



Laodiceans at the White House

Irony gushed from the White House on Tuesday as the head of one empire praised the scorned, tortured and executed Victim of another at an "Easter Prayer Breakfast." "Hypocrisy" doesn't begin to describe this brazen performance from a corrupt, arrogant, and thieving liar — but after all, Barack Obama would not be where he is today had he not mastered such vices. Politics is dirty, and only the filthiest of criminals triumph at it.

Those criminals have co-opted religions for their assorted administrations since time began. And their ploy worked as long as the religion was the pagan sort that worshipped power, whether in nature or in gods that were only sinful men writ large. Zeus was capricious, lustful, supercilious, ruthless, vain — not only a model but an excuse for Roman emperors who deified themselves. False religion was — and still is — the handmaid of the State. Both originate from the pit of hell to bamboozle and manipulate their devotees. Both genuflect to the same idol: power, *i.e.*, control over other men.



Then along came the Bible with its revelation of God's love for sinners and the Christianity that love begot. For the first time, the world saw a "religion" that opposed the State, that defied it, in fact, by denouncing its brutal grip on men, that said, "Wielding power over others is wrong. Men are not cogs in a machine to achieve rulers' wills but infinitely valuable beings created in God's image. Love them instead — which means treating them as you would want them to treat you." I have yet to hear any politician ask us to ticket him because he didn't buckle up in his limo, force him to buy health insurance we select for him, waterboard him, raise his taxes, throw him in jail because he chooses a drug we disapprove, or send his children to bomb folks he's never met who've never harmed him.

God is love. But government is power, love's antithesis. Beneath every law, regulation, tax, and program lies the threat of physical power — lethal power, ultimately, if we don't yield to the State all it demands. The freedom love requires, its voluntary nature, are government's direct enemies: the State would wither overnight were its minions Christian enough to grant taxpayers the liberty and voluntariness that are love's *sine qua non*.

That makes government, limited or totalitarian, elective, despotic, or monarchic, Satan's citadel. Which explains why the State naturally and inevitably violates the Ten Commandments. It murders and steals, then lies by pooh-poohing its sins as "war" and "taxation."



Written by **Becky Akers** on April 9, 2010



Satan himself boasts about owning government when he tempts Jesus after His forty days in the wilderness: "Again, the devil took Him up on an exceedingly high mountain, and showed Him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. And he said to Him, 'All these things I will give You if You will fall down and worship me.'" Does Satan show our Lord the marketplaces of the world, its homes or shops? No. Rather, he points out the "kingdoms" ($\beta\alpha\sigma\lambda\epsilon$? in Greek, "kingdom or dominion").

But the most irrefutable proof for the State's Satanic identity is the Crucifixion. Yes, our sins nailed Christ to that cross, but government's courts condemned God Himself to death and government's bullies hammered the spikes home. Note the callous, matter-of-fact demeanor of those bullies: "sitting down, they watched him there" when they weren't gambling for His clothing. Imagine nailing any living body, let alone the Lord of Creation, to a wooden post, then dispassionately gaming as you watch the fatal agonies you've inflicted. Such unspeakable cruelty is hell's hallmark, and it typifies the State.

Government didn't know how to combat the Christianity that rose triumphant that first Easter morning. It tried to kill it, torturing Christ's followers as it had Him. This strategy failed, big-time, but that hasn't stopped the torture: the State and its master prize barbarity for its own sake.

Government also tried to co-opt Christianity as it had previous religions. Constantine started the fashion; it's an enduring one <u>that continues to this day</u>. And it works as it always has with the falsely faithful.

Ergo, at Obama's "prayer breakfast," we find the likes of Pastor Joel Osteen of Lakewood Church in Texas; Archbishop Pietro Sambi, the Papal Nucio to Washington, D.C.; Bishop Vashti McKenzie of the A.M.E. Church; Peg Chemberlin, president of the National Council of Churches; Dr. Julius Scruggs of the National Baptist Convention of America; and Sister Carol Keehan from the Catholic Health Association. These were among the ninety charlatans who sat down to watch Him there as the ruler of an empire as blasphemous as Rome's capitalized on His death. Doubtless, each guest was flattered and excited to dine on food bought with stolen funds while listening to a murderer waging wars worldwide prattle about the Prince of Peace.

Add to the visitors' imposture and vainglory their craven willingness to be used. Their host explained exactly how he was using them, too: "...we held a Seder here to mark the first Passover. We held an Iftar here with Muslim Americans to break the daily fast during Ramadan." All religions are the same, and all are subject to the State. You might think that anyone with a shred of self-respect would have stalked from the room at that point. Then again, no one with any self-respect was there to begin with since attendance required consorting with politicians and bureaucrats, dancing to their tune and kowtowing to their power.

Government's murder of the Son of God ought to send Christians in particular and decent people in general fleeing in horror from the State. Instead, so-called "Christian leaders from all across America, men and women who lead small-town churches and big-city congregations, and major organizations in service of others; folks whose sermons are heard and whose examples are followed by millions all across the country" prostrated themselves before POTUS and Power, their true gods.

"I know your deeds," the resurrected Lord chides the apostates and heretics of Laodicea, "...so...I am about to spit you out of my mouth ... you do not realize that you are wretched, pitiful, poor, blind and naked."

Now as always, the emperor has no clothes.

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