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Columbus Day, October 12, 2009

I was planning on preaching at Mizzou today. But very early in the morning I had an upset stomach. By dawn I was under considerable discomfort. Consequently, I did not go to campus today. Had the weather been better I might have forced myself out and with Cindy's help been able to do it. I cannot remember the last day I missed campus on account of sickness. In my youth I recall hearing of men

who never missed a day of work in their lives. I respect those kinds of testimonies. I do not hear such anymore. Of course, in those days there was not sick leave and personal business days, etc.

Christopher Columbus is a great inspiration. We need to acknowledge that Columbia, Missouri, our current home was named after the Great Admiral of the Ocean Sea. We also lived in Columbus, Ohio, for a few years. The name Christopher mean Christ bearer. He declared he was sailing west "to see the said princes, people, and territories, and to learn their disposition and the proper method of converting them to our holy faith."

The multiculturalists are trying to do a number on the character and achievement of Columbus; but Christians and all Americans need to honor this man.

The following poem Evangeline memorized in her youth. It is one of my favorite poems.

Columbus

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" --
He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck --
A light! a light! at last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

Joaquin Miller

Western Illinois University, October 13, 2009

On September 19, I received the following letter from Kelbey:

I was wondering out of your busy schedule if you could find time to talk at Western Illinois University. These students need your help in guidance to become closer to God and farther and farther away partying, alcohol and sex. If you could please make it sometime in the future, it would be greatly appreciated. I heard you speak at Illinois State University while visiting and your talk, as well as Sister Cindy, really moved me and now would appreciate it again at my school.

It has been over 25 years since I have preached at WIU. I decided it was time to return. The weather was cloudy and only in the high 40's. I preached outside the Student Union; but I did not gather a crowd at the 12:20 break. After I went to the library to check my email, I received a call from Kelby on my cell that he was looking for me. We met and he had a couple of his friends with him. Then his roommate arrived and a few others, whom Kelby must have told concerning my ministry. I decided to start preaching even though the class break had not started. Not long after, a lewd fellow of the baser sort approached and started acting like an utter pervert, which drew a few more people. Eventually, 25-30 students gathered and that number remained fairly constant throughout the afternoon.

The audience was extremely immature and low life. I consider Western Kentucky University to be the lowest of the low; but this campus is not far behind WKU. The utter pervert was intense in expressing his perversion. At one point he picked up a girl by her legs and they were hunching one another. He felt up another girl. I had the impression that these girls did not know the utter pervert; but they seemed to enjoy his attention. He kept lifting up his shirt and dancing around me in a twisted fashion. Sister Pat would have accused him of being a male stripper. And she likely would have been right. His antics were all to the delight of most of the students, "who knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them (Rom 1:32)."

There were virtually no intelligent dialogue or reasonable questions coming from this rabble. Most of the questions had to do with sex. Kelby must have told them about the gay song, or else they had heard me sing it on youtube; because they kept requesting the song. But it was not yet time to sing that song. However, I did sing "The Old Rugged Cross." Many of the students seemed to have heard of me. I suppose from fellow students who attend other Illinois campuses.

The only one who had anything close to intelligent to say was a confirmed Lutheran, who was a religious studies major. These studies had evidently robbed him of any faith which he might have once had. I have never met anyone who has had their faith increased by majoring in religious studies on a college campus. The Lutheran now considered the Bible to be filled with contradictions. His alleged contradiction was that Gen 1 seems to have man created last and Gen 2 seems to have the animals created after man. This is often cited as a contradiction. However, not everything in the Bible is chronological. Either one of the "ands" of Gen1:25 or Gen 2:19 can be interpreted as an "and also," instead of an "and then."

Either way, this is nothing of significance. My position is that there are no significant contradictions in the Bible.

The students were so frivolous and empty that I considered calling it a day at 3:30. But a female came out with a huge rainbow flag which she laid out on the sidewalk. A few students sat on it. By now the gay community had come out in force. A few of them did try to become somewhat thoughtful. I fielded many questions dealing with sodomy. I read the latter part of Rom 1 and 1 Cor. 6:9-10. Eventually, I got tired of talking about that issue, explaining their real problem was not homosexuality but selfishness. I did finally sang the gay song. I preached until 5:15. I announced that I would be returning tomorrow. Most of them expressed an interest in returning to hear more.

Three men, all of whom were Catholics, thanked me for coming at different times during the day.

THEY WERE NOT SO BAD TODAY

Western Illinois University, October 14, 2009

It was in the low forties when I started; nevertheless, the crowd was considerably larger and more subdued today than yesterday. For most of the afternoon I had from 50-100 listening. The utter pervert from yesterday was around for about an hour; but he said nothing nor did he get close to me. Perhaps someone may have informed him of what a jackass he had played.

The homosexuals were out again with their large rainbow flag which they spread on the sidewalk. A sociology professor brought her class out to listen for close to an hour. She kept asking about my position on sexual issues. Evidently, her class was studying a unit on sexuality. She was not contentious or argumentative. I am thankful that she gave her students an opportunity to hear the Biblical point of view.

I discerned from facial expressions that a number in the crowd were approving of my ministry, although they did not speak up. At one point a male picked up my brief case and dumped the contents. However, he quickly left when the crowd disapproved of his action. Several students helped me pick up my stuff. Some of the mockers even praised me for my “guts” and for standing up for what I believe.

At one point I asked, “What did Jesus say was the greatest commandment of the law?” A grey haired gentleman gave a scriptural answer to my question. Then he stepped into the center of the crowd and exhorted the students, “We need to show this man respect. I do not agree with his gospel. The gospel I preach is inclusive. Through the cross all men are saved.”

Later I found out that one of the homosexuals in the crowd attended his church. I challenged him on his inclusiveness. I said that men had to repent and believe in order to be forgiven. However, he did not seem to want to engage in debate. I was happy that the man had come to campus to check me out, and that he was bold enough to speak what he did. Therefore, I did not aggressively press him. More local pastors ought to have the gumption to scrutinize someone who is claiming to be a messenger of God and is so stirring the students over religious issues.

Late in the day Kelby showed up and stood quietly in the crowd. I introduced him to his fellow students as the one who invited me to campus; they could thank him for my ministry the last two days. Kelbey smiled. Perhaps my introduction will open up opportunities for him so share the gospel. He will probably also get some flack; but that will be good for him.

I preached until almost 5 PM. I drove two and a half hours to Dixon, IL, to attend the funeral of Dr. Harry Quick, a retired veterinarian, who has been a long time friend of the ministry. Dr. Quick gave me my 94 Lincoln Continental a few years ago. It had been sitting in his garage for several years and rarely driven. It only had 55,000 miles. I have put 100,000 miles on the vehicle and it is still running like a top. The funeral is tomorrow morning. Dr. Quick was among the most effective personal soul winners that I have known.

TODIE IS GAIN

October 15, 2009,

It was a cold rainy day for Dr. Quick funeral. Mrs. Quick read from Harry’s autobiography highlighting his conversion experience at the age of 57. Harry was 88 when he passed, “For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain (Phil 1:21).”

After the graveside service one of Harry’s sons informed we that he had heard me speak at Purdue in the early 80’s on a number of occasions. He said that my

ministry had an “impact,” which contributed to his conversion his junior year in college.

In the afternoon I drove to Omaha, NE, to preach at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln tomorrow.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

University of Nebraska, October 16, 2009

It was cloudy and in the high 40s when I opened the meeting. A brother, who carried a ten foot high white cross with various sins listed on one side and the Ten Commandments on the other, met me on campus with his wife and children. He was informed of my coming by Pastor Anderson of Glad Tidings Assembly. He witnessed on the sidelines. Later another brother from Glad Tidings joined me. He was also active in witnessing to a number of students.

The biggest issue of the day was capitalism vs. socialism, argued mainly in the context of the Democrats plan to nationalize the health industry. It is very frustrating that these students have virtually no appreciation of the American heritage of individualism, industry, independence and initiative. They do not appreciate that each man is to provide for himself and pay for his goods and services. Health care is a service, not a right. The Church is to be compassionate and help the poor; but that is not the role of the state. The state is to secure our rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is not to provide for or guarantee our happiness.

I asked the students, “What has happened to the pioneer spirit of your ancestors who settled Nebraska? They poured into the Nebraska Territory which was considered to be part of the Great American Desert and built sod houses on free land and within a generation or two turned it prosperous farm and ranch land. They also built solid home, cities, universities and hospitals.”

The night before I watched a Levi’s commercial which quotes the first three stanzas of Walt Whitman’s poem, “Pioneers! O Pioneers!” The words are inspiring but the images show half naked youth romping through the prairie and woods sensually embracing one another. The focus is on the buttocks.

Recent generations of college youth have lost the pioneer spirit. They have been transformed by Madison Avenue, Hollywood, and the state system of education into slugs, pawns and parasites, which suck on the teats of the Leviathan state. No wonder one of their favorite expressions is “that sucks.” There is little manly pride among them, no sense of dignity, and no willingness to conquer. But they are determined to surrender what their forefathers fought to possess. They have unfounded the Founding Fathers. If they and their parents have their way our land will be turned back to primeval forests, grasslands and swamps. They do not want to produce wealth; but they want to steal the wealth from those who have labored for it. They have chosen as their role model the elder races beyond the sea in tired old Europe

Pioneers! O Pioneers!

COME my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the
seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,

**Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!**

**We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines
within,
We the surface broad surveying, **we the virgin soil upheaving,**
Pioneers! O pioneers!**

Two girls stood beside me for much of the afternoon. Late in the day they entered the fray to defend principles of freedom and private property and individual responsibility.

At the end of the day I asked them, “Where did you girls learn the moral underpinnings of the free society? How did you avoid being brainwashed by the socialists’ mentality that prevails in our public schools and universities?”

“That’s how we were brought up,” one said. The other said, “I had a good econ teacher.”

We only need a few who are willing to fight in the arena of ideas; and we can win this battle against socialism: “And five of you shall chase an hundred, and an hundred of you shall put ten thousand **to flight**: and your enemies shall fall before you by the sword (Lev 26:8).” We have the sword of Truth.

I left campus at 5 PM to drive five hours home to Columbia, MO.

Bro Jed

What can you do to help?

1. We need faithful prayer warriors to intercede for souls as well as praying for our health, safety and financial needs. This is vital!
2. As always, we need monetary gifts. We appreciate that some of your budgets are considerably tighter and yet you have continued to give faithfully. May God reward your generosity. Some have had to reduce your giving significantly, but you are still donating what you can. Thank you also. Please know that no gift is ever too small. God accepts them and so do we. If

more of you would just send small gifts, it would help us greatly. If any of you do have extra funds and can make up the slack, please do so. We are also trying to find ways to reduce our own budgets. Often saints provide lodging for us when we come to their campus town. If you would like to help in this important way please contact us.

3. Arranging a church or home meeting is a great way to bless the CMUSA. Bro. Jed welcomes the opportunity to meet and minister to new people. He is thankful to address groups both large and small. It is amazing the hearts that God will touch in just a small home meeting. I believe that there are many Christians who would like to support this work on the campuses if they knew about it. Help us get the word out.

4. Finally, invite your friends to receive this journal also. It will make Christianity come alive, increase their faith and keep them revived!

5. Also, if you haven't read ***Who Will Rise Up?*** lately, I encourage you to do so. If you gave your copy to someone and never got it back, you may order a new one from us for a \$12 gift to CMUSA. We found a few extra boxes.

You may donate to CMUSA using PayPal by going to our website at Brojed.org or you mail a check to our home office: CMUSA, Bro. Jed smock, 2402 Longview Dr. Columbia, MO 65203