salt, sugar and spices. They parked the team along the hitching rail, under the big elm trees, just east of the bank there in Perkins, Oklahoma where I grew up. I feel certain that he never dreamed of the luxuries we enjoy so much today, much less the food we eat and the clothes we wear. Everything was so standard, long sleeved work shirts and bib overalls for the men. And of course, those long very modest dresses and large aprons were the normal attire of the women folks. Why, just a radio would have been a luxury, of which I am sure they did not have, nor were they concerned with the news across the world, for it was survival in their very own neighborhood which kept them busy during the day.

So how have the many changes of the modern day world effected us today, and what are some of these changes? Not too long back, in one of my sermons I used the word gosh. I don't remember how or why I used it, but I remember Carlene saying to me later; "did you really have to use that word?" Of course not, I said; I just did. So from that, it should be easy for you to see how she was raised, and the words you did and did not say. Immediately I wished I had not used the word, but it was too late, you can't un-ring a bell. I can easily remember when you were scolded properly for saying; Heck, dang-it or even "butt", and Lord have mercy on you if you said the word; "Crap". Now these words are commonly used, and not only so but in mixed company, children present, and in whatever context they might wish to be used. Carlene tells me, when she was growing up, they were not allowed to use the words; liar, or stupid, and so many other "what

were called” ugly words. But today in the schools, 5 and 6 year olds, use words that make older people blush. Why I must ask, do you think this is, and how did it all come about? Well, as you probably already know that I am going explain “what I think” and you can do with it as you please.

The answer to that question my dear ones, is “LACK OF WISDOM”, and that will lead to leniency and permissiveness every day of the week. Things have slowly, “SLOWLY”, made the changes of the years to; “being politically correct” as is so often said today, and the old ways of the past are; “OUT DATED” and changed to the softened and more gentle way. Spanking became, “TIME OUT”, and winning at all cost became; “ITS JUST A GAME” we must not offend those whose score is somewhat smaller than ours. I guess some of it has been around for a long time, but over the years it has exploded into a totally different way of thinking and speaking. So many words have been changed, because now, some of the old common words are so politically incorrect, and might offend someone. Words that we, as children, did not mean anything offensive by, or slandering, or critical, are now characterized as just that; slandering, critical and offensive, and just because “SOMEONE”, nobody seems to know just who, said so. Maybe the books that are written now, and in the not so distant past, are not written by those who have wisdom, or even common sense for that matter, and then they are passed on to our children in the schools, edited by those without wisdom and common sense, to be used exclusively by the children of today. Also, there are those of the dark world, who have intentions of doing damage to the minds of children, and even adults, so that their Grand Agenda can be promoted and passed on as the “correct way of thinking”. In fact, their agenda is to corrupt the minds of those they have influence over, and especially those that are young, and those that are the teachers of tomorrow. These people of high degree, professors in the colleges and Universities who, over these last many years now, steeped in the liberal and progressive ways of thinking, and are now the teachers of our children in the schools of today.

Now, how might we address the spiritual side of these things and compare these same examples of the normal things of life, to the life that we live for our God, and the way we respect Him and

His commandments and desires of us? Do we speak disrespectful about Him, and to Him, and disrespect His ways and His judgments? Of course not, we might say; but then forget about Matt. 25;40 Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. The Scriptures say; if you steal, you are a thief, and if you lie, you are a liar, and if you are a heavy drinker, you are a drunk. Can't we see, how you can take something that is black and white, and make it whatever shade of gray we like? And I haven't forgotten that if I point my finger at you, I have 3 pointing back at me. But I speak of the condition the world is in today, and the path we are headed down.

I realize that I could go on and on, and you would become weary with me, perhaps even move on to other things more interesting. Some of you might have already done so, but never the less, as I see the end of my life swiftly approaching, and my time on this earth growing shorter and shorter, I'm pressed to say it over and over again; Let us find Wisdom, for by Wisdom, Kings Reign, and Princes Decree Justice.

Bill Porter April 1, 2017

Chapter 12

Are we a spoiled people??

Is tomorrow Sunday, that day when we are all suppose to go to the House of The Lord? If so, then, on Monday, you will be able to say that you went, and that you gave your testimony, of how blessed you are, and how thankful you are that things are as well with you as they are. For we are a spoiled people, and I have spoken many times of the favorite scripture that one of our dear old Elders spoke to us in McKinleyville, Calif. many years ago;

Heb. 4:1 "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should come short of it." And then he might add; Chapter 2 verse 1. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed, to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."

We are a spoiled people, and sometimes we forget where we came from, and the miracle it is that we are where we are today, and the time and sacrifices that were made by those old preachers of yesteryear, who spent and re-spent so much of their valuable time to bring us to where we are today. I remember well, the stories of one of those servants, how they moved from western Okla. to Calif., poor as could be, buried a little child along the road on their way westward. At one time, living in a dugout, eating turtles they caught in the creek with a safety pen, and one day the turtle took their pen, and they had nothing. I could give you a dozen names, of those who gave all, and took nothing in return. They spoke as they were led by the spirit of God, words flowing out of their mouths that confounded the listeners, and compelled them to come to the Lord. And because of it, so many of us are where we are today, in God's Kingdom, because of their sacrifices.

Now, especially those of you that are young, know that I and many that are older than myself, and even some that are younger than I, remember these times. Living in a little one room shack, nothing on the floor but boards, no refrigerator, no running water, no electricity at times and just a few earthly possessions. It was cold at night in the winter, hot during the days in the summer. We slept upstairs, where there was no heat. Yes, and you slept with a quart jar full of hot water wrapped in a towel, and put to your feet when you went to bed in the winter and you were so thankful for all those old quilts you could pile on top of you.

A penny was a lot of money, and you spent it carefully if you had one, not knowing where the next one might come from. Oh I know, you think I'm just kidding you... Well, I'm not. I'm just trying desperately to tell you how blessed we are, and that your testimony you may seldom give, and the flimsy reason we find for not doing so, often times going for months on end, and never a word. Each time I go to church, I try to imagine that Christ himself is there, in the back, unobserved, listening, listening at times to the silence. I am reminded of the words of Isaiah the Prophet, Chapter 6, verse 8; "Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, here am I; send me."

Will you have a testimony now, on this coming Sunday morning, seeing all you now have, even if you are lacking a few things... Think about what you do have, and then ask yourself; where is my

testimony to the Lord? Are you waiting on that certain feeling, that certain quaking or someone to say something that prompts you? Don't...

Be that person that moves because you should, and because you have so much to be thankful for. The little that you speak of, will only be crumbs, compared to all you could give thanks for, only time forbids you.

Bill Porter

Nov. 10, 2018

Chapter 13

Behold The Tree

Today as I watered the lawn, Carlene asked me if the tree in the upper yard was now dead, and I said, "yes I believe it is"; it cried out for help, and no one came.

You see, it needed water really bad, and day after day it cried out for water, even though it rained a little, it was not enough. There are so many things that are likened unto this tree Things that are not able to help themselves, even with all the mystic gifts that God has placed in it for survival, still there are so many things that it cannot do for itself. It has the magical ability given it from the God of the universe, to bring forth leaves, and with the leaves it breaths in the carbon dioxide it needs to make it strong, and in doing so it puts forth the oxygen that we humans need so desperately in order to survive ourselves. It provides us safety from the hot sun when we step into its shade and then feel the cool breeze that we did not know was present until we had done so. It gives the birds of the air a place to rest their wings and to sleep at night, providing them safety from the elements when the night falls around them, and their prey creeps thru the darkness looking for something to eat.

It nourishes the ground around it, and provides beauty to all those who look upon it. Is there any wonder that it cried out, day after day, and night after night, please, someone help me; all I need it a little drink of water. I have lengthened my roots, and done all that I can do, but it is not enough, please will someone just come to

my rescue? But no-one came, and now the tree is dry and bare, crusty and sad to look upon, for the tree is now dead.

I then ask myself, are we not often times just like the tree, born into the world to fulfill our purpose, to help others and provide the delights of our God given talents to all those around us? Even from a tiny baby, which bringing joy and smiles to all those that come near and look upon their faces.

So, when we see someone that is sad, never having a smile, looking like their world has come to an end much sooner than they expected, are we willing to take a little time, "its free you know", and give of ourselves to their need, a cool drink of the water of life, to one that quite possibly just cannot provide for themselves? Or are we just too busy, wrapped up in the things of ourselves, not really wishing them harm or sadness but just too busy to provide that little something, maybe just a few words of comfort, words fitly spoken? A word fitly spoken, which are like apples of gold in pictures of silver, as Solomon said? Sometimes it only takes a helping hand, just at the right time, to break the fall, which was sure death to their falling. Seems I remember also Solomon saying; "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, behold we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

Let us be wise in all our doings, and watch for those souls that are thirsty, just like the tree that needed only a little water to bring forth its beauty and God given bliss. That tree, that now has only to offer the knowledge of death by neglect, while we ourselves at times fall victim to this neglect, only then fully understanding the saying of Jesus, when he said; And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward..

Just a lesson in life,

* The tree did not die, it survived, and gives us comfort, knowing we gave it water, just in time.....

Bill Porter Spring of 2015

Chapter 14

Spending TIME

When you take TIME, you often take something that really doesn't belong to you. We have learned over the years, hopefully, that stealing is not the proper thing to do. And how much more sinful, or disgusting, would it be, if you took from someone else, the most valuable thing they have, that which they only have a limited quantity of, and which for them, would be irreplaceable. I am speaking of course, about TIME. A persons TIME, is the most valuable thing they have, and used wisely, it can do great wonders. If you look around you, you will see great wonders of the world, which came forth, because someone took the TIME, to think, to act, and to work, and sometimes taking many years to create. We all know the story of Noah, or at least I hope we do. Noah, being told of God, when he was somewhere around 500+ years old, to build an Ark, made of Gopher wood, Three Hundred cubits long, Fifty cubits wide, and Thirty cubits high, went about to do exactly what God had told him to do. Now we cannot be sure, but we can tell with certainty, that it took Noah, a long, long TIME to build this giant boat that God had asked him to build. And assuming, it took him 100 years or so to do it, can you imagine all the effort it took, and TIME spent, doing this monumental task, of building this giant boat, probably in the back yard, this being assumed of course, when there were already so many tasks expected of a man with a family.

And can we also imagine, how many TIMES, even Grandfather Methuselah, would come by in the mornings and say; "Noah, Noah, Noah! When are you going to start doing something useful, especially for your family? How long are you going to waste your TIME, working on that giant boat? How many TIMES, have I told you, there is no water here to make it float?" And of course, Noah again and again, explaining to Grandpa Methuselah, that God had told him to build it, and that God had also said it was going to rain, and how it would flood the earth with water. But as it probably was, Grandpa Methuselah did not believe this could ever be so, and went on his way, shaking his head, and wondering if Noah had lost his mind? But, after many years of hard labor, and TIME well

spent, and many words of despair being spoken to him, the TIME finally came, when the rain came crashing down.

Now we have figured out that Methuselah, (the man who lived the longest, 969 years) was Noah's Grandfather, and that if you figure out how old Methuselah was when the flood came, we might assume that grandfather was out there in the rain and Noah and his family were inside, where it was safe. Now we think about how, TIME and TIME again, grandfather had come by Noah's place, chiding Noah a little no doubt, and reminding him of all the TIME he was wasting on this giant boat. Now, TIME had caught up with grandfather Methuselah, because he did not believe what Noah had told him, and he had chosen to use his TIME, doing the things that men will do. Finally the TIME had come, for the boat to rise, and outside the door of the boat, is grandfather Methuselah, knocking on the door, saying; "Noah, it's grandpa. Please Noah, open the door." Inside the boat, we can imagine Noah, with his hands stretched out and firmly placed against the door, as if through the gopher wood he could feel grandfather's hands on the other side. Grandpa, how many TIMES did I tell you, TIME and TIME again, and you wouldn't believe me? Grandpa, (as he is crying without shame, still holding his hands against the wood, trying to feel the touch of grandfather's hands). Grandpa, he must have said, I can't open the door. You see grandpa, I didn't close the door".

Now we understand, how TIME had played a vital part, both in the life of Noah in his TIME span that he had to finish the boat, as God had said, and also in the TIME and TIME again, that grandfather had ignored the words of his grandson, who is now crying for the loss of his grandfather who is hopelessly on the outside. So you see, the lesson that TIME brings to us is this; TIME does not always bring about good things, but it always brings about less and less TIME.

Bill Porter Sometime in the past.....

Chapter 15

Plotting Our Course

In 1974, I began a wonderful experience, in the which, I began to take flying lessons. I had dreamed a thousand times in my sleep, that I could fly, and I wanted very much to make that dream come true. So, I began to take lessons, and in 1975, fulfilled that dream, getting my Pilot's license.

Learning to fly, taught me many things. Very early in my lessons, I found myself with these feelings again that I had experienced before in my sleep, knowing that I always needed to know where I was, high in the sky over God's wonderful planet earth. More than once I found myself going back to the map, rechecking the checkpoints on my sectional, (that's what you call a flight map), and making sure that I knew where I was, and what direction I needed to go. After many hours of doing this, it suddenly occurred to me;

"This was the key to life itself....." "This was it".

Now all I had to do was put this learning to good use and never again would I lose my direction in life, either physically, mentally or spiritually. I just needed to take my life map, put an X where I was in the beginning, and another X where I wanted to go. Just like I had done on the flight sectional map, before I started a flying journey. In flying an Airplane, I would carefully research the journey between point A, the beginning, and point B, the desired ending destination, before I started out. I would then, of course, check carefully, to see what lay in the distance between these two marks. Now in my case, I would be flying a single-engine Cessna most of the time, and the Service Ceiling, the absolute highest altitude designed for this particular Aircraft was around 14,000 feet. So, if I can see on the map, there were going to be mountains between point A, and point B, I would then need to plot a course that would navigate me safely around those mountains, and the safest course in which to do so. Also, I needed to make sure that I would pass by an airport on my journey, in which case, I could land and refuel the plane if it became necessary to do so.

Then, there were those (Restricted Areas). Those places on my journey, in which the government has said; "you shall not fly over these areas, because they are being used by military aircraft, and you are not to invade this space, as it is unsafe and illegal to do so".

Wow, look at all this valuable information I was learning. Things, which I desperately needed to know in order to be a safe pilot. But also, look at what I was learning about life itself. All of these important things could be related to my journey through life as a person, and also, I might add, as a Child of God. Going through life was a journey that needed to bring me success in my finances, my character, my moral attitude, or just being a good person. What about a good neighbor and perhaps even a good husband and father, and maybe even a good businessman? Who knows what might be the case, as with myself, God wanting to make a good minister of me, or a good Evangelist, careful in plotting out my course in this life, the journey to eternal life, after this natural life had ended.

So, I needed to carefully plot the journey, making sure that I did not fly too high, (being too sure of myself), planning the need for refueling, (which might be compared to, taking the time for learning, and schooling in my vocation or ministerial duties) and then, don't forget those "Restricted Areas", for they are many. (in life, this would be those areas along our journey that we should not venture into. Immoral acts, dishonest behavior, unfriendliness to others, and carelessness, etc.)

It was along about this time that I realized that life is all about learning, and putting that learning to good use as you are plotting out your journey, before you even get started. Marking the checkpoints along the intended pathway in your mind's eye, checking them often, careful to miss nothing that might cause you failure in this, your journey of life.

Let's assume, that the first leg of the journey is straight for a hundred miles, "remembering one of the statements I had learned in my training", "2 degrees off course, 100 miles traveling, and you will have no idea where you are." So, along this 100-mile straight line, you make check marks, places where there is something of significance, like a lake, or a railroad track, or a crossroad, etc. At these places on your sectional, you will put an X,

or a circle around it, and you will watch for these checkpoints, as you are flying along. When you come to a checkpoint, you make note of it, ask yourself, are you on course, and so you verify it carefully. Now, what if you see that you are about a mile to the right of the checkpoint when you get there? Now as a novice, your immediate reaction might be, turn left to the checkpoint, turn back right on the waypoint line, and continue on your journey.....

NO!! This would use up extra fuel and time, which you do not wish to do. So, what should you do? Well, you just make a slight correction in your flight path, (or your direction in life, being a husband, a father, a businessman, a neighbor, and most surely a Child of The Heavenly Father), for in doing so, you probably will find yourself right on course at your next checkpoint. You see, the wind was blowing you to the right, and just a slight correction will compensate for this wind, and this will bring you back to your desired flight path.

How many times in our lives have we found ourselves slightly off course, maybe drastically off course, (because, we were using the winds of our own understanding and we had ventured far off course,) and then, making abrupt corrections, we find ourselves, and especially those around us, like family, friends, or business associates, confused and disoriented by our sudden abrupt corrections, even though we felt like they were for our own good. You see, our intentions were right, but our method was wrong. Hopefully, we have learned over the years, that when driving on ice you never make a sudden change.....

Now I realize that there are times when we find ourselves suddenly going drastically in the wrong direction, and we will need to immediately make a change, and if we do so, for our betterment, it can still be tolerated. But normally, it's just, "make slight corrections only"...

So, as we are going along through life, we must mark our journey and plot our course, regularly taking the necessary precautions to see that we are going in the right direction and on course. We take the necessary actions to make our business successful, our home life pleasant, our children educated and informed, and most of all, our Christian life in proper order so that our life's journey is safe, and as pleasant as can be possible, both for ourselves and for all those around us. We must not forget, that

we usually have others that are following along with us, young, still learning and trusting our judgments and listening to our advice, who, if we venture off course, they will venture off also. It seems that our Heavenly Father calls upon some to do the plotting, some to do the leading, and others who then follow that teaching, those good examples and that good advice. Finally, ending up at the right place, at the right time.

So, what is your calling, how is your journey going, and are you doing it well?

Bill Porter

Updated; March 20, 2020

Chapter 16

Silver and Gold

The song, "Silver and Gold", as it was sung by Dolly Parton, back in 1991, was started in church one Sunday by a young sister, who is a beautiful singer, and as I listened to it, I was reminded of the words of the writer John, in the book of Revelation, Chapter 3, verses 14 thru 18 - And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write; These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked:

Suddenly it came to my mind, "how you catch a monkey?"

I feel sure that some of you will wonder where I am going with this, but the reason I thought it, was this.

There is a super way you catch a monkey, and it works every time. You have a stationary object with holes in it, like a fence

wire, with holes just barely large enough for the monkey to slip his hand through. Then you hang a rolled up piece of tinfoil on the inside of this stationary fence and the monkey will reach through one of these holes, seeking to get that shiny object in one of his hands, and when he does, he will not let go of it for anything. I say, not for anything will he let go. You can then, just walk up behind him, put a collar around his neck, and he is caught.

So then I ask myself; have I reached through one of those narrow holes in life, reaching for that shiny object, some-thing that will cause me to be captured or entangled with the affairs of life, so much so that I will not be free to do the things that are more important? And if so, what all have I taken hold of, that I am not willing or even seemingly unable to let go of, for anything? Perhaps I am like the Laodiceans?

Do we not take hold of almost anything our hearts desire today, hanging on to it tightly, unwilling to let go, not for anything?

Oh I am sure there will be some that feel like they are just barely getting by, and I know this is sometimes true. But are the most of us seeking out and holding on to things we don't necessarily need, but things we just want?

This is the life of today, witnessed by all those who are in the prime of their lives, able to work and create the lifestyle of their choosing. Let us stop, take a look, and see if the path we are on, really does take us to where we wish to go. Or, if we are bound down with too many burdens, too many cares of this life, as is the lesson of Luke, chapter 12.

Okay.....

Bill Porter

Aug. 10, 2019

Chapter 17

When I was 10

I remember back when I was a boy, and we moved to McKinleyville, Calif. for the first time. We rented a little cabin that today would be called a shack. It was about 20' by 24', heated with an old wood stove which was really a cook stove with an oven. The front door of the cabin was on the right side of the front, where you then came into the little kitchen-dining area beside the table on the left, and on the right side was an old wood cabinet counter with shelves underneath it. The counter was just wood, with linoleum glued on top, and a single sink with a regular hose facet like you might have on the outside of your house, coming through the wall and extending out over the sink. It was of course, cold only, because all the hot water needed to be heated in pans on the cook stove. What served as our refrigerator, was just an old orange crate nailed on the outside of the house, right beside the front door, eye level, with little doors made for it and with chicken wire on the doors so that animals could not get inside. It was always cool in McKinleyville so this worked really well, especially in the wintertime. The inside area of this little shack had 2x4 walls, petitions for two little "would be" bedrooms on the left side of the big room, but of course there was no sheetrock anywhere, just the 2x4's with a doorway on each side. Momma put old quilts on the 2x4's to make some privacy for each room, one for them, and one for us three boys. The floor was just 1 x 6 boards, with no covering on them, so you could of course, see through the cracks.

So also were the walls of this little shack, just boards nailed on the sides, only they had tacked black roll-on tarpaper on the outside, which the wind had done it's damage to and so you could see through the walls in many places. It only had two windows, one over the sink and one in the front bedroom area, which provided a little light in the daytime, and the electric was just a light bulb, hanging from the ceiling in the kitchen, and maybe a plug-in receptacle or two at the most. There was no sheetrock on the ceiling, but some cardboard had been tacked on the rafters which served as a covering for the ceiling. Momma kept the floors moped clean as a whistle, and she made little curtains for the

cabinet holes and the window over the sink and in their bedroom. We three boys, all slept in the same bed, as someone had loaned us an old featherbed mattress and we thought it was the greatest mattress we had ever slept on.

I'm sure you are wondering already; why are you making this long and drawn out explanation of when you were just a boy, at the age of 10 years old? Well, I am trying to paint the picture in your mind of how contented people could be in those days with almost nothing. A roof over your head, clothes on your back, transportation, food for the family, and love, lots and lots of love. This being, both for each other, for your friends and certainly for the Lord. You see, we had come to a place where we didn't know anyone, had never been there before, had never lived in a shack with almost no conveniences at all, and yet we were as happy as, or maybe even more so, than most people are today. Why, you must ask me, why? It was because we were not striving for Silver and Gold. Happiness did not come from material things as money and wealth, it came from love. Love for each other, and love for God and His people. We were living the songs we sang; Amazing Grace, Where could I go, Never grow old, This World is not my Home, and on and on. We sang them during the day, and we sang them going down the road in the car, and we believed them. We lived each day knowing that we were strangers and pilgrims here, journeying in a world that was not our home, but just a passage to the world we desired and longed for. Even we children, believed it, along with our parents. And this belief was sincere, confident. The highlight of our week was meeting on Sunday, where we all gathered together and felt the love of God, flowing from breast to breast, filling our hearts with courage, strength and especially hope. But hope that is seen is not hope, as the Apostle Paul said, in Romans 8. For what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.

So, where are we today, and what motivates our lives in today's world? I am going to let you answer that for yourselves, and "hope" that you answer truthfully. Our world today is so filled with things. Did you hear that; "THINGS". Sometimes I call it "stuff". "THINGS AND STUFF". But in 1951, when I was 10, life was all about loving each other, doing things together, singing as we went down the road, exploring the outdoors, and playing with frogs and

grasshoppers. Peeling cascara bark from the cascara trees, drying it on the roof, and selling it for 12 cents a pound when it was dry. Listening for the grocery truck as he blew his horn, letting everyone know he was coming down your road, and running out to see what momma was going to buy. He came every day you see, because you didn't have a refrigerator, you bought it fresh every day; just enough for the day, not a freezer full, or enough for a month, a year or longer, but every day. Are you getting the picture? Oh how I hope you are getting the picture. Our lives today are filled with things and stuff. Things, that if we died today, would not have really meant anything to us. And the things we should be seeking for, are things that last forever. The care and love we show to our families, to our relatives and to our friends. The memories we are making each day, etc. Tell me, what do you remember most about when you were very young? Is it how much money your parents had, or how nice the car was they drove? Was it what kind of clothes you had to wear, or what kind of food you had to eat? No, it was the memories of the things you done, the places you went and the people you interacted with. My son Ty, tells me the best birthday he ever had, was when I took him, just the two of us and our motorcycles, in the back of the old pickup, over to the mountains, and we rode and rode and rode. Just he and I. Or when the boys and I went hiking back into the Trinity Alps, to a lake, 14 miles, high up into the mountains where we camped out, slept under the stars, fished in the lake and cooked those fresh fish Mike and Kris had caught that day. Not things and stuff, but love, lots and lots of love. These are the things we remember most, and sometimes never forget.

I am so concerned, in today's world, that our lives are filled with things and stuff. Making money, building fancy houses, driving fancy cars, going on cruises, or to Disney world, or Vegas, or just discovering what is on the other side of the next mountain, thinking only of ourselves, our desires, our hopes and our dreams. While at the same time the old folks sit at home alone, sometimes sick or just weary of life and nobody comes to see them, or check on them. Where are the evangelists of yesteryear? Where is the preacher, "as one, crying in the wilderness, make strait paths for your feet to walk upon", with locusts and wild honey as his meat?

Oh I know, times have changed, and it is my wish that we might see ourselves, as we really are. Talk to the Father, The Master of the universe, and ask Him what He thinks?

Then, and only then, will we know for sure, and understand what really is.

Maybe there is time to make things right and find our way through the fog. Maybe we can come to realize, before it's too late, that happiness and success, and the answers to all of our problems in life, is not (Silver and Gold),

"Maybe"

Bill Porter

Awhile ago now..

Chapter 18

Who am I, and What is my Name?

I find it so interesting, in the book of Genesis, chapter 32, verse 24, Jacob is alone, and he was troubled. He was seeking answers to some things he was not able to understand, and in this verse 24, he wrestled with a man until the breaking of day. And when this man saw that he prevailed not against Jacob, he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh went out of joint, right then, as he wrestled with this unknown man. And he said, let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, what is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked him, and said, tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? Hummm, you must say!!!!

Whom did he wrestle with? It seems to me, that he wrestled with himself. The outer fleshly man, against his "inner spiritual man." He, (Jacob the fleshly man) is not winning it seems, so he

(the inner spiritual man) touches the outer mans hollow of his thigh, being one of the weaker points of the fleshly man, and this weakened the fleshly man, and made him subject to the inner spiritual man, to give him an advantage. Then the fleshly man says to the inner spiritual man; "what is thy name"? Now the fleshly man is called by, and only knows his fleshly name, so of course the fleshly man says; "Jacob". And then the spiritual man says to Jacob; "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince (this inner spiritual man) hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. Then of course, Jacob says to the inner man; "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name." And he said, wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?

Well, there is a place in the scriptures that I have always wondered and sought for the answer to,
1 Corinthians chapter 13, verse 12.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also "I am known."

So, is the Apostle saying; when Jesus (that which is perfect) is come, I will then know who I really am? Perhaps my real spiritual name?

Perhaps, inside of me, is a spirit person, communicating with me, warning me when I am acting as I should not act, or saying the wrong thing when I speak, or perhaps going in the wrong direction? After all, is it not this inner man that is going to die eternally, if it in fact, it is not right with God, in the end? Is it perhaps pleading with the fleshly man, to go in the right direction, to see himself as he really is, and to get himself right with God, while there is still time?

Matthew, Chapter 18, as he has spoken so carefully about how important the little children are, and how they should not be offended. Verse 10, Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

"Their Angels"? Is this perhaps saying; inside of each of these little children is an angel, and because of the innocents of a child, that angel is always in the presence of the Father? Perhaps when a man or woman comes to age, and the devil begins to deceive them, "they" the fleshly being, now comes between the inner person, (an angel with its own name) and God, so that the fleshly being rules,

and constantly wars against the inner spiritual person, keeping them from the communication of the Lord, and the instructions of the Father. Then, perhaps when one begins to hear the word, and begins to hear that inner person speaking to them saying; "don't you understand who you are, and what you need to do?" Suddenly we find ourselves looking for that peace that comes from God, knowing that only when the old fleshly man is crucified, (by baptism, the new spiritual birth) can the inner spiritual man come alive. And not only so, but eternally alive if we do not allow the fleshly man to again rise up and conquer the spiritual man, and destroy him.

So then perhaps, when we finally see the Lord, and come into His presence in the final meeting, will we then suddenly find out, "Who we Really are, and What our Name Really Is"???

Just Wondering... Bill Porter

May 1, 2017

Chapter 19

Imagination:

Reading one morning, several months ago; "The imagination is not the stepchild of reality by Jon Rappoport" August 9, 2015, made me stop and think; how many areas of our lives can this be applied to today? The changes over the last 100 years have been so vast that sometimes it is hard to sort out what really is fact, and what is just the figment of someone's imagination.

I have been around, over three quarters of a century now, and the changes that have taken place in my lifetime are mind boggling to say the least, and applying this principal to the meanings and explanations of the scriptures are just as profound. It never ceases to amaze me, how many people that were good Christians for many years, all of a sudden choose to reorganize their thinking, to things totally different from the past, and sometimes even have little resemblance to what they were taught by their parents or even decided for themselves, 30 years or more ago.

Just the other day I was reminded, that there have been at least 300 changes in the NIV and other bible versions, to that of the Kings James Version, which most of us were all raised under. Now imagine yourself trying to sort out all the different statements, explanations and instructions used over the years to refine and define our lives, trying to be the person God would be pleased with, and the person Jesus was in His time on the earth. Imagine reading Matthew 15:8 "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." Then going to the NIV, and reading the same place; "These people honor me with their lips, but there hearts are far from me." What happened to; draweth near to me with their mouth? And so you say; where are we going with this?

Well, could it be that just a few years ago, (only 63 years ago, 1956 to be exact) some, we don't always know who, had began to imagine that the words recorded centuries ago, might need a little tweaking, and so they change a few things, eliminate a few things, and bingo, you begin to produce a bible that more people like. The only thing is, they left out whole verses, half verses, changed the words to say something totally different, and suddenly "Imagination" becomes reality it seems!! But, does it?

So then, as we started out in this little essay, "Imagination is not the stepchild of reality", are these changes in "The Holy Scriptures" really helpful, and are they truly what we now need, or is it simply thought to be, (imagined) to really be so?

And so it is with many areas of our lives, as the changes come and go, mythical slogans, (big bang theory, global warming, now changed to climate control, etc.) repeated over and over again, especially to little children in the schools, seems to some, to become reality. False statements, repeated over and over again, become embedded in the minds of people, and even the slightest thought of them not being true, is challenged vehemently, and by and by the thoughts and ideas of the old, become lost in the new ideas of the day. And, those who repeat the old ideas, are called; "Old Fogies".

Remember when gay was happy go lucky, and strait was, (duh) strait. Cool was not hot, and hot was, (well) hot. I remember well when people begin to say; "you know", and suddenly it was, you know this, and you know that, when in fact they already knew, or

really didn't know, or maybe they didn't even have a clue!!! And so it is, as the years go by, and the meanings of the words change, and that which was bad is called good, and stupid is cool, sloppy is okay, and down right ridiculous is totally accepted, in fact it is, "exactly" ok.

I'm from the old school, raised to be polite, generous, and to play by the rules. I now suddenly feel the necessity to re-evaluate every situation. It is my hope that somehow, sometime, the tide will begin to change, and there will be a generation that brings things back into focus. It is my effort now, to pass forward the things of the past, and remind our future generations, (grand-children, & great-grand-children especially, and anyone else for that matter) how it was. Then of course, they will have to decide for themselves what they think is right. But maybe, just maybe, my words will remind them in some small way or another, just how it use to be. Hopefully....

Bill Porter August 11, 2015

Chapter 19

"That's Just Life"

Do you ever look at those who seem to have it all handed to them on a silver platter, fine home, luxurious automobile, fabulous vacations all over the world, lots of money in the bank? Does it seem like that some are blessed above all the rest, while others, some, really good people, are plagued with pain and suffering, or lack of almost everything? Well, the usual platitude is; "That's just life".

This is the subject that is on my mind today, and here I am, speaking my mind, when in fact, it's quite possible that not too many care what is on my mind. Well, I'm a writer, and it just doesn't seem to bother me if most do not find an interest in what I feel, or what I write. I just keep thinking that one day, perhaps when I am gone, or a few years have gone by, and my Grandkids,

and Great Grandkids can find these writings somewhat by Grandpa, interesting...

When we look at the things that happen to ourselves and to others, as we travel these dusty roads called life, there seems to be a few things we really ought to know. One of those things is this; Sometimes, we can rightfully say; "That's just life", and other times we need to take a closer look at what is happening in our lives and also, those around us. Looking at the lives of those around us often times reveals to us what is about to happen to us. So, with careful observance of those things happening to our friends and those we are aware of, we might quickly change course in our own lives and avoid the same pitfalls they are dealing with right now. Too often we just meander along, too caught up in the unimportant things, and miss out on the obvious things, right in front of our eyes. We have so many distractions today. The list is long, and the depths of those distractions are vast. It can just be an obsession of the way the yard looks, or the finite details of the grooming of the dog. Some women spend fifty dollars a month on their finger nails, a hundred to the hair dresser, and men also do some of those same kinds of things. Looking at the details of life can sometimes reveal a time consuming problem that we have not given the proper attention to, and causing us to drift into a future problem or problems, that could have been avoided, but often times dealt with too late, and suddenly the hole we have dug for ourselves is just too deep.

First of all, in dealing with this problem of; "That's Just Life", it could be vitally important for us to understand, that success is measured with many yardsticks. Our lives, take so many different courses. The true success or failure of life itself, could be revealed in the journey we have mapped out for ourselves, be it "our physical", "our carnal", "our work vocation" or of course, "our spiritual life". We can get so wrapped up in a carnal ambition that we fall behind in our vocation, (the labor of our hands or mind in providing for ourselves and our family). We could become so obsessed with the way we look, that we spend too much money on things that make us look beautiful, (usually in our own eyes, not the eyes of the husband and the kids) that we fall far behind in keeping the right food on the table, or the right details of the children's school needs or the husband and wife dating time. We

could spend so much time at the gym or the exercise saloon, we fall far behind in our home life and our children come home to an empty house, able to do whatever they might choose, good or bad. They can watch on TV or the computer those things that should have parental control over, but no parents are home, so; why not? How many women are out working, making money they really didn't need until the family lifestyle kept growing higher and higher until it was essential instead of optional?

Didn't God tell the man, *"1 Timothy 5:8 But if any provide not (must have been speaking to the man of the house) for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."* ???

Oh my, now we have that; "The Bible says", and that might not go over real well...

But those of us, who believe, shouldn't we be finding our pathway and the direction we are supposed to be traveling, "From the Bible"? A couple of weeks ago, the Spirit spoke to me these wonderful words, words that I read over and over again in my 56 years of studying the bible. Oh of course I heard what it says in Psalms, chapter 1. And I thought I really understood what it was saying. But when the spirit spoke it, suddenly it came flashing across the visions in my mind much more plainly, and so much more vividly. I was really amazed at what it said to me then.

We all seem to search for success in our lives, some with much more effort than others, but none the less, we seek it. We understand that success in life is measured possibly, by a better lifestyle, a better home life, better children, a more successful business, greater friendships, and even an improved character before others. But, it seems to have nothing to do with, how much money we have, or what our status is before others, because, hopefully we have learned that "money and status" do not bring success, while sometimes living a successful life, often times brings both extra money and higher status.

Psalms chapter 1. Blessed is the man... Quite often I hear it pronounced, and in times past, have done so myself.. "bless-ed" or bless Ed, and that is not the correct pronunciation. It means, "blessed", as in "blest" or 1. "made holy, consecrated" 2. "of or enjoying happiness", 3. "bringing pleasure, contentment, or good

fortune". Do we get it??? Do we want to be blessed, as stated above? If so, the instructions are given following that statement; you mustn't walk in the counsel of the ungodly, or stand in the way of sinners, (that mean being in agreement with them or their ways), and you must not sit in the seat of the scornful... Do we get this picture? If you want to be blessed, don't be as it's being stated in those verses above. It says plainly, the man (that would be a woman also) who will be blessed, is walking in a different path, and, it's going to tell us how this man lives his life, and what happens because of it. His delight is in the law of the LORD, and in His law, (this is not the law of Moses, but the law of good and evil), he mediates DAY and NIGHT. That does not mean he can't think about his work, his home life or his obligations. It simply means, he is constantly guarding and guiding his life by those things that God has instructed in the Law of Good and Evil. In the bible, he is studying it, as often as he possibly can, searching for those examples he can find, that tells him what happens if he goes this way, and what happens he goes that other way. He is using examples of things revealed in the lives of people he finds written about, and shown in the stories he finds written in the bible. It's a lifetime study. I coined the phrase many years ago; The more I search, and the more I study, the more I find out that I don't know. (given to me in a sermon in 1985) Now, as we continue on, we find what the blessings of this man are; He, shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, (think about the times you have looked yourself, or maybe in pictures, across a barren desert place, dry and dusty. But there, far out in the picture, you see this grove of green trees, all by themselves. You know now, that there is water nearby, and shade from the hot sun.) also, this man, who walks in these ways spoken of, brings forth fruit in season; and his leaf does not wither; and "whatsoever he does"; PROSPERS.... Wow, is that exciting? Do we believe these words? I hope we do.

Now, what about the people who do not walk in these ways, or the blessed manner?

What shall he be like? Ungodly..... like the chaff which the wind blows away.

The old method of bouncing the wheat corns up and down in a basket or a blanket, when a breeze is blowing, so as to blow the

chaff (the outside husk of the wheat cornel, which incidentally, "is not digestible by humans") is blown away by the wind. Who in his right mind would choose to be so? But, do we not see these people every day of our lives, wishy washy, bouncing here and there, tossed as though by the waves of the sea. Never settled, and always discontented. Seemingly never finding their proper path.

Now, looking farther down, we are going to find out what happens to the person who chooses not to walk in this blessed way, mentioned as the ungodly person. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, (meaning he will fall in the judgment of God and in the successfulness of life itself), nor will this ungodly man called, "sinners" be able to dwell in the congregation of the righteous. For; and David goes on to say, the LORD knows the way of this blessed man mentioned above, (he has confidence in him and his ways) and also He knows, the way of this ungodly man, whom he says; will perish. Perish in his thoughts, in his actions, in his abilities, in his character, in his home life, in his family life, in his business life and also in his spiritual life. The message of Psalms Chapter 1.

Another thing which was revealed to me a few weeks ago, came to me when a dear friend called me just to chat about some things on his mind. I don't remember how, but the subject of "surfeiting" came up. I quickly ran reference on it, and found it only mentioned one time in the bible, and it's in; Luke 21:34... And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares.

Jesus is talking, and He seems to be warning those he is speaking to concerning the rich man, who had cast much into the treasury, and the poor widow, who had cast in her two mites, which is by the calculation of some; (1/3rd of a cent). It seems to be that Jesus is saying that the poor widow cast in more than the rich man.

So, now we see Jesus, saying in verse 34; take heed, "a warning", so as not to be consumed by too much of the wrong things, and too little of the right things. Surfeiting means; "overindulgence" and we might rightly assume that to mean, eating too much. We should all know what "drunkenness" means as we see it here at Cortez, in the Indian population quite often. After my

conversation with my good friend and brother-in-Christ, the conversation just hung on with me for days, and still is. We all put the drunkard in a very low position of life, (quite unsuccessful), and yet, which of us does not, or has not, eaten much more that we should have, especially at a Thanksgiving, or Christmas dinner? Did we back away from the table, thinking of ourselves as a drunkard? I don't think so. You see, we have now put drunkenness in a much different category. Rightfully so? Probably not. But you see, what fell on my heart much heavier than those two things, was this; the next line of this very verse says; "and cares of this life".....

Oh my.!!! What would fall into this category? Consumed with work, work, work, the details of how the yard looks, or the house, or maybe our vehicle. What about our physical looks, or just our material possessions? Have we put the success of our business or our job ahead of our service to our Heavenly Father? Is it possible we might be consumed with; "who we are in the community"? Are we too busy to visit the sick, or look after the needs of the elderly? What about seeing to the needs of those who are somewhat, unable to care for themselves? Are these; "The cares of this life", written in this same verse as the drunkard, possibly on the same importance as the other two???... Hummmm

Time to stop and think. Time to reassess our lives maybe. Can we see now, how the difference can possibly be put into perspective more clearly, just by taking another look at this "blessed" man, in the 1st chapter of Psalms, and the life he lives? Can we now check our own lives, to see where we stand, or why things are happening to us or those around us? Are we just saying; "That's Just Life", or is it possibly attributed to things not rightly perceived, because we are just not willing to see things as they really are?

Good Question Maybe.....

Bill Porter

March 12, 2019

Chapter 21

For if they do these things In a Green Tree

A wonderful sister in the church, messaged me not long ago and ask; What does the scripture mean in Luke 23:31? For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now I must admit to you, it has been a few days since I read that scripture, so, very quickly I went there and read it again. Was I ever surprised? This is the scripture we are talking about.

Luke 23: 27 And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him.

28 But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

29 For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed *are* the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck.

30 Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.

31 For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now I must also admit to you that I had just read a post that said; California Gov. Gavin Newsom Will Sign Bill Mandating Free Abortions at All Colleges and Universities.....

Can you imagine for a minute how this struck me? Suddenly, after all these many years of wondering just what Jesus meant in verse 31, suddenly it all came to me. I had, for these many years, singled out verse 31, not considering what had just transpired, and also what Jesus had said, ahead of this verse, nor did I ever imagine in my wildest dreams in years gone by, just what would be going on in 2019. Here are the scriptures starting at verse 4, ahead of verse 31.

4 Then said Pilate to the chief priests and *to* the people, I find no fault in this man.

5 And they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place.

6 When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilean.

7 And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time.

8 And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long *season*, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him.

9 Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing.

10 And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused him.

11 And Herod with his men of war set him at naught, and mocked *him*, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate.

12 And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves.

13 And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people,

14 Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined *him* before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:

15 No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.

16 I will therefore chastise him, and release *him*.

17 (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)

18 And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this *man*, and release unto us Barabbas:

19 (Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)

20 Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them.

21 But they cried, saying, Crucify *him*, crucify him.

I wanted you to read those verses so that you might feel what I felt, as I read them; hearing those Israelites, those people who were supposed to be God's people, saying what they were saying. Crucify Him, Crucify Him... Release unto us Barabbas.....

He's now walking towards the wicked treatment of those Roman Soldiers, as most of us have seen; The Passion, pictured by the movie, and the treatment given to Him before they crucified him on that cruel cross of Calvary. He's now being lead away, carrying His cross, and these women are following Him, crying and bewailing the dreadful treatment of their Lord.

So, when He speaks, He was of course, speaking to these women who are walking along with Him, and saying to them; Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. 29 For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed *are* the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck. 30 Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. 31 For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now bare in mind, I had just read a post that said; *"California Gov. Gavin Newsom Will Sign Bill Mandating Free Abortions at All Colleges and Universities"*

Suddenly it all came to me.. The days are coming, when they will say; blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps (breasts) that never gave suck. Suddenly I realized, that we are in those days right now. Women of today, by the millions, do not wish to bare children. They are so obsessed with their looks, the shape of their bodies, the glamour and the features that they desire men to look upon, that they are willing to kill the very extension of themselves, given to them by the Almighty, to now kill, in order to preserve these vain things, but for a moment. (Our life is but for a moment) According to WHO, the world health organization, that keeps track of the numbers; 125,000 babies are aborted every single day. Add it up; that is 45,625,000 babies a year. Let me write that out for you, so you can see it full length. Forty five million, six hundred and twenty five thousand.

Tell me now? Do we see what Jesus has just said to these women? "The day will come, when it will be detestable for a woman to distort her beauty, take away her valuable time, and

interrupt her social life, to have a baby. They will be so obsessed with their looks, and their lifestyles, that babies will not be welcome. So He says to them; 31 For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

The GREEN TREE was; when Christ was right there with them, in body and spirit. telling them who He was, trying desperately to open their eyes, to reveal to them His mission, save them from their sins, and what did they say; Crucify Him, Crucify Him... Give us Barabbas...

So now we say to ourselves, when is the dry? This is what was revealed to me in reading the post;

"California Gov. Gavin Newsom Will Sign Bill Mandating Free Abortions at All Colleges and Universities"

The DRY my dear ones, is now. They have taken Him away now, from the schools, from the Congress, from the State Houses, from Hollywood, from the NEWS, and finally, from "Our Homes" and replaced Him with TV, Video's and video games, R rated movies and many other evil things. We are there today, and we can now see; WHAT SHALL, AND IS BEING DONE IN THE DRY...

Also, the day is now upon us, when He shall return for His bride, and they; They that have done these things, will do as it is said in verse 30 Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. But it will not cover their sins.

Bill Porter

April 10, 2019

Chapter 22

The Great Pretender

Many years ago, a very popular Pop song, made us all stop and think; and it was called "The Great Pretender". It went like this; pretending that I'm doing well, lonely but no one can tell, and adrift in a world of my own. Too real is this feeling of make-believe, too real when I feel, what my heart can't conceal. I seem to be what I'm not, (you see).

As I think back to this old song, and by the way, I loved this old song when I was a teenager, and even sang it myself at times.

Now that I am in the winter of my life, reflecting back over the years, I wonder; how many of my years did I spend; just pretending? How many times did I myself; just "pretend", instead of allowing the real me to show up? And of course I must ask myself; if I done this in my regular life, what did I do in my spiritual life? Was I honest with myself and with others, and more than anything, was I honest with God? Did the real me show up at church, or at the congregation of the saints where ever they gathered together? Was my mind so preoccupied with something else, that I just pretended to be with the crowd, but really I was in a world all my own? How about with my wife, or my children? What about at my job, or in my occupation?

Don't we see how this could have been, or even now it could be so? How important do we consider now, to be fully engaged in the present situation, be it, the regular things of life, things we must do to fulfill our obligation to life itself, or more important than all the rest, what about the obligation to be fully engaged in the work of the Almighty? Are we pretending to be a minister of the Lord, obligated to search out the lost souls, direct the wayward, answer the many questions of the unlearned, guide the blind, set the example for the young that are just beginning the journey? Are we visiting the sick, comforting the sad, lifting up those that are cast down? Are we studying our bible, searching for the right instructions, the right understanding, or the proper message of the Master when He desires to speak to our minds, His wishes, His desires? Or, are we just meandering along like a river, only making a turn when we run into something that won't move?

Are we just pretending, that we are a prophet of the Lord, able to speak directly from the mouth of the Father, explaining His plan for the future, or His explanation of the past so that we might be able to properly understand why things happened, and why we should or should not walk a particular pathway? Are we able to reveal the mysteries of the Father of heaven and earth, directly so, and in words that cannot be spoken by those who are not prophets.

And so I ask myself, am I just pretending to be a follower of the Messiah, The Christ, as a true servant? Am I truly a prophet of the Lord, walking in His favor, in tune with what He wants me to speak, and in His time? Or, am I a prophet, willing to speak, only

when I am feeling like doing so and assured in my mind there will be no rebuttal?

Could it be, that we might just be pretending to be a good father, husband, neighbor, friend, or whatever the calling might be? Am I really what I am, or am I just pretending? Could it be said; will the real "Bill Porter" please stand up, and would I ?

And so it is, as we travel this uneven road of life, journey through this world the "one time" we have the opportunity to do so, will I seek to be the real me; The real Christian; or The real Friend? Or, am I just pretending? It has been said many times over the years; God is the captain of our ship, the pilot of our plane, the Master of our destiny. He has given us all the proper instructions in His book, with all the guidelines for a successful journey for ourselves and for those we are commanded to pass that information on to, so that it is our decisions, we can, either be what we ought to be, or just continue to be "The Great Pretender". Which will it be?

Bill Porter

August 20, 2016 Updated June 6, 2018

Chapter 23

Passing along our Knowledge:

Many years ago, I met an old man, Mr. Dudley was his name, (92) years old he was, and he ran a jewelry store just a couple of doors down from mine, and he was a master craftsman. He had worked as a watchmaker in his younger days, in fact, he made the little gears in the old wind up wrist watches, some only a 1/4" or less across, little gears so precise so as to never fail to work exactly as they were suppose to work, keeping perfect time, and of course he made them, "by hand".

In other words, he was a "Master Craftsman".

He was now of course, retired, and creating the most beautiful gold jewelry you could imagine. Now besides this, he also was a mathematical genius. He loved to show my son Ty, who worked in my store, (A Quick print Copy Store, called "Take Two Copy

Shop" in Doniphan, Missouri), and old Mr. Dudley would oftentimes show up at the store, just to visit, and explain to my son Ty, a few mathematical things. Things that just blew your mind sometimes.

He knew the way to find the height of a tree, or the board ft. of lumber in it, or the area of a lake or pond, and how much shore line it had, all within a minute or two. He knew how to take a measurement of distance from the shore, and figure exactly how far it was across to the other side. He knew how to do these things in moments, faster than you could even imagine. He said he could teach Ty more Geometry in an hour, than his teacher even knew at school, and he was not bragging, just humbly stating the facts.

Mr. Dudley had studied fowl, (that's birds, in case you don't know), in his teenage years, and one time, he wrote to the Government, and refuted what a Government Agency had said in a wildlife magazine about Quail. Later on, they actually sent a representative to his house, when he was only 15 years old, and studying his research, they had found that he was right and they were wrong. He was born in 1893, so that would have been in 1908. He was so absolutely genius, and yet he was so humble and such a wonderful person.

I remember so well, saying to him; "Mr. Dudley, please don't let all this knowledge you have locked up inside your brain, go with you, to your grave. You are so close", you are 92 years in this old world. He then said back to me; "nobody seems to care, or even wishes to hear what I have to say, it seemed to him.

"Hummmm", I must ask, is there a message here? Does this tell us something about the present, something we are overlooking? He later, with the help of his daughter, tried to put some of it into a word processor. But, he was 92, limited in his ability to remember, hindered in his ability to put it all together now. But, thinking back now, I am sure, as it is so many times, it all went with him to his grave. How sad, as only myself and my son Ty, likely will remember his words, and so now, they are gone forever.

So it is with our own lives and the lessons we have learned. The revelations that have been given to us, or the experiences we have that are useful to others. The memories of those people we have known in our lives, and the things they have spoken to us, wise things they learned and passed on to us. Are we taking the

time to tell them, and will they be passed on to those we love? Some of those old saints, labored in the spirit, felt the hand of God upon them, witnessed things that only they were able to see or feel, things almost unbelievable. And so, it is our job, no, it is our duty, to pass them on to those after us. Not with an arrogant heart, or a haughty mind, but in humility and deep respect.

I often remember the words of the beloved Apostle Paul, when he said;

2 Timothy 2:1 Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. 2. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.

Now we must ask ourselves, are we committing those things which we have learned, experienced, and seen with our own eyes, on to those who are the faithful of today? Or, are we possibly just keeping them to ourselves, refusing to speak, sometimes, because it seems that those who are present, do not wish to hear, or act as though we are just bragging, or trying to establish ourselves as somewhat higher than they? Maybe we are passing these things on to those who are not faithful, not willing to abide by the laws of good and evil, the Golden Rule, the truth about life, the traditions of the past and the lessons that were learned, or the wisdom revealed to them. Or maybe, just maybe, we are now dealing with those who are just following the path of least resistance, like the river, changing course only when it runs into something that does not move out of the way, not willing to listen or make the changes necessary to change course in their lives; "I'm ok, you're ok, everybody is ok" sort of thing. Up is down, down is up. Good is bad, evil is good. Is that the world we live in today? I think maybe so.

It is my observation, that the world is steeped in darkness, unwilling to see the light, knowing that the light will reveal the truth, what is really going on, and they do not wish to know the truth, so their loins are not girted about with truth, as the apostle Paul said in Ephesians 6, and they walk in darkness, not knowing their right hand from their left.

Oh if we might see, and understand, not only those things that are, but those things that have been learned and passed forward by those of the past. Things of wisdom, understanding,

and profitable to all. Only then will we be able to learn and pass forward to those after us, the lessons we have learned and proven to be, what is acceptable unto God, and good for all those after us.

Bill Porter April 17, 2015

Chapter 24

Tumble Weeds and Friendships

Many years ago in a small town in Nebraska, lived a farmer and his wife and their two children. Times were not the best, but they were getting by and the years had been good to them. Oh there were the good times and the bad, lean years and plenty, but somehow they had been able to make it.

As the years went by, it seemed that it had become easier and easier for them to misunderstand and maybe even misapply their difficulties and hardships. It seemed that more and more of their friends, some, whom had been friends for many years, just seemed to frustrate them, more and more, as the years went by. Times had changed, things had changed, and they; even though they somehow didn't realize it, had changed right along with it. But, the changes they seemed to see in their friends, were somehow different from the changes in themselves. It seemed that some had become so caught up in life that they didn't interact as they had in years gone by. No evening visits, no comforting words on the phone calls in the times of trouble, just more and more distant they became, it seemed.

One day it all came together, and it was just over the top. As the years had gone by, they had tried so hard to plant only good seed in their fields, (they were wheat farmers), and fighting weeds when the wheat was just beginning to break forth from the earth, 3 inches, maybe 4 inches high, was such a challenge. And so, more

and more it seemed to just frustrate them beyond their ability to cope with it.

This happen to be that spring, when the neighbors just across the fence, had also planted that seed from Russia, like so many of those in the countryside had also planted these last few years, and sure as you would expect; up came that Russian thistle, full blown and causing more trouble then it seemed could be dealt with. They worked day and night, fighting that thistle, trying to keep it out of their fields, but to no avail. Worse and worse it had become, till here it was in the third year of dealing with it, and they had just had it, up to their ears.

What they hadn't noticed of course, was that as the last three years had gone by, they had been less and less friendly with the neighbors across the way. To the point that now, it seemed, they didn't even speak. Not on the street, not at social gatherings, not even of all places, at CHURCH, on Sunday mornings. What they had not noticed also, was that their children, being close to the same ages as theirs, were not speaking either. In fact, one day their son, now 15 years old, had been called before the Principal at school, and scolded harshly, for calling the neighbors son; "A Weed Farmer". Now when the father found out about it, he went directly to the Principals office, and confronted the Principal about it, and spitefully said to the Principal; "why would you discipline harshly, my son, for just calling the neighbor "kid" a Weed Farmer? After all he said; "that's what they are".

The Principal used every effort to explain to the father, that he was just trying to be a good Principal, get the children to get along with each other, and that; "calling other children names and using untoward gestures, just didn't seem like the right thing to do." It didn't help in this situation, nor did it seem to teach the children how to be neighborly and friendly. And, seeing he too was a member of the local church, where the father attended regularly, surely he would understand the values he was trying so hard to teach. But the conversation did not go well, and finally the father, the mother, and even the children, stopped attending the local church, and just stayed home.

As a little time went by, people noticed that the farmer had put his place up for sale, and was talking of relocating to a different community, one where people understood how he felt, and

somehow would consider his feelings, and maybe even reconcile their thinking to that of his own. Maybe he might even find a community where most, if not all, were on the same page as he was. It didn't seem to take long and the place sold, and the farmer, his wife, and their two children moved on a few miles to another farming community that seemed to be just the right place. They too were wheat farmers, grew the same variety that he was familiar with, and all seemed to be so wonderful. He found just the right place, just the right quaint little home and out buildings, and before long, he had been able to move all his belongings, and his farm equipment, and were settling in to this "just the right place", and all was going to be well. They even began to attend the little church in the community; one they felt was just right for them and their children.

Well, time went by, things seemed to be ok for a while, but more and more each year they found themselves dealing with that Russian thistle. Try as hard as they would, the thistle just came back, year after year, until it was such a thorn in their flesh, they again, began growling spitefully at their neighbors, fussing among themselves, and just when the children were beginning to become grown up, in fact; their son had married one of the local girls, a wonderful young lady she was, and her daddy was a farmer too. And btw, (by the way, as we say today), they had planted that seed from Russia, infested his farm with that awful thistle, and he too was becoming a little hard to deal with. Little did they notice, that they were not even being very friendly with those at church, even their wonderful daughter-in-law's family had become distant with them, until finally the day came, when they had started contemplating another move, on to another community that would be more to their liking.

But then something happened; a new preacher came to town, attended their little assembly on a regular basis, even delivered a sermon on occasion. Some of the congregation received his words well, even began to more clearly think about their daily lives and the directions they were taking. But, the farmer and his wife found fault, examined every word he said, checked out his past, found a few flaws and exploited them in every single way they could. Finally, the time came when they decided they just couldn't take it anymore. They decided to stop attending the friendly little church

and seek for solitude within themselves, staying at home on Sunday mornings, searching for the answers to the problems of the community, and those around them that were becoming so much trouble.

One day, the farmer had finished his chores, had finished his supper, and was retired to the living room for the evening. He looked over at his bible, lying there on the end table, and decided that he probably needed to do a little studying. He thumbed thru a few pages, unsettled on just where he wanted to read, and suddenly a verse just jumped out at him, as though it were ringing bells and flashing lights, and he began to read;

1st John, chapter 2 verse 9; He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. 10; He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. 11; But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

Now surely he had read this before, he said to himself; I don't hate any of my neighbors. Just because I think they are all foolish, doing things they shouldn't do, saying things they shouldn't say, dressing like they shouldn't dress, going places they shouldn't go, speaking words they should not speak, and even planting that Russian seed, and causing all that thistle to trouble all their neighbors, and me. Now surely, my scolding them in anger; "surely this doesn't mean I don't love them, now does it?" He thumbed on a little farther, and suddenly his eyes fastened on the words; chapter 3, verse 15; Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

Oh my, this is really serious he thought to himself; what does this word "Hate" mean???

Quickly he went to his old 1939 Webster's Dictionary and he found the word hate/ It was old enough that it distinguished the differences in the word hate listed in the bible, and found that when God said, Jacob have I loved, and Esau have I hated, this word hate meant; Loved Less. But, suddenly he found the word listed in 1John 3:15, and it said; "a dislike for someone, in so much, that you want nothing to do with them." Suddenly he found himself in tears, weeping openly. His family heard him, and as

they all come in to see what was wrong, he spoke to them gently; "I have been so wrong. And not only so, I have taught you by my actions, that my sin was acceptable, and caused you to follow along blindly, expecting me to be the example, the leader, the one who shined the light for my family to see, and it has been darkness. The words I have spoken have been dark and unwise. Can you ever forgive me"?

And they all said; "of course we can, and we will". And from that day forward, their lives were so different, so full of light, and with love, and for all they came to see. For their eyes had been opened, and their whole bodies were now, full of light.

btw, the Russian Thistle did not go away, but with great effort, they learned to deal with it, just like they did with all the other problems of their life.

Pray about it, and Trust God, and realize that most of the time, ALL IS WELL.

Bill Porter March 5, 2016 updated, April 12, 2019

Chapter 25

Time goes by so fast

Taking care of my wife Marcelle, after she had the terrible devastating stroke, each day seemed to just drag on and on. On Monday, the 17th of January, my Monday Angels, Thelma Stevens, and her daughter, Delinda Rodgers, came to spell me in the care taking of my wife. I had not been out of the house for two days, and needed some time to think. So, I went to Walmart, and on coming back towards the house, I turned west on Hwy. 51 going towards Mannford, just thinking I would drive out by the lake and take some time by myself. I then changed my mind and decided that I might just go out to Coyote Corner, a grocery store, gas station on the south side of 51 Hwy., and take the road that leads up to Round Mountain, where, only a few years before, Marcelle

and I had built a house, inside of a barn, for our daughter Rhonda, her then, husband David, and their two children Japeth and Hannah. It was quite a task, having never built a house all by ourselves, only having had two houses built for us, and not only that, it was building a house inside of a metal barn. What a challenge it was, and having driven this road from our house to this place, so many, many times over a 4 or 5 month period, a few years before, many memories now filled my mind as I drove up the road towards the house that sat on the mountain, where you could see it for almost a mile before you got there. I noticed that a few other dwellings had been built since we had driven that road day after day, and it seemed like so many changes had taken place. But I was not ready for the site that I found at the end of my journey, driving up the driveway to the barn house where we had spent so much time. It was all grown up in weeds, nobody lived there now, and it was all run down. I wanted to get out and walk around and cry, but I did not want to draw any attention to myself being at a house where I did not have permission to be.

So, I sat there, looking around at all the things my hands had done. The electric pole, with the wires running across to the mast that I had fastened securely to the building, and wired into the electric box. The windows that I had installed, with so much effort, having to cut the metal away, fitting the windows into the slots one by one, until each one was fastened in place. The back door, and the roll up garage door, that had taken so much work installing, all seemingly for naught. How could it be, all that work, and it seemed now that no one cared? Nor, did it seem that anyone had any interest in how these empty windows looked, or how well they functioned.

This reminded me of our work here on this earth, year after year, working hour after hour, and after many years, you look back over it, and most of it is not remembered much longer than it took to get it done. Where were these two young people, with two lovely little children, anxiously waiting until it was done, so they could move in, and make a home? Anxious to start the chicken farm, as their plan was, and to raise a goat or two, raise a garden, collect the eggs, and watch as the deer came by each evening to observe what these people were doing in their domain. Now it was all quiet, nobody even looked over the place, watching for thieves,

or someone just looking for a place to raise some cane. There were no goats, no chickens, no crowing Roosters, or cackling guinea's to be found. It was just quiet now. I cannot tell you how disappointed and sad I felt.

This now reminded me of so many people I have known in my life, that started to build, and then during the building process, they just quit. In fact as I returned over the road to our house, the road that we had traveled so countless many times as we went back and forth, day after day, I suddenly observed the frame of another metal building on the road not far from where you turn onto 161st street, where someone else had started to build a building during this same time, while we were building the house inside of the barn. Now, that building too, was sitting unfinished, and it was obvious that they had never even gotten past the framing part. There that frame still stood, as it had each day we passed by it, those years before, now it was all grown up in weeds, no hint of it ever being finished.

What happens to ones life, when everything suddenly comes to a halt, and all the normal things change? With some, it is the sudden decision to go far away to some distant place, maybe on a whim, without proper planning and thought, then suddenly falling into chaos, and their lives come crashing down. To others, it may be a nasty divorce, and tearing apart all the things that had been planned for in their lifetime. The old house, which was now all grown up in weeds, now shows to me the lives of people who had never carried out their original plans, even though they had planned it out precisely and with much effort and expense. And it also showed me the hard work, rising up very early in the mornings, and even in very cold weather, and especially so, in that old barn, which the labor of, now seemed to be, all in vain.

I now asked myself, how many times has it been so, that even though I had labored till it seemed I would faint, at times, it all seemed to come to naught, and the end of the project is worse than the beginning. When we started this project, this old barn was just a shell, it seemed that the people before us had used it for processing meat, or building cabinets or something like that. But, the home that was next door had burned down, and only the pad was left. It was a project that had to be started from scratch. Even the well had been filled with trash, and the electric was not

properly ran, in fact there was no electric to the old pole that stood bare. The wind now blew through all the cracks and openings, so that it was colder inside, than it was outside. But when we had finished this little home, built inside of a barn, it was an adorable little three bedroom home, with a bath and a half. It was decorated western style, by my daughter, like a dollhouse, and was praised and adored by all who came to see it. But now, it was just that cold and empty building, not resembling the hard work that had gone into it at all. It actually reminded me of someone that had been great and wonderful, had raised a family there, or possibly even created and made wonderful things for other people which brought great joy to all who came nearby, but now, cold and quiet, with no life filling their bodies any longer. That is what I felt, sitting there in my car, looking at the works of my hands, all now weathering away, with no-one to care.

So it is with our lives, living here in this world. Only those things we do for the Lord will last, and even then, only if those we labor towards, taking the message of hope beyond the grave, the message of deliverance, peace, and happiness in the spirit of our minds, will learn from it, and follow closely those guidelines that have been left for us in God's word. Those words that have been repeated over and over again by those faithful ministers who gave up their lives, for the lives of others. Going, when they had not the funds to go. Traveling the roads of this life, when they were the old 66, not the new modern Interstate Highway 40 of today. Driving those old cars that had not the hi-tech, air-conditioned, temp-controlled heaters, being able to listen to a thousand songs in the hi-tech mp3 devices of today. They took sandwiches and water to drink, traveling day and night, driving strait through, sometimes hours on end, getting to where the Lord had placed in their minds to go. Then, coming to the end of their days, they look around them and see, those they labored for, gave their all for, suffered the distresses of life for, some, now drifted away from those things that were delivered to them in the years gone by. Maybe some, even having given up the journey that had been mapped out so carefully for them, that way of life which had been delivered to them by those whom they had been taught by themselves, now having lost that hope in the plan that was delivered to them by them old servants who had given all they had, and then some. This

now reminds me of the words of Jesus in Mark 8: 35. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it. For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

This prize my dear ones, lies at the end of the race. And isn't it wonderful, that it goes not to one winner, but to all who will run all the way to the finish line.

My thoughts, on --- July 29, 2019

Bill Porter

Chapter 26

The Potter

My mind goes back, to a time years ago, when my late wife Marcelle and I were privileged to visit the Passion Play, in Eureka Springs, Ark.. Before the show starts, there are the usual other little attractions located around the show-grounds on the outside area. One of these shows was a Potter, located in a tent about 30 X 30, out of the sun, and room enough for about 15 or 20 people to watch him work his art. Working the wheel, round and around, he was building a beautiful vessel, coming up the neck and making it look so delicate and perfect, and then suddenly, he stopped; he looked at it a moment, and then he quickly crumpled it down into a big wad of clay, just like it was when he started.

Wow.... I, along with the others was so amazed. Why did he do such a thing? Then he started all over again, building and building, and just when he had it like everyone would think was nearly finished; again, he smashed it down into the lump he had started with, and then he started all over again.

It took me ever so long, years maybe, understanding why the potter had done such a thing. He never explained to us the reason, just seemed to leave it for us to figure it out for ourselves. Do you suppose, this is what God is doing with us in our lives?

When we were born, we were the perfect child, spiritually so, sinless and clean as a soul can be. But, as the years went by, we learned a few ways of the devil, and the day came; when God needed to smash us back down, into that old lump He had started out with. Working and working, He began to create something that was useful, something that could accomplish a few things that He needed done. But, as the years went by, our lives began to change; we needed to start a new mission, one that included a mate. The new mission we needed to start, would require a helper, one that would walk by our side, lift us up when we felt down, comfort us when we felt all alone with the troubles of life, and one that would walk by our side, "till death do us part". But often times, we were self centered, full of ourselves and not really paying attention to what God was doing. We had been, for quite some time, needing only to satisfy our own wants and needs. Then, all of a sudden, life was so different. A partnership, a compromising situation, with someone else to think about, and not only so; if we were a woman, we were biblically, supposed to be the weaker vessel, delicate and dainty, in subjection to the man, following his leadership, and being just what he wanted us to be. But if we were the man, we were supposed to be strong, able to take care of the one delicate little flower that God had chosen to walk by our side.

Oh my, now isn't this going to be different?

So; what does the Master do? He smashes us back down into that old lump He started out with, and begins a new image, one that will include a partnership, a totally different design.

And so it was; and as the years went by, we slowly started to become what was a useful vessel, under the new circumstances, able to fulfill things we were not able to do before. Our mission for the Lord changed also, bringing about new goals, new advances in

our journey of life, things were now expected of us, that were not necessary, or even possible, when we were all by ourselves.

Now, as our life changes, our work changes, our abilities change and our influences are greatly expanded to new levels, often times requiring us to learn and adapt. Oh, but just when we think we can handle the new challenges of life, and the work that God wants us to accomplish for Him, suddenly, sometimes by circumstances beyond our control, it all falls apart. The days change, the nights change, the happiness we had grown so accustomed to, comes crashing down all around us. Why Lord, why is this all happening to me? Why do I have to loose my loved one, the most precious gift you have given to me? I need this helper; I cannot do without this gift. My life will not be the same, and I fear I shall not be able to go on.

Or maybe, suddenly we are taken captive by the forces of the devil, locked away from the happiness we have know before, taken away from our helper and left with strangers. Our message to the Lord, and sometimes those around us, we say; "I don't think I can do this Lord, You must help me. Then He speaks to us, in that soft comforting voice that we have heard so many times before, and He says; "Yes my child, you will be able. I am still here, and I never change. The work that I need for you to do now, you will need this new experience in your life, to temper you, and to prepare you for the road ahead." And so again, we find ourselves smashed down into that old lump, all bumpy and ugly, and seemingly with no shape at all.

God begins to work with us in a new shape, working and working, molding and shaping us into this new form, one that we are totally unfamiliar with, unsure of, and insecure with it also. Yes, we possibly struggle, as we slowly start to become another image, older and wiser, more surefooted and careful. We look at life through different lenses, more defined and clear. The years may be short, or they may be long, but we are now looking at the short life that is before us, and the life that is behind us begins to fade, revealing to us that; we are not destined to be here for eternity, but far away, in a distant place, where all these loved ones we have been separated from, are still under the Master's care, as they always were.

So now, as this new lump begins to take shape, we must be so careful. Careful not to be dismayed or unhappy, but looking for, and hastening for the day of the Lord, and longing for that which is eternal, but with a constant eye to the goal, not just for ourselves, but for all those around us, some of which, may have lost their way, those that have allowed the snares and the lies of the devil to cloud their way of thinking. It's now, more important than ever, that we walk in maturity, and the wisdom of the aged, so that we might speak with aged wisdom, and aged thinking, to help direct the paths of those who are younger, hoping that we still have time.

So, as the years have creped upon us, and we now watch with wise interest, having read the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, experiencing the evil days that have come upon us, when we often times say, we have no pleasure in them. The sun, the light, the moon and the stars, are no longer visible to our weak old eyes, and it seems as though, no sooner has the rain stopped, and suddenly the clouds return again. The grinders cease because they are few, and we are awakened by just the sound of a bird, and we become much more afraid of that which is high, because fears are in the way. Desire fails, almost every little thing becomes a burden. Finally, man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

That day has come, when our growth into that final vessel, having gone through all the stages of life, being a useful vessel to the Master in all those times, and finally as our latter days have come upon us, and we hope, with all of our hearts we hope, that we have been able to accomplish what The Master needed of us to do, in all those times. Suddenly, often without warning, we are called to leave this old world we have lived in, for the New Earth, where the words of the Prophet have assured us is waiting for us, and eternity is there, no sorrow, no pain, no clocks to remind us that time is swiftly moving on. Suddenly it's facing us, right there before us. Finally it is over, our days are accomplished. Finally we are that vessel, useful in the Kingdom, throughout all eternity.

Bill Porter

July 8, 2019 redo

Chapter 27

If they do these things in a Green Tree

A wonderful sister messaged me not long ago and ask; What does the scripture in Luke 23:31 mean? For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now I must admit to you, it has been a few days since I read that scripture, so, very quickly I went there and read it again. Was I ever surprised? This is the scripture we are talking about.

Luke 23: 27 And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him.

28 But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

29 For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed *are* the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck.

30 Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.

31 For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now I must also admit to you that I had just read a post that said; California Gov. Gavin Newsom Will Sign Bill Mandating Free Abortions at All Colleges and Universities in California!!!!

Can you imagine for a minute how this struck me? Suddenly, after all these many years of wondering just what Jesus meant in verse 31, suddenly it all came to me. I had, for these many years, singled out verse 31, not considering what had just transpired, and also what Jesus had said, ahead of this verse, nor did I ever imagine in my wildest dreams in years gone by, just what would be going on in 2019. Here are the scriptures ahead of verse 31.

4. Then said Pilate to the chief priests and *to* the people, I find no fault in this man.

5. And they were the more fierce, saying, He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place.

6. When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilean.

7. And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod, who himself also was at Jerusalem at that time.
8. And when Herod saw Jesus, he was exceeding glad: for he was desirous to see him of a long *season*, because he had heard many things of him; and he hoped to have seen some miracle done by him.
9. Then he questioned with him in many words; but he answered him nothing.
10. And the chief priests and scribes stood and vehemently accused him.
11. And Herod with his men of war set him at naught, and mocked *him*, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate.
12. And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together: for before they were at enmity between themselves.
13. And Pilate, when he had called together the chief priests and the rulers and the people,
14. Said unto them, Ye have brought this man unto me, as one that perverteth the people: and, behold, I, having examined *him* before you, have found no fault in this man touching those things whereof ye accuse him:
15. No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you to him; and, lo, nothing worthy of death is done unto him.
16. I will therefore chastise him, and release *him*.
17. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.)
18. And they cried out all at once, saying, Away with this *man*, and release unto us Barabbas:
19. (Who for a certain sedition made in the city, and for murder, was cast into prison.)
20. Pilate therefore, willing to release Jesus, spake again to them.
21. But they cried, saying, Crucify *him*, crucify him.

I wanted you to read those verses so that you might feel what I felt, as I read them; hearing those Israelites, those people who were supposed to be God's people, saying what they were saying. Crucify Him, Crucify Him... Release unto us Barabbas.!!

He's now walking towards the wicked treatment of those Roman Soldiers, as most of us have seen; "The Passion", pictured

by the movie, and the treatment given to Him before they crucified him on that cruel cross of Calvary. He's now being lead away, carrying His cross, and these women are following Him, crying and bewailing the dreadful treatment of their Lord.

So, when He speaks, He was of course, speaking to these women who are walking along with Him, and saying to them; Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children. 29. For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed *are* the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck.

30. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.

31. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Now bare in mind, I had just read a post that said;
"California Gov. Gavin Newsom Will Sign Bill Mandating Free Abortions at All Colleges and Universities in Calif."

Suddenly it all came to me.. The days are coming, when they will say; blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps (breasts) that never gave suck. Suddenly I realized, that we are in those days right now. Women of today, by the millions, do not wish to bare children. They are so obsessed with their looks, the shape of their bodies, the glamour and the features that they desire men to look upon, that they are willing to kill the very extension of themselves, given to them by the Almighty, to now kill, in order to preserve these vain things, but for a moment. (Our life is but for a moment) According to WHO, the World Health Organization, that keeps track of the numbers; 125,000 babies are aborted every single day. Add it up; that is 45,625,000 babies a year. Let me write that out for you, so you can see it full length. Forty five million, six hundred and twenty five thousand.

Tell me now? Do we see what Jesus has just said to these women? "The day will come, when it will be detestable for a woman to distort her beauty, take away her valuable time, and interrupt her social life, to have a baby. They will be so obsessed with their looks, and their lifestyles, that babies will not be

welcome. So He says to them; 31. For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

The GREEN TREE was; when Christ was right there with them, in body and spirit. telling them who He was, trying desperately to open their eyes, to reveal to them His mission, save them from their sins, and what did they say; Crucify Him, Crucify Him... Give us Barabbas...

So now we say to ourselves, when is the dry? This is what was revealed to me in reading the post;

"California Gov. Gavin Newsom Will Sign Bill Mandating Free Abortions at All Colleges and Universities in California."

The DRY my dear ones, is now. They have now taken Him away, from the schools, from the Congress, from the State Houses, from Hollywood, from the NEWS, and finally, from "Our Homes" and replaced Him with TV, Video's and video games. Oh, and R rated movies and many other evil things. We are there today, and we can now see; WHAT SHALL, AND IS BEING DONE IN THE DRY...

Also, the day is now upon us, when He shall return for His bride, "and they" They that have done these things, will do as it is said in verse number 30. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us. But it will not cover their sins, for it will then be too late.

Bill Porter

April 10, 2019

Chapter 28

Which Way Should I Go

How many times, and in how many areas of our lives, have we desired, and desperately needed this advise? Do you remember this statement?

St. John:14:5: Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Those of us that have studied the bible for many years now, have no doubt looked at this verse. You would have thought that the disciples, having followed Jesus for any length of time at all, could not possibly have asked this question. But, sure enough, they felt lost and confused. They seemed to have felt like they had finally met the one person who knew the way. They felt convinced that He could, and would, give them directions, or lead them to where they needed to go. But now, He says to them, He is leaving them, and going away. Confused and bewildered, they could not believe what he was saying. This is exactly why Thomas says to Him; "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

But, if you will read the rest of this wonderful book, you will find as I did, the directions He gave to them, are given in somewhat difficult words to understand. And so begins the journey to finding out, which way to go, as we begin the journey of our lives, both physical, and spiritual. And just like those disciples did in their time, stumbling along the pathway, not always knowing which way to go, or what they were to expect, day after day, week after week, and year after year.

I too stumbled along my pathway for many years, most of the time as sure as could be, that I was on the right path, and going in the right direction. But, time and again, I had to make corrections, because I could easily see, that the direction that I was going, was not going to take me where I wanted to end up.

And so began my journey into the study of; "Where am I going, and how can I find the way".

Not long afterwards, I came across this wonderful verse I found in the 1st chapter of Romans, verses, 19 & 20, "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath

shewed it unto them. 20. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse:"

Wow.... Do you realize what the Apostle Paul has just said? "that which may be known of God, even the invisible things of Him, are clearly revealed to us, from the creation of the world, and they are clearly seen by the things that are made. Even His eternal power and Godhead... and.... now, we are without excuse... (remember, he is speaking about those that held the truth in "unrighteousness", speaking of those children of Israel that had fallen away from what they had been taught.)

Now, do we understand how, and why the disciples had said to Him; "where are you going, and how do you get there"? (I paraphrased that, of course). So, that leaves me with this question, for me, and for each of you that are reading this; do you know where you are going, and if so, do you know the way?

So, can start here with this one mentioned in Romans, 1:19-20, where it seems that the Apostle Paul is telling these Roman brethren that the invisible things of God are revealed in the creation of the world, from the very beginning. Now the creation of the world takes in many things. The universe is a vast place, unending space, without end, looking in all directions. Have you gazed upon a picture of the earth, located in space, compared to all the other planets and the galaxies of outer space. Earth is just a speck, in the vastness of space, and we, living on that planet earth, are also just a tiny speck. It might be compared to a tiny Gnat, landed on a fencepost, located 20 miles in front of you. Now I must ask; can you see that Gnat? Are you concerned about that Gnat? The answer of course, is NO. That, I must tell you, is an example of how we compare to the "creation of the world". Notice he didn't say; the creation of the space you see around you, or even to the earth itself, which we all know is vast, and invisible beyond the horizon, to the naked eye, and that being on a clear day.

I can hear you saying; now what does this have to do with what we are trying to say here? Well, I'm trying to let you see, the comparison of the creation of the world, to the invisible things of God. You see, the invisible things of God are vast, beyond the comprehension of the human mind, in most things. But, glimpses,

types and shadows, tiny little revelations shown to us over the years, sometimes many years, can reveal to us; "how to find the way". It can also reveal to us, the other question seemingly asked of the Master, by the disciples; "where are you going"?

The inquisitive mind of a follower of Jesus, I think, should always be seeking to find the answers to these questions;

1. So that they can be sure for themselves, over their lifetime, that they are on the right path, and;
2. So that they can wisely show the way to others, especially to those they are directly responsible to, family, friends, and then, even to anyone else who might ask.

After all, wouldn't it be selfish of us, if we knew the way to everlasting life, peace and contentment, and then, not be willing to share it with all that we could? And, what if one of the keys to the door of this opportunity were, to reveal it to as many others as we possibly could, would we do this?

Not with the persuasion of anything more than the scriptures, and the revelation of the invisible things of God, being revealed by the "creation of the world", and shown to anyone who chooses to search it out, so that they too can see the invisible things of God, by looking at the creation of the hills, the valleys, the meadows, the streams, the flowers, the trees, the clouds, the sun and the moon. All these things, manifested by the wisdom of God, revealed to those who are willing to give themselves over to and search out that wisdom, can clearly see. Isn't that what the Apostle said, clearly seen?

I want to stop here for a moment, to tell you a story. It's a story about a blind man, whom I knew many years ago, and for whom I was privileged to do some work for. You see, for 25 years, I was an appliance repairman, and had the opportunity to do repairs for many hundreds of people. One of these particular people, was a blind man. He lived in a most beautiful home, up close to Trinidad, California, on a high cliff, overlooking the beautiful Pacific ocean, directly and immediately in front of his home. This place where he lived was breathtaking, to say the least, maybe only a couple of hundred yards from the cliff, overlooking one of the most beautiful places in the world, but, he was blind. Not partially blind, he was totally blind.

I'll never forget one day I went to work on something, the first time I had gone there, and I said to him; It sure is a dreary day! I already knew he was blind, and that he would not see what I was seeing with my eyes, but I wanted him to know it was drizzly and foggy out over the ocean, and the beauty of the scenery was obscured by that dreary weather.

I was never so stunned by what he said to me; "Mr. Porter, it's always a beautiful sunshiny day to me. You see, now listen to me; I'm saying, you see, and you already know I can't see, not with my human eyes anyway. But, I can see. With my minds eye, I can clearly see. The only thing is, I get to see what I wish to see, and am not confused by the things my natural eyes might see, if it were possible for me to do so. So, as I step out here on the deck, I hear the waves splashing on the rocks, the seagulls squawking at each other, the cool breeze coming in off the ocean water, and it all says to me; Oh what a beautiful day".

I can't begin to tell you how that took me back. We went on into the house, and I went about to fix whatever it was that needed to be fixed, and our conversation went on in the same fashion. He said to me; "you come with a good recommendation, Mr. Porter". That was a pleasing thought, and I said back to him; "in your minds eye, in just the few minutes you have spent with me, what do you see"? Well, he said; "I don't see a tall man, a skinny man, a short man, or all the other things that you might see. I see a good man, smiling often, and gentle. A man who is honest, who loves his family, who works hard to do properly the things he is called to do, and is willing to share his thoughts and ideas with a total stranger."

By this time, I am taken back more than ever. I was young, still growing in wisdom and understanding about things. I was now, more informed about the things that are real, than ever before. The call went well, and I was filled with gladness, just at the privilege of being able to meet and communicate with this wise person, though he was blind, thought to be handicapped by most, but full of wisdom, not given to all.

What did I learn from this experience, you might ask? Well, I learned that what we really need to see is often only revealed when our natural eyes are closed, and our spiritual eyes are wide open. I learned that beauty and peacefulness is the creation of what goes

on in our thoughts, and is sometimes clouded by what goes on around us. It reminded me of the scripture; John 1:18 No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him. Humm, did you get that? God is invisible, but you can still see Him. Not with the natural eye, but with the minds eye. If you study the words of Jesus, study the things he did, the places he went to accomplish the things he accomplished, then close your eyes, and you can see God. Even the disciples, who walked with him, talked with him, watched the things he did and the places he went, were still, not able to see him. Why, you must ask? Because they were looking with their natural eyes, and thereby deceived by what they "naturally" seen. Hence, they said; "we know not where you are going, and how can we know the way?" Then, you understand, why Jesus said; "I am the way".

"The more you study, and the more you search; the more you will find, that you don't know".

Bill Porter

Sept. 20, 2019

Chapter 29

The Army of The Lord

Received a call from a young man the other day, and spoke to him of the importance, of staying close to God, walking the walk, and being what the Master wants us to be. A good husband, a good father, a good brother to his fellow brothers and sisters in the family of God, and even being a good grandfather, which he has become in the last few months. After our good conversation, I suddenly realized that I had baptized him, some 32 + years ago, and the time had swiftly gone by like a flash.

After my conversation with this young man, I was suddenly reminded of a sermon I have recorded, which I like to refer to as; "We are in the Army of The Lord". Those of you that have been in the Army of our Great Nation, understand perfectly what being in

the Army is all about. How vitally important it is to work together, support one another, have the other guys back, so to speak. And not only so, but work together as a team, mastering the orders given from those in command, and exercising them with precision. Because, if not done so, casualties will definitely occur, and sometimes it is your closest buddy, standing right beside you, who gives his life.

Now I have not been in any of the military service branches of our Great Nation, but I have been in the Military of The Lord, for 64 years next month, and in a leadership position, as an Evangelist, for some 58 years now, have taken a number of souls into the water for rebirth, officiated for many funerals, ministered the union of many young men and women to becoming husband and wife. I sat at the bedside of those who were dying, held their hand in their last hours, and felt the last heartbeat of more than one. Officiated at the death of a child, more than once, and seen and felt the pain of the grief stricken young parents who had lost something most precious to them, knowing that this was the last time they were going to look upon this precious little gift from God, in this world, and yet, knowing that it was not the last time, seeing how they remembered the words of David; In 2 Samuel 12:23, where David said, concerning the death of his little son; "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

Having walked in the ways of the Lord, for all these many years now, having known those of the past who walked the way before me, who, having set the example for me to follow, having followed the Word of God carefully themselves, walking diligently before the Lord. And also, having researched the Scriptures carefully themselves. Sometimes, even studying night and day, hours upon hours, those Words of The Lord, and the Holy men who had walked the way before us, and recorded and handed down to them the messages of God, from one faithful man to another. These dedicated men, that were my mentors, serving in the Army of The Lord, gave all, and then some. Remembering one of my favorite Scriptures, Eccl. 11, when Solomon said in verse 2; Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. (end of quote) And as you read this verse, knowing that all through the scriptures the number seven is

considered the whole, and hearing this quote as giving to seven, and "also to eight", you now realize that sometimes we, and those before us, had to give a 110%, maybe even a 120%, and which sometimes even meant their very life, or the life of someone very dear to them, and suffered the casualties of the battle, as those in the military have done so, many times, with grief no doubt, just like we suffer in the loss of those we love.

I recall the story told to me by one of our dear old saints, Bro. Cecil Rossiter, as he told me the story of the 1930's, when he and his dear wife left Oklahoma, by the calling of the Lord, to go to California, fleeing the situation they had been in for some time, living in a dugout, alongside side a creek. His health had been bad and not being able to do the things most men were required to do. They were using a safety pin with a little piece of meat attached to it, to catch turtles from the creek, which they cut up to eat, for it was their only source of meat. One day, he said; a turtle pulled so hard on the string, it broke the pin off the end of the string, and they thought they would no longer be able to catch a turtle. He cried as he told me the story, and then, leaving Oklahoma with all they had in an old car that only by faith, was going to take them all the way to California. On the way, camping along the road, their little baby became very sick, and died. They buried that child along the road, and they had to just, go on and leave it's little grave, there along the road. But, as the years went by, it was evident, that this desperate and painful journey for the Lord, many souls were saved, churches were established, and to this day the efforts of that old Soldier for The Lord are still being realized, year after year, and day after day. And, he is just one of many, whose names would run long into this story, if I listed only those I knew. Those of you, that are young, who don't often realized who it was that gave all, sometimes 120%, without receiving any wealth, or fame, or status of being, but just being willing to carry the load they were given to carry, and following the directions of God, and the examples of those before them, who had studied the Scriptures, found the hidden mysteries that were revealed, only to those who searched diligently, and prayed earnestly that it might be so.

Now, as you listen to, or read the messages that are passed on to you, it is my wish that you might see, how we are in; "The Army of The Lord", and how important it is that we start out as a new

recruit, a newborn child of the Lord, as the Scriptures say, and grow up watching and listening and learning, from those before us, sent from God, and more importantly; being willing to join in this Army you have been called to, and be a vital part. Seeking earnestly what your calling is, searching the scriptures yourselves, diligently so, and then putting forth the effort to be that soldier, that vital part you have been called to be.

So you see my dear friends, my family, and my brethren; "We are in the Army of The Lord", and if we do not seek the wisdom of those men of old, those whom we read of in God's Word; Those whom gave their lives for the Plan of God, following closely the orders given from God Himself; And even now, those whom God having chosen down through the years, to lead us, and to share their wisdom, and the communications given to them, from God Himself, if we disregard these chosen men, sent by God to speak and to lead, we shall fail in our journey. But if we walk carefully, and follow these good examples of those who followed the Lord, perhaps, by our carefulness and our sincere efforts, we can be those of whom He says;

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Bill Porter

May 1, 2020

Chapter 30

Equal and Opposite

My mind these past few days have been on the avenues of life, and the good things and the bad things that the human is capable of. We've seen the worst of the worst, these last 3 months, and it keeps reminding me that the old genius, Isaac Newton, once said; "To every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction".

Born in 1643 in Woolsthorpe, England, Sir **Isaac Newton** began developing his theories on light, calculus and celestial mechanics while on break from Cambridge University. Years of research culminated with the 1687 publication of "Principia," a landmark work that established the universal laws of motion and gravity.

Now those of us who have been Bible Scholars know well, that all the laws of equal and opposite actions have always been available to us in God's Holy Bible. We just need to look for them, and find out what is being said, when it is said. It seems that too often, man just reads swiftly through the words, and doesn't really comprehend what he is reading, nor does he seek for the real explanation of what is being said. One of my old bible teachers once taught me something that hopefully I will never forget. "Who is talking, who is he talking to, and What is he talking about"? That eye opening statement has revealed more understanding to me, of God's word, than any other lesson I have learned.

Now, back to the subject at hand, "Equal and Opposite". This revelation of Mr. Newton, and also spoken to us by the prophets and the Lord Himself, could and should be such a great help to us in our lives. But, as another of my old sales teachers taught me; "The man that won't read, is no better off than the man who can't read". Thank you Zig Ziggler, for compelling me to read. You can travel the world, understand the mysteries of the great ones, even God Himself, simply by reading. But, if you won't read, going to school might have been just a waste of your time.

You see, almost everything we do, causes something else to happen. Good or bad, happy or sad, if we would just watch what we do, what we say, and how we interact with other people and things, life would be so much better for us, and even for all those around us. You might say to me; well, I try to act and do things

right, but people all around me do not. Have we ever asked of ourselves; are some of the actions of those around us, be it good actions or bad actions, been brought about by something we said, or something we did? If we examine ourselves first, we might be surprised at the changes that take place in the lives of those around us, especially those we influence the most, our children, our grandchildren if we have them, and those of our friends that we feel are just not up to par.

I speak often of my experience as the old pilot, going from point A, to point B, and not always keeping it on course. You see, just because the nose of the Airplane is pointed towards that lake, in the far distant line of sight, is not evidence that you are going to cross over that lake. You must consider the wind, blowing hard from your left, and even though the nose of the Airplane is now pointed directly at that distant lake, very soon that nose is going to be pointed far to the right of that lake, and you are going to miss your point of reference. What is the solution you say? Why you must crab the Airplane, to the left, hard enough so that the lake continues to be directly in your line of sight even though the nose is now pointing far to the left of the lake.

So it is with life. You were so diligent to bid that job for your customer, taking into consideration all the parts and expenses you would need, carefully figuring in the approximate time it would take for each phase of the construction, and then you placed your bid. All is going well it seems, a week into the construction, all is going well, But then, oh no, the weather goes bad, downpours and bad roads into and out of the place of construction. Time is not going well, rain is holding up other parts of the construction as well. A week goes by, and suddenly you realize that your time schedule is not going well at all. The Electricians work is not going well either, and everything is balled up and making your life miserable. See how one action has caused reactions that cause other reactions, and now, you are not sure how this job is going, and if you will even break even on it when it is finished.

That my friends, is just an example of the things of life, just normal things of life. Not abnormal, but normal. Rarely do things go as planned, in fact; it is a miracle if they do so. And if we just keep in mind, that these same things are revealed in every aspect of our lives, be it; our business, our marriages, our being a father or

mother, and even our association with friends, neighbors and family. Every ACTION, brings about an EQUAL, and OPPOSITE reaction.

I love the writings of the wise man of his time; Solomon. In Proverbs 15:1 he said; "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." Now isn't that the same thing Mr. Newton said; To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction? One is a good action, bringing about a good reaction. The other is a bad reaction, bringing about a bad reaction... And, didn't our Lord say; Luke 6:38 "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Oh how many times do we go without, simple because we kept back and did not give when we could have. I testified the other day about a dear Brother I was so close to, and who mentored me in my early days of ministering. His name was Bro. Leroy McCoy. He was a simple man, never standing out in the crowd, just a humble Log Truck Driver, if that is an acceptable explanation of a man, and in his case it was. He was not looked upon as a man of stature, he was short, not muscular, and just the average little man. But he stunned you when he rose to preach, words flowing out of his mouth like an angel speaking. He might say; I feel to speak on the 1st chapter of St. John, and for the next 15 minutes or so, never looking at his book, spoke verse after verse, perfectly so, and with great explanation of each verse or two, and what the writer John was trying to say to us, this almost 2000 years later.

He and his family lived about 75 miles south of us, in the little town of Garberville, Calif., in a humble little house, filled with love and hospitality. We went to spend the night, my Dad and Mother, and myself and my wife and probably a kid or two. No problem, feed us well, and find a place for us to sleep, visiting up into the night. Early the next morning his logging boss called and said; Leroy, I need you to haul one load from that close landing to the mill. Now Bro. Leroy didn't want to work that Saturday, he wanted to visit with those who had come to see them. He said with a sadness in his voice; Ok, I'll be there shortly.

Immediately I wanted to go along with him, and I asked if I could, and he said great. And so, off we were to get a load of logs.

Down into a deep hole, far into the woods, and we picked up this big Redwood Tree base log. Crawling out of that deep hole, slowly making it to the top, and just a short distance to the mill. We parked, took off the wrapper cables holding the log on, and the noon whistle blew, and the un-loader was off to the break room, because it was lunch time.

Bro. Leroy hollered to him and said; Hey, can you unload me before you go? Well that guy just ignored him and headed off to get some lunch. Bro. Leroy climbed back up into that old KW, reached over into the glove box of that old logging truck and pulled out his old worn bible. He opened it up to John 14, and I am ever so glad that he did. He taught me what John was saying when he said; 4. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. 5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? 6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. 7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him. 8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. 9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip?

He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? !!!!!

For these many years now I have understood, and yet how easily it could be that even my own eyes would not see nor understand; just like these disciples, whom, having walked with him and talked with him, seen the miracles and heard the words of wisdom that came out of His mouth, yet, still ----- did not know who He was. And even today, men we have known and grown fond of, that have spoken to us, the words God gave to them to speak in our presence, we heard them speak plainly, we seen miracles that were done, right before our very eyes, and still.... we didn't really know who they were.

So, how is it with us today, as we look at those we have known in the past, some who have given their lives as this man did? This humble man, living in his time, the log truck driver, normal husband to his wife and father to his children, going about in regular men's clothes, speaking the words of a simple man, tho wise, but still not being recognized as "to whom he really was".

Could it be that we too, are not aware of those around us, these men of God, doing the work of the Lord, but just appearing to be, to us anyway, as, "just a regular guy", a bean farmer, a cotton farmer, or a carpet salesman, a concrete finisher? We pass them by, possible at times, not asking them for a word of advise, a bit of wisdom given to them from the Father, to be distributed to whom-so-ever would listen, but looking upon them as "no smarter than we are", and what could I learn from this lowly truck driver?

He spent one of his early years as a hobo, spending a winter in a chicken house with little to eat, little to keep him warm, getting by on whatever he could, listening to another hobo who shared his humble quarters and groaned during the night from the cold. Later on, this young man grew up to be a wise young man, having wisdom long before his years. He also happen to be a young man who was acquainted with the church, some of his relatives being faithful brethren, he heard the word of God, and he met a young lady and married. Her name was Maribelle, and her daddy was a very good brother in the church, Bro. Mack Young. I knew him well, was in a terrible accident in his middle years that left him paraplegic, and confined to a wheelchair the rest of his life. Now Bro. Mack and his two sons-in-laws, one of which was Bro. Leroy, were on their way to church in Tulare, Calif., going west on Prosperity St., crossed over 99 Hwy. then, up over the railroad tracks going to the church on Gail Street. Suddenly while going up over the RR Tracks, Bro. Leroy said; STOP, stop the car. They quickly stopped the car and he jumped out the back door and ran down the railroad tracks. He caught a Hobo, and took out his wallet and gave him his last five dollars. He came back to the car and the others in the car said; what did you do? He said; I gave that Hobo my last five dollars. Now these brothers were all hauling hay for a living, and they had not had any work for their trucks in several days. They were hitting it pretty hard financially and they of course, wondered some, but didn't say anything else. The next day, all their trucks went to work, and things were good. That is the man, this lowly truck driver was, just following what God had revealed to him in His word, and reaping the rewards of doing so.

Now I must ask; have these words spoken to you about; "To every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction"? Could we look a little deeper into what is going on in our lives and what

some of the reasons might be, that things are happening to us, good or bad? If so, I have accomplished my task. My hope is, and will always be, that we can be aware of who we are, and who those whom we encounter each day, all around us, truly are. We are servants of the Lord, sent for a mission, each one fulfilling his or her part. And it doesn't matter what appearance we have, or what vocation we fulfill in life. Even a lowly log truck driver can be a man of God, sent to reveal to us; "Who Jesus really was".

Bill Porter June 20, 2020

THE END

Bill Porter

Love you all. Thanks for reading my book.

Biography of the Author

Bill Porter, (Billie Eugene Porter) was born May 27, 1941, near the little community of Parkland, Oklahoma. They were living with his father's parents while share cropping, as was sometimes done in the 1940's, this being his grandparents, Ben and Florence Porter.

Grandmother Florence was a Tibbett, a sister to Bob Tibbett, and twin to Francis (Tibbett) Retherford.

Not long afterwards, his parents, Albert and Ellen Porter, moved 5 miles or so, North East of the little town of Perkins, Okla. where he grew up. Then later when he was 4, they moved into town where he went to school, and graduated from the 8th grade at Perkins.

In the summer of 1954, after a couple of short moves to McKinleyville, Calif. for the summer only, his parents then decided to move to McKinleyville, Calif. for the last time, where they remained until their deaths, years later.

While living as a young boy, his father was a farmer, raising corn, Milo and peanuts. Across the road were his favorite Uncle and Aunt, John and Maxine Porter. Maxine was his mother's older sister, and John was his father's uncle, being Grandpa Ben's half brother. Homemade ice cream was the favorite Saturday evening special, and just spending time with the cousins was great fun.

Sunday dinner was a favorite at Grandpa and Grandma Porter's house, near the little community of Parkland, where they lived about 3 miles north, down on the creek, as they often said, on the old Ford place.

Bill felt the drawing of the Lord, and was baptized into the General Assembly and Church of The Firstborn, February 11, 1956, and often said; He entered into God's Kingdom for the long haul". But, as some young men often do, he fell victim to the devils snares and at the age of 17 began to fall away only to recover himself just before his first marriage.

Bill finished High School at Arcata, Calif., graduating in the 1958 graduating class, and besides helping in the family business with his father, he went to work in the Lumber and Plywood Mills where his father also worked nights. He found the love of his life

in the spring of 1960, when by a vision witnessed by his Grandma Davis, came to know Marcelle Johnson, who lived in Sapulpa, Okla. They married that summer after a pen pal relationship and a 9-day courtship, while on a trip to Oklahoma.

To this union were born five children. Four sons, Michael, Philip, Kris, & Ty, then finally a daughter, Rhonda Cheri.

Bill was called by prophecy into God's ministry, in the spring of 1962 and started his Evangelistic work that summer on a trip to Oklahoma to see and visit with his wife's family. This Evangelistic work took them many places over the next 50 years, and resulted in them having their furniture behind them over 17,000 miles, besides the single trips to various places, which were many. He made many long lasting friendships over this time span, and took many souls down into the water for baptism. They rejoiced with the church family over the years, and many of those dear friends survive to this day, but most are gone on.

In 1974, while living back in McKinleyville, Bill decided he wanted to learn to fly. He began to take the necessary steps, lessons and learning and finally was licensed to do so in the spring of 1975, when he passed his test and became a licensed pilot. He later owned his own airplane, a Cessna 182, and more than once, flew over the western half of the United States.

In the summer of 1984, having sold his Appliance Service business, and after having made a couple of trips to Missouri in his ministry work, he felt the lead to move to Southeast Missouri, finding a place to live just a few miles out of Doniphan, where the little church at Naylor was struggling. This trip, lead them to living there for 21 years, reviving the Assembly, and building a new Church building at Oxly, Missouri, that Assembly which still abides today.

In the spring of 2005 they sold their home in Missouri, began a long 7000 mile Evangelist trip to 14 different Assemblies across the western states, and finally arrived back at Sapulpa, Okla. where his brother Ben and sister-in-law Bessie lived. They bought a home and lived there for the next 6 years where during the last 2 years his wife Marcelle lost her health and passed away from this life in May of 2011.

Shortly after the death of his late wife, Bill became more acquainted with his long time friend and Sister in the church, a widow for 10 years, Sis. Carlene Case, whom the Lord had spoken to him about soon after the death of his late wife Marcelle, and in Nov. of 2011 they were married at Grand Jct., Colorado. Bill had sold his home in Sapulpa, and after his marriage to Carlene, made his home with her in Arriola, Colo..

Soon they were able to do much traveling, all around the United States, visiting many different Assemblies that he and Carlene had for a long time desired to visit again. Their travels took them from coast to coast, and many places in between, and the smile returned to his face again, as he found the love of companionship with Carlene, and became the grandfather of some of her grandchildren who had only him to look towards as a grandfather figure.

He was also called grandfather by many others over the last years of his life, and loved them all dearly. He has authored several books, and used his retirement as a time of sharing his experiences and the things he has learned from the many years experiences of life, and from his deep studies of God's word, which he loves to share with whomever would show an interest. He spends his latter days with the bride of his old age, and the love that is supposed to be shown, by them of older marriages, has been manifested to all those around them, to this very day.

Thank you so much for reading my book.
I am honored.

Bill Porter