
DISCERNMENT NEWSLETTER

“...how is it that ye do not discern this time?” Luke 12:56

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Return to Zimbabwe 2013

By Jewel Grewe



Bonnie Cullen (PA), Charlotte Stucki (MI), Julie Leo (South Africa), Jewel Grewe (IN) with leaders from the Bible School

Recently Charlotte Stucki, Bonnie Cullen and Julie Leo accompanied me to Zimbabwe. In 2011 the Theological College of Southern Africa and been “re-established” and is being enthusiastically embraced computers that are loaded with Bible programs to help the students in their studies. In 2011 Charlotte Stucki came to stay with my husband David and I for a month while we lived there, and during that time we travelled around the country holding meetings for the pastor’s wives. Most of these wives came in from the rural areas by whatever transport that was available. Below is the typical transport by bus. Otherwise, they just ride in the back of a pickup truck.



Once they had gathered, Charlotte, Bonnie, Julie and I were soon lost in the beautiful singing as these pastors’ wives glorified the Lord. We had promised the ladies that the work would continue. They had been faithful in meeting and encouraging one another. We did hear from the women in Bulawayo that they had been meeting on a monthly basis. This was very encouraging.

Julie Leo lives in South Africa and traveling to Zimbabwe with us was a return to the land of her birth, which was a special blessing. I asked our team to write about the trip in their own words. As you read these “testimonials” you will sense the heart of God for His dear children in Zimbabwe. All of us are already “homesick” and ready to go back!

Charlotte Stucki’s Report

(a pastor’s wife from Grand Rapids, Michigan)

In my wildest dreams, I could not have imagined that at the beginning of my eighth decade, the Lord would allow me to once again travel to Zimbabwe. I had left a piece of my heart there on the first trip in 2011. What a joy to be able to return to water some of the seeds that had been sown at that time and also to deepen the relationships that had begun.

It was a privilege to travel with three other grandmothers, Jewel, Bonnie, and Julie. We were jokingly dubbed the “Golden Girls” by some of the Zimbabweans. Truly our desire was to share the golden treasures of God’s Word.

As I reminisce about the trip, I see a kaleidoscope of precious faces with whom we had fellowship and were (hopefully) able to encourage. The Scripture that defined my particular part and purpose for the trip is found in Acts 14:22 where Paul returned to Lystra and “*Strengthened the souls of the disciples, and exhorted them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.*” The teaching focused on Jesus’ invitation to those who are weary and burdened to “*Come unto Me... Learn of me...Take my yoke upon you and... Find rest for your souls.*” We shared that “to learn of Jesus” equates to being a disciple, a learner. The root word for both ‘learn’ and ‘disciple’ is “*mathetes*” and

this is the lifelong secret of a life that is lived in the place of quiet rest in the Lord which also results in fruitfulness. As the branch rests in the Vine and quietly learns of Jesus, it bears fruit. And herein is the Father glorified.... so shall we be His disciples if we bear much fruit.

For me personally, the greatest blessing of the trip was the individual interactions that I was able to have. It is a joy to stand before a group and share God's Word, but it is also a great privilege to sit down one to one with a hungry soul and share the Bread of Life. Some of these relationships are ongoing through the marvels of instant communication, aka e-mail. My desire is to continue to strengthen the souls of these precious followers of Jesus and especially to nurture them in the True Gospel till they are *"no longer children tossed to and fro with every wind of doctrine"* but stand firmly against the currents of deception that are assaulting the church in Africa, as they are worldwide.

The fellowship that the four of us shared as we traveled the many miles from Johannesburg to Bulawayo to Gwanda to Gweru and back to South Africa was also very precious and unforgettable. Now that I am home I realize that I have left an even bigger piece of my heart there and only God knows if He will allow me to return again. I would do so in a heartbeat. Until then, I pray for the beautiful Body of Christ in Zimbabwe as well as those who will yet come to Christ because of their testimony.

Julie Leo's Report

(In charge the office in South Africa for both The Berean Call and Discernment Ministries)

It was early in the morning. The car was all packed and time for prayers and "goodbyes." Jewel, Charlotte, Bon and I were on our way to Zimbabwe. With a bit of mixed emotions, excited yet a little fearful (having never actually embarked on a drive of this distance...and crossing the border), we made our way towards Pretoria. After stopping for a quick breakfast and passing through several "toll-gates," Jewel our "navigator" (who blamed the map-book's unclear directions), missed our turn-off towards the Botswana border, which would have been our preferred route being quieter than Beitbridge. But, Beitbridge it was to be. Jewel managed to phone a friend who knew a friend who was stationed at Beitbridge and thankfully, with his help, we were able

to get through quite effortlessly. The heat was stifling and never before was I so grateful for "air-con" in the car. We left Beitbridge and started on our way towards Bulawayo.

By now the scenery around us had totally changed. I had forgotten how beautiful the Zimbabwe bush was – lovely and green with dense patches of the African Acacia trees, (flat-topped thorn trees), bold Baobab trees and huge granite boulders... all so familiar. The faded road-signs were unchanged as I remembered them 40 years ago. Emotions welmed up in me. I had to control myself. Didn't want to start tearing up in front of the ladies. On the long stretches of road it started to get dark and my night vision is terrible. I was so grateful when I came up behind a well-lit truck. I stuck behind him all the way into Bulawayo. Ah, Bulawayo...and yes, the streetlights were working. We booked into the Holiday Inn. As I opened the curtains, I saw Kennilworth Towers standing tall... another flood of memories. Johnny and I lived on the 11th floor of this apartment block many years ago.

Our hostess, Ramona Beam, a Missionary from USA, met us for breakfast at the Holiday Inn the following morning. As I was introduced to Ramona I was so aware of the fact that there truly are no strangers in the Body of Christ. There was a bond right away! Ramona very kindly opened her home to us and made us all feel like this was "home from home." Things were not "easy going" in Zimbabwe. There are water shortages resulting in water being rationed and electricity cuts. Although one can buy just about anything - it comes at a high price. Ramona had adapted well to Zim life. She was such a testimony to me personally. She left behind the comforts of home and her family to follow the call of the Lord upon her life and work in Africa.

Jewel pretty much organized our days for us. Having stayed in Bulawayo for a year in 2011, she had got to know places and people. The main objective of our visit was to meet the team running the Bible School in Bulawayo... and also hold meetings with the Pastors/Leaders Wives, the theme of which would be Discipleship.

Jewel also planned to teach arts and crafts and give ideas on what the women could do to help bring in an income. Bonnie, kept a diarized blog of our daily happenings. Her teaching to the women was on "Children and effective Children's Ministry." Bonnie

showed how important it was to make the lesson interesting by the use of props and puppets etc. Charlotte's clear teachings on Discipleship were a real blessing to us all. She encouraged the women to be 'Disciples' and to make Disciples.

The Ladies were encouraged to seek Jesus, not for the purpose of what He could give them materially, but for who He was as Lord and Savior... their relationship with Him was paramount! I enjoyed Char's sense of humor. We couldn't pass by anything or hear something that wasn't followed by "and therein lies a great spiritual lesson" and my personal favorite, "I'm just a little voice in the wilderness." Jewel coordinated the meetings and events and ministered to the women, exhorting them to love the Lord and stand steadfast in His Word, particularly in the day in which we are living.

I was the driver, and despite my "navigator" telling me to turn "left" while indicating "right," and showing me to go up when she actually meant down, I managed! Before leaving Kempton Park, I received a lecture from my husband, who told me to be very careful as the car was "quite low" to the ground. He also cautioned me about "pot-holes." I promised him that I would take good care of his car! There is a saying "what the eyes don't see... the heart won't grieve." Did we ever see potholes! After a heavy downpour near Gweru, I had to negotiate my way through three huge puddles of water that looked more like small dams. They were on the dirt road going in and out of Antelope Park where we stayed for the weekend. Fortunately, I did have a little practice some years prior to this, so the Lord had prepared me!

I simply have to mention our visit with Mamma and Pappa (Elinor and Geoffrey Mkwanasi) – an elderly couple who have been leaders in the church for many years. Mamma is the sweetest soul. She sits very prim and proper with her hands folded on her lap, clutching a beautiful lace-trimmed face-cloth that matches the color of her outfit. Her nurse and helper, Cathy, greets us with a tray of tea and biscuits (cookies). Then armed with a jug of water, a bowl and towel she goes around washing our hands. Next she kneels down in the center of the lounge and gives thanks to the Lord before we are given our tea. Mamma and Pappa had us over for a meal in their home and what a spread it was! A little bell was rung for attention from the kitchen staff and the next course was served. The Zimbabwe people live simply, work hard at earning a

living, but give out of the abundance of their own hearts. What a blessing and testimony they were to us.

The meetings we held in the days that followed were wonderful. When those voices rise in sweet harmony, unrehearsed yet sounding like a heavenly choir singing out "*Sweet Jesus... Sweet Jesus... what a wonder You are... You are brighter than the morning star... You're fairer much fairer than the lily that grows by the wayside, You are precious... more precious than gold*" – it's a "goosebump" moment. We just loved the women. At the end of the meetings they would come and express their love to us and appreciation for the ministry.

We also spent a day in Gwanda with women from the area. Again, we had an amazing time of fellowship with these precious women of God. Brother Tham, who assists with the Bible School, drove that morning in pouring rain. I was very grateful that I wasn't behind the wheel. The visibility was very bad.

Our last weekend was spent in Gweru. Jewel, Char and Bon spoke at the Minister's Conference and gave feedback of the meetings we had held with the women in Bulawayo and Gwanda. Jewel spoke about the Bible School that was being run by Pastor Anton Bosch. (The Bible School was a vision that was dear to Jewel's late husband, Travers van der Merwe!) Jewel encouraged the Harare people to sign up at the Bible School. Another goosebump moment for us was when a couple hundred voices sang out at the prompting of Jewel – "*Africa back to God*" – echoed by "*We are Singing... We are Bringing... Africa back to God.*"

Gweru for me personally was an adventure of note. This was my hometown. The place I grew up – all my childhood memories from Grade 1 through Senior School. It was here where I met and married Johnny. Our first child was born and my grandparents are buried in the Cemetery. I was excited to be back, and yet saddened by the extreme deterioration of what had once been the most beautiful little town – known for its huge "traffic circles" that were neatly manicured, dotted with shrubs and flowers. Now tall, uncut grass grows everywhere obscuring the beautiful suburbs for which Gwelo (now Gweru) had been known. In some places the roads had become sheer gravel with patches of tar here and there. The town was almost unrecognizable but for the few familiar landmarks such as Bogies Clock – and the Town House (municipal offices) – which seem to have been

recently painted. Our old house was also sad to see. I did recognize some of the trees that were planted by my Mother. We were invited to a barbeque on Sunday after church with friends that I had not seen in 40 years. It was wonderful to reunite with them all again.

Driving back to Bulawayo, I felt a little sore in my heart, however, at the same time I was reminded of the fact that “this world is not our home... nor is it our resting place.” These things shall perish but He remains. *“They shall wax old as doth a garment...and as a vesture they shall be folded up.”* Praise God!

Early the next morning we stood in a circle holding hands with our precious host Ramona, and we prayed together before we said our goodbyes. It all seemed over so quickly. A little over two weeks in Zim and now we were making our way back to South Africa. Arriving home that evening we found that Johnny had set the table and bought us “Nando’s chicken.” He had made a lovely salad with some baby potatoes to go with it. At each table setting was a large slab of Cadbury Chocolates! I know he was happy to see us safely home and that his car was in one piece.

Zimbabwe is a beautiful land, with fields *“white unto harvest”* but Laborers in the Truth of Gods Word are few. Apostasy has impacted many churches, captivating souls and leading them away from the simplicity that is found in Jesus. Beautiful voices are being drowned out by screaming PA systems. Teachings of “spiritual warfare,” “generational curses,” “health and wealth doctrine,” “demonology and deliverance,” and personal prophecies have made inroads into the church of God bringing much confusion and fear. Jewel and Char were asked to speak at two separate venues one evening where they were by God’s grace able to share Truths from God’s Word... steadfast and immovable!

Looking back on our visit and ministry there in Zim, it would seem like such a small contribution in such short time, I find myself wondering about the fruits of our visit. Then I’m reminded of the small contribution made by a little boy of a few fishes and loaves given to Jesus who blessed it and multiplied it to feed many. We do the same with our small contribution into His vineyard and trust Him to multiply His Word and feed the hungry.

After being with these precious women (Jewel, Char and Bon) I find myself missing my sisters in the Lord and longing to see them again one days oon, I hope if

not here on this earth - then in Glory with Jesus! What a wonderful hope we have.

Bonnie Cullen’s Report

(From Pennsylvania)

As I write this, I’m sipping a cup of rooibos tea from the red bush of Africa. We ladies drank a lot of rooibos, traditional tea and cappuccino coffee in our African travels. Jewel seemed to know the location of every coffee shop in Zimbabwe! And about Jewel... she was a real trouper. She broke her arm a few weeks prior to our departure but persevered through her pain so the women’s conferences could be held on schedule.

What an amazing blessing and privilege to be invited to be a team member on this mission trip! I learned so much about God’s Word, the Zimbabwe people and culture. Jewel, Charlotte and Julie are all wonderfully knowledgeable of the Scriptures being followers of Christ Jesus as young children and blessed with solid teaching in God’s Word. Although I attended Sunday school, church, , sang in all the youth choirs growing up, and belonged to many churches as an adult, I was not taught God’s truth so I didn’t ask God to be the Lord of my life until I was an older adult.

In Zimbabwe I was assigned to teach the pastor/leader’s wives on discipleship for children. Teaching children is a very dear subject to me considering my testimony of not being taught as a child the truth of Jesus’ words *“I am the way, the truth and the light. No one comes to the Father except through me.”* My concern now is that, since God has no grandchildren, we desperately need to teach our children and grandchildren from infancy of God’s saving grace through Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Our children can be easily deceived by the world and the temptation of material wealth and technology.

Many of our woman students made great sacrifices to attend the conferences by traveling early and walking great distances to get to the meeting facilities. It was indeed an honor to minister to them and hopefully to have been an encouragement. I probably offered the “comic relief” to our teaching as had I brought along an African family of puppets to assist me with my presentation. “Cindy” and “Mama” helped me with demonstrating lessons for children. Even the pastors paid notice when “Cindy” spoke!

I was amazed and very disappointed that the lovely

people of Zimbabwe are being taught the prosperity gospel, “name it and claim it” prayer process, and are being told that generational curses are the cause of their poverty. But then why would I be amazed since they too can view via satellite dish the false teaching presented on our American “Christian” stations. However, in sitting under the teaching of Char, Jewel and Julie, the pastor/leader’s wives were encouraged by “generational blessings” in the scriptures and instructed to be discerning.

Two observations really stood out. (1) Every denomination of church/religion has a foothold in this part of the world. The ones especially teaching “another Jesus” seem to have the bigger and better buildings. (2) Even though the Internet statistics state unemployment in Zimbabwe is 80-95%, both men and women are busy in the cities being entrepreneurs. Huge outdoor markets were set up in common areas. Street vendors had their produce stands along the roadways, and even directly on sidewalks in front of food markets. They push carts to the intersections with their wares and walk the street carrying mops, brooms and fruit to solicit your business.

The people of Zimbabwe are sweet, endearing souls. The children are precious! I wanted to photograph every baby tied to his mommy’s back! I marveled at the maturity of a 14 year old boy who read scriptures for Charlotte as she taught in a home in the African community one Wednesday night. The young people insisted that they carry our bags when we arrived at the teaching facilities and graciously greeted us on our travels.

I was fascinated by God’s creation in this beautiful land. The summer season while we were there gave forth colorful flowering trees and wild flowers. Birds not common to the North American continent were plentiful. We even had a brief occasion to see giraffe, zebra, lions, and a few other African animals. My camera was always at hand and I’m certain I was quite annoying clicking away as we traveled around.

Several friends asked how I adjusted to the food in Africa. I had no difficulty! Our missionary hostess in Zimbabwe, Ramona, and Julie kindly prepared wonderful meals. I never ate so much dessert! I got to enjoy traditional African food: farmers sausage, sadza (like American grits) and a tomato based gravy. We were hosted by our African students in one of our translator’s home and by African church leaders who

are called “Mama and Papa” to what were literal feasts!

What did I miss most? Besides my husband... my “TempurPedic” mattress! But God was even good in that respect. I was able to sleep well no matter where we were – with the exception of the four airplanes traveling to and from South Africa via Frankfurt, Germany.

Would I go back to Africa? Absolutely! And when I return, with God’s help, it will be to teach and minister to the Africans. Hopefully, I can spend time helping in the Bulawayo orphanage and in the country villages.

Please consider donating to the Bible College in Zimbabwe. *“Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”* Proverbs 22:6. And please hold the college in prayer for financial backing and personnel support.

I thank God for this opportunity to teach in Africa, for my sisters in Christ, Jewel, Julie, Charlotte and Ramona and for my new found brothers and sisters in Zimbabwe!

“Thinking Outside the Box”

An excerpt from Tamara Harzell’s new online book
“Reimagining” God

The importance of the Word of God simply cannot be overstated. Without it we do not have the truth, faith, or salvation of God. And without the truth, faith, and salvation of God, we do not have God. Scripture is replete with teachings and warnings that make this perfectly clear. One example of many is 2 John 1:9:

“Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.”

Where do we get the *doctrine* of Christ in which we are to abide to have God? From *the Word of God*.

“But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All scripture is given by inspiration

of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.” (2 Timothy 3:14-16)

“Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.” (1 Peter 1:23-25)

“So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.” (Romans 10:17)

It is the faith of *God* that comes by *the Word of God*. Not only does the Word of God give us the truth and faith we are to *believe* in order to *have* God, but it also gives us the truth and faith we are to *obey* in order to *please* and *serve* God. And yet people in today’s Christianity are no longer willing to accept this faith as is. Rather than simply *believe* and *obey*, people want the freedom to “rethink” and “reimagine” God and His Word into a fashion that they *are* willing to accept and, incredibly, even go so far as to claim that God’s own Word of truth puts *God* in a “box.” In other words, they want the truth and faith of God set “free” from the Word of God. Thus, they do not see the Word of God as *the truth* but as merely a “*story*” with “changeable” and “debatable” “*metaphor*” that can be interpreted and retold however anyone chooses. This then gives people their desired freedom to “think outside the box” where they can conveniently “reimagine” their *own* “story” of who they “rethink” God to be.

Naturally, whether or not these stories line up with God’s Word is irrelevant to those who prefer to “think outside the box” of God’s Word. In fact, if they did line up with the Word of God then it would defeat their purpose of “thinking *outside* the box.” And since “rethinking” and “reimagining” God and His Word is what people today actually want, they are turning to fables for their faith and “truth.” Fables are not the truth, and the truth is not a fable. This is why God’s Word warns that people are turning *away from the truth* and unto fables. Nevertheless, more and more people are trying to turn *fables* into the *truth*—i.e., “*reimaginings*” into *reality*—and are dancing around in circles desperately trying to bring the two together as one in a harmonious relationship. This is, in essence, turning the light off to look for “truth” in the corner of a dark round room.

“The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.” (Psalm 119:130)

“But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!” (Matthew 6:23)

“And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov’d. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.” (John 3:19-21)

The light of God’s Word is just too bright for today’s light-intolerant eyes. More and more people are seeking relief outside the “box” and are intentionally turning away from the Word of God, away from the truth, away from the faith, trying to “find God” in the darkness. However, in the darkness people can no longer tell the difference between what is true and what is false, even when it is *obvious*. And as a result, they are blindly bearing with those who present them with “*another Jesus*,” “*another spirit*,” and “*another gospel*” that deceptively affirm their shift from light to darkness, and even lead them astray to *another* “God.” But they don’t see it that way. Since people imagine that *God’s* Word of truth is just a *manmade* “box” from which *God* and His *truth* need to be set free, they see it as simply a matter of “finding God” wherever they choose to look. Sadly, this rapidly increasing deception is clearly seen in today’s shifting Christianity.

“For if he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, whom we have not preached, or if ye receive another spirit, which ye have not received, or another gospel, which ye have not accepted, ye might well bear with him.” (2 Corinthians 11:4)

*“I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel: which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ.... But I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is **not after man**. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.” (Galatians 1:6-7, 11-12)*

*“For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it **not as the word of men**, but as it is in truth, the word of God,*

which effectually worketh also in you that believe.” (1 Thessalonians 2:13)

Since more and more people in today’s shifting Christianity are rejecting the Word of God as the word of *man*, and even accepting the word of man as the word of *God*, one needn’t go far to see the many counterfeits being sold to the eager buyers who see no need to beware. In fact, since people now imagine that outside the “box” of God’s Word is the “genuine” and inside the “box” of God’s Word is the “counterfeit” they will only see a need to beware of God’s Word inside the “box.” Thus, reviling those who believe the genuine is the genuine and the counterfeits are the counterfeit, they are heeding those who believe the counterfeits are the “genuine” and the genuine is the “counterfeit” because the counterfeits are the “genuine” they are *willing* to accept. But, naturally, those who prefer to “think outside the box” don’t see it that way.

Many people are likewise choosing to see man’s *fables* as the “*truth*” about God because man’s fables are a “reimagined” “truth” they are *willing* to accept. Absurdly, those who seek to justify “reimagining” God and His Word even claim that Jesus taught parables in order to *teach truth* to the multitudes. This claim in itself “reimagines” God’s Word in order to justify “reimagining” God’s Word. Jesus Himself gave the reason for His parables, which is the opposite of man’s imaginations in more ways than one. He spoke in parables to keep the truth away from those who did not have ears to hear and had already chosen to close their eyes and ears to the truth. Sadly, some things never change.

“And they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.” (2 Timothy 4:4)

*“Who hath ears to hear, let him hear. And the disciples came, and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. **Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.... For this people’s heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes they have closed; lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their***

ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted, and I should heal them. But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear.” (Matthew 13:9-13, 15-16)

If that isn’t clear enough:

*“And he said, Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God: but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see, and hearing they might not understand.... **Take heed therefore how ye hear:** for whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even **that which he seemeth to have.**” (Luke 8:10, 18)*

Those who have chosen to turn their ears away from the truth and unto fables only *seem* to have the truth. The truth is “Thus saith God,” “Thus saith the Lord,” and “It is written.” This is the *settled* truth of God, which He has recorded for us in His Word. God’s truth *is* what it *is* and never changes despite man’s never-ending vain attempts to “rethink” and “reimagine” God’s Word for God. Truth tells us *what is* and *what is right or wrong*. Stories are the *opposite*. Stories are relativism and allow each person to decide *for themselves* what they want the meaning to be. This is exactly the freedom desired by those who are shifting from truth to fables. They want the *freedom of uncertainty* rather than the *what is of certainty*....

“He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.” (John 12:48)

Read the rest of this chapter and the “*Reimagining*” God book online at <http://www.inthenameofpurpose.org>

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