

# ***WATCHMAN'S TEACHING LETTER***

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## **TO THOSE WHOM THE COVENANT BELONGS**

### **A NON-UNIVERSAL CULTURE AWARENESS INSTRUCTIONAL PUBLICATION**

This is my two hundred and eleventh monthly teaching letter and continues my eighteenth year of publication. In the last letter, WTL #210, I explained how I finally finished remodeling what was before a garage with a 20 x 20 foot recreation room attached to the garage for my barber business. By the time that I finally got into this newly remodeled building, the long hair of the 1960s was already having a negative effect on the barber trade.

When I originally opened my barber business in Fostoria, Ohio in 1954, I named my establishment, "Emahiser's Barber Shop", and worked under that name until about 1965. Of course, I advertised my barber service by this same name. Somehow I had obtained a copy of the Toledo, Ohio telephone book, and glancing through the yellow pages, I noticed that several TV antenna services were adjusting the names of their businesses to be the very first name in both the yellow and white pages. Generally, at that time, the barber business was gradually slowing down, and getting slower, so I theorized that if I could change the name of my business in the Fostoria, Ohio telephone book, my business would be listed first in both the white and yellow pages under "Barbers". For many years the AAA (American Automobile Association) held that position. I eventually renamed my barber shop "A-1 Barber Service". To make sure this would be the way my business would be listed, I called the Ohio Bell Telephone business office, and they assured me that my new DBA would place me first, both in the white pages and yellow pages, under "Barbers" in the Fostoria telephone book. People really are not aware of it, but habitually they will pick the first listed business for a service.

Also in WTL #210 I explained ... that the biggest financial break I got was when I was able to sell a portion of my large lot where my barbershop was located on Countyline street (while keeping the portion I needed for my business) to the Marathon Oil Company, for a filling station ... Anyway, according to my records, I paid off all of my debt to the Citizens Savings and Loan Association, Tiffin, Ohio, by March of 1971. With this lesson, I will give the reader a general church affiliation overview of my wife and I, which is quite varied:

My father, George Emahiser, was born in a family of thirteen children fathered by my grandfather, Clifton Emahiser, (my namesake) in 1903. I have absolutely no recollection of anyone in my father's immediate family having any kind of a church background. If any of them did, I never heard about it. My grandfather Emahiser and family were simply tenant share farmers, working all summer to survive the following winter. Most of the Emahisers were hard workers, but one or two weren't worth the powder to blow them up. They would go around getting credit on my father's and my

good name, then the bill collectors would try to get us to pay their delinquent bills. This went on for about twenty to thirty years, and as one might surmise, the rest of us avoided them like the plague.

My mother, Grace Emahiser, was born in a family of three children, fathered by my other grandfather, Art Keiser (my middle namesake), in 1910. My middle name given me at my birth was "Art", but by the time the doctor that delivered me got my data to the courthouse in Seneca County, it was wrongly registered as "Arthur", and we didn't find out the mistake until I was getting ready to join the Navy. Rather than going through a lengthy legal process to have my middle name corrected, I decided to leave the matter as it was in order to prevent problems in the future. There was a period of time when boys were given two-letter first names, as it showed a degree of importance to some parents. If I remember correctly, my grandfather Keiser's original first name was simply "RT", but everyone called him "Art". Actually, when I came back home from the Seneca County courthouse with a copy of my birth certificate for the Navy, my mother accused me of purposely changing my name, and I had absolutely nothing to do with it! To avoid a lot of confusion, I simply use the initial "A." when signing my middle name. Be that as it may, my middle name is questionable! I do, though, consider it an honor to be named after my two grandfathers!

The maiden last name of my grandmother on the Emahiser side was McMaster, and the maiden last name of my grandmother on the Keiser side was Crawford, and both McMaster and Crawford are Scottish names, and the Scottish are closely related to the Irish. Both the family names of Emahiser and Keiser are German. Interestingly, the only church connection of my parents and grandparents is that my grandmother Crawford was a Dunkard (also known as "Dunkers"), which later took the name Church of the Brethren which originated at Schwarzenau, Germany in 1708, as part of the Pietist protest against the state church.

Also interestingly, this sect adopted the religious rite of immersion three times forward – a love feast (including a meal, the Eucharist, and the washing of the saints' feet), anointing of the sick with oil, laying on of hands for Christian service, congregational church government, and opposition to war oaths, secret societies, and worldly clothes and habits. This accounts for why my uncle Merrill Keiser, when drafted into the army for WW II, refused to take a war oath and thus classified as a conscientious objector, and was assigned to the medical corps. At least my uncle Merrill, being a German, wasn't issued a gun to shoot and kill other Germans! At the time my uncle Merrill was drafted, Japan had not yet entered WW II.

The next story I am going to relate, I am not sure of all of the details, but I will recount it as best I can. Before this time, somewhere just at the beginning of the 1929 great depression, the Church of the Brethren was located at the corner of Union and Liberty streets in Fostoria, Ohio. Evidently, just before the depression struck, while the prosperity of the 1920s was running wild, the Church of the Brethren had a building program going on. I got the story from one Lester Bashore who owned and managed Bashore's Coal Company. For as long as I can remember, up until the 1950s, nearly everyone in Fostoria heated their homes and businesses with coal. Bashore's Coal Company was located on east Center street, right next to the New York Central and

C&O railroads, which run north and south, side by side. Lester Bashore had his own private side track where four or five railroad coal cars could be delivered so that Lester could unload them at his convenience. Lester also had five or six small  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  ton trucks, and a crew of drivers to deliver the coal. About every house had a basement window that could be opened and a coal-shoot placed in the window so the coal could be shoveled from the bed of the truck into a special coal room, usually in the basement of the house. There were probably some locations where that coal had to be wheelbarrowed to the open basement window.

Anyway, when I was working at Clifford Shuman's barbershop in Fostoria in 1950 when Shuman was mayor, he divided his time between mayoral office and his barbershop, Lester Bashore was one of Shuman's longtime steady customers, but occasionally, when Shuman wasn't available, I would cut Lester Bashore's hair. After Shuman was voted out of office in November of 1950, and nearly everyone was avoiding Shuman's barbershop, I quit and moved to Long Beach, California, and got a job at Douglas Aircraft. In 1954 I returned to Fostoria to start my own barbershop, and I can count on one hand the number of customers I drew from Shuman's barbershop, and Lester Bashore wasn't one of them. Shuman then died about 1957, and I was asked to be one of three who would fire a military salute at the Fostoria cemetery when they buried him. After Shuman died, I don't know where Lester Bashore started to get his haircut, but he didn't come to my barbershop until about the 1980s, and he always made an appointment on a Saturday, shortly after noon when he had closed the office of his coal and limited building supply company.

About that same time the demand for haircuts dropped drastically, as during the warm months nearly everyone would leave Friday evening after work and spend the entire weekend at the lake, to return home late Sunday afternoon. Then, during the fall, winter and spring, nearly everyone would eat a late breakfast on Saturday, then turn on the TV for the pre-game warm-up prognostication of who might win or who might lose, followed by two or three games of football, basket ball or baseball. As a result, receipts dropped so low on Saturdays that it wasn't worth the time to be open, so I changed my hours to Monday through Friday, 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., and I started to have a two day weekend like everyone else. Immediately, my customers began to respond favorably to my new hours, except for Lester Bashore, who got miffed, and very angrily announced to me he would never be back. The reason I am relating all of this is because those few times during the 1980s that Lester Bashore was coming to my barber shop, he told me a story about my grandfather, Art Keiser.

Like I said before: Evidently, just before the depression struck, while the prosperity of the 1920s was running wild, the Church of the Brethren had a building program going on, as told by Lester Bashore, who owned and managed Bashore's Coal Company.

It should be realized, usually when a church plans a building program, (and I am not sure whether it was a remodeling program or new construction) that the church board of elders would select someone to determine the amount of material needed, and authorize that person to get bids and then make the purchase from the lowest bidder. Evidently, my grandfather was put in charge by the church elders to get the sheet-metal

necessary for the furnace warm and cold air ducts, and any other sheet-metal items such as eaves and downspouts etc.

Lester Bashore told me that my grandfather ran up a big bill for these items for the Church of the Brethren, and never paid for it, and Lester Bashore sort of insinuated that someone in my family should pay this 50+year old bill. Because of the 1929 great depression, maybe the Church of the Brethren had to declare bankruptcy, and the property was auctioned off to the highest bidder. It may have happened that the Evangelical Church with headquarters at Cleveland, Ohio & Harrisburg, Pennsylvania were instrumental in the purchase of this property. All I know is, the Evangelical Church at the corner of Union and Liberty streets, in Fostoria, Ohio, is the first church that I can remember my immediate family attending! This was not the church of my Keiser grandparents!

From the book *The New International Dictionary of the Christian Church*, by Editor J.D. Douglas, p. 360, we read the following:

**“EVANGELICAL CHURCH:** (Albright Brethren). An American Protestant denomination founded by Jacob Albright (1759-1808), a Pennsylvania tilemaker and farmer. Following his conversion to evangelical Christianity in 1791, Albright, though raised as a Lutheran, associated himself with a class meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church and was licensed as a lay preacher. In 1796 he undertook a preaching mission in German throughout east Pennsylvania. Though he and his followers were on friendly terms with the English-speaking Methodists led by Francis Asbury, the language barrier made it necessary for the Evangelicals to create their own independent organization.

“Stressing a personal and experiential relationship with God, the Evangelicals held their first council in 1803. The first annual conference of preachers was in 1807, and a book of *Discipline* was adopted in 1809. In 1816, eight years after the death of its founder, the first general conference of the ‘so-called Albright People’ named its new denomination the Evangelical Association. In 1891, controversies led to a schism and the birth of the United Evangelical Church (1894). In 1922 the two groups were reunited in the Evangelical Church. Negotiations with another Wesleyan denomination of predominantly German background, the United Brethren in Christ, led in 1946 to the creation of the Evangelical United Brethren Church. In 1968 this body merged with the Methodist Church to form the United Methodist Church, healing the division caused by the old language barrier and bringing together into one body the church of Francis Asbury and the church of Jacob Albright.” [Note: It should be noted that Jacob Albright would have been somewhat contemporary with Benjamin Franklin.]

Although I didn’t realize it at the time, I was being influenced indirectly by the Church of the Brethren and the Evangelical Church. Inasmuch as I was closer to my grandmother Keiser and my uncle Merrill than any of the other members of both the Emahiser and Kieser families, it is obvious the tenets of the Church of the Brethren were being rubbed off on me without my being aware of it. Also inasmuch as the Church of the Brethren had adopted the false doctrine of futurism, with a secret rapture and all of that, and because I was under the impression that my uncle knew everything there was to know about the Bible, I accepted futurism hook, line and sinker! I thank

Almighty Yahweh that He saw fit to break asunder this distorted influence, and open my eyes to the truth of Christian Israel Identity! Not only that false doctrine, but I gradually became aware that nearly everything the churches were advocating was 180° from the truth. At that point, I had to go back to square one and start all over from the beginning, and it took about fifteen years of serious research and intensive study to get all my ducks in row. After 35+ years there are still a few kinks that show up here and there which need to be addressed, but when I become aware of these kinks, I willingly yield to the truth as it is revealed. In the mid-1980s I ran into a kink that took me 15 years to resolve.

Soon after I had first started my ministry by USPS mail, in 1998. (my wife, Tillie, had died in 1993), one day three men from the local Church of the Brethren knocked on my door, and it wasn't very far into the conversation that they brought up the subject of Christ's near second coming, and how we should be prepared for the rapture. These three were respectful men of the community, so I told them in a courteous manner that I had a ministry of my own, and that I didn't teach a future rapture. By the look on their faces, I am sure they thought that I was stark raving mad. My own thought was, these three men were typical of the Church of the Brethren, along with about 95%+ of the churches of today! Being that when I had a heart attack, and they were flying me in a helicopter up to the Medical College of Ohio in Toledo, I promised Yahweh if He would get me through it, I would sell my barbershop, along with the equipment and building, and I would spend the rest of what remained of my life teaching the "Elijah" message of Malachi 4:5-6, which I have done. No longer depending on the public for my living, I was able to respond to those three men in a polite but stern demeanor. When serving the public, the customer is buying one's time and skill, and can insist the server promote his own political and religious opinions on his own time. That public person is one's boss, and he has the privilege of firing you (the service-giver) for the slightest indiscretion! All I can advise is: There is a time to speak and a time to remain quiet! Now if the acquaintance is not business related, one would be in a better position to bring up the subject of Israel Identity, but even then one should use caution, as this controversial truth provokes the wrath of the gentlest of people!

As the purpose of this lesson is to give the reader some idea concerning my past church affiliation, I will have to repeat a portion of my *Watchman's Teaching Letter #203* for March, 2015 thusly:

After this, I found myself ready for my summer vacation between the second and third grades, and my memory is a bit fuzzy from June to December, 1935. I didn't realize it at the time, but there had been some trouble brewing between my father and mother for some time, but as an eight year old boy, I couldn't detect it ... Somewhat later that same summer, I found myself living with my grandfather and grandmother Keiser, along with my uncles Merrill and Lowell. Suddenly, I did not see or hear anything of my father or mother, and my younger sister was also absent. It seemed as though all three of them had simply disappeared into thin air.

I do have one item in my possession which documents where I was in the month of December, 1935. It seems that my uncle Merrill Keiser thought I needed a Bible for Christmas, and he evidently stopped into a Five and Dime store to get me one (or he

might have gotten it from the American Bible Society). Although the print is quite small, there is no text missing in either the Old or New Testaments. Inside the front cover, my uncle Merrill wrote: "To Clifton Art from his uncle Merrill for Christmas, 1935."

Upon receiving this Bible, I could not understand why my uncle Merrill would want to give me such a thing, for in my short life of eight years I could not remember one time when my father or mother attended a church or spoke of Biblical things. I thought to myself, "well here's this Bible, what am I going to do with it?" After considering this, I decided to start reading the end of the book to see how everything turned out. After fumbling the Bible around for a little while, I finally managed accidentally to open it at Revelation chapter 12, and all the words seemed so large it frightened me. By that time, though, I had learned to read slowly, very carefully sounding out each word, syllable by syllable.

The first verse seemed to be talking about some strange woman having twelve stars over her head. Then there was the very large word, "travailing", whatever that meant or however it was pronounced. (One must remember, I was only eight years old, going on nine.) I could make out that it had something to do with a child of some kind. Then things really got complicated as it started to speak of "a great red dragon" with a disproportionate number of horns and crowns. Then in verse four, somehow this dragon uses his tail to drag one third of the stars out of heaven to persecute the woman's child (whatever that meant). These were terrible things to imagine in the mind of an eight year old boy! Then, it spoke of someone by the name of "Michael" (whoever he is/was), who is going to get in a war with some terrible creatures: "old serpent", "the Devil" and "Satan"!

Although I didn't understand what I was reading at that time, this passage would become the main theme of my writing for the last seventeen years. Had I done well in school, I would have been brainwashed by our educational system and may never have come to the light of our Christian Israelite Identity Message! As a result of missing most of the second grade, I had to do the third grade twice, and the fourth grade twice.

Well, getting back to the time I spent living with my grandfather and grandmother Keiser, and my two Keiser uncles. Things were changing for the better concerning my parents. I only know these things because I have been able to pick up bits and pieces of the story over the years. There was a minister in Fostoria at the Evangelical Church who, along with his wife, took interest in the situation with my parents. I don't know just what the original problem was, nor how the problem was resolved, but what I do know is one Sunday morning someone in the Keiser household got me up early and dressed me up to go to church. The church was about three blocks away, and my uncle Merrill walked me over to the church and introduced me to someone in charge of the children's Sunday School, which had already started. This lady took me down to the basement and placed me with the group that would be my class. But before we went to our classrooms, the children's assembly sang the first song I ever heard in any church! The song was entitled, *Jesus Loves All The Children*, and the words go like this: "Jesus loves all the children, all the children of the world, red and yellow, black and white, they're all precious in His sight, Jesus loves all the children of the world."

After a period of about 40 years, since I first heard this song, Yahweh finally turned the light of the Christian Israel Message on for me, and I came to the realization that this song promoted a damnable lie, although I am sure that Karl Marx and Ivan Pavlov (aka, Petrovich) would have been very happy with it! I didn't know it at the time, but years later I realized that Yahweh was preparing me for the ministry I have today. But as it turned out, that church as a whole became both a curse and a blessing to me, in more than one way! Although I never remember either of my parents or sister ever going to church before this, all at once we were attending church every time the doors were open! [End of portion repeated from WTL #203.]

The reader, understanding my background, should begin to comprehend where I am coming from, and the reason I write as I do! When my father and mother resolved their marriage problem/s, they started to attend the Evangelical Church on the corner of Union and Liberty streets in Fostoria, Ohio, and this included three or four protracted revival meetings every year. The church would usually invite and schedule an out-of-state preacher to be the guest evangelist (some of whom might have done much better had they become high-pressure used car salesmen)! The sermon topic by the various evangelists was more often than not, tepid blather about "rings and things and buttons and bows". One evangelist, not getting any response, after a long drug-out altar-call pointed to the back pew where I was sitting, and declared: "There is someone sitting in that back pew [on the south side of the auditorium] that needs to come to this altar today." Not knowing whether this evangelist was pointing at me or the young men sitting with me, I got up out of my seat and walked out of the church. On my way out, this evangelist loudly yelled, saying: "That young man is going straight to hell"! Funny thing, I know that both my father and mother, along with my sister, were at that church service, and when we all arrived back home, not a single word was mentioned, then or ever, about the above incident! Maybe this so-called evangelist should have gone to the Congo and tried to convert "little black Sambo", like in the untrue ditty (*i.e.*, short simple song): "Jesus loves all the children, all the children of the world, red and yellow, black and white, they're all precious in His sight, Jesus loves all the children of the world"!

On another occasion, sometime after the above incident, Pastor Fox announced to his congregation that the church was having difficulty scheduling an evangelist to hold a revival meeting (which usually lasted a week or two, every weekday evening, and morning and evening on Sundays). Customarily, these special revival meetings were announced well ahead of time as the laity was expected to adjust their finances so the church members could cover the evangelist's traveling expenses, plus a liberal donation (what they called a "love offering") to the evangelist, over and above the required 10% tithe. And one will have to recall that the 1929 depression was still exerting its monetary distress. Then each year, about two months before Easter, the church would distribute Lenten boxes to anyone who would take them (member or not), and everyone was expected to deposit any loose change they might have once a day into these Lenten boxes, (and this is when they had silver in the dollar, half dollar, quarter, and dime) and the Lenten boxes would be collected on Easter morning. Maybe we should review the history of Lent to see what its origin is, and why we should reject it. From the following website we read in part:

<http://www.catholiceducation.org/en/culture/catholic-contributions/history-of-lent.html>

“History of Lent by Father William Saundres:

“What are the origins of Lent? Did the Church always have this time before Easter? Lent is a special time of prayer, penance, sacrifice and good works in preparation of the celebration of Easter. In the desire to renew the liturgical practices of the Church, The Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy of Vatican Council II stated, ‘The two elements which are especially characteristic of Lent – the recalling of baptism or the preparation for it, and penance – should be given greater emphasis in the liturgy and in liturgical catechesis. It is by means of them that the Church prepares the faithful for the celebration of Easter, while they hear God’s word more frequently and devote more time to prayer’ ... The word Lent itself is derived from the Anglo-Saxon words *lencten*, meaning ‘Spring,’ and *lenctentid*, which literally means not only ‘Springtide’ but also was the word for ‘March,’ the month in which the majority of Lent falls.

“Since the earliest times of the Church, there is evidence of some kind of Lenten preparation for Easter. For instance, St. Irenaeus (d. 203) wrote to Pope St. Victor I, commenting on the celebration of Easter and the differences between practices in the East and the West: ‘The dispute is not only about the day, but also about the actual character of the fast. Some think that they ought to fast for one day, some for two, others for still more; some make their ‘day’ last 40 hours on end. Such variation in the observance did not originate in our own day, but very much earlier, in the time of our forefathers’ (Eusebius, *History of the Church*, V, 24). When Rufinus translated this passage from Greek into Latin, the punctuation made between ‘40’ and ‘hours’ made the meaning to appear to be ‘40 days, twenty-four hours a day.’ The importance of the passage, nevertheless, remains that since the time of ‘our forefathers – always an expression for the apostles – a 40-day period of Lenten preparation existed. However, the actual practices and duration of Lent were still not homogenous throughout the Church.

“Lent becomes more regularized after the legalization of Christianity in A.D. 313. The Council of Nicea (325), in its disciplinary canons, noted that two provincial synods should be held each year, ‘one before the 40 days of Lent.’ St. Athanasius (d. 373) in his ‘Festal Letters’ implored his congregation to make a 40-day fast prior to the more intense fasting of Holy Week. St. Cyril of Jerusalem (d. 386) in his *Catechetical Lectures*, which are the paradigm for our current RCIA programs, had 18 pre-baptismal instructions given to the catechumens during Lent. St. Cyril of Alexandria (d. 444) in his series of ‘Festal Letters’ also noted the practices and duration of Lent, emphasizing the 40-day period of fasting. Finally, Pope St. Leo (d. 461) preached that the faithful must ‘fulfill with their fasts the Apostolic institution of the 40 days,’ again noting the apostolic origins of Lent. One can safely conclude that by the end of the fourth century, the 40-day period of Easter preparation known as Lent existed, and that prayer and fasting constituted its primary spiritual exercises.

“Of course, the number ‘40’ has always had special spiritual significance regarding preparation. On Mount Sinai, preparing to receive the Ten Commandments, ‘Moses stayed there with the Lord for 40 days and 40 nights, without eating any food or



drinking any water' (Ex 34:28). Elijah walked '40 days and 40 nights' to the mountain of the Lord, Mount Horeb (another name for Sinai) (1 Kgs 19:8). Most importantly, Jesus fasted and prayed for '40 days and 40 nights' in the desert before He began His public ministry (Mt 4:2) ...."

All of this concocted, perverted reasoning has absolutely nothing to do with the 40 days before Passover! Rather, it was the 49 days after the wave sheaf offering, during Passover, that counted!

Upon Pastor Fox and the elders of the Evangelical Church failing to find a regular evangelist with an open date, they decided to have a woman evangelist (who had received ordination to preach) who had recently married a lay member of our congregation, Dale Stevens, and her name was Pauline. Pastor Fox knew I had walked out of the church on a brash overbearing evangelist, and evidently he undertook to try something different. Looking back, this must have been a setup and all planned out (*i.e.*, rigged) from the very beginning! So Pauline Stevens was chosen to be the evangelist for a revival of probably one week. If it was one week, that would have been evening services Monday through Saturday, and morning and evening on Sunday. Hence, if Pauline wanted to save a lot of lost souls, she would save her best punch-lines for the highest attended service, and that Sunday morning service was noticeably different than usual, and more than likely planned out ahead of time. Pauline evidently gave one of her more intensive tear-jerking sermons aimed at the young teenage girls, but the teenage girls would be, and were, hesitant to respond to it unless encouraged by a young adult lady friend.

It has taken me some seventy years to figure out what was going on at that particular revival meeting, and I believe I am not too far from the truth on the matter. As usual, at the end of an evangelist's sermon, there were the usual invitational hymns sung; a few courses of "Just as I am", and a few courses of "Almost persuaded". But at this revival meeting, all of a sudden there were three or four well-liked, young to middle-age lady friends of the young teenage girls at the meeting, going around the congregation. They would place their hand on the shoulder of the teenager, and would encourage the young girl to accompany her to the altar. My sister was one of the young girls to be invited to the altar in this manner. After there were maybe three or four young teenage girls at the altar, young to middle-aged, well liked men did the same with the young teenage boys. I was snared and ushered to the altar in this second round.

There I was at the altar, with eight or nine other teenage boys and girls, along with their chaperones. The next thing that I knew was there was a whispering campaign going on; each chaperone whispering instructions to his or her neophyte. Hearing bits and pieces of these various instructions from the chaperone acolytes to the teenage neophytes, I became disoriented, with eight or nine question marks in my mind going around in circles! About that same time, someone called for some of the elders of the church to come forward and pray for these new "born again" neophytes. Next, there were several men and women praying quite loudly, each with their own individual prayer, which only increased my disorientation.

This wasn't the end of the well-set-up and planned, or rigged, program that Pastor Fox and a few of his partisans had in mind. I truly believe this, as in a short while

baptismal arrangements were made to be held in Findlay, Ohio, at the Blanchard river beside the city park, just below the dam, where we neophytes and a few others were baptized. The strange thing about it is, in the 24 years I regularly attended the Evangelical Church, that is the only baptismal service I can remember!

Still, this wasn't the end of the rigged program Pastor Fox, and a few of his partisans had in mind. After we neophytes had been baptized, in a couple of weeks arrangements were made for us to join the Evangelical Church! There I was, as a minor, having no lawful authority, bulldozed into swearing an oath to live according to the discipline of the Evangelical Church, which I knew little to nothing about! Under this circumstance, my oath was totally non-Biblical, nor would it be honored by the state! I was still under the authority of my parents!

This lesson is an attempt to give the readers of my materials an overview of my religious past. I don't claim to be anyone special, just a White Adamite awakened to my Israel Identity!