

The Ten Commandments

As seen through the eyes of an old man in his
Christian walk.



By Jim Daily Jr.

Welcome to an adventure with the Ten Commandments. Scholars and theologians have written thousands of papers about them, but everyone sees life, religion and the Bible through different eyeballs, so I will let you look through mine for a few moments. I promise you will be shocked, irritated, knocked out of your comfort zone, and maybe you'll have to think for yourself. That can be dangerous. Let me introduce myself: my name is Jim Daily Jr. I was born dead in a little farmhouse in central Illinois in 1925. When I say born dead, I mean I wasn't breathing and the slap on the bottom didn't work, so they got a pan of hot water and one of cold water and dipped me back and forth till I was so mad, I agreed to enter the rat race of life.

I won't bore you with many details of growing up during the Great Depression. It was hot, dirty, hard work with little money. I was determined not to be a farmer. Science was my only interest from a very early age. Religion and the Bible were seldom, if ever, mentioned. We had no electricity so I begged the telephone man for his used batteries and started doing all kinds of funny things as a small boy. I built a one-tube shortwave radio and listened to Hitler's propaganda stations.

I graduated from high school at age 17, still determined not to be a farmer. In high school I progressed pretty well in woodworking and electronics, so I convinced my dad to send me to radio engineering school.

In radio school I learned to think analytically; if one part isn't right the radio won't talk. "If you break the least of these commandments you are guilty of all." We had some very good teachers in radio school. One was a small Polish fellow who was a personal student of Albert Einstein. This guy taught us to get out of the cage, or the box, that most people are trapped in. I hope to cut a little hole in the box for some of us to peek out of before this dissertation is finished.

After graduating from radio school with a commercial radio license, I was offered a job with the Merchant Marine at the fabulous wage of \$55.00 per day. Now try to imagine a 19-year-old farm boy working in the hot fields pitching hay for a dollar a day, getting an offer like that. I signed up without thinking why there was such a big paycheck. The German subs were sinking about two out of five ships leaving the East Coast. I would have been fish food post-haste. Sometimes, the Lord looks after the stupid. I was sitting in a tall building in Chicago waiting for orders when I walked an important looking military man who said all enlistments in the Merchant Marines are canceled, and "We need You in the military." Well, you win some and lose some. I lost big money, but probably saved my life. I was determined to see the ocean and travel the world, so I went to the recruiting office down one floor and joined the Navy. That very afternoon I was in the Great Lakes Navy boot camp. When they issued our sea bag and clothing, they gave us a small New Testament; they didn't ask if we wanted it, they just issued it. I found that we were quarantined for ten days with nowhere to go and nothing to read but the New Testament. So, I read and read for several days. And gradually the picture developed, that I was a sinner and out of harmony with God in all aspects of life. Come Sunday morning, we gathered outside and marched over to a huge auditorium for divine services. I was sitting way up on the top row with

my head nearly touching the rafters. Down below was a huge stage with the 120-voice all male choir. Wow, when they sang, it put goose bumps on your spine, very impressive. So here I sat thinking about what I had read and listening to inspirational music, and I just prayed a simple prayer, "Lord I would like to become a Christian but I don't know what to do or what to say. I am a blank slate, you write and I will read." I had ROTC training in high school so I was excused from drills and placed on the color guard. That means I went out in the morning and raised the flag and took it down in the evening. Tough duty. During the day, I would go to the canteen and read and eat apple pie a la mode. More tough duty.

When they tested us to see where we would be assigned, I was without question put on radio duty again. The Navy radio school was just down the road at Northwestern University in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago. Now duty in the Chicago area was great during WWII. Doctors, lawyers, and rich people would meet servicemen at the train station and take us to our base, and even out to a nice restaurant. While I was waiting at a hotel for my sister and some girls who were there taking their state board nursing exams, I met a famous movie star who loaned me his limo and driver for the evening to do the town. Life was great. The train ran down central Illinois through my home town. I could go home frequently. Then I heard of some Christian meetings downtown Chicago called "Youth for Christ." A young preacher by the name of Billy Graham and song leader named George Beverly Shea ran them. Great meetings, and I met a lot of very nice people.

Now our barracks at Northwestern was an old library building on campus, and just out the back door was a theological seminary of a large mainline church. Man, how lucky can you get? Now I could get a lot of my questions about the Bible answered. It was here that I first began to see some cracks in the beautiful stained glass window of modern theology. They were told that a virgin birth was impossible, that the miracles were myths, and that the parting of the Red Sea was probably due to an earthquake that happened at the precise moment that the Israelites got there and ended just as the Egyptians got in the middle of the sea. I wondered how the earthquake dried the mud on the bottom of the sea. It very quickly dawned on me that if I kept listening to these theological experts that I would become an agnostic. So ended the visits across the street. What to do next? Evanston was known as the millionaires' town, lots of fine homes, big fancy churches, some of them real spooky looking, like an ad for a Harry Potter movie. So I began attending different churches each week and getting literature from each one, and asking questions from preachers and any Christian I could make contact with. Ask ten super Christians the same question, and you will get ten different answers.

Now no story would be complete without a girl in it, so here comes the girl. The country of Burma was being overrun by the Japs and General Stilwell wanted to evacuate his small group of soldiers from there. There were some English missionaries there too, and they were afraid to take their teenage daughter back to England because the Germans were buzz bombing them with V1 rockets something awful. So General Stilwell agreed to bring her to the states. She ended up at a private Christian school in a suburb of Chicago. A friend of mine introduced us...well I kind of

liked what I saw, and we agreed to stay in touch. Actually I really liked her but played cool hand Luke for then.

Shortly thereafter I finished radio school and shipped out to Seattle Washington. Ten of us sailors had an entire Pullman coach all to ourselves the entire trip--join the Navy and have a life of luxury!!!! Girl also moved to northern California for college--great! Knowing that I was a new Christian, she mailed me a book called *How to Understand the Bible*. Now I can do some real Bible study without all this confusion of "I think this" and "I think that."

One of the first texts that came to my attention was 2 Timothy 2:15, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Well I was studying, but I sure didn't feel approved yet. The next text to get my attention was Isaiah 28:9-10. "Whom shall he teach knowledge? And whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, line upon line, here a little, and there a little."

In other words, read everything the Bible says on a subject, then look at the entire picture. What the Bible says in an obscure text and what it teaches can sometimes be a bit confusing. Now I was beginning to understand what it takes to arrive at truth; but it also takes the guidance of the Holy Spirit with study.

Let's go back to Seattle for a moment. I spent a few days there in radar school because they misread my records and took me for a radar man instead of a radio man. Now radar was new and top secret, but by the time they noticed my uniform emblem it was too late--I knew the secrets, so they let it be. This knowledge came in handy much later, when I went from Seattle down to Astoria, Oregon where my ship was being finished. Now radar was so secret that we had an armed guard 24 hours per day with our new \$250,000 radar transmitter. In the wee hours of the morning I was standing watch over the radar transmitter with a 45 automatic pistol. Someone had told me a service 45 would not fire if you had the barrel pushed against something. Well, in the boredom of the wee hours I pushed the barrel against a big knob on that transmitter and pulled the trigger!

The guy who said the gun would not fire was not telling the truth! Boooooom in a little room about six feet square; it nearly blew my ear drums out. I waited for people to come running to see what exploded; no one came. Now that bullet went dead center in that big knob and flushed it over perfectly with lead and did no damage, whew! For many months thereafter when the radar inspectors came aboard they were mystified about the knob filled with lead. I invented the military expression "don't ask don't tell"--I never told! "Surely goodness and mercy shall I follow me all the days of my life." Psalm 23:6. Two weeks after getting aboard ship it was completed, and we were ready for our shakedown cruise to see if everything worked. As we sailed out of sight of land, everyone was a little uptight and nervous. At mail call that night, I received a letter from home that informed me that my favorite uncle was killed on the island of

Leyte. I broke down and cried. It was interesting. Men sitting in stacked bunks who didn't know me very well or my uncle at all began to cry too. The reality that we were heading out into a place where lots of people would like to kill us hit home. Then I got another letter informing me that a second cousin I grew up with was killed in a naval battle out where we were. The Navy gravy train had ended. I won't dwell long on war; it was different from the newsreel movies. We made several runs from the West Coast out to various islands. I would get with the girl when we came to pick up troops. We became engaged, but alas another myth surfaced. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Not so. After one 5-month stint at sea and no West Coast visits, I got one of the famous WWII Dear John letters. Instead of starting with the usual "My darling" it said "Dear Jim." Wham; I knew without reading any further that I had the skids put under me. To add insult to injury it was a merchant mariner that got her. What happened to her after that was not good. End of girl story.

I am going to go through a lot of WWII in a few sentences. We visited almost every island in the Pacific. Had several mishaps and went to Pearl Harbor for repairs: in a couple of typhoons, one which sank more of our ships than the Japs did in the entire war. A typhoon at sea can be a very sobering experience. Like when you open a hatch and step out on deck just as a huge wave washes completely over the ship, knocking the breath out of you. It can unplug your brain from your body for a few seconds. I was in a little jungle town in the northern Philippines one day and at the edge of town was an artesian well with a pipe stuck in the ground and water flowing up out of the pipe. I assumed that this was good water as there were many people carrying water from it and bathing in it. Wrong again; I drank some and was shortly very sick. I was sick very frequently for the next five years.

After the war I went to a Bible college and took the theology course, but after three and a half years I was just too sick to continue. At college I met a girl who was a year ahead of me in Greek class. The first time I met her and heard her angelic voice I said to myself: that's the girl I am going to marry. I had such faith, or presumption, I'm not sure which, that I told my parents that I was going to get married, before asking her or even courting her. I didn't tell her about that until some time after we were married.

After I had to drop out of college and move back to Illinois, I continued being sick. A WWII army doctor from the South Pacific said, "I am going to test you for something that few doctors have ever encountered." I had contracted chronic blood typhoid from that artesian well, and it was considered incurable until a new antibiotic came out in 1949. I was put on a bed rest for six weeks and took the antibiotic every four hours. It worked, and I have been on fast forward ever since. And the angelic girl has been with me now for 62 years. Whew, I shudder to think what would have happened if I had married that first one!!!

Before we leave WWII I will mention that we ended up at the battle of Iwo Jima for ten days. I have a very hard time telling this story without getting tears in my eyes and choking like a frog in my throat. I may relate a couple of stories later. One of which was the most emotional

experiences of my life. Let's leave the unpleasantness of war and go back to Evanston Illinois and the new Christian who was not affiliated with any denomination or strange religious gymnastics. When I read the Ten Commandments I didn't see anything wrong with them, but when I mentioned them to established super-Christians they said, "Oh don't worry about them, the law was done away with at the cross. We are not under the law but under grace, and led by the spirit." When I observed Christians led by the spirit I began to wonder; it seemed like the spirit led some one way and some another way. It seemed like the spirit needed a road map.

As I visited some big fancy churches and noticed a lot of stone images of dead people all over the place, I wondered about that second commandment that said not to make graven images and bow down to them. I noticed some people prayed to a dead woman to be a mediator to the mediator Jesus. Why do we need a mediator to a mediator? 1 Timothy 2:5 says "For there is one God and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." I got a bible from this church and found that the Ten Commandments had been rewritten different from the way God gave them. The second commandment was missing, the fourth reworded, and another one was split into two to make ten again. Strange! About the dead woman; I talked to a dead woman once, in a casket, and she totally ignored me. Jesus said, "Why seek the living among the dead." Luke 24:5.

Satan tricked Eve from the start and said, "If you will disobey God and eat of this forbidden fruit you will be like God." Religious experts have been singing this song ever since. They tell us we all have eternal life either in a good place or a bad place but we will never die. But in Ezekiel 18:4 it tells us, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then the most quoted text in the Bible, John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." People have quoted this text for centuries and paid no attention as to what it says. This fairy tale that some electronic Wiggins lives in you that can never die has permeated almost all churches, Hollywood, tabloids and heathen religions since Adam and Eve. There is one semi-Christian church that goes even further and teaches not only future immortality of every soul but past immortality. They teach that there are jillions of souls floating around in space looking for a body to get into, so when a woman gets pregnant the soul gets a body at last. Then for a long time they married multiple wives so they could give more souls bodies to crawl into. Fairy tales, fairy tales. It's no wonder educated people reject the Bible and religion. In 1 Timothy 6:16 the Bible tells us that God only has immortality. The immortality given to Christians is conditional as long as they remain obedient to God and His laws. Not even the angels have immortality in themselves. The third of the angels that rebelled against God's government will eventually be destroyed. God will one day have a universe free of sin and rebellion. Now at the beginning of this missile I promised to move some of you out of your box or comfort zone, so let's open the box a little further.

You have purchased or received a gift of the Ten Commandments engraved in real stone with a laser beam of several thousand degrees. You will notice a cross in between the two stones. The wood of this cross has a radioactive carbon dating of about 50,000 years old. I know this does

not jive with the Bible story. I will try to reconcile this as we get in a little deeper. The fourth commandment is highlighted in red. Why? You can read nine of the Ten Commandments and not know who God is. Now this God said that He is the creator: He made heaven and earth and everything that is in them. This gives Him the rite of rulership. When I was first introduced to the fourth commandment controversy I was flabbergasted. I had no desire to keep a different day from almost all Christians. So my quest began. I decided to study this like an electronic circuit to find what was wrong. So I went back to churches and preachers asking questions. I wanted to prove that Sunday was the right day to keep. Thus began an avalanche of religious gymnastics to excuse disobedience to God's law. The answers I was getting ran something like this: "Oh time has been lost we don't know which day is which." Not so. "Oh the calendar was changed." Not so. There have been calendar changes, but none changed the weekly cycle. The 7th Day that Christ observed is the 7th day Sabbath still observed by the Jews. "Oh I keep Sunday in honor of Christ's resurrection." Who asked you to do that? "Oh it doesn't make any difference which day we keep as long as it is one in seven." "I keep every day holy." Since when does man make anything Holy? "God is not particular!" Ask Cain about that one. God told Cain and Able to bring a lamb and sacrifice it for their sins. Cain says, "Oh I am too kind hearted to do that and besides I am a vegetarian, so I will just bring some fruit for my offering." Bad trip. "Oh the seventh day Sabbath is an old Jewish thing." Hmmm let's see; the Sabbath was given at the seventh day of creation, so that makes Adam and Eve Jews?

My bible says Abraham was the father of the Jewish race! See how messed up people's thinking can be when they don't want to obey God?

Now let's go way out and assume that the Bible is correct and God wasn't lying and trying to trick us and really did create everything. Where does that leave the "big bang theory"? The big bang boys tell us that a little piece of matter the size of a sugar cube, or a brick bat, or a box car or whatever, was floating around in space forever and suddenly exploded into billions of universes with trillions of suns and planets numbering as all the grains of sand on earth. Great thinking if you are stupid. Ignorance can be educated, but stupid is forever. Now if Christians had been obeying God and meeting every week to worship God as creator on His Holy Sabbath day all the false theories would not have captivated the morbid imagination of mankind so easily.

Here is an amusing sad happening of a year or so ago. Some paleontologists were digging for dinosaur bones out in Utah and found a bunch of bones from that big fellow called T Rex. The guys in Utah were real nice and donated a big leg bone to a woman paleontologist at the university of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She was thrilled. Upon investigating the bone, she saw something shocking. There was some dried meat on the bone. This couldn't be! She called the people in Utah and told them. They said this is impossible dried flesh won't last millions of years. She said just fly out here and look and feel. They say this is impossible so don't talk about it or you will lose any credibility as a scientist. Get back in your cage and shut the door!!!

I have been looking at the National Geographic TV channel for a few days at the series on "how the earth was formed." Man, you never heard so much unscientific gobbledygook. It's no wander

kids are so confused and disobedient. The theory of evolution as taught in all public schools calls God a liar and completely nullifies the Bible. Kids are taught that they are just glorified monkeys; so they act that way. When we visit a zoo and see one monkey steal another's banana we think it's funny, but if a child or adult does that it is bad. Or if one monkey bops another over the head with a coconut and steals his mate it's cute. If man does this he goes to jail! Now the Bible teaches just the opposite of evolution. It teaches devolution--I call it devolution. Evolution teaches our children that we started out as a blob of primordial soup that lightning struck and converted into an amino acid which lightning struck and turned into a one-cell amoeba which, which, which...ad nauseum. God said, let's make man in our image.

I firmly believe that Adam and Eve were large majestic people, clothed in light like the angels and God. Every instance in the Bible where an angel appears in his natural state, men fall down as dead in his presence. When Moses came down from the mountain after receiving the Ten Commandments from God in a written form, his face glowed so bright that the Israelites could not stand to look at him. Adam and Eve didn't even know they were naked till they sinned then their light went out. They immediately needed a fur coat. I see them as converted from an anionic body to a cationic body. An anionic body is not governed by time or space, heat or cold. The three Hebrews in the fiery furnace were given the glorified bodies temporarily and were not affected by rapid molecular vibrations or heat; another heavenly being was with them who glowed even brighter than the furnace!

Angels are not governed by our understanding of time and space. When Daniel prayed for understanding of the greatest time prophecy in the Bible, God told the angel, "Go down and give him understanding," and the angel traveled a jillion light years in space in about two seconds before Daniel even got off his knees. That makes the speed of light seem like an old Model T Ford pattering along a country dirt road. Dear reader, there is more science implied and ratified by the fourth commandment than Albert Einstein ever dreamed of.

My interest in astronomy was fired up by going to movies as a child. The Flash Gordon movies of space travel sparked an intense interest in astronomy. I ordered a four-inch lens from a mail-order ad; it had a focal length of eight feet. Now try to imagine holding an eight-foot piece of pipe still and looking at a star; impossible! So I studied up on optics, ordered a blank six-inch piece of glass, built a pitch lap and hand ground a short focal length mirror for a "rich field telescope." It worked, and I beheld marvelous sights in the heavens. Now we have the Hubble Space Telescope which has opened up a whole new era of space views. But the more we see the less we know. Astronomers hoped to see the end of the universe, but it just goes on and on. Canada is building the world's largest telescope and they hope to find the end of the universe. I have news for them: they won't.

Here is another curious thing. In reading hundreds of articles about the exploits of NASA and scientific explanations, I have not found one instance of a space probe or spectrographic analysis of light from a heavenly body having an oxygen atmosphere. When NASA sent a probe to a

moon of Jupiter they found an atmosphere of methane gas, methane rain, and rivers and lakes of methane. Strange! We have vast reserves of methane in the earth; we have enough methane ice on the bottom of the oceans and frozen in the tundra of Alaska and the Arctic to last for generations. A recent issue of Popular Mechanics described a new methane field 11,000 feet deep with trillions of cubic feet of methane in it.

You have a plaque with the Ten Commandments in real stone, and between the two tables of stone is cross made of ancient kauri wood from New Zealand. They have found a forest of these giant ancient trees buried in a plain between two mountain ranges. These giant trees are similar to the redwoods of California. They were snapped off like match sticks and perfectly preserved, not rotten or petrified. The radioactive carbon dating of these trees suggests they are 30 to 50 thousand years old. Now this doesn't jive with the biblical chronology--how can we reconcile it? Try to picture the earth from the time after sin entered, until the great flood in Noah's day. The Bible tells us it had never rained before and the earth was watered with heavy dew. Now I'll put on a professor's coat with leather elbow pads. Picture the earth standing straight on its axis toward the sun, instead of the angle it stands at today, and with more oxygen and lots more water vapor in the atmosphere than there is now. You would have a nice warm climate from pole to pole. Also, you would have very little shortwave ultraviolet radiation to create the radioactive carbon-14 we use to date so many things. Carbon-14 dating is pretty accurate for three or four thousand years back, but then it goes bonkers and we get all kinds of crazy false readings that mess up our thinking. You do know that they have found all kinds of tropical plants and animals in Arctic ice. Talk about global warming!!!

How can we reconcile all these conflicting theories? Here are some thoughts or theories from an old {85 in April 2010} curious self-educated scientist. God said, "Let us make man in our image." He was talking to Jesus. The man and woman he made were large perfectly proportioned creatures. They had physical and intellectual abilities beyond anything we can imagine, and were clothed in a glow or light like the angels. The entire atomic and molecular structure of the earth was different from the way it is now. I don't believe they breathed oxygen. I can't comprehend eternal life in an oxygen atmosphere. Oxygen destroys everything it touches. It oxidizes iron and all metals, it rots wood, it creates mold and fungus. Oxygen is now a double-edged sword. The Bible mentions that when God drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden, he placed a flaming sword at the entrance. Hmmm, I believe the sword was an old symbol for oxygen! I believe the people living from Adam and Eve till Noah's flood were larger, smarter longer-lived people. I am convinced they advanced in science beyond anything we can imagine. I think they were involved in genetic engineering and cloning far beyond our time. We are just getting into genetic modification of plants and seeds and we have already made disastrous monster plants that threaten our entire food chain. We are mixing plant and animal genes, and it is only a matter of time until we will see the mixing of animal and human genes. Just look at artists drawings of the American Indians the pilgrims found here. They were tall and muscular, real hunks. But they had no immunity to the white man's germs and liquor and they were virtually eliminated.

The news is full of the earthquake in Haiti at this time. I read up on the history of Haiti and learned that there are no descendants left of the original Indian population that the religious fanatics found many years ago. The religious missionaries were not looking for new worlds so much as new people to convert to their morbid version of Christianity. The Haitian Indians didn't take to this new religion and they were burned at the stake and slaughtered until extinct. They were replaced by black slaves from Africa who professed conversion to Christianity by day but practiced voodoo and devil worship by night. According to an article in the newspaper {The Charlotte Observer, Jan. 2010 edition}; they still do. I have rambled about long enough on how I see things. My theories about how the earth was before sin and before and after the flood are not to be taken as Bible truths. No one knows the details of these events but I just wanted to show you that there are alternative ideas besides the gobbledygook taught by the smart people.

I want to quote two Bible texts in their entirety. 2 Peter 3:4-7, "And saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. For this they willingly are ignorant of, that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water: whereby the world that then was being overflowed with water, perished."

One more text on this subject. 1 Timothy 6:20-21, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called which some professing have erred concerning the faith. Grace be with you Amen." This is pretty plain English. If you do not believe in God and his words to humanity, you are a ship at sea without a rudder or guidance system, tossed about by every wave of false doctrine and scientific theory.

Now for one war story and my final appeal.

Our ship arrived at Pearl Harbor and took aboard 1500 army combat troops and their gear. This seemed routine. After we were at sea a few hours it was announced that we were headed for a small island called Iwo Jima; none of us had ever heard of it. Then he said, "It's 750 miles from Tokyo." We looked at each other and said hmmm that could be interesting. We had heard no news casts concerning this place or the invasion a few days prior to our arrival. We dropped anchor right in front of Mount Suribachi. I walked over to the side of the ship and looked down into the water and immediately got a funny feeling in my gut. My first thought was, oh oh, something not good happened here. The ocean was awash with debris. Shoes, pieces of uniforms, ammunition belts and other stuff. The full magnitude of this invasion slowly developed over the next two weeks. The battle plan was for the Marines to secure the island in 72 hours then send Army troops in for the mop-up. Things didn't work out that way. It was ten days after we arrived before we disengaged the Army troops. We could watch the carnage night and day. At night they shot up parachute flares which would light up the island like day. The real sound of battle is not like the movie theater; it sounds like a bunch of kids with firecrackers on

the 4th of July. When a flare burned out, the “pop pop” subsided, but then another flare went up and it was “pop pop” over and over, all night long.

On our starboard side {right to land lubbers} was the battleship North Carolina. Now when she fired a salvo of 16” guns it got your attention. The shockwaves from the guns' muzzles going out over the water creating foamy white caps was something to behold. Our ship had a slight mishap there and caught fire. It burned out our number two hole which included one of our troop feeding galleys. This created an inconvenience with 1500 troops, but worse was yet to come. After disengaging the 1500 army troops, we started taking on Marines. Boatload after boatload all day long till we had 3200 Marines. We had sleeping quarters for 1500 and now eating room for about 1000. As the Marines spilled out of the landing boats like rag dolls I was transfixed by the sight and lack of sound. There was no cheering and yelling like in the movies. It was a very quiet and solemn time; the sound that rings in my head as I play back the mental video is the squeek, squeek squeek of the steel cables over the metal pulleys bringing boatload after boatload of Marines aboard. This was one rough looking bunch of humanity. Most had not shaved in weeks. Their clothes were soaked in blood, urine and fecal matter. They had not eaten a meal other than dog biscuits {Kratons} in no telling how long. The first thing they wanted was a shower to wash off the sands and smell of Iwo. Our fresh water was gone in minutes and they had to shower in cold salt sea water; they stood in line for hours to shower. Now they are hungry! So what do we feed them? Greasy pork chops and red eye gravy. How did that go over? They gobbled it down then puked it on the floor. We carried barrels of wood shavings to soak up oil or obnoxious spills. After a while there were several inches of vomit-soaked wood shavings on the dining room floor. Hot too--no air conditioning; a wonderful dining experience.

Two Marines stand out in my mind. One of the men who came off the boat was over six feet tall and about 250 lbs. with flaming red hair and a big bushy red beard, a big 50 caliber BAR automatic rifle and belts of bullets over his shoulders. One mean Marine; he could just look at a Jap to make him die of a heart attack. The other Marine went down to his bunk and hung up a beat up guitar and set a picture of his beautiful blonde wife and three-year-old daughter, and said “I am going back to the beach at the base of Mt. Suribachi to pick up some souvenirs to take home.” Mistake! A sniper got him through the head; we sailed off with that guitar swaying and the picture setting there. It somewhat got to me.

As we sailed back toward Pearl Harbor, the Marines were everywhere you could walk. They were outside on deck, camped in our landing boats, in the hallways, every square foot had a Marine; we were overloaded but I never heard one complaint. They would be clustered in small groups blowing off emotional steam. Stories of the battle. I would squat down and just listen. I do not have the writing ability to portray war, neither do the movies; not until you can catch the smell of gunpowder, blood and guts, fecal matter, urine and vomit all blended together, can you get the picture. This cannot be expressed in words.

Our shipload of Marines arrived after several days and the emotional excitement began to build. As the tug boat nudged our ship up to the dock there was a welcoming group, and a large military band was playing the navy song "Anchors Away." This puts tingles in any sailor's spine. But the real kicker was coming. The gangplank was lowered and as the first Marine came down the band started playing the Marine song "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The Marine knelt down and kissed the dock, and a beautiful hula girl placed a lei of orchids around his neck. There were no dry eyes watching and I felt like a bull frog was caught in my throat. Even as I write this I have tears in my eyes and my hands are shaking. This was perhaps the most emotional happening of my life, and I have had a lot of happenings.

This moment reminds me of when Jesus returns and raises the sleeping saints and takes them to heaven and gives them the crown of life and says, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." It is my desire that you the reader will wish to be a Christian and understand the true nature of Jesus and his will for you. Not all the fairy tales taught in Babylon. It is a great honor to be called to be a servant in the house of the King of the universe, who can speak and a world or a universe comes into existence; he can speak and the dead come to life; he can speak and you will have eternal life.

Isaiah 1:18-19: "Come now, and let us reason together; saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

We were born on death row! We were born with a sinful nature, and when we realize our hopeless state and see the escape route provided by God, we will be offered the way out. Keeping the commandments will not save us. Only accepting the sacrifice of Jesus will save us. But we keep the commandments because we are saved and delight in doing His will. The commandments are a mirror, showing us our dirty faces. But Jesus does the washing. The only definition of sin in the Bible is, "Sin is the transgression of the law." God's holy law is perfect and eternal. Most of the world and most professed Christians are living in rebellion against God's holy law. The law that was nailed to the cross was the temporary ceremonial laws pointing the coming of the messiah. People say, "Only believe in Jesus and you will be saved." Well then, Satan and his angels must be saved because they really believe in Jesus since they worked with him for eons back in eternity!!! Believing *in* and believing *on* are different ball games. Many professed Christians think they are saved, but they are not!! Matthew 7:22-23 says, "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord have we not prophesied in thy name; and in thy name have cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works? Then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Reader, I am talking to you straight, without fancy words. The world is full of professed Christians who follow Frank Sinatra's famous song "My way." He sang, "I did it my way," and it seems like most people want to go to heaven their way. Proverbs 14:12 says, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways is death"!!!!

Reader: to be a Christian means to ask God for a heart transplant, not a lobectomy. You don't have to wear funny clothes or wear crosses around your neck, do penance, or keep notes to remind yourself to be good. Let God work in you and do the changing and He will instill love and truth. 1 Corinthians 13:1 says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity{love}, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." In other words, I am a ding-a-ling Christian. There is a lot of yak yak yak, but little love.

The Bible says in the last days, lots of people are in Babylon, a term for confusion. Revelation 12:17, "And the dragon was wroth with the woman{church} and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ." God is calling out a people or church from Babylon, or confusion, before His return. They will be given understanding of biblical teachings or doctrines; the churches are full of Babylonian teachings, like the immortality of the soul, a mean God who gives eternal punishing not punishment (there is a difference), the heathen sun worship day, Sunday, the false teaching of a secret rapture, and on and on.

If you would like to become a Christian and are weary of religious gymnastics and listening to the PEP boys (pastors evangelists and priests), write me a note. Jim Daily Jr, PO Box 7 Rockwell NC, 28138. I will send you some suggestions to get started. There are two books that are a must read besides the Bible. *The Desire of Ages* is a book on the life and teachings of Jesus. This book is over one hundred years old and a classic. The other is called *The Great Controversy*. This one is strong stuff, like hitting a stubborn mule between the ears with a two-by-four to get his attention. It covers the sad history of the Christian church from the time of Christ till he returns; it will shake some of you out of the cage.

May God bless you in your desire to be a follower of Him, or to be a more enlightened Christian.

This plaque with the ten commandments in stone costs \$50.00 to produce. If you would like to send one to a friend, you can for the price of \$50.00 plus \$5.00 for shipping. This is a nonprofit ministry. Just send \$55.00 and the shipping information to J.W. Daily Jr. at P.O. Box 7 Rockwell, NC 28138

The Ancient Kauri Story

Ancient Kauri is the world's oldest workable timber.

The prehistoric Kauri forests that grew 50,000 years ago are preserved under the surface of the North Island of New Zealand.

Buried under a peat swamp by an unexplained act of nature at the end of the last Ice Age, the trees have survived the centuries in an underground resting place, sealed in a chemically balanced environment that has preserved the timber in perfect condition.

The trees grew for nearly 2000 years before they were buried. Some have a girth of around 40 feet, and a total height of nearly 200 feet. They are among the largest trees in the world.

Extraction of the logs is time consuming, expensive and technically difficult requiring skilled operators of heavy machinery. Working in wet conditions each log must be carefully brought to the surface. Once removed from the ground the log is assessed, then milled to yield the best grain and timber qualities. After the log has been removed, the area is then restored to its original contours with no environmental consequences.

Despite its long burial, with careful selection, cutting and drying, the wood maintains its beautiful qualities and finishes to a rich cognac shade. When polished the wood is a deep color with hues, textures and sheen's that constantly change under differing shades of light. It literally glistens as if lit from beneath the surface.

Extensive scientific Radio Carbon Dating tests have done on samples of Ancient Kauri by independent organizations that include:
The University of New Zealand in Waikato
The University of Sydney, Australia
The New Zealand Institute of Nuclear Science
Beta Analytic Inc. of Miami, Florida, the United States leading laboratory for radio carbon dating analyses. Dating has proven beyond doubt that these Kauri forests grew during the period 30,000 to more than 50,000 years ago.

Scientists are also studying the growth rings of Ancient Kauri to piece together a look at the environment of our planet before the arrival of modern man.

Every finished piece becomes a collectable investment proven to stand the test of time. It is not known how much Ancient Kauri lies beneath the ground. Because there is a finite amount of Ancient Kauri available, you will want to take advantage of having the privileged opportunity to use and enjoy this distinctive and extremely rare wood.



A living Kauri tree about 1,200 years old, New Zealand



Beautiful table with unique inlay treatment.



Ancient Kauri stump ready to be milled, New Zealand