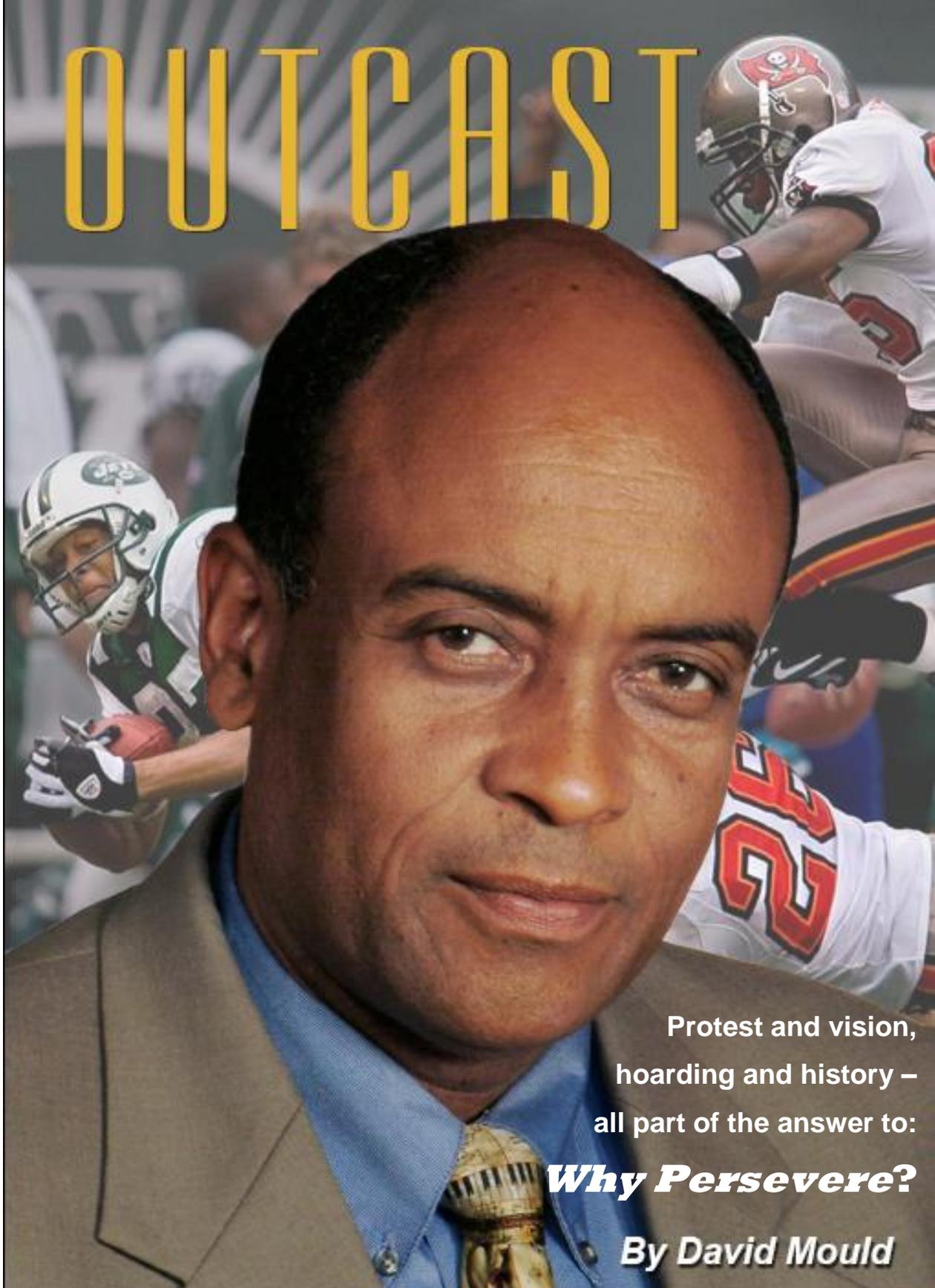


OUTCAST



Protest and vision,
hoarding and history –
all part of the answer to:

Why Persevere?

By David Mould

OUTCAST

By David Mould.



Nailing his theses to the castle church door at
Wittenberg, Germany, on October 31st, 1517.

Martin Luther:

1483 - 1546

F O R E W A R D

Two statements from the pen of **Mrs. Ellen G. White** bear on the following compendium:

- i. “We should remember that the church, enfeebled and defective though it be, is the only object on earth on which Christ bestows His supreme regard. He is constantly watching it with solicitude, and is strengthening it by His Holy Spirit.” 2SM 396.

- ii. “The church may appear as about to fall, but it does not fall. It remains, while the sinners in Zion will be sifted out – the chaff separated from the precious wheat. This is a terrible ordeal, but nevertheless it must take place. None but those who have been overcoming by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony will be found with the loyal and true, without spot or stain of sin, without guile in their mouths.”
Maranatha, page 32.

With these statements in mind, one could easily fall into the trap of thinking the believer has little to do in ensuring the ultimate victory of God’s church, but that’s not true! *Without God, we*

cannot, without us, He will not – so the saying goes. One only has to look at the Protestant Reformation to see this principle at work. Back then it took an angry **Luther** placing his theses on a church door in Wittenberg to provide the spark for the greatest revival since Pentecost. Anger is not always bad. Wrote Luther:

“I never work better than when I am inspired by anger. When I am angry, I can write, pray, and preach well, for then my whole temperament is quickened, my understanding sharpened, and all mundane vexations and temptations depart.”

God cares for His church. It is the only object on earth on which He bestows His supreme regard. His church will not fall, but the sinners in Zion will be sifted out. These are foundational principles; Luther’s comments only tangential – perhaps! On the surface one could conclude this, yet the two are not incompatible. Was not Luther’s anger an evidence of God’s care for His church?

Come now to our day. While some have withdrawn from the Seventh-day Adventist Church in disgust (declaring her fallen, a daughter of Babylon, her neo-Pentecostal drift well nigh irreparable) I disagree, believing that wherever possible it is better to stay in the church, to channel one’s anger and pain into legitimate, effective *protest* from within. Revival can come, must come to God’s remnant. That the following pages will provide the definitive spark for the Pentecostal outpouring of God’s Holy Spirit upon His church, is the prayer of the author.

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I N T R O D U C T I O N

Sensing the time for the loud cry ripe, the following pages have been prepared. Several chapters contain extracts from historians unknown to most. In connecting the dots provided by each, it is our prayer that an accurate profile of the *man of sin* will have emerged – a profile so horrible in its wickedness as to compel you, dear reader, to come to the front, to put on the armor of Christ and to help echo heaven’s final cry: “Come out of her my people!”

The tapestry against which the author’s sense of urgency derives, this profile compels action, not all directed at Babylon either. Surely some must be directed toward the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, whose silence in the face of such incredible wealth as is hers, must be protested. Rome is on the move. There’s no time for political correctness here. And no time for hoarding God’s tithe.

Yet if it’s a time for protest, it’s also time for bold initiatives. Elder Steed’s comments about the days of *The Great Controversy* being “numbered” are not hyperbole. They are fact. His comments may be seen on the companion 2 DVD set, **More Than Waco**, which can be ordered at our website. This book in your hands, *Outcast*, owes its existence to Elder Steed’s warning, which convulsed me. It made me want to scream at the church: “*How can*

you sit on a billion dollar pool of tithe funds now?" It also reminded me of our prayer in 1989 when we asked God to help us publish the very best edition of *The Great Controversy* the world would ever see. Combining the text from the 1911 edition of *The Great Controversy* with 450 spectacular photographs from artist and historian **James Arrabito**, in partnership with God we'd published *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* in 1990. Now here was Elder Steed telling us its days were numbered!

Inextricably intertwined with our protest over the church's hoarding of tithe, therefore, is our prayer for the resources and marketing acumen to republish and distribute 100,000,000 copies of this now dormant classic. Once again I believe heaven has answered, this time choosing Islam as the vehicle for bringing this book to the world. How? The details are in Chapter 8.

To think these pages started out as nothing more than a commentary about the Adventist Super Bowl ad! Somewhere along the line I believe the Holy Spirit took over – Babylon's history evidently warranting much more than the few sentences we'd given it. Hopefully what's in our book now will whet your appetite for the real bomb: *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*.

Proceeds from the sale of *Outcast* and its companion DVDs will help us reprint *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*. Donations may also be made at our website: www.lrltv.org.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

THE BATTLE *of* BRITAIN



St. Paul's Cathedral

(12-29-1940)

Chapter 1

A Visit With

Ted Wilson

Why was I there? Why had I gone? And why had I come so early? There are times when I've been motivated by little more than an "itch in my soul," a hunch, an impression – maybe the voice of the Holy Spirit – call it what you will. This was one of those times. I remember that visit with then Vice President Ted Wilson like it was yesterday. Arriving hours early for our appointment at the General Conference office at Silver Spring, I'd dutifully taken a seat in the lobby. There, as the hours slowly drifted by, doubts began to creep in. Why had I flown all the way from Florida that morning anyway? He'd said come, but really, why go to begin with? What did I hope to accomplish? Was this nothing more than renewing an old acquaintance?

Growing increasingly unsure of the entire trip, I waited, eyes lazily wandering around, watching the flow of pastors and

esteemed brethren going about their duties. At one point Pastor C.D. Brooks, whom I knew and highly respected, strolled by not twenty feet away. My instinct was to walk up to him and greet him, but I refrained. Wanting to remain as unobtrusive as possible I stayed glued to my chair. Though I might not have known all the reasons why I'd gone, I sensed the importance of my 1:00 meeting with Elder Wilson and just didn't want any red flags being waved in his face before we chatted. Wanting neither to be seen nor heard, I kept as quiet as a church mouse under the searching gaze of the security cameras that had to have been there.

Much too slowly for my liking, the minutes ticked by. Becoming impatient over the wait, I decided to take the visitors' tour. Looking back at it now, about the only thing I remember of that tour is Alfred Lee's panoramic depiction of the first vision given by God to one of the church's founders, Mrs. Ellen G. White. A thoughtful, painstaking exercise in artistic excellence, that painting had to have taken months to complete. Lee's attention to detail, the colors, the expressions on the faces, everything was so vividly portrayed it made me want to be there, walking with fellow pilgrims up that steep path then swinging across the abyss on the cords provided, straight into the city of God. Unfortunately, some pilgrims never made it. Did they take their eyes off the path? We don't know, but you could see them falling. Instead of focusing on these poor souls (any one of whom could have been me) my eyes were drawn to the striking ethnic portrayal of Jesus that dominated the painting. I don't like ethnic portrayals of Christ.

Lee's painting reminded me of one I'd seen in the early 1980s while on a mission trip to the Camp Sampaguita prison in Manila, Philippines. Depicting Jesus as possessing oriental eyes, it hung in the lobby of the Adventist hospital, a testament to somebody's overactive imagination. I'd never seen anything like it. Preaching in the maximum security prison and baptizing inmates was memorable, so too were the multicolored images tattooed all over the bodies of so many prisoners. The most vivid memory for me, however, had to have been those eyes. I suppose there's something about Christ every ethnic group wants to claim, or identify with, but I find it sufficient merely to ponder the various blood lines of Jesus found in the Bible. Did the same pedigree revealed about Joseph hold true for Mary? After all, as far as Jesus' appearance goes, hers was the only pedigree that mattered. Did she have Moabite blood too? What if she did? Did any of this really matter?

Making it back to my seat in the lobby, I continued the wait until Elder Wilson's secretary finally came to fetch me. At least three hours had gone by. Why had I arrived so early? You know what they say about black folk – we're always late. Well, not this time. Having escorted me to the elevator, Sister Kitching led the way up a few flights then along the short walk to the foyer outside Elder Wilson's office. There we paused until in a few minutes he rounded the corner. Oh, this was a surprise: guess who was with him? Televangelist Mark Finley, who startled me by his response to Elder Wilson's question: "Mark, do you know David Mould?"

“Why yes,” Brother Finley warmly answered, “weren’t you involved in prison ministry?” Those prison ministry years had been among my best, but how did he know anything about them?

PART 1: PRISON MINISTRY MEMORIES

Besides those trips to Manila (which my wife and I had taken to encourage Brother and Sister Bontilao, our two workers there) we’d had several memorable experiences behind bars. It all began on a Friday night in 1972. I was not yet baptized, but before going to bed that night I’d asked the Lord to give me “my best Sabbath ever.” Bypassing more than a dozen churches the next morning, as was my custom I made my way from the Bronx to the Springfield Gardens Church in Queens, New York. There, one of the members of the prison ministry team, Jimmy Watkins, extended an invitation to me that was to change my life. “Dave,” he said, “why don’t you come join us for prison ministry this morning?”

Saying yes meant leaving church during Sabbath School and driving over to the Queens House of Detention for the 11:00 service. Having never gone to prison before, I was quite curious and yielded to the invitation. I really can’t recall feeling anything in particular as those huge iron doors swung shut behind us: no apprehension, no nervousness, nothing, just curiosity. What did

strike me as we got off the elevator, however, was the ocean of mostly black humanity that greeted us in the 11th floor gymnasium, our makeshift chapel.

It's true, first impressions do last. Aside from the eager throng that greeted us, I can still remember the tracks in the arms of some of the men, a clear sign of current or prior drug addiction. Oh, but the songs they sang! Pouring heart and soul and body into it, they belted out songs this twenty two year old Jamaican boy had never before heard. One of them I'll never forget.

*“There was a woman in the Bible days
She had been sick, sick so very long ...”*

I cry easily. Always have. This was one of those days. Standing there in that huge gymnasium and taking it all in was just too much for me. So this was where the black men were – maybe hundreds of them that Sabbath morning – i.e., in jail! Not that there weren't White and Spanish brothers there too, but the overwhelming image assaulting me that day was of my being in the belly of a giant slave ship carrying its cargo of black humanity. By the time the preacher stood up to deliver his sermon, I'd already bonded. In fact, before he opened his mouth I'd be entranced. His name? Calvin Savage, incarcerated for double homicide. I'd never heard a murderer preach before.

“When she heard that Jesus was passing by

So she joined the gathering throng...”

Savage’s sermons were gripping. One day he told us about a Muslim brother in Sing Sing prison who’d actually kicked his (i.e., Savage’s) Bible out of his hands. “Once upon a time,” he said, shaking his head, “once upon a time ...” We were left to imagine what he’d have done to that man once upon a time, but what was important was this time. This time, he said, he calmly picked up his Bible and continued reading.

Oh, the zeal in that man. The certainty in that man. The power in that man. I wanted more, much more of whatever he had. Little did I know it at the time, but for years that day would become the benchmark against which I’d measure everything. Contrasting what I’d seen in this murderer-turned-preacher with what I saw in my college and university professors ... that just made my college career seem more and more irrelevant. I wanted what Savage had. In him was life!

Making my way home that evening, it was as though I was walking on air. I was actually on the Flushing Train headed in to Times Square when it hit me: “Hey, David, last night didn’t you ask the Lord for your best Sabbath ever?”

“Yes I did.”

“Well you just got it.”

For the next two years there was hardly a Sabbath that didn't find me in some prison or another. During this period I wouldn't hear very many sermons in church, for by 10:30 our team had to hit the road. Going to church on a Sabbath morning now meant going to prison. 'Church' was now prison. That's where I'd be fed. That's where I'd do most of my growing.

Among the high points of those early years? Preaching my first sermon at the Rikers Island prison. I'd been running a high fever that day, yet had been so excited at the prospects of preaching the word of God it would have taken wild horses charging into the chapel to stop me. Watching men and women respond over the years, watching the tears, listening to the testimonies – this became my joy, my life. It was all so addictive I could never get enough. Sure there were phonies who'd come to the services just to check out the women, but the Spirit of God would sometimes use even these to grip them. Many a man, confessing the impurity of his motive in coming to our services, would testify of having walked back to his cell block encouraged, with a song in his heart and a new found interest in his Bible.

By 1975 I'd branch out on my own, exporting to Jamaica what I'd learned as a volunteer in New York. Getting into Jamaica's prisons was no easy task. Having secured an appointment with the Commissioner at the time, I eagerly shared some of the experiences we'd had in New York. He, however, was not in the least impressed. No, I would not be allowed in as a volunteer. A year or

so later when he was replaced, I tried again and was successful. This time not only would I be accepted as a volunteer, but like the leader of the SDA prison ministry in New York City, Roy Adams, I too got a job with the Department of Corrections. Having been hired as a Senior Probation and Parole officer meant I'd have access to the prisons of Jamaica and allowed me to approach each institution with a proposal for conducting ministry behind bars on the week-ends. We were never turned down.

To be sure, prison ministry meant much more than just preaching. It was family ministry in every sense of the word. In an effort to bridge the gap between the often forgotten convict and his or her family, I'd sometimes end up traveling far across the island to areas and communities I didn't even know existed, all in search of the elusive inmates' homes. Mostly poor, these families were always quite happy to hear about their loved ones. Sometimes all they could send back might have been a tube of toothpaste or an item of clothing, but I was always the richer for the trip, praying with whom I could, encouraging where there was opportunity, and pointing always to the one God and Father of us all. Slippery Gut, Adelphi P. O., is coming to mind as I type these lines. I wouldn't know how to get there today, but I can still remember the inmate on whose behalf I traveled there thirty six years ago. Wherever you are today, Thelma, God bless you.

There was just one problem; the little struggle buggy I drove was no match for the Jamaican roads. You'll find this hard to

believe, but one day while ministering at an orphanage for boys, the Stony Hills Boys Home, the door and the trunk of the little yellow Mini I drove both fell off. I desperately needed a vehicle. Fortunately, God knew it too. Applying to the Department of Corrections for an automobile loan (they granted those to workers in those days) I'd find out I was one of forty who'd applied that year. Being the new kid on the block, however, meant I was dead last on the totem pole, workers with seniority having been given due preference. Weeks went by. I think I must have become a pest to the Deputy Commissioner in whose portfolio those loans rested, for I'd constantly check on the progress of my application. Becoming restless at the process, I finally asked him to give me my application and allow me to walk it through the several steps needed for approval. "It'll do you no good," he assured me, "I haven't signed it."

Nevertheless he gave me. This next to impossible task of lobbying for the loan required my becoming familiar with, then weaving my way through, several layers of civil service bureaucracy. Undaunted I'd set out, determined to carry it as far as I could. Looking back now, I think watching this harebrained worker must have been quite amusing to my bosses and the staff at the Department of Corrections, for as far as I knew nothing like it had ever been attempted before. Imagine: a lowly worker in the government service of Jamaica thinking he could get an automobile loan without the signature of his superiors! What they didn't know was how hard I'd been praying and Whose impres-

sions I was following. My struggle buggy was dead; I needed a car. Determined to open every prison in Jamaica to our ministry, I pleaded with God for that car.

The first hurdle I'd face was at an office in New Kingston. Knowing nobody there, I proceeded inside and handed the application to the person to whom the receptionist had directed me. "Are you related to Carey Mould?" he asked. Startled, I looked through the glass at the smiling man who, seeing my name on the application, had just directed his question to me.

"That's my brother," I responded.

"Your brother?" he questioned. "Carey Mould from the Ministry of Agriculture?"

"Oh that's my father," I replied.

When I'd heard "Carey" I automatically thought of my younger brother, my father's given name being Sydney. At that time I thought I pretty much knew all Dad's friends – they'd all showed up at our home to play bridge or to socialize on the verandah, so I thought – but I didn't know this one. My father had earned quite a reputation in government circles for his analysis of figures and his ability to author winning government proposals. Former Head Boy of Cornwall College and head of the Cornwall College Old Boy's Association, he belonged to a fraternity of scholars to which I had only limited exposure. One thing I do know; to this day his picture

still hangs in one of the gymnasiums in Montego Bay where as a young man he'd performed his feats of strength. Strong as an ox but intemperate in his habits, Dad had just died. So who was this man before me invoking his pet name? Using the word "Carey" meant he was probably one of my father's friends ... one of his drinking buddies, maybe?

Bottom line: the first hurdle along the path to that car – a path I'd imagined strewn with obstacles – turned out to be no hurdle at all. In fact my quest was over. Not one more step of walking through the maze of bureaucracy with my application was required. In less than a month I'd be driving a brand new Mitsubishi Lancer, courtesy of the government of Jamaica which had provided the loan. It had been so easy. Adding insult to injury, however, right after I got the car the government announced there'd be no more automobile loans to Civil Servants, the country's foreign exchange situation having become precarious. Translated: there was no money to purchase any more cars.

Have you grasped everything I've just said? Forty applications had been submitted from the Department of Corrections and only one was approved – mine – and that without departmental approval! By itself that made me realize I was right where God had put me. For the time, at least, prison ministry in Jamaica would be my calling, yet I had to have been blind and stupid not to realize how much I'd be hated for having acquired that car. Sure enough it would bite me in the end too, but how was I supposed to know the

Lord would lead me directly to someone who: (a) knew my father, (b) either had the authority to approve that loan himself, or (c) knew the process well enough to put it on a fast track for approval? “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go,” God had declared through David, “I will guide thee with mine eye.” Psalm 32:8. Never was that promise proven more accurate than in my quest for a car at the Department of Corrections in 1976. God still answers prayer, you hear me?

With that little blue Lancer at our disposal, our team of young, eager volunteers did so much more in ministry. Sabbath after Sabbath saw that car crammed with volunteers from Andrews Church on Hope Road in Kingston racing from prison to prison with the gospel. Oh, those were the days! Sometimes I’d preach in three or four prisons on one Sabbath, starting on Death Row at the largest of Jamaica’s prisons, the St. Catherine District Prison in Spanish Town. As was my custom on Death Row, we’d lead out with student nurses from the Andrews Hospital who sang as they walked up and down the lone aisle separating the 30 or so cells.

One nurse in particular, Miriam Daley, I’ll never forget, for it was her guitar and the nurses accompanying her in song that often got the men in the mood for worship. We could tell when they were ready too. Though their faces might have been hardened and their bodies scarred, their feet, poking through the steel bars behind which they were confined, could often be seen keeping time to the music. Once those toes started to move, I knew half the battle was

won. Dahanna Baxter, Carol Stephenson, Claudette [Joy] Madden, Ann Brennan, Dasmine Kirlew, Zelma from Miami: those angels in disguise did a work the value of which will never be known until Jesus Himself reveals it to them. Many a murderer, finding it expedient to keep it quiet for the moment, may have given his heart to God as a result of their ministry. Quite frankly, I think almost anyone could have stood up to preach when those nurses were through, for those men had been transported in spirit and were now ready for the word of God. “If music be the food of love,” Shakespeare wrote, “play on.” Oh friend, believe me, that’s true for spiritual music too. Play on! Play on!

One Sabbath after the nurses had played and the sermon had ended, an inmate beckoned me to his cell. “Sir,” he said, “I am a Seventh-day Adventist.” While defending his father on a construction site, he’d stabbed a man to death and was now scheduled to die. His one chance, his one hope, was the Privy Council in England to which he’d appealed. This appeal, going as it did through King’s House, the office of the Governor-General of Jamaica, gave me a chance to quietly ask questions on his behalf. Within a short time I’d discover his fate too, another of my father’s friends at King’s House having told me all I needed to know.

An intelligent, fair and humble man, my father had no enemies that I knew of, except, perhaps, his oldest son, who actually drew a knife on him during a regrettable episode that occurred during his teenage years. Hormones? No, this was self will, stubbornness,

defiance. Though Dad had died within two years of my return to Jamaica, the scenarios with the loan and the Privy Council both showed his legacy to be strong, staring me in my face, making plain the truth of these inspired words: “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.” Proverbs 22:1. Thanks dad.

Returning to Death Row I whispered the good news to the prisoner – he would not be hung – and told him to keep it quiet. What a wish! I’d been so naïve. Blazing the matter abroad, he seemed to have told everyone about his soon to be announced reprieve. Unfortunately, news of the rejoicing swiftly reached the ears of the Commissioner of the Department of Corrections, Dudley Allen, my boss. Of obvious interest to him was how a peon like me could have discovered the prisoner wasn’t going to be hung. It appears not even he knew. Asking me point blank how I’d found out, I told him the truth ... only to have our ministry promptly banned from Death Row. I would never return.

*“She cried: Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord
She said if I could just touch the hem of his garment
I know I’ll be made whole.”*

Prior to this incident, my Sabbath routine had often gone like this: after ministering on Death Row at the St. Catherine District Prison, or “DP” as it was called, I’d join the general prison population in a service on the compound. From there it would be a

short drive over to the St. Jago Correctional Center for Women (where I met Thelma). There we conducted yet another service. From that institution we'd drive roughly half an hour to the Fort Augusta Prison for one more. Once a British fort guarding Kingston Harbour, Fort Augusta had been converted into a prison and held several hundred men. From there we'd drive to the second largest of Jamaica's prisons, the General Penitentiary, for yet one more service. 'GP' is located in downtown Kingston right next to the Kingston Harbour. In my day it held close to 1,000 prisoners.

Time doesn't allow me to tell you of the friendships made over the years, or of the riot that occurred just days before our first baptism. When that riot was over, I remember it so well, the cells had to be washed down with hoses because of the volume of blood shed. With nerves on the compound raw and tempers still hot, I doubted whether Superintendent Jackson, the Superintendent of the penitentiary, would allow our baptism that Sabbath, but approached him nonetheless. Eleven prisoners had committed their lives to Christ and were scheduled for the ordinance. After two days of mulling it over, he cautiously said yes.

Excited? You bet. That service was the first baptismal service broadcast on the island. The speaker that Sunday? Twenty six year old David Mould. The baptism itself would be conducted by a bona fide Seventh-day Adventist pastor, Roy Gordon. On my way to the prison that morning I'd have my first automobile accident, wouldn't you know it, having collided with a goat along the

Spanish Town Road. In that collision somehow my speed got transferred to the goat, who, to my utter amazement, skated on all fours beside the car for what seemed like an incredible five seconds. Not even Bolt would have caught him, that's how fast he was going; yet he eventually got up and continued walking as if nothing had happened.

As for my car? Checking it when I got to the prison I'd discover the front was bashed in like I'd run into the back of a truck. First the riot, then this! Was somebody trying to tell us something? Though that breakthrough service had a ripple effect that eventually got me fired from the Department of Corrections, the bottom line is this: Satan's best efforts at blocking that historic baptism had been thwarted. All of this was in the pool of memories stirred up by Elder Finley's question in that foyer.

So what was it that got me fired in Jamaica? What was it that severed my relationship with the Department of Corrections? Believe it or not it was the publicity generated by the baptism, which had been broadcast across the entire island. Our local conference president left no doubt about the issue, having told me to my face: "all I'm reading about in the newspapers is David Mould, David Mould." Yet I never expected he'd come to my workplace and visit my boss. I don't know what was said behind closed doors, but the Commissioner's last words before firing me were: "you can't even get along with your own church." Fired, for overproduction. Fired because of success. The lesson: don't shine

too brightly as a layman in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Some in the clergy simply can't handle it.

Prison ministry had become my life; if I couldn't work for the Lord in Jamaica, I wasn't going to stay in the island. Discouraged, I'd return to America in 1977 to continue working on my Masters at Columbia University, little dreaming that even that firing was part of God's plan for my life. Looking back on it now, however, it's oh so clear. For me to fulfill God's plan for my life, it was necessary for me to return to the land where I'd been converted.

Shortly after returning to America something quite remarkable did occur too – something so profound I'd have occasion to ponder it hundreds of times over the next thirty years. Here's the story. While attending the East Orange Seventh-day Adventist Church one Sabbath, I quietly prayed to God even as the pastor was delivering his sermon to a packed house. Though there in body, my mind was elsewhere. I wanted desperately to be used by God and took time that morning to remind Him. Head bowed while seated in the midst of the congregation, I asked the Lord to make me an evangelist. "If you can use me, please use me," I pleaded. Barely an half an hour later, in the midst of hundreds of people who were leaving the church, the Missionary Volunteer leader somehow found me. Weaving her way through the crowd and rushing up to me she fairly blurted out the following request: "Brother Mould, Brother Mould, we're having a play in the church later on this year and we're asking if you'd play the part of the Apostle Paul."

In an instant tears came tumbling down my cheeks. Puzzled, the dear sister asked what was wrong. Had she said anything wrong? No she hadn't. How was she to know I'd just poured out my heart to the Lord, confessing my flaws, my weaknesses, yet asking Him to make me an evangelist? There in that church foyer, so full, so teeming with humanity (and so soon after I'd prayed) had come the call to play the part of the greatest evangelist who'd ever lived! In retrospect, that play in the church was irrelevant. Looking beyond her call, however, to the greater urgency and need in my life, what was I to think? Was this request mere coincidence? Never! God doesn't mock us. Jesus put it this way: "Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Mat. 7:9-11.

After all the twists and turns my life has taken over the years, is that call to play the part of the Apostle Paul still in effect? I've pondered this long and hard myself, sometimes wondering at the mysterious providence that's kept us going while other ministries, more prosperous and outwardly more secure than ourselves, have fallen by the wayside – yea, that providence that has kept us going in spite of blow after blow that could easily have wiped us out.

"Fear thou not," God declared through Isaiah, "for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee;

yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contended with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold, I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff. Thou shalt fan them, and the wind shall carry them away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them: and thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel.” Isaiah 41:10-16.

A year after that encounter in the church foyer, I’d drop out of Columbia University for good. Having graduated with honors with a B.A. from Lehman College, it might seem odd that I’d drop out of anything. I’d already completed 54 of the 60 credits required for my Masters when I made the decision. Community organizing and planning might have been fulfilling to student Obama, but not for me. A year later, after a stint at Florida Hospital in Orlando, I’d come to grips with what made my stay both at the university and the hospital unfulfilling: i.e., I wanted to preach the word of God just like Calvin Savage – and like him, without becoming a Seventh-day Adventist pastor!



VIRGINIA WOOLF

Becoming a minister? Not for me. Though previously accepted to the seminary at Andrews University, I never set foot there. I just knew I wouldn't fit in. I might not have known at the time, but that firing in Jamaica set the tone for my relationship with the leadership of the Seventh-day Adventist Church for years to come. How could I trust ecclesiastical power after that? An untamed horse, I loved my freedom too much to barter it away on whatever fleeting security the conference might offer. Having tasted success at organizing and preaching the word of God on my own, I wouldn't then, or now, trade that freedom for anything.

It was English author, essayist, publisher, and writer of short stories, Virginia Woolf, who wrote:

“So long as you write what you wish to write, that is all that matters; and whether it matters for ages or only for hours, nobody can say. But to sacrifice a hair of the head of your vision, a shade of its colour, in deference to some headmaster with a silver pot in his hand or to some professor with a measuring-rod up his sleeve, is the most abject treachery, and the sacrifice of wealth and chastity, which used to be said to be the greatest of human disasters, a mere flea-bite in comparison.”

That's the stuff of which my spirit is made. Stay with your vision as long as it's biblical. Carry it to its conclusion, no matter

the naysayers. But how did I get this way? Where did this character trait come from? To give you an honest answer I'd have to take you back to my pre-Adventist, bad-boy years in Jamaica.

I was 17 years old, had already been expelled from two schools and loved horse racing. I don't remember the figure exactly, but I had in my possession either 200 or 300 British pounds to gamble (at that time that amount was the equivalent of 400 to 600 U.S. dollars) and wanted to put it on one horse. I'd seen a horse lead a race for a furlong or two the week before and leaned toward betting on her that Saturday. Before doing so, however, I spent much of the week consulting with every horse-racing expert I knew, at least one owner and one trainer being in the mix. They all laughed me to scorn. *Sari* (the horse's name) had never won a race in her life. As for that itch in my soul to bet on her? I continued to believe that in pushing her to the front for two furlongs the week before, the owners might have been prepping her for this week. To cut a long story short, I yielded to the experts and put the money on a horse that lost. *Sari* meanwhile won her first race at odds of roughly 120 to one – and David Mould didn't have a dime on her.

That lesson was not lost on me. Sometimes the experts are experts in name only and don't have the insights of the commoner. That life-changing lesson at Caymanas Park, Jamaica, has stayed with me for almost half a century. I daresay that's the key episode in my life that's helped make me so absolutely determined (though I'm sure my mother could tell you a few off-the-record stories too).

Today I listen to experts very, very cautiously and am much more prone to stay with the impressions on my heart ... unless totally convinced I'm in the wrong.

Now that I was back in the U.S., one of the questions with which I believe heaven was contending was this: could that independent-thinking streak in my make-up ever be fulfilled in the conference? Was this a match? Would Mould fit in as part of the system? Could he take orders that sometimes ran counter to the word of God? It wasn't the first time heaven had encountered a headstrong man, nor would it be the last. Of Luther it is written: "The influence of this one man, who dared to think and act for himself in religious matters, was to affect the church and the world, not only in his own time, but in all future generations." *The Great Controversy*, page 166. Even today as I consider the latest burden on my heart (i.e., the complete repudiation of Islam) I dread the thought of having to present it to a conference committee for approval. Should I stifle what may very well be a commission hatched upon my mind by the Holy Spirit, to the whims, or even the prayerful consideration of those in leadership? When was the church ever known for vision? Was not David told by Saul: "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." 1 Samuel 17:33.

After returning to America, these were the struggles with which I wrestled, day in, day out. What was I to do? What was

God's will for my life? How was I to know? Be an evangelist, but how? Thirty four years later I still don't know that I have all the answers. I've lived my life as best I could, having racked up a goodly share of failures along the way too, but there's this nagging conviction in my soul that all this might be no more than *preparation* for something else. Several thoughts have helped me along as I've sought to come to grips with this, none more compelling than the following two gems.

The first is from the pen of Abraham Lincoln. During the period when President Lincoln was contemplating the Emancipation Proclamation, he'd been approached by different groups of clergymen claiming to have messages from the Lord. Some were pro slavery, some against it. In the end this wise leader wrote: "I hope it is not irreverent for me to say, that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me." So was Lincoln a loner? Didn't he take advice? I'm sure he did, but in the end he relied most implicitly upon what he discerned as God's voice speaking to him. So do I. Chief of the burdens on my heart these past few years, as I have said, is a directive to challenge Islam with one particular verse in the Bible. To what committee should I submit this? You'll read a lot more about this in Chapter 8, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

The other gem falling at my feet came from the lips of the fiery Virginian, Patrick Henry, who declared: "Give me liberty or give

me death.” How was I to translate this into my own experience? Simple. Christ’s commission is: “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel,” not “water down the gospel,” or “make it politically correct,” but preach it. To the extent that conference pastors had to toe the line as to what they could preach and what they couldn’t (i.e., refraining from identifying or being too explicit about Babylon when told to do so) to that extent did the conference, to my mind, represent slavery – a measure of security, yes, but slavery nonetheless.

Admittedly these thoughts crystallized in my mind in the late 1980s, but they were slumbering there in 1979 when I’d leave Florida Hospital, step out by faith and open the doors of *Jesus Behind Bars*, our first full-time ministry. Sure there were struggles in those early days. How would I live? How would my family eat? Full time ministry – it sure sounded nice on paper – but where was the paycheck coming from? In spite of these very real questions we pressed ahead and were blessed from the beginning. First I learned to write newsletters, in a hurry too. I *had to* if funds were to come in. But what about the mailing list? We had none! In an incredible turn of events, that void would be filled by the Southern Union of Seventh-day Adventists which let us have one-time use of theirs. God bless the President of the Union, H.H. Schmidt, for his generosity!

I can still remember the look on the face of the Union’s IT guy as I walked out of that office in Atlanta with that huge cardboard

box in my arms. In that box? Labels containing the names and addresses of every Seventh-day Adventist in the entire Southern Union: Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee. I thought the brother was going to burst a blood vessel; he simply couldn't believe the president had just authorized that list to be given to us, but he had. What neither of them knew was just how much prayer had preceded my flight to Atlanta. Even so, angels had to have been in that room as I pleaded my case. In fact, "Schmidty" (as I'd later learn the President was affectionately called) had to sign a form releasing those names to us. It was that blue Lancer in Jamaica all over again. In that gift of labels God pulled off a minor miracle, for it was this gift that got us off our feet. Try getting that list today. I say just try getting it today. You can't, for it's guarded like Fort Knox! The moral? When God wants things done, He'll find a way!

Of course we honored the President's stipulation that these labels were for one-time use and were not to be copied. That one time was sufficient too, for enough did come in for me to start hiring. At our height we had at least a dozen full time workers. Payroll alone exceeded \$250,000 per year. The ensuing ten years would see us crisscrossing America, training volunteers and preaching in prisons as far afield as Soledad and San Quentin in California, Dade County Jail in Miami, Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, and prisons in Florida, Georgia, Texas, Chicago, Bermuda, Atlanta, West Virginia, Canada and London – prisons whose names escape me today.

Knowing prison ministry needed to be deepened and broadened in America too, God had used the insecurity of that conference president to get me right where He wanted me. The ‘can-do’ attitude that I’d seen and adopted in New York’s prisons was anathema to that president. The place of the laity in Jamaica was behind the clergy; we were never to lead, to pave the way on our own. Our place was to follow. Insecure or jealous – whatever it was – he didn’t stop till he got me fired. So what’s new? Didn’t Joseph’s brothers do the same? Wasn’t their jealousy used to get Joseph precisely where God needed him? And Jesse’s cheeses, didn’t these accomplish the same purpose for David? “And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp of thy brethren; And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.” 1 Samuel 17:17, 18. David probably would have never seen Goliath had not his father first requested he take those cheeses to his brothers ... who, of course, in a roundabout way then introduced him to Goliath. Jealousy or cheese, what does it matter? God will use anything to get His children to stand in the very spot appointed them – at the precise moment they’re due there too. “For we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.” 2 Corinthians 13:8.

These are among the many memories that came back to me as I recalled Elder Finley’s question. Oh where do I stop? Let me share two more with you – two more prison ministry stories brought back to life by Elder Finley. First was our interview with Kenneth

Bianchi, one of the “Hillside Stranglers” who’d been baptized at the Washington State Penitentiary under the ministry of our full-time chaplain there, Paul Massey. According to Wikipedia, “Bianchi was born in Rochester, New York, to a prostitute who gave him up for adoption two weeks after he was born. He was adopted at three months by Frances Scioliono and her husband Nicholas Bianchi in Rochester. Bianchi was deeply troubled from a young age, and his adoptive mother described him as being ‘a compulsive liar who had risen from the cradle dissembling.’”

During a four month spree which lasted from late 1977 to early 1978, Bianchi and his cousin Mario Buono killed ten California women, several of them prostitutes in the L.A. area, dumping their bodies mostly on hillsides near freeways. Incredibly, one would-be victim, Catharine Lorre, was released unharmed after identifying herself as the daughter of actor Peter Lorre, who’d played the role of a child murderer in the movie “M.” Only after the cousins had been arrested did she realize who they were and how close she’d come to death.

Oh, the mind of the criminal. In spite of that moment of mercy, Bianchi would end up being incarcerated in the State of Washington for additional murders there. Cool as a cucumber, he’d said all the right things during our interview, but I wasn’t convinced I was talking to a converted man. Why was he still alive, I wondered – yet who was I to judge? Had not wicked King Manasseh (my

candidate for the wickedest man in the Bible) repented of his sins and been converted in a Babylonian jail?

“And the Lord spake by his servants the prophets, saying, Because Manasseh king of Judah hath done these abominations, and hath done wickedly above all that the Amorites did, which were before him, and hath made Judah also to sin with his idols: Therefore thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Behold, I am bringing such evil upon Jerusalem and Judah, that whosoever heareth of it, both his ears shall tingle. And I will stretch over Jerusalem the line of Samaria, and the plummet of the house of Ahab: and I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it, and turning it upside down. And I will forsake the remnant of mine inheritance, and deliver them into the hand of their enemies; and they shall become a prey and a spoil to all their enemies; Because they have done that which was evil in my sight, and have provoked me to anger, since the day their fathers came forth out of Egypt, even unto this day. Moreover Manasseh shed innocent blood very much, till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another; beside his sin wherewith he made Judah to sin, in doing that which was evil in the sight of the Lord.” 2 Kings 21:10-16.

“So Manasseh made Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem to err, and to do worse than the heathen, whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel. And the Lord spake to Manasseh, and to his people: but they would not hearken. Wherefore the Lord brought upon them the captains of the host of

the king of Assyria, which took Manasseh among the thorns, and bound him with fetters, and carried him to Babylon. And when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers, And prayed unto him: and he was intreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom. Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God.” 2 Chronicles 33:9-13.

I ask again, if God could forgive Manasseh, who’d stooped so low as to offer human sacrifice to his pagan gods, yea, “he caused his children to pass through the fire in the valley of the son of Hinnom,” (V. 6) who was I to condemn this serial rapist and murderer now professing faith in Christ? Thank God, the other major memory resurrected by Elder Finley’s question would evoke vastly different emotions.

Q. The event?

A. Carl Shriner’s 1984 execution at the Florida State prison.

Wanting to see if Ted Bundy would *confess* to his string of killings before being executed, I’d actually wanted to go to his, but couldn’t. As God would have it I’d have the seat of the house for Shriner’s though, sitting no more than ten feet directly in front of him and separated only by the sheet of glass dividing the death chamber from the viewing room. Feeling utterly helpless, all I could do was mouth the words: “Jesus loves you” as he walked toward his last seat on earth – the brown wooden chair that had

earned the nickname, “*Old Sparky.*” Did Shriner understand what I’d tried to tell him? He never acknowledged having seen me, or having read my lips, but I was impossible to miss, having been placed directly in front of him. In having me sit where I’d been placed, God was clearly doing something that day, but I sure didn’t know what it was. Did He have this book in mind? I don’t know. What I do know is that the other twenty or so witnesses cramped into that small viewing room were either to my right, or left, or behind me.

When asked if he had any last words, Shriner actually did. Do you think I’ll ever forget them? I think every one of us in that room must have strained to hear them, but we didn’t have to; his words were quite clear and were spoken with reassurance and dignity. He knew he was going to die, so I doubt seriously he would have taken that last scrap of time to lie. No, if anything he was making peace with his God. The getaway driver (so I’m told) in a robbery that had gone bad, Karl Shriner will encourage me till the day I die, for here’s what he said to every last one of us in that room – executioner, warden, staff, family, lawyers, doctor, witnesses like myself, victim’s family (if any were there) – all of us heard him say it just as clearly if he were preaching a sermon: “I’m thankful to God I met Jesus Christ before this!” Amen. Hallelujah! Somebody had reached him with the gospel. Friend, that’s what prison ministry is all about.

Watching DCS officers: (a) lead that man to the electric chair, (b) tape his mouth shut so that when he screamed we wouldn't hear it, (c) put a hood over his head that when his eyeballs popped out we wouldn't see it, (d) strap his head, legs, arms and torso to the chair, so that the only thing we could see moving were his fingers, which balled up into a fist as the electricity coursed through his body – watching all this was quite an experience, let me tell you. In about a minute of the jolt of electricity that sent him to his death, there were two little puffs of smoke, one from his head, the other from one of his feet. Carl Shriner was being fried before our eyes and it was being done so cleanly. But he refused to go easily. After a minute of electricity the doctor put two fingers on Shriner's neck and ordered more electricity. Having evidently found a pulse, they turned the death machine on again, this time for good.

As I sit here today recalling Elder Finley's question, "*weren't you involved in prison ministry?*" like a mirage from a long gone past, these thoughts waft through my mind. The 'mistake' on Jamaica's Death Row, the oriental eyes, the tattooed inmates and the baptisms in Manila, Carl Shriner propped up between two guards, walking to the electric chair, affable, smiling, sitting down, the hood being placed over his head, his fingers turning blue and curling, the smoke from his feet as he sat there, motionless as far as we could see (while as much as 10 amps of electricity coursed through his body) – all this was wrapped up in my answer as I nodded in the affirmative to the question put to me by Elder

Finley. But my coming to Silver Spring that day had nothing to do with prison ministry. I wanted some answers.

Well, let's not close this section with Brother Shriner. I hope you've got a sense of humor for I've got to tell you one more story. It's about a 'chance' encounter that occurred just prior to my meeting with Elder Wilson. At the General conference I'd run into another administrator whom I knew and wasn't at all surprised at the raised eyebrows with which he'd greeted me. Unable to contain himself, he'd flat out asked: "And what brings *you* here, Brother Mould?"

Oh the thoughts that raced through my mind. These were, after all, the sacred precincts of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, don't you know? And I, who was I? A mere layman – and an outspoken one at that – what was I doing there? Deciding then and there to have a little fun with him, I thought some name-dropping would work and calmly said: "Oh, I've come to see Ted."

Sure enough, that did it. Eyes open wide, his voice dropped to a whisper: "Oh, I see ... Ted, eh?"

Friend, this was two weeks before the General Conference elections. Those inside the loop knew Ted Wilson was a front runner. I certainly did. In fact over a decade ago I felt he was being groomed for the job but mostly kept my views to myself. Evidently Ted's time had come. From the little I observed while there, I got

the impression he was already being treated like royalty too.
“Honor to whom honor is due,” of course, but obsequiousness?

*“She spent her money, here and there
Until she had no, had no more to spare ...*

*The doctors, they done all that they could
But their medicine could do no good ...*

*When she touched him, the Savior didn't see
But still he turned around and cried
Somebody touched me ...*

*She said it was I who just wanna touch the
hem of your garment ...
I know I'll made whole right now.”*

PART 2: THE TITHE

So what did Elder Wilson and I discuss? Well, rather than duplicate myself, let me reproduce for you an e-mail our ministry sent out late last year in which we tried to describe what went on behind closed doors as Elder Wilson and I sat down to chat. That e-mail begins like this.

“I feel like an outcast tonight.

“Let me explain. For twenty years I’ve sought to call things the way I see them, both in the world and in the church. Two weeks before the General Conference session when meeting with then Vice President Ted Wilson, I warned him about the danger of that lunatic wing of the Shepherd Rod known as the Gileadites. These, incredibly, see themselves as angels called upon to fulfill the slaughter of Ezekiel 9:6, with Seventh-day Adventist leaders or “false shepherds” being the prime targets. With the General Conference session coming up in two weeks, Elder Wilson and the leaders gathered under that one roof needed to be careful. That was my message. How was I supposed to know the security of the General Conference building in Silver Spring, as well as the security of the General Conference session at the Georgia Dome were all part of Elder Wilson’s portfolio? Prior to traveling to Washington to see him, I knew none of this and was left somewhat in awe when he told me. In retrospect it’s clear; God sent me to the very man who needed to hear the warning. And act on it he did.

“There were other items on my agenda though. I knew nothing about the Super Bowl ad at the time (that would come later) and confined my remarks to two subjects. One, *The Great Controversy*, was benign. The other would directly contribute to my current status as *outcast*. I’m referring to that staggering gift of \$100,000,000 to the General Conference. “What has become of all this money?” I asked. “Did any of our pastors or teachers get a

raise? Did any 3rd world pastors get an upgrade from bicycle to car?” When we put the same question to Lincoln Steed, Liberty Magazine editor, he tried to laugh it off but confessed in the end that Liberty hadn’t received a dime. You can hear him utter this admission for yourself in Part 2 of our DVD set, **More Than Waco**. So where did all that money go? Elder Wilson said it had been sent to the Divisions – but to do what? To be put to work, or merely hid from prying eyes?

“Ever since September 17th, 1981, when in the pages of the *Review* it was stated that the Seventh-day Adventist Church would rank in the Top 50 of the Fortune 500 (see article written by Warren Johns, Esq.) I’ve been dubious about the church’s need and use of the tithe. So I wasn’t being rude, I had to ask these questions. Decades earlier I’d asked them of key leaders but those questions went nowhere, obfuscation being the order of the day.”

It was the longest e-mail I’d ever drafted. I was venting, had a lot on my mind and had finally decided to say it, or write it. All of it is included in this book in your hands, most of it interwoven with the text in different chapters. For now let’s leave the e-mail alone and return to that article in the *Review*. So much hinges on it.

Sometime after that article ran, I began feeling sufficiently curious as to want to sit with our leaders to learn more. Those were the days when the General Conference office was in Takoma Park, Maryland. When I could afford it I’d fly there, but getting there

more often than not meant a 12 hour ride through the night, hitched up behind some 18 wheeler seemingly oblivious to the speed limit. Having driven there many times to lobby for prison ministry, I knew that Takoma Park office well. Back then my meetings were usually with Elder Russell Bates, who was responsible for prison ministry, and on at least one occasion, Elder George Knowles, head of the Lay Activities Department. This time, however, it was different business.

I was then, and am now, a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. That means no matter how uncomfortable my probing, I can legitimately ask questions about the church's use of the tithe. Since the article to which I'd referred had been published in the church's main paper, the *Review*, I ended up having been given an appointment with the amiable Elder Kenneth Wood, immediate past president of the *Review*. Remembering the salient points of our discussion even today is no real chore, so indelibly were the impressions that day made upon my mind.

My first recollection is of Elder Wood escorting me through the vaults of the White Estate where the Ellen White writings were kept. I recall being shown file after file of handwritten manuscripts and letters, all neatly arranged in appropriately designated file cabinets. And then there were the photographs. Some were of the pioneers of the church, others of past presidents of the White Estate, etc. I even recall him pointing to a sprinkler system that would have been activated in case of a fire. The crown jewel that

day, however, came when he placed his index finger over his lips as we passed quietly by one of the church's most notorious dissidents poring over some 'ancient' manuscript. It was Desmond Ford. Oh this was rich. This was history. Even I knew that Ford had challenged the existence of one of the pillars of the church – i.e., the heavenly sanctuary. It was good to see that *the brethren* had given him access to whatever documents he needed in order to strengthen his case.

Next in line was the 18 pound Bible Mrs. White lifted at a 45 degree angle over her head for over ½ hour while in vision. That was a treat. I was invited to lift a similar sized Bible and did, but for no more than a minute or two. Evidently superhuman strength had been on display that day.

Formalities over, we were soon down to business. Pointing to the article in the *Review* I asked Elder Wood: “if the Seventh-day Adventist Church can be placed in the Top 50 of the Fortune 500, which means assets in the billions of dollars, how come we don't see any of the blazing guns of the Church: Henry Wright, C.D. Brooks, E.E. Cleveland, Ron Halverson, etc., presenting God's truth on prime-time television? If this statement in the *Review* is true, there's certainly not a lack of funds for such bold evangelism, so how do you explain it?”

Elder Wood proceeded to tell me: “it's not billions, Brother Mould.”

At which point I stopped him and said: “Elder Wood you’re not talking to a fool. You don’t get into the Fortune 500 Top 50 with a mere few million.”

That’s when he broke down and proceeded to tell me about various funds in different accounts totaling millions and millions of dollars, certainly much more than I can remember. The main account seemed to be the retirement account. He ended our conversation, I distinctly remember, with these words: “Brother Mould, I’m sure if *the brethren* believed as you believe, we’d take some of these funds and put it into evangelism.”

Friend, this was at the time when Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson were speaking publicly about the church taking over America. Bible prophecy was being fulfilled before our very eyes and we Seventh-day Adventists were the only people on earth who, thanks to *The Great Controversy*, even half understood the road map that predicted it all. Why was this book being kept in the shadows? Tragically, it had been that way even when Ellen White first published it, but now things were so much more urgent. Tim LaHaye had been perhaps the most explicit of the Evangelicals in the 1980s, declaring: “The only way to have genuine spiritual revival is to have legislative reform.” That meant Congress and the Judiciary were already in their cross-hairs, just as the Word of God had predicted.

So what was Elder Wood saying? It took me all of 24 hours to figure it out – that’s after rehearsing his words in my mind over and over again. Notice his statement: “If we believed.” So what was he saying? “*We do not believe!*” That’s what he was saying. “We really don’t believe Christ is coming any time soon!” That’s why *the brethren* can sit on billions of dollars and justify it. All they need to do when any windfall comes in, be it from property willed to the church, or tithe, or offering, is to stick it in the retirement fund, thus virtually calling it: “*Corban!*”

Here’s how Jesus put it: “Full well ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your own tradition. For Moses said, honor thy father and thy mother, and whosoever curseth father or mother, let him die the death. But ye say, if a man shall say to his father or mother, It is *Corban* – that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me – he shall be free. And ye suffer him no more to do aught for his father or mother.” Mark 7:9-12.

In *The Desire of Ages*, pages 396, and 397, Ellen White wrote this about the Jewish leaders: “They set aside the 5th commandment as of no consequence, but were very exact in carrying out the traditions of the elders. They taught the people that the devotion of their property to the temple was a duty more sacred than even the support of their parents; and that, however great the necessity, it was sacrilege to impart to father or mother any part of what had been thus consecrated. An undutiful child had only to pronounce the word “*Corban*” over his property, thus devoting it to God, and

he could retain it for his own use during his lifetime, and after his death it was to be appropriated to the temple service. Thus he was at liberty, both in life and in death, to dishonor and defraud his parents, under cover of a pretended devotion to God.”

Do you see what I am saying? All *the brethren* need do is stick surplus funds into the retirement fund and few if any ask any questions after that. Why should the ministers question it? They’ve been told much of it is for *them*. Not one minister with whom I’ve discussed this subject can tell me how much is necessary for the retirement fund, or what formula is used to arrive at that number. To my mind it’s the sacred cow at the ‘GC.’ Never mind the fund may have assets way beyond what’s reasonable, or necessary; it’s shut away from prying eyes and dutifully invested.

When talking to Elder E. E. Cleveland about this one day, he told me the following story. Way back in Elder Pierson’s day (Elder Pierson was General Conference President from 1966 to 1978) a group of NY laymen showed up at the General Conference questioning the church’s stock portfolio. How they’d found out about specific stocks bought and sold by the church, I don’t know, but apparently some highly questionable if not downright inappropriate stocks were in that portfolio – stocks that embarrassed Elder Pierson, who, even though he was General Conference President, didn’t know these kinds of investments were being made with the Lord’s tithe. According to Elder Cleveland, Elder Pierson ordered an entire review of the process.

To be sure, the church has had staggering growth since. When Elder Pierson retired for health reasons the membership was 3.1 million. At the end of 2010 it was 16.7 million. Not surprisingly there have been urgent calls for much more transparency in church finances too, groups like Members For Church Accountability www.advmca.org, being foremost in this process. Here's the press releases about a book they've published on this very subject:

“In October 2001 MCA held a symposium on financial misadventures that befell the church between 1978 and 1999 entitled *Who Watches? Who Cares?* Documented reports of unnecessary losses of scores of millions of dollars were expanded into book form and published in May of 2008 under the same title. There is no indication decades later that there is anyone who watches or anyone who cares. MCA believes that a great need of the Seventh-day Adventist Church is for well informed members to give liberally of their very best judgment as church board and conference committee members as well as institutional trustees.”

Back when I was asking questions, I knew nothing about this group whose leadership is vested in the hands of physicians who've given their lives to this church. Here's a copy of an e-mail I received from one of the founders back in 2009.

“The following are active members of the Southern California Chapter of Members for Church Accountability, Inc. (501c3 tax exempt corporation):

1. Glenn Foster, M.D. graduated from LLU School of Medicine in 1957.
2. Stewart Shankel, M.D. graduated from LLU School of Medicine in 1958.
3. George Grames, M.D. graduated from LLU School of Medicine in 1960.
4. Richard Sheldon, M.D. graduated from LLU School of Medicine in 1968.

“All four are members of the SDA Church and all four were faculty members at LLU Medical Center in the Department of Medicine for many years.”

Where our purposes blend is in the area of transparency. While their book sheds light on enormous financial mismanagement, my interest is much simpler. I'd like to get the answer to this key question: How much does the church really need? Years ago I was told the church's goal is to have thirty years reserve secreted, salted away, stashed, so that if not a penny came into the church coffers during that time, the work of the Lord wouldn't fail. So let me ask a question: if the Seventh-day Adventist Church already has what it needs for let's say, the next seven, or ten, or twenty years, worldwide, is all of this really necessary? Can't some be put immediately into some serious evangelism? (More in Chapter 8). Honestly, our brethren act as though they believe when Jesus comes they're going to give him a check. It's not a check Jesus wants, beloved, it's souls – souls hunted for, souls wooed, souls

cared for, souls warned about the pitfalls to attend us all in these closing days of earth's history.

A second time I traveled to see our leaders. This time there was a meeting of the Regional Conference Presidents on board the Queen Mary, now a floating hotel in Long Beach, California. There I was given time to make my case for some of the bright lights – Henry Wright, etc. – to be turned loose on prime-time television. Elder Bradford, President of the North American Division at the time, chaired the meeting and promising to get back in touch with me, agreed to set up a committee to look into the issue. Months went by, no answer. Finally I realized that what Elder Bradford had done was simply to pat me on my shoulder like a little puppy and whisper: “good little boy, good little boy.”

It took a while, but I finally came to realize this cardinal truth: sometimes the quickest way to do nothing in the church is to form a committee. It has the appearance of something being done, but in reality, from the outset I believe *the brethren* knew the status quo would rule. They heard me out respectfully, patiently, but knew in the end not a thing would change.



**So where did
\$100,000,000 go?**

More Than Waco
Frank talk. Straight talk. Tastefully presented.

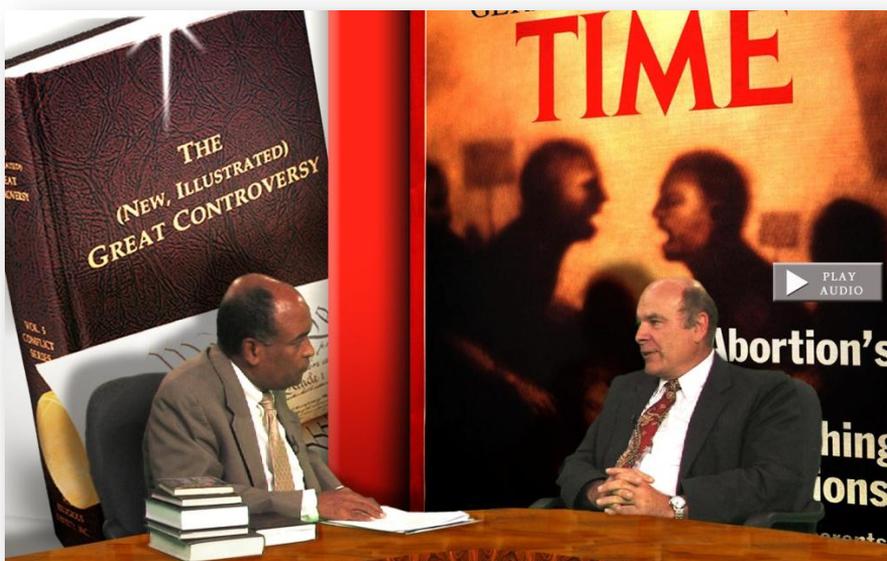
As a lay member of this church I'd done what I felt God required of me. I went to the top; I went to the leadership with my concerns. Today I'm laying these lessons before you because it's way past time for these issues to be raised by a much larger constituency – by that I mean millions of voices echoing a chorus of protest from across the world. **This is your tithe money being hoarded.** From India, South America, Africa, Asia, Europe, Australia and North America, from the islands of the sea, let your voices be heard. Perhaps you can do it more vocally, more determinedly, and more effectively than I ever could.

Friend, all this is the history that was behind me when I showed up for that meeting with Elder Ted Wilson in June of 2010. Twenty five years had elapsed since I regularly lobbied our leaders to put prison ministry on the church's agenda. Had things changed? Though warm and quite cordial in the beginning, Elder Wilson clearly was surprised when the subject of that \$100,000,000 gift came up. Had I gone too far?

No! Does not the Bible itself hint at the switch in deities that would transpire amongst us? Doesn't it? Note the first words out of Laodicea's mouth, please, the very first words – "*I am rich!*" Nothing wrong with wealth, but to worship it and treat it as untouchable ... it's almost like Gandhi venerating cows. "I worship it and I shall defend its worship against the whole world."

Keenly aware of previous obfuscation and knowing full well the General Conference in 1994 had fired its former whistleblowing chief auditor, Dave Dennis (who's written his own book, by the way) I'd had little confidence I'd get a straight answer from Elder Wilson, but I had to ask. It didn't help when I discovered the amount of funds in the investment pool is close to \$1 *billion*.

Knowing the details of this wealth far better than I, what General Conference officer was going to come right out and tell me the truth? Which of them would have dared say: "No, Brother Mould, we didn't give anybody a raise; didn't invest in Liberty Magazine, gave no 3rd world pastors upgrades from bicycle to automobile and didn't print one copy of *The Great Controversy*. Rather, it was with great rejoicing as to the stupidity and naiveté of a trusting laity that we gleefully added this \$100,000,000 gift to



Happier Times. *Elder Steed and I sit down to talk.*

our already bloated pool of investment funds”?

So what’s the upshot of all this? Elder Wilson’s interview wasn’t recorded, unlike Elder Steed’s, which I believe has placed the latter under tremendous pressure. When I asked Elder Steed on camera why he’d consented to the interview, he’d warmly replied “because of friendship.” However, his subsequent admission that Liberty Magazine was ignored in the disbursement of this \$100,000,000 gift can’t be sitting well with his leaders. I’m sure he knows it only too well, yet what choice did he have? Unlike the softball questions with which he may have had to contend on other telecasts, this question was loaded. To his credit he answered honestly. I admire him for this, but he may have to pay the price for his candor. Frankly, I fear for him.

Today Elder Steed won’t return my e-mail and I know better than to even try to get near Elder Wilson again. Can you begin to understand my use of the word *outcast* tonight? In coming on so strongly about hoarding at the General Conference, I’ve alienated Elder Steed and probably made even more enemies at the World Church headquarters. In fact, recently I found myself writing: “This quest of ours can be an unthankful process, to say the least. Plain speaking still costs. For example, the conclusions I’ve come to about *hoarding* at the General Conference have put quite a strain between our ministry and people whose friendship meant something to me. I doubt Elders Wilson and Steed will ever open their doors to me again. Still we press on.”

Press on? “But why?” some may say. “Do you honestly think the General Conference is going to change? Why not modify your stance and possibly enjoy a measure of popularity? Instead of cleaning toilets at your local church, if you tone things down you might actually get voted into some office. Why stay out in the cold questioning the church?” Beloved, such are the promptings of the devil himself. What! – I should keep quiet in order to hold some office in the church? Are you saying ... sell my soul for a mess of pottage? Friend, we press on because we have to. Much of this book is all about why – why we persevere, why we press on, why we tackle the projects we do.

To be sure, we persevere because Christ tells us to. “And ye shall be hated of all men for my name’s sake: but he that shall *endure* unto the end, the same shall be saved.” Mark 13:13. Perseverance is a given, but we also have incredible duties and opportunities staring us in the face right now, duties and responsibilities that in some respects make going forward a life or death matter. Consider these:

- i. Rome must be exposed.
- ii. Islam reaped.
- iii. A protest second to none orchestrated within the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Imagine! – \$100,000,000 swallowed up and not so much as a ‘burp’ from our leaders. We’ll have a lot more to say about this

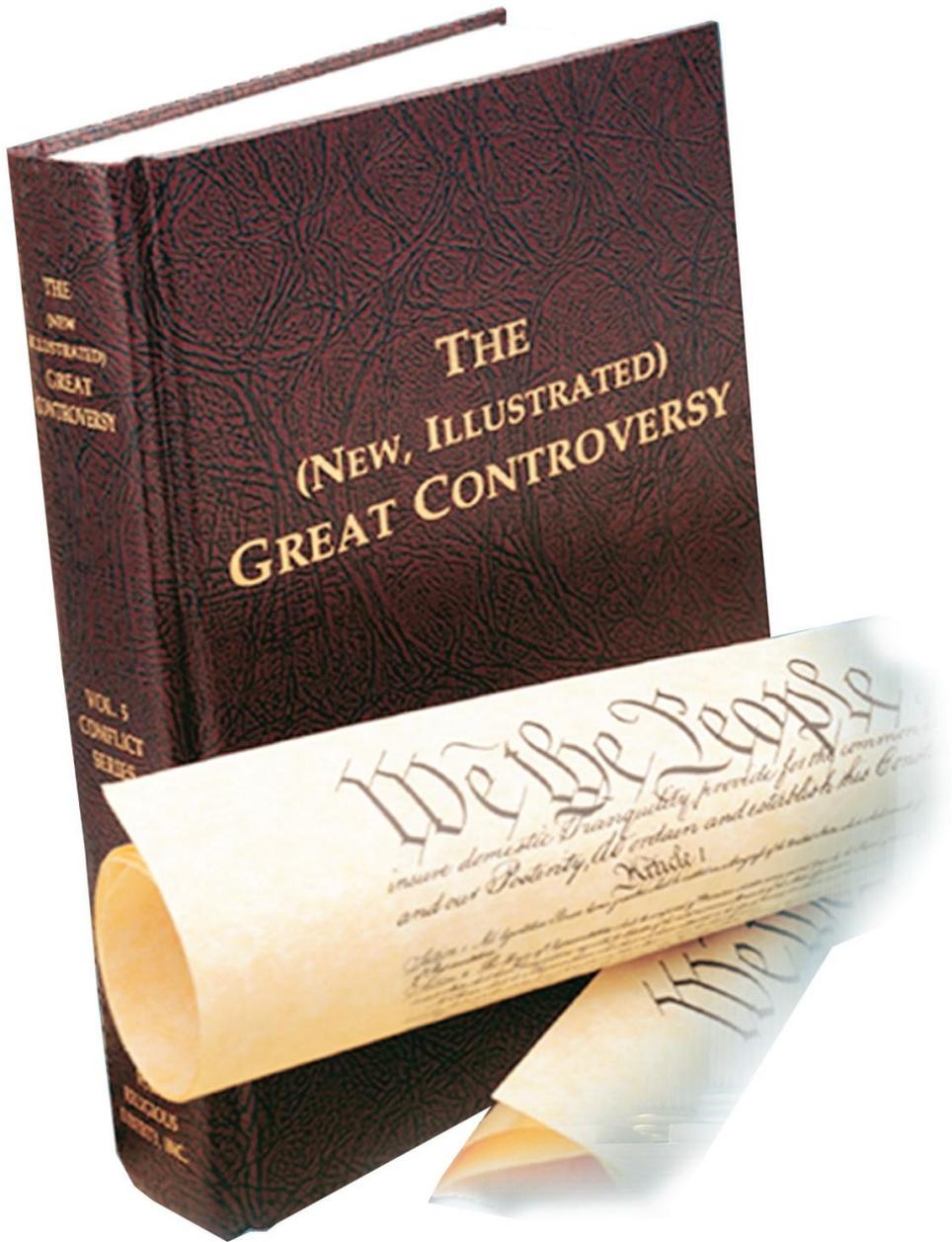
desperately needed protest in our final chapter. Coming up in Chapter 2, however, let's look at the roadmap, let's look at perhaps the best kept secret on the face of the earth, let's look at God's nuclear weapon for these last days – *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*.

Quit? Furthest thing from my mind.

Babylon Exposed

The pictures in *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* tell quite a tale.





Chapter 2

The (New, illustrated) Great Controversy

After a decade of training volunteers and preaching in prisons, it seemed to me that the mission of Jesus Behind Bars had been accomplished. Sensing the call and laying hold of the baton, other lay groups had sprung up to deepen and broaden the furrows, thus ensuring prison ministry would be pretty well established within the Seventh-day Adventist Church for years to come. It was time for me to move on, but where?

If you know anything about Seventh-day Adventist eschatology, then you know it revolves around Christ's promise to return to this earth. This promise, plus verses in the Bible that predict the time of trouble that is to precede it, are central to our world view.

The keynote of our eschatological understanding is taken from John 14: 1-3 and 1 Thessalonians 4:14–16. “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” And: “For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord.”

As for the coming time of trouble: we believe just before the literal, physical return of Jesus Christ in the clouds, a theocracy is to emerge in the United States that will usher in a time of trouble such as never was. The major players? Spiritualism, apostate Protestantism and a resurrected papacy. The issue, therefore, that presented itself as a call upon my soul (even to the point of eclipsing prison ministry as my first love) was the challenge of preserving the Constitution of the United States of America, and with it, religious liberty for all. Though I'd occasionally return to prisons to preach the word of God, in 1989 we made this transition to the religious liberty arena official by closing Jesus Behind Bars and opening our 2nd ministry, Laymen for Religious Liberty Ministries.

Why such urgency? The emergence of politically active American Protestants like Jerry Falwell (The Moral Majority), Pat Robertson (The Christian Coalition) and Tim LaHaye, (The Council for National Policy) etc., whose speeches and sermons in the late 1970s and early 1980s were replete with predictions of an impending moral revolution that would catapult faith-based people and organizations into the predominant political roles in the United States. This, in essence, was the end result of the various strands of “dominion theology” espoused by adherents of the movement. The Kingdom of God would be established on earth through political means. As for America? She would be ruled by the law of God as codified in the Bible, to the exclusion of secular law.

Reacting to burgeoning crime and the palpable moral decay of America, the movement shaped by these leaders began defining a vibrant, active and altogether new political role for the church. Repudiating Jefferson’s “wall of separation between church and state,” it became the stated goal of these activists to fill every public or elected position with Christians. Millions hung on their every word. Not uncommon were claims such as: “Victory [for the church] is not a matter of if, but when.” “The only way to have genuine spiritual revival is to have legislative reform.” “We have enough votes to run the country. And when the people say, ‘We’ve had enough,’ we are going to take over.”

The 1980s – those were heady days, but “take over,” what did this mean? In an incredible book written a century before any

of these firebrands came on the scene, Ellen White not only defined precisely what “take over” meant, she foresaw where the entire movement led by them was going. In her classic, first published in 1888, she predicted: “When the leading churches of the United States, uniting upon such points of doctrine as are held by them in common, shall influence the state to enforce their decrees and to sustain their institutions, then Protestant America will have formed an image of the Roman hierarchy, and the infliction of civil penalties upon dissenters will inevitably result.” *The Great Controversy*, page 445. Trouble is, it won’t stop with civil penalties. If her interpretation of Revelation 13:11-15 is correct, this process won’t end until it is decreed that all those who refuse to comply with America’s coming religious laws “should be killed.”

Religious laws in America? It’s happened before. Colonial America was rife with them: the right to vote, for example, being reserved for church members. Far from being arbitrary, therefore, the interpretations put on paper by Mrs. White are quite well thought out and not without precedent. She connects the dots in a manner a child could understand. While identifying the United States of America as the beast of Revelation 13 which “had two horns like a lamb,” but ultimately “spake as a dragon,” she wrote: “But the beast with lamblike horns was seen ‘coming up out of the earth.’ Instead of overthrowing other powers to establish itself, the nation thus represented must arise in territory preciously unoccupied and grow up gradually and peacefully. It could not,

then, arise among the crowded and struggling nationalities of the Old World – that turbulent sea of ‘peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues.’ It must be sought in the Western Continent.

“What nation of the New World was in 1798 rising into power, giving promise of strength and greatness, and attracting the attention of the world? The application of the symbol admits of no question. One nation, and only one, meets the specifications of this prophecy; it points unmistakably to the United States of America. Again and again the thought, almost the exact words, of the sacred writer has been unconsciously employed by the orator and the historian in describing the rise and growth of this nation. The beast was seen ‘coming up out of the earth;’ and, according to the translators, the word here rendered ‘coming up’ literally signifies ‘to grow or spring up as a plant.’ And, as we have seen, the nation must arise in territory previously unoccupied. A prominent writer, describing the rise of the United States, speaks of ‘*the mystery of her coming forth from vacancy,*’ and says: ‘Like a *silent seed* we grew into empire.’--G. A. Townsend, *The New World Compared With the Old*, page 462. A European journal in 1850 spoke of the United States as a wonderful empire, which was ‘emerging,’ and ‘*amid the silence of the earth* daily adding to its power and pride.’ --The *Dublin Nation*. Edward Everett, in an oration on the Pilgrim founders of this nation, said: ‘Did they look for a retired spot, inoffensive for its obscurity, and safe in its remoteness, where the little church of Leyden might enjoy the freedom of conscience? Behold the *mighty regions* over which, in *peaceful conquest* ...

they have borne the banners of the cross!''--Speech delivered at Plymouth, Massachusetts, Dec. 22, 1824, page 11.

''And he had two horns like a lamb.' The lamblike horns indicate youth, innocence, and gentleness, fitly representing the character of the United States when presented to the prophet as 'coming up' in 1798. Among the Christian exiles who first fled to America and sought an asylum from royal oppression and priestly intolerance were many who determined to establish a government upon the broad foundation of civil and religious liberty. Their views found place in the Declaration of Independence, which sets forth the great truth that 'all men are created equal' and endowed with the inalienable right to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' And the Constitution guarantees to the people the right of self-government, providing that representatives elected by the popular vote shall enact and administer the laws. Freedom of religious faith was also granted, every man being permitted to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. Republicanism and Protestantism became the fundamental principles of the nation. These principles are the secret of its power and prosperity. The oppressed and downtrodden throughout Christendom have turned to this land with interest and hope. Millions have sought its shores, and the United States has risen to a place among the most powerful nations of the earth.

''But the beast with lamblike horns' spake as a dragon. And he exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth

the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed; . . . saying to them that dwell on the earth, that they should make an image to the beast, which had the wound by a sword, and did live.’ Revelation 13:11-14.

“The lamblike horns and dragon voice of the symbol point to a striking contradiction between the professions and the practice of the nation thus represented. The ‘speaking’ of the nation is the action of its legislative and judicial authorities. By such action it will give the lie to those liberal and peaceful principles which it has put forth as the foundation of its policy. The prediction that it will speak ‘as a dragon’ and exercise ‘all the power of the first beast’ plainly foretells a development of the spirit of intolerance and persecution that was manifested by the nations represented by the dragon and the leopardlike beast. And the statement that the beast with two horns ‘causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast’ indicates that the authority of this nation is to be exercised in enforcing some observance which shall be an act of homage to the papacy.

“Such action would be directly contrary to the principles of this government, to the genius of its free institutions, to the direct and solemn avowals of the Declaration of Independence, and to the Constitution. The founders of the nation wisely sought to guard against the employment of secular power on the part of the church, with its inevitable result – intolerance and persecution. The Constitution provides that ‘Congress shall make no law respecting

an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,’ and that ‘no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under the United States.’ Only in flagrant violation of these safeguards to the nation’s liberty, can any religious observance be enforced by civil authority. But the inconsistency of such action is no greater than is represented in the symbol. It is the beast with lamblike horns – in profession pure, gentle, and harmless – that speaks as a dragon.” *The Great Controversy*, pages 441, 442.

Knowing these things, how could the Seventh-day Adventist Church leadership remain so silent? If America was to be ruled exclusively by the Bible, as was the aim of many caught up in the radical dominion theology sweeping Protestantism, wasn’t this the very pretext needed for imposing the National Sunday Law predicted by the Seventh-day Adventist Church? Didn’t our leaders see prophecy unfolding before their very eyes? Weren’t they reading Falwell and Robertson for themselves? This was the dilemma that troubled my mind through much of the turbulent 1980s. When in 1986 Pat Robertson announced he’d run for President, I thought for sure there would be an awakening among the leadership of the church. In spite of his run, however, *the brethren* appeared content to sleep on, unwilling to enter the arena with any meaningful campaigns or ads to point the masses to the relevant prophecies in the Bible that foretold innovations like his.

In retrospect they could have been right in their silence after all, for before the primaries were over Robertson would drop out and urge his delegates to vote for the man who ultimately won: i.e., George Bush. So was I losing my mind? Was I in danger of becoming an alarmist, while wisdom and true leadership resided undisturbed and unperturbed in the hallowed halls of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists? I doubted it, for while Robertson may not have succeeded in gaining the presidency, his candidacy ensured the voice of conservative Christians would never again be ignored in American politics.

A century before Robertson's run, Mrs. White had written the following: "The people need to be aroused in regard to the dangers of the present time. The watchmen are asleep. We are years behind. Let the chief watchmen feel the urgent necessity of taking heed to themselves, lest they lose the opportunities given them to see the dangers.

"If the leading men in our conferences do not now accept the message sent them by God, and fall into line for action, the churches will suffer great loss. When the watchman, seeing the sword coming, gives the trumpet a certain sound, the people along the line will echo the warning, and all will have opportunity to make ready for the conflict. But too often the leader has stood hesitating, seeming to say: 'Let us not be in too great haste. There may be a mistake. We must be careful not to raise a false alarm.' The very hesitancy and uncertainty on his part is crying: 'peace

and safety. Do not get excited. Be not alarmed. There is a great deal more made of this religious amendment question than is demanded. This agitation will all die down.’ Thus he virtually denies the message sent from God, and the warning which was designed to stir the churches fails to do its work. The trumpet of the watchman gives no certain sound, and the people do not prepare for the battle. Let the watchman beware lest, through his hesitancy and delay, souls shall be left to perish, and their blood shall be required at his hand. *Testimonies for the Church*, Volume 5, page 715.

Convinced I wasn’t losing my mind and that the truths of *The Great Controversy* needed to be brought before the masses, I asked the Lord for direction. Day in day out I watched the news, read the papers, listened to the political pundits and prayed. Clearly a storm was gathering. Against these dark clouds the silence of the leadership of the Seventh-day Adventist Church grew more and more ominous. Were they blind? Or had they sold us out? Darker and longer the shadows grew until finally I could take it no more. *The brethren* may have been committed to silence, but I wasn’t. Stirred by what I concluded was rank unbelief, cowardice and a lack of vision on the part of our leaders, I decided our ministry had to plunge into the arena. After much prayer, a two track course impressed itself upon my mind. First I asked the Lord to help our ministry produce the very best edition of *The Great Controversy* the world would ever see. Next, we decided to design a six page ad

for this book and to run it in the most widely respected newsweekly in the United States, Time Magazine.

But why focus on *The Great Controversy* at all? Was this really the book for the masses? Why not any of the other books written by Mrs. White, books that focused on the love of Christ – books like *The Desire of Ages*, or *Steps to Christ*? Why not these? The answer is simple. None of them dealt with the rise of the religious right, that's why! What made *The Great Controversy* special was the fact that at least one third of it is pure prophecy.

I was convinced then, as I am today, that high on the list of human needs is the need to know what's coming. Most can feel something coming in their bones, but just don't know what it is. Have you ever checked out the supermarket tabloids and their ridiculous prophecies? Somebody's buying this junk. That these papers continue year after year to sprout their nonsense should tell you there's a hunger out there. And it's not confined to the tabloid junkies either. During the 1st Gulf War I can distinctly recall bookstores reporting a run on books dealing with Armageddon and the end of the world. "*Will the last war be fought in Iraq?*" "*Is Saddam the antichrist?*" These questions were uppermost on many minds. What does this tell you? Whether it's the gullible heading to the sensational tabloid stories, or the more thoughtful, college educated person, all want to know what's coming! I'd wager serious money that that hunger is still out there.

What I find truly amazing is that relative to others in the religious arena who've invested millions of dollars in mass media, the leadership of the SDA Church (i.e., the Curia, the Holy See, the ones controlling the stock investments and multi-million dollar tithe accounts) are as quiet as a pack of church mice. Face it: were it not for the lay-inspired 3ABN, there'd be no Hope Channel today! I've never understood this reluctance to impact the world. I certainly don't pretend to understand their reluctance to follow the very clear counsel directing us to use "every advertising agency" at our disposal ... unless, of course, occupying key positions and sitting on key committees are some who are not Seventh-day Adventists at all.

In pursuit of the elusive gift of prophecy, clairvoyants, soothsayers and magicians may guess, pretend, or even consult the so-called spirits of the dead (necromancy), but God condemns all these. "There shall not be found among you any one that ... useth divination, or an observer of times (horoscopes), or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." Deuteronomy 18:10-12. Instead of these, God has spelled out the essential details of the future in His word. To begin with, he declares of Himself: "I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done." Isaiah 46:9,10.

What is He saying? Amidst the myriad spiritual voices clamoring for loyalty among the sons of men, one, and one only, is authentic. That voice foretells the future. Genuine, authentic Bible prophecy is the voice of God, the fingerprint of God. Who but God could have predicted the year of Messiah's first advent, as recorded by the prophet Daniel 600 years before Jesus was born? Who but God could have predicted the successive rise and fall of nations – Babylon, Medo-Persia, Greece, Rome – in some cases hundreds of years before they occurred? In the case of the Roman Empire, its rise was predicted by the prophet Daniel fully three hundred years before it emerged. Who but God could have done this? Is it any wonder that in his oration given in the town of Newburyport, Massachusetts, on the 61st anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, former American President John Quincy Adams would refer to Daniel as “the greatest of the Hebrew prophets”?

In the New Testament it's the identical story. Who but God could have predicted the rise and fall (and rise again) of the Roman Catholic Church, as precisely as is done in the book of Revelation? Appropriately highlighting the horrific bloodletting that's characterized the Church of Rome, the Bible depicts her as “the woman drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus.” Revelation 17:6. **Drunk, not with wine, but with blood.** Who but a God who foresaw the coming slaughter of an estimated 60 to 100 million ‘heretics’ could have designed this metaphor? And then there's what some might call the mother

lode of all Bible prophecies, Revelation 13:11-18. Who but God could have predicted the rise of America at a time when the Caesars ruled supreme?

Though theologians aplenty have pinpointed and identified the four empires of Daniel 7, most have missed the clear reasoning laid out by Mrs. White that identifies America in the book of Revelation. Why should this surprise us? Has not this book been deemed a mystery? “Ministers and people declared that the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation were incomprehensible mysteries. But Christ directed His disciples to the words of the prophet Daniel concerning events to take place in their time, and said: ‘Whoso readeth, let him understand.’ Matthew 24:15. And the assertion that the Revelation is a mystery, not to be understood, is contradicted by the very title of the book: *‘The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him, to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass. . . . Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand.’* Revelation 1:1,3.

“In view of the testimony of Inspiration, how dare men teach that the Revelation is a mystery beyond the reach of human understanding? It is a mystery revealed, a book opened. The study of the Revelation directs the mind to the prophecies of Daniel, and both present most important instruction, given of God to men,

concerning events to take place at the close of this world's history." *The Great Controversy*, page 341.

Notwithstanding the short-sightedness, or fear, or ignorance of those afraid to tackle the book of Revelation, the prophecy foretelling the rise of America and the emergence of a Theocracy in its waning days has been under our noses for 2,000 years. Thanks be to God for the priceless gift of the Spirit of Prophecy. Yea, thanks be to God also for men like Sir Isaac Newton and Henry Grattan Guinness, who wrestled with this gift and who helped lay the foundation for our understanding it. Finally, thanks be to God for the 'uneducated' whippersnapper, Ellen Gould White, upon whose mind visions of the night exploded, thus rendering hitherto obscure prophecies in the Bible as clear as day.

JIM ARRABITO

I honestly don't remember how long it was after I began praying about publishing a special edition of *The Great Controversy*, that I was led to artist and historian Jim Arrabito. Orchestrating this meeting was one of our workers, Katherine Searing, who correctly felt Jim was the very man we needed. Together we flew to California to meet with this witty, happy-go-lucky Sicilian American with the heavy crop of hair. We hit it off from the start.

I'd wanted to illustrate *The Great Controversy* with a few pictures that would really make the text stand out. At most I was thinking about twenty or thirty illustrations that would draw attention to (a) Protestant Reformers like Luther, Wycliffe, Calvin, etc. and (b) the persecutions they endured at the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. In Jim's home, however, was a virtual treasure trove, a rich collection of photographs which seemed to be everywhere. Never in my wildest dreams did I think I'd be led to someone who literally had thousands of photographs and that he'd allow our ministry to choose any we wanted. What a match! Do you remember that little blue Lancer in Jamaica? Do you remember how I got it? Without a doubt the same unseen hand was at work here.

Oblivious to our need and desire to illustrate a special edition of *The Great Controversy*, for years Jim had been traveling across the world and taking these spectacular photographs for use in his Sabbath documentary. As I've said on **More Than Waco** (the 2 DVD interview with Lincoln Steed) Jim need not have signed any contract with us. He could simply have said, "Why, that's a great idea," and proceed to put this book together for himself. But he didn't. Recognizing the leading in the Lord in this entire undertaking, he yielded to it. At one point he told me he'd had such tunnel vision about his project that he didn't think in a million years he'd have come up with the idea of illustrating *The Great Controversy* with these photographs.



At this point I think I should make something clear. Why were we permitted to touch *The Great Controversy* at all? After all, wasn't it Ellen White who'd authored it? Yes she did, but the copyright on this book expired in the 1980s. That meant the man in the moon could now legally print it. In weaving some 400 plus of Jim's photographs into this book, plus portraits of the Reformers that he'd painted for this project, we now had a uniquely copyrightable product which we named *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*. And copyright it we did. My only contributions to this priceless volume were (a) the winnowing down of the number of photographs used (left to Jim he'd have put hundreds more in the book) (b) the captions under each, and (c) the preface, which I wrote.

Twenty years later one key question still puzzles me though. Why was this project hatched upon my mind, and not upon Jim's? After all, the photographs were his, so why me? I don't know the answer to this, but within a year of our having signed that contract Jim would be dead, killed along with two of his sons in a fiery plane crash during a mission trip to Alaska. Fascinated by his knowledge and wanting to share it with my countrymen, I'd determined to introduce Jim to Jamaica. We should have left for Kingston on a Wednesday morning. They found his body on the Tuesday. So perplexing was his death to me that twenty years later I still had questions and put one to Elder Steed on **More Than Waco.**

“Why should I have ended up with this book?”

His response was a question of his own: “Isn’t there a verse of scripture that says many are called but few are chosen?”

“Of course,” I said.

“Well evidently by events you’ve been chosen,” he replied.

The more I’d hung around Jim, the more I’d learned. I knew nothing about phallic or yonic symbols prior to meeting him. He was the one who told me what to look for on the stained glass depictions found in so many churches. Armed with these keys, the pictures became so clear. Many were pagan etchings having nothing to do with Christianity and everything to do with Baal, Dagon and paganism’s many deities. A walking encyclopedia, it was Jim who educated me about the equally pagan symbols found in Catholic art, architecture and sacred vestments. I’m pretty sure it was he also who led me to the following, penned by astronomer William Tyler Olcott.

“From the foregoing, which treats merely of the more important solar festivals, it is clear that these products of paganism are as much in force at present ... as they ever were, and that Christianity countenances, and in many cases actually adopted and practices pagan rites whose heathen significance is merely lost sight of because attention is not

called to the source whence those rites have sprung. In short, sun worship, symbolically speaking, lies at the very heart of the great festivals which the Christian Church celebrates today, and these relics of heathen religion have, through the medium of their sacred rites, blended with practices and beliefs utterly antagonistic to the spirit which prompted them.” *Sun Lore Of All Ages: A Collection Of Myths And Legends Concerning The Sun And Its Worship*, page 240.

A profound indictment, Olcott’s charge is worthy of exploration. What are these relics of ancient sun worship that have “blended” with Christianity? Is any such real blending possible? Does not the Bible condemn any attempt at uniting idolatry with Christianity? Does it not exhort Christians to “earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints”? (Jude 3) Is not the plain meaning of this text that Christians should meticulously extract from their faith any article, any dogma, any precept not expressly planted by Christ? How then this blending?

“Every plant, which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up,” Jesus declared in Matthew 15:13, an obvious reference to the traditions of men (v.9) that even in His day were competing against the commandments of God. Years later, Paul would carry it one step further by addressing the attitude the Christian ought to have toward those who hold these traditions.

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,” he declared, “for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you.” 2 Corinthians 6:14-17.

In spite of such clear warnings against idolatry, one relic of sun worship that has found a home in Christian worship is the solar disc and crescent moon motif unearthed by archeologists at sites that in some instances pre-date Christianity by 1,000 years. Undoubtedly the most famous of these is King Tut’s tomb, discovered by Egyptologist Howard Carter in 1922. In his obituary in 1939, The New York Times recalled his stunning discovery.

“In the dim light they could see the glint of gold everywhere. As the scene grew clearer, a whole roomful of objects came into view--couches, chairs, alabaster vases, chariots, a throne, stools and chests, all glistening with inlay and gold, and a sealed doorway leading still beyond. When the doorway was opened a wall of gold was revealed--the side of an immense gilt shrine shielding the sarcophagus of the buried king. The tomb consisted of four chambers, each enclosed by golden doors and containing more

than 600 groups of precious objects. In the innermost chamber Mr. Carter found the sarcophagus, each of its four corners carved in high relief with one of the four guardian goddesses. Within the monument the King lay, enclosed in three coffins nested one within the other and each forming an effigy of the monarch. The inmost coffin enclosing the mummy of the king was of solid gold.”

Inside the tomb, the solar disc and crescent moon motif used in pagan worship is readily discernable. It occurs also on one of the altars dating back to the 8th century B.C. that was brought back from the Middle East to grace the Pergamon Museum in Berlin. On it the solar deity Baal-Hadad, son of Dagon (see *Encyclopedia Britannica*) is being venerated. Courtesy of Jim, pictures of this altar are in our book, *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*. Incredibly, the very same motif is found in the majority of old monstrances in use today. As with Dagon’s miter resting comfortably on the head of the pope (even in death) the use of the solar disc and crescent moon motif in Catholicism’s most sacred ritual begs the question: who or what is really being venerated here?

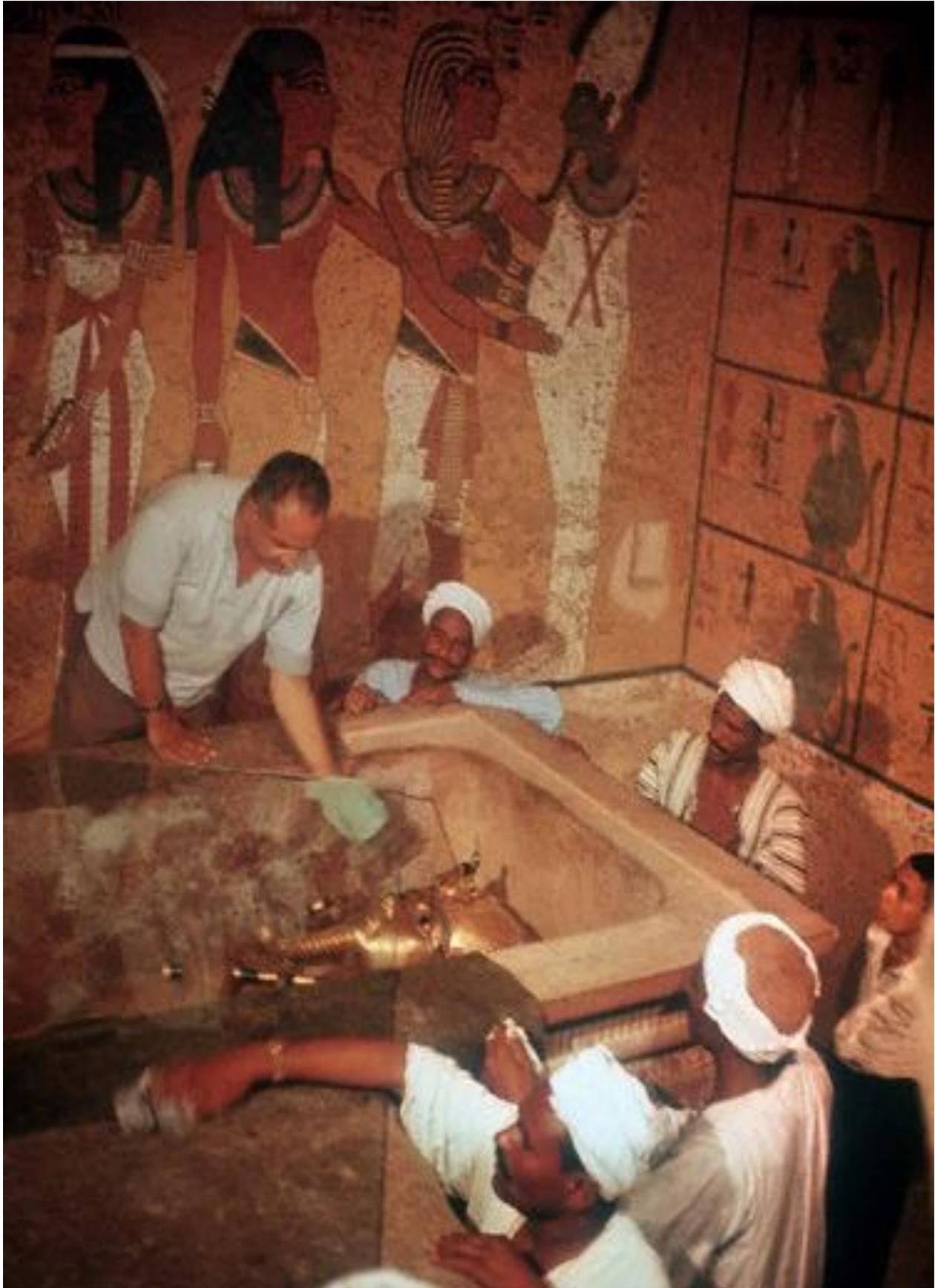
Maybe we’re running too fast. Maybe some reading this have no idea what a monstrance is. So let’s go back to basics. What is a monstrance? The monstrance is the receptacle for the round wafer before which millions of Roman Catholics have been taught to genuflect, or bow. Why bend the knee before a wafer? Because this is no ordinary wafer. In Catholic teaching, after the priest

pronounces his magical incantation upon it, “*hoc est corpus meum*,” (this is my body), the wafer, or host, is transformed into the actual body of God! Officially this doctrine is called transubstantiation. Mortal man creating immortal God, and then eating Him – incredible! Interestingly, it is to this practice of ‘transforming’ the wafer into the actual body of God that the phrase, *hocus pocus*, traces its origin. But let’s move on.

So why is the monstrance inevitably round? Why do the rays of the sun adorn it so conspicuously, so lavishly? For that matter, if the wafer it contains really represents Christ, as millions of unsuspecting Roman Catholics are taught, why is this wafer too, invariably, *in defiance of all logic and common sense*, round?

“For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: And when he had given thanks, he *brake* it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.” 1 Corinthians 11: 23-24. Is it not clear that far from representing the *broken* body of the Son of God, for which a broken piece of bread would do, the round host or Eucharist must represent something else, something round, something that meets its match in the rays of the sun adorning the monstrance that holds it?

Does it really take rocket science to figure out that this wafer represents not the Son, but the incandescent sun, which the pagans













worshipped as the giver of life? Is it not now clear that the monstrance, the wafer, the mitre (and the switch from Sabbath to Sunday) are all part of the broad, deliberate, wholesale invasion of Christianity by paganism, and that the Roman Catholic Church is the chief agent behind this treachery? Is it not now clear that when partaking of the mass, in which this round wafer is consumed, Roman Catholics have been duped by their leaders into participating in a pagan religious rite dedicated to the veneration either of the sun, or of the sun god, Baal.

Not surprisingly, many in the Middle Ages protested these aberrations and were hunted down and slaughtered for having done so. The Waldenses are a case in point, untold thousands of them having been driven from their homes only to endure unimaginable butchery at the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. Of this group Wikipedia states: “Historically Waldenses rejected image worship, transubstantiation, infant baptism, purgatory, the worship of Mary, prayers to saints, veneration of the cross and relics, deathbed repentance, confession to priests, Masses for the dead, papal pardons and indulgences, priestly celibacy and the use of carnal weapons.” Some of the etchings of what these people endured I consider too depraved to print here, yet they are on-line and should be viewed by anyone wanting to know how far Roman Catholicism will go in an attempt to suppress the teachings of those she deems her enemies.

Go to Wikipedia and look up the Waldenses. Look at the etchings. Look at the one depicting the 1655 massacre in La Torre, from Samuel Morland's *History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piemont*, published in London in 1658. Morland was no flake, no lightweight, but a brilliant man, a mathematician and inventor who'd been sent to Italy by Oliver Cromwell in 1655 to protest actions taken against the Waldenses. What do these etchings tell you about that which is to come when Roman Catholicism again bears sway over the earth?

Knowing the end from the beginning – knowing I'd be involved in the production of *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* more than a decade later – was this part of the reason why God allowed me to be fired in Jamaica? Was the body of knowledge introduced to me by Jim Arrabito what God wanted me to (a) learn then (b) bring to the world via the pages of Ellen White's classic?

Surely He could have found much more pure and deserving hands than my own through which to work, but in 1 Corinthians 1:26–29, Paul rebukes my questionings: “For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring

to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence.” 1 Corinthians 1:26 – 29. Foolish, weak, base, despised – what a list! I qualify, dear Jesus, I qualify!

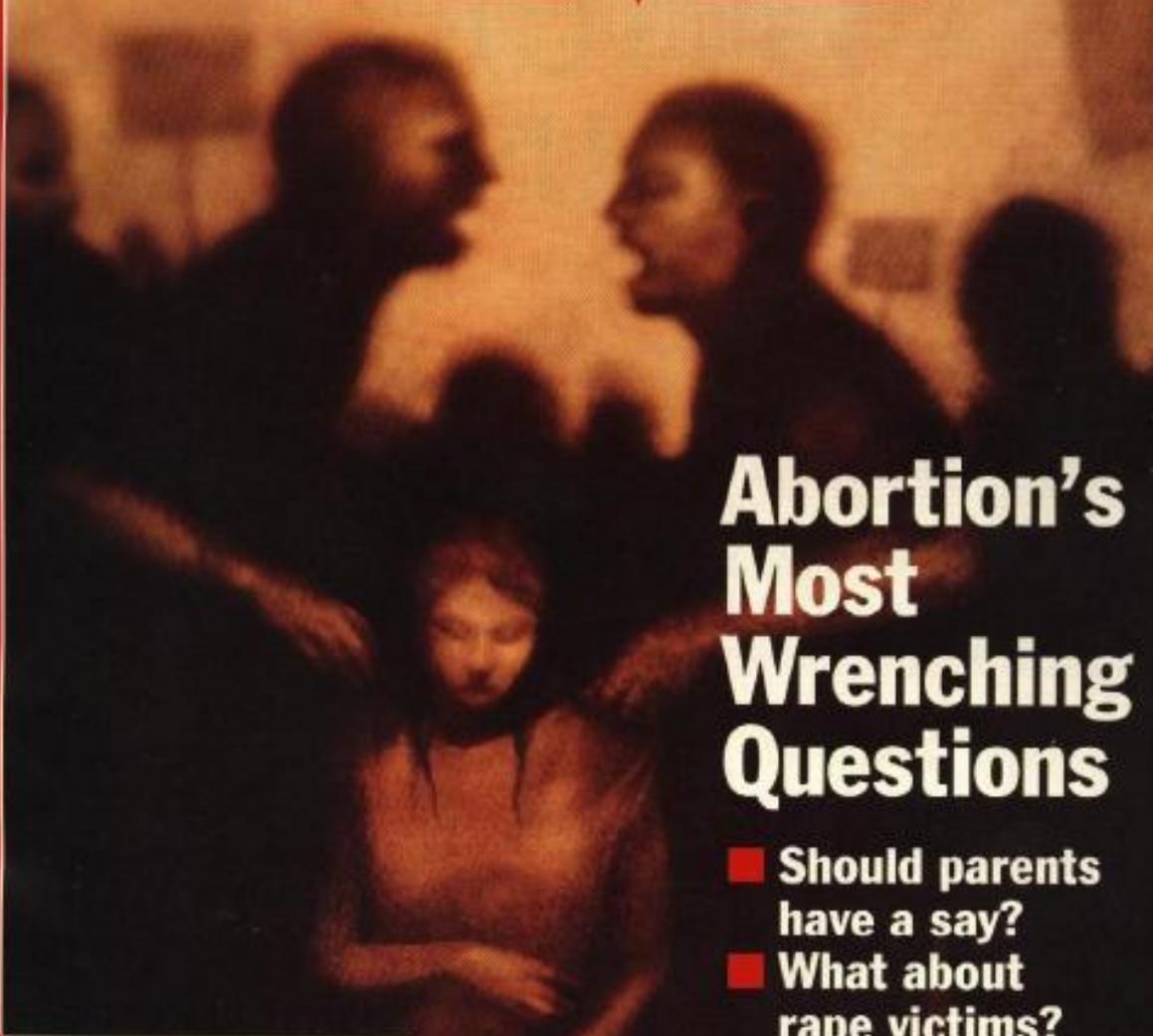
Does God really choose the weak and the despised as His workers? Yes he does. Ask Jephthah, the son of an harlot (Judges 11:1), ask Moses, embarrassed at whatever speech impediment he had (Exodus 4:10), ask Peter, who swore with cursing that he did not know Christ. (Matthew 26:74). Take heart, dear reader, there is a work for you too. “For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work ...” (Mark 13:34).

How will you know your work? Consider the following, then be at peace: “But we are not to place the responsibility of our duty upon others, and wait for them to tell us what to do. We cannot depend for counsel upon humanity. The Lord will teach us our duty just as willingly as He will teach somebody else. If we come to Him in faith, He will speak His mysteries to us personally. Our hearts will often burn within us as One draws nigh to commune with us as He did with Enoch. Those who decide to do nothing in any line that will displease God, will know, after presenting their case before Him, just what course to pursue. And they will receive not only wisdom, but strength. Power for obedience, for service, will be imparted to them, as Christ has promised.” *The Desire of Ages*, page 668.

As for my work back in 1990: it wouldn't be confined to exposing the pagan vertebrae undergirding the sacred rituals and vestments of the Roman Catholic Church. This *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* does indeed do, but there was yet something else that needed to be done. Lingering on my heart was the impression that we needed also to confront the dangerous dominion theology sweeping Protestantism. How? By showing the movement in which it was enshrined was all predicted.

GERMANY: Toward Unity

TIME



Abortion's Most Wrenching Questions

- Should parents have a say?
- What about rape victims?

Time Magazine. *Wanting \$850,000 for a 6 page ad, it gave LRL unparalleled opportunity to showcase Adventist creativity.*

Chapter 3

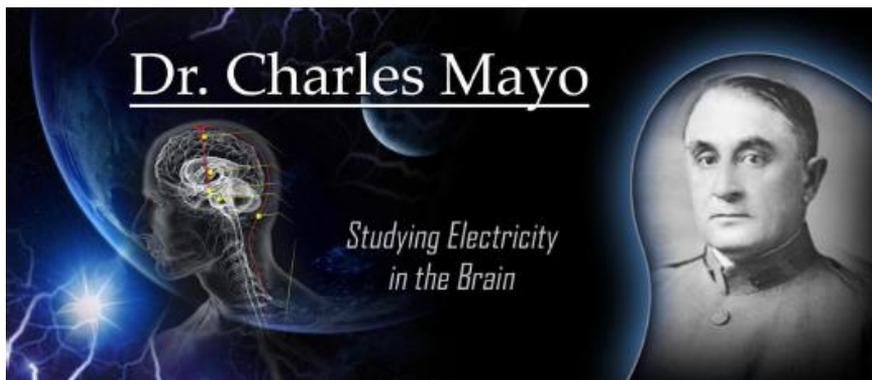
TIME MAGAZINE

Challenging dominion theology was the motive behind our six page Time Magazine ad of 1990. Though we could have said much about the Vatican, we were not impressed to. Instead we quoted the Protestant pastors already mentioned: (Falwell, Robertson, LaHaye, etc.) and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States at the time, William Rehnquist. Why Rehnquist? Because he espoused a philosophy that, left unchallenged, could have radically empowered dominion theology. Here's what he said: "The 'wall of separation between church and State' is a metaphor based on bad history, a metaphor which has proved useless as a guide to judging. It should be frankly and explicitly

abandoned.” Of course what Rehnquist was saying was “abandon the metaphor,” which is not part of the Constitution, but it came dangerously close to saying “abandon the First Amendment,” which of course is. Either way, we had to address it.

Page one of our ad consisted of a portrait of Mrs. White that I’d commissioned. With it were a few sentences about an award she’d posthumously received. Page two featured statements she’d made about nutrition and health and the year in which scientists made breakthrough discoveries authenticating them. All this was by way of establishing her credibility and showing her to be years ahead of the science of her day. Readers needed to know she was credible and this was our method of establishing it, i.e., to focus on statements about health which scientists did no (nay, could not) validate until long after she’d died.

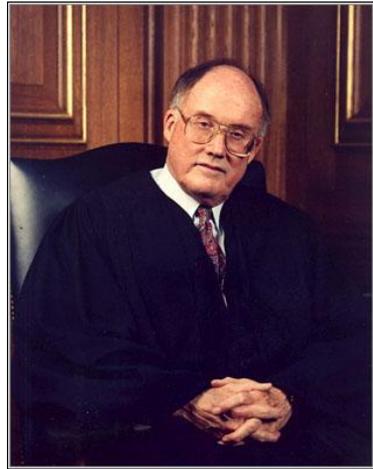
I won’t reproduce the entire ad here, but I can tell you one topic we used was electroencephalography, i.e., the science of electricity in the brain. In 1869 Mrs. White had written: “Whatever disturbs the circulation of the electric currents in the nervous system lessens the strength of the vital powers, and the result is a deadening of the sensibilities of the mind.” It wasn’t until midway through the 20th century that scientists were finally able to demonstrate conclusively the existence of electricity in the brain. In 1934 Dr. Charles Mayo, of the world renowned Mayo Clinic, concluded: “minute electrical charges are vital to the functioning of the brain.” Ellen White had written about the existence of these



“electrical currents” before most of the scientists studying the issue were born. How did she know?

Once thus having tacitly raised the issue of inspiration (i.e., was she, or wasn't she) it was then time to turn readers to religious liberty. Pages three and four of our ad consisted of a graphic depicting an assault upon the Constitution of the United States by the church, which of course is what we believe is depicted in Revelation 13:11-17. Streams of blood were flowing as a result of these wounds. Page five explained the graphic by quoting the Protestant pastors already mentioned. In so doing we highlighted both the danger of the course these pastors were espousing and the threat to the Constitution posed by the entire movement. On this page we also inserted Justice Rehnquist's statement about church State separation. At the bottom was a photograph of *The Great Controversy* (we'd not as yet re-named it), with the caption: “Tomorrow's news before it comes.” Finally, page six reinforced Mrs. White's credibility by highlighting radio commentator Paul Harvey's lofty opinion of her.

“The ‘wall of separation between church and State’ is a metaphor based on bad history, a metaphor which has proved useless as a guide to judging. It should be frankly and explicitly abandoned.”



CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM REHNQUIST

So this was our ad, our first attempt at introducing *The Great Controversy* to the public. A century earlier Mrs. White had written: “We must take every justifiable means of bringing the light before the people. Let the press be utilized, and let every advertising agency be employed that will call attention to the work. This should not be regarded as nonessential. On every street corner you may see placards and notices calling attention to various things that are going on, some of them of the most objectionable character; and shall those who have the light of life be satisfied with feeble efforts to call the attention of the masses to the truth?” *Evangelism*, page 129.

Having contacted Time Magazine, we discovered the cost of running these six pages would be \$850,000. These were the days before the internet when in order to make your case, especially for

an unknown product, long copy was almost the only way. To my mind we needed every one of those six pages if we were to make a credible case. Today all we need is to advertise a website and let *it* do the selling, but back then we were stuck. There was no way around it. How were we to raise these funds?

Alerting the rank and file of the Seventh-day Adventist Church was our first challenge. This we did cautiously, sending out 5,000 letters as a test. In it was a copy of the ad and an appeal for funds. The results were spectacular. Once we knew God's people were enthused, we knew we could safely send out the remaining 95,000 letters, which we did.

Right around this time I left Florida to visit my mother in Jamaica and hadn't been gone a week when our treasurer called. "You've got to come back to Florida," he said, "every line in this office is ringing off the hook. People are pledging money left and right. They like the ad." What did this mean? If every one of our ten telephone lines was ringing, it meant every worker in that office was doing nothing but answering phones and taking pledges. I returned to Florida to coordinate this myself. It was perhaps the greatest outpouring of interest and support the church had ever seen for any project. Millions of dollars were on the line – not surprisingly either, for our little test of 5,000 letters had predicted just such a response. What I didn't expect was the telephone calls. And what we didn't know is that while these dear saints were calling us, they were also calling the General Conference.

One call that came in to our office I will never forget. It was from a doctor who told us he'd just sold a toy and wanted to donate part of the proceeds to the work of the Lord.

Curious, I asked him "What kind of toy?"

"A helicopter," he calmly replied.

"Oh."

"I'd like to donate \$300,000 to this project," he continued, "\$150,000 I'll give you and \$150,000 I'll loan."

What he evidently was proposing was that as the books sold we could repay him \$150,000. Excited? Of course I was, but in the next breath he took aim at the first page of our ad and added, "But don't you think you've given a little too much prominence to the author?" What was on that page? The portrait of Mrs. White that I'd commissioned. This was no ordinary portrait either, the steps that led up to it being, in my opinion, quite providential.

Here's the story. It all started with our sound engineer at the time, Jon Rowell, to whom I'd mentioned our need of a good artist. Over and over again he'd recommended I travel into Orlando and find Peterson Outdoor (a billboard company). Once there I was to ask for Luis Drapiza, one of their artists. Unimpressed, I kept putting it off for months until one day I gave in. Jon had been so insistent. At Peterson I was directed out back into their production

shop where numerous billboards in varying degrees of production were on display. That's where I met Mr. Drapiza. What was his claim to fame, anyway, I wondered.

Approaching him I introduced myself, told him how highly recommended he'd come, pulled out a small picture of Mrs. White and asked if he thought he could paint her portrait. To which this Filipino artist responded: "Ahh, Sister White." He was a Seventh-day Adventist. I was dumbstruck. Of all things! I'd had no idea, neither did Jon, I suspect. Wanting to see some of his work, I was shown a portfolio which included a huge billboard featuring President Reagan. The story behind that billboard was quite a testimony to Brother Drapiza's prowess.

Wanting to impress President Reagan during a visit to Orlando, the City fathers had approached Peterson Outdoor with the request that they erect a huge billboard in the President's honor. It would hang at a prominent spot on the I-4, the Interstate running through downtown Orlando. To whom did Peterson turn? To their best artist, Luis Drapiza. The rest, as they say, is history. The portrait was painted, the billboard erected. Seeing it as he drove through Orlando, President Reagan loved it so much he promptly requested it for himself. Within a short while it would be hanging in the Smithsonian, courtesy of President Reagan. That settled it. If Luis Drapiza was good enough for President Reagan, he certainly would be good enough for me. That's how we got the portrait that became the first page of our ad. Now here was this doctor on the line

asking me to reconsider the prominence we'd given Sister White in that portrait. "Won't you pray about it?" he asked.

All I had to do to claim that \$300,000 was pray. Think about it. One prayer and our ministry would have been better-off to the tune of \$300,000. Yet it wasn't that simple. Could a prayer ever be sinful? In this situation, most definitely. Even prayer can be pure sin if the motive behind it is selfish; isn't that what the story of Balaam is all about?

Quick as a flash the answer came. "No I won't, pray," I said, "I have no intention of changing the ad."

That did it. The \$300,000 dangling before my nose vanished. Didn't I expect it to? Frankly, I never gave it a second thought. What was important was that I answered him honestly. God knows I have my weaknesses, but the love of money is not one of them. Millions of dollars have passed through my hands since we opened our doors in 1979, but we've put every last dime to work for the Lord. If there's been a beef against me over the years, it's that I've been too liberal with money, not hesitating wherever I've felt a genuine human need could be met.

To be sure, this decision not to alter the ad didn't sit too well with some. My wife in particular told me I don't know how to talk to people. During our interview, Lincoln Steed went so far as to say he's sure if I had it to do over again I'd do things differently. To which I responded a resounding "No!" If I had it to do all over

again, I'd say not one word differently! This doctor's offer might have been well intentioned at the beginning, but when he suggested I change the ad, after dangling \$300,000 under my nose, it became a bribe.

“Wealth has its privileges,” I subsequently wrote him, and whether consciously or unconsciously he was throwing a bit of his importance around. I'd later find out his annual intake at that time was \$17,000,000 per year. How did I know? He told me. At any rate, Virginia Woolf, whom I previously quoted, said it best for me: “To sacrifice a hair of the head of your vision, a shade of its colour, in deference to some Headmaster with a silver pot in his hand or to some professor with a measuring-rod up his sleeve, is the most abject treachery, and the sacrifice of wealth and chastity, which used to be said to be the greatest of human disasters, a mere flea-bite in comparison.” And then there's **Shakespeare**: “To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.” Aye, but what a cost!

A year later I'd been in fasting and prayer over some of our needs when the telephone rang. For eight solid days I'd fasted, maybe thinking at that time I'd impress God with my importunity. On the eighth day, having neither seen nor heard anything from the Lord, I'd given up. Angry, petulant, and pouting, I'd deliberately gone to my favorite Indian restaurant and ordered my pet dish, Channa Massala, curried chick peas. I'd felt so cheated. I've often described my feelings at that time like this. Picture a woman

waiting for her date. It was now 9:00 p.m. and he should have shown up at 4:00. Furious, she eventually storms off into the night. Well, that was David Mould. Furious at God, I'd gone into that restaurant and eaten like a pig. That was on a Thursday, I distinctly remember. On the following Monday the telephone rang. Guess who was on the line? It was the doctor.

“Hi, how are you?”

“Fine,” I responded.

“What are your needs?”

At the time we were trying to pay off two large bills; in fact, that's why I'd been fasting. One was for a little over \$30,000, the other about \$25,000. I told him about them.

“Give me the numbers,” he said.

That said, I gave him the wiring instructions to the printer in North Carolina and to our bank. Whereupon he promptly wired a total of roughly \$55,000, paying off every dime. What were the lessons here? I'll give you two.

- 1) There were no strings from that doctor this time. He asked us about our needs and I answered him just as plainly as I had the year previous. Evidently it had taken him a year to come to grips with the answer, but he'd come around, real-

izing, he said, that though he never intended his offer as a bribe, he could see how it might have come across as one.

- 2) What I heard God saying to me that Monday morning was this: “David, I don’t fit into your schedule, you fit into mine. I could have answered your prayer during the first day of your fast, or the second, or third, or anywhere along the line all the way up to the eighth, but I didn’t. I waited until you snapped, pouted and got angry with Me. I waited that I might first show you what’s in your heart.”

Wrote Mrs. White: “The Saviour longs to give us a greater blessing than we ask; and He delays the answer to our request that He may show us the evil of our own hearts, and our deep need of His grace.” *The Desire of Ages*, page 200.

I’ve carried this latter lesson around with me now for over 20 years, realizing: (a) there’s nothing good in my heart to commend me to God, and, (b) no matter the circumstance, it never warrants conduct as disgraceful as that which was on display when God saw fit to test my faith back then. Yes, I’m still prone to question Him about the long delays that seem to attend every phase of our work, but I’ve been cured of temper tantrums. I daresay my trust in Him, though not perfect, has grown. We’ll have more to say along this line in subsequent chapters. Right now, let’s go back to that Time Magazine ad and the awesome, overflowing response of which that doctor’s initial call was but a part.

It was shortly after that call that we first realized we were in trouble. The telephone calls that had brought me back from Jamaica suddenly dropped off, their tone becoming decidedly different. Stop payment after stop payment was put on numerous checks. What had gone wrong?

Do you remember my telling you that excited church members had been calling the General Conference? That's where the trouble started. In short order letters were read from numerous pulpits across America warning members not to have anything to do with our campaign. Union papers trumpeted the same. Time Magazine, it was claimed, had assured the church our ad would never run!

What! Quickly we contacted the Time Magazine representative in Atlanta with whom I'd been working. Realizing the entire campaign had come under vicious attack, he hastily jumped on a plane and flew to New York to meet with Time's top brass. To this day I don't know what was said behind closed doors, but when he came out of that meeting he gave me three messages. Time's top brass told him to tell me:

- 1) The ad can run.
- 2) Time had dropped the price to \$650,000.
- 3) "Oh, by the way, what your church just tried to do to you is tantamount to GM trying to block a Ford ad."

I'd take some comfort in all of this, but it was too late. The die had been cast. The church had succeeded in casting a pall over the

entire campaign. In the end we figured we'd lost over \$2,000,000 in up-front donations and God only knows how much more in residuals. There was one bright note, however. We'd managed to salvage enough to run the ad in one State and chose to do so in Indiana. Why Indiana? We did it in order to coincide with the 55th Session of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, scheduled for Indianapolis that year. Members seeing that ad would at least know our campaign had been no fraud and that we'd been telling the truth all along.

To ensure Seventh-day Adventists attending the convention had additional access to that magazine, we set up a booth as close as we could to the convention and sold hundreds of magazines. In one hilarious episode, one brother approached our booth and proceeded to try to rip the ad out of the magazine, insisting we had to have glued it in. Why did he do this? Because the church, remember, had insisted the ad wouldn't run! *Glued it in!* Such is the power of the church that a man would doubt his senses and make a fool of himself in trying to tear those pages out.

What had I done to deserve this? All I'd been trying to do was bring *The Great Controversy* to the public. True, our methods were outside the pale for an Adventist group at the time (nobody apparently having tried advertising on that scale before) but did we deserve the thrashing we got? Elder Steed and I discuss this at length on **More Than Waco**, where he shares unbelievable insights into this travesty. Bottom line: this fiasco reminded me so

much of the baptism at the General Penitentiary, only this time I'd angered far more than one conference president. Based on the lengths to which the church went in order to kill our ad, the entire General Conference seemed ticked off at us. I'd like to think our work in Jamaica's prisons was pleasing to the Lord, so too this attempt to bring *The Great Controversy* into the mainstream, but could I do nothing to please the church? Was I destined to be an *outcast* forever?

By the way, to this day we've got hundreds of copies of this edition of Time Magazine left over. What are we supposed to do with them? I don't know, but like Christ's leftovers after one particular feast, I know they fit in somewhere. "When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." John 6:12.

CURSED?

For years I've viewed *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* as the second most important book in the world, next only to the Bible; yet almost from the day we determined to publish it, it's been a source of heartache to us. On one occasion in 1994 while driving up I-95 in Florida and reminiscing on the losses we'd sustained since touching this book, I had to ask the Lord if I was

cursed. Now let me be clear about what I'm about to say here. I neither hear voices nor am I under any illusion about having any inside track to God. I am a miserable sinner saved by grace.

That day, however, I did hear a voice. There'd been no one in the car with me. I was driving alone. I'd travelled the roughly 150 miles from Miami to Titusville and was heading for the Orlando exit when I heard it. It hadn't been an audible voice, as if a man or woman were sitting beside me and speaking to me, if anything it sounded as if spoken from inside my head, between my ears. That's how I remember it. All that whispery voice said to me was: "*Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay.*" Now I wasn't at all concerned about the vengeance part. For years we've taken our blows and kept going forward. Vengeance simply isn't a part of my thinking, yet I've seen God execute severe justice upon some who've been foremost in scheming and venting their virulent hatred of this piece of clay. Tragically, one even killed himself.

What did catch my ears that day, however, was the word *repay*. Assuming it was God who'd just whispered to me, what was He saying? I'd been in the act of mentally totaling the losses we'd sustained, both from the leadership blocking our ad and in subsequent blows we'd taken, when the voice whispered its assurance to me. What did God mean by *I will repay*?

You know what He meant. From that day to this I've been waiting on Him to fulfill His word, spoken to me with all the noise

of a feather falling to the ground. In the meantime I cling to His promises: “After this I will return, and will build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen down; and I will build again the ruins thereof, and I will set it up.” Acts 15:16. The tabernacle of David? Hey, that’s me! As a result of this and other verses, I fully expect every dime that was on its way to our ministry, but which was blocked through the cunning of the devil, to yet come to us, from one source or another – with interest too!

But I’m not yet through with this subject. The theological meanderings through which this ordeal has put me could fill a book. What does it mean? And what part will this interview granted us by Elder Steed play? How does it fit into God’s plan for my life? I know they’re all connected, so let’s go to the Bible in an attempt to figure it all out.

I’d ultimately like to talk about Jonathan, but first let’s go to Ruth and Naomi. Do you remember them? Do you remember Boaz’s reaction to Ruth’s faithfulness to Naomi? “And Boaz answered and said unto her, it hath been fully showed me, all that thou hast done to thy mother in law since the death of thine husband: and how thou hast left thy father and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore.” Ruth 2:11.

Do you remember what comes next? “And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, let her glean

even among the sheaves, and reproach her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, and leave them, that she may glean them, and rebuke her not.” (vs. 15, 16). As I read this, I see far more than Boaz and Ruth. I see God in his dealings with His people. He who feeds the birds by leaving seed for them on the ground, feeds His children also. This act of generosity of Boaz is typical of what God does every day for His children. This story, my friend, is not just about Boaz and Ruth; it is about God. And you and me too! Let me tell you what I mean.

Do you see that interview I’ve been talking about since this book started – i.e., that interview granted us by Liberty Magazine editor, Lincoln Steed? Let this sink in, please: Elder Steed works at the very headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. His consenting to sit with us gave us back our credibility as legitimate voices within the church. We might have been outcasts to some, but to Elder Steed’s mind (that mind so versed in religious liberty precedent and nuance) we had a right to be heard and he gave it to us. That interview with Elder Steed, beloved, is part of the gleanings from the vineyard of God.

Let me rephrase this by putting it in the form of a few questions. Who but God could have pulled this off? Who but God could have had one of the men with whom we’d had to deal at Pacific Press – i.e., Elder Steed, who was a worker in the book review department at the time when Jim Arrabito and I showed up in 1989 – who but God, I say, could have had him grant us this interview?

Who but God could have had him come public about some of the inside plotting with which we'd had to contend in 1989? Thanks to this candid, eye-opening interview, now the truth is out. Now people can hear for themselves how far some in leadership will go to *block* the light lest it shine upon the masses.

We'll come back to this in our final chapter, *Espionage*, but I can't conclude this chapter without sharing a few more thoughts. First I'd like you to consider a passage you may already know quite well. It's in *The Great Controversy*. There God's servant writes:

“As the storm approaches, a large class who have professed faith in the third angel's message, but have not been sanctified through obedience to the truth, abandon their position and join the ranks of the opposition ... Men of talent and pleasing address, who once rejoiced in the truth, employ their powers to deceive and mislead souls. They become the most bitter enemies of their former brethren. When Sabbathkeepers are brought before the courts to answer for their faith, these apostates are the most efficient agents of Satan to misrepresent and accuse them, and by false reports and insinuations to stir up the rulers against them.” Page 608.

That's pretty much known. Mrs. White refers to these as apostates, former brethren, former Seventh-day Adventists, but count backward two paragraphs and what do we find? "

"As the controversy extends into new fields and the minds of the people are called to God's downtrodden law, Satan is astir. The power attending the message will only madden those who oppose it. **The clergy will put forth almost superhuman efforts to shut away the light lest it should shine upon their flocks.** By every means at their command, they will endeavor to suppress the discussion of these vital questions." *Ibid*, page 607.

"The clergy will put forth almost superhuman efforts to shut away the light ..." Whose clergy? At first glance you might be prone to think she's talking about Sunday-keeping pastors exclusively, but could she also be talking about apostates currently preaching behind Adventist pulpits? Isn't this precisely what we're seeing in Adventism today? Did not one pastor burn the Spirit of Prophecy books right in front of his congregation? Could opposition to the Spirit of Prophecy be any more plain? Is this hatred of Mrs. White and her visions what was behind the opposition to our Time ad back in 1989? Is this what led some in church leadership to approach Time Magazine with the request that the ad not be allowed to run?

Now let me be clear about something here. While I believe the Seventh-day Adventist Church still has pastors who would give their lives for this truth (pastors, for example, who are not afraid to stand up and call the leadership of this church to accountability for things like evolution being taught out at La Sierra University) while we still have pastors like these who will risk their necks in defense of God's truth, I'm convinced there are those in our midst, living apostates, who will do their best to block the light "lest it should shine upon their flocks." Such don't even want the Spirit of Prophecy read in their churches.

Nor is this something new. When Ellen White first wrote *The Great Controversy*, it actually languished in our publishing houses for quite a while. Wrote Mrs. White; "The Lord has had great and grand purposes for His people, but they have worked at cross purposes with Him. As soon as *The Great Controversy* came from the press, it should have been pushed forward above every other book. I have been shown this. Had it been circulated at the time it was lying idle, there would have been a very different order of things among our workers. The impressions made would have wrought decided changes. But instead of this, the book was suppressed, although the promise was made me that it should go forward if I would take the lowest royalty. The book that should have gone did not go, and the men who should have worked to carry it forward discouraged the canvassers from handling it. All that I could say was as water spilt upon a rock. Thus saith the Lord, I will judge for this false, dishonest work.--Lt 39, 1899.

Where am I going with this? I'm asking a question today about the people to whom Elder Steed refers on **More Than Waco** (i.e., the leaders who succeeded in killing most of our campaign) and those who refused to publish *The Great Controversy* in the late 1890s. Do you think these were all (a) faithful Seventh-day Adventists just doing their job (b) secretly apostate Seventh-day Adventists, or (c) agents working for someone else? As I said, we'll come back to this in Chapter 9, *Espionage*, but not before one more point is made.

Was I wrong in going forward with our Time ad after men in key leadership positions did everything they could to block it? Two quotes come to mind – two highly instructive quotes. The first sets the stage. It's from the *Desire of Ages*, page 251.

“If men in humble life were encouraged to do all the good they could do, if restraining hands were not laid upon them to repress their zeal, there would be a hundred workers for Christ where now there is one.”

Restraining hands ... repressing zeal ... sound familiar? That's precisely what we encountered in Jamaica in 1977 and precisely what we encountered after attempting to purchase one nationwide ad for *The Great Controversy* in 1989. In both instances the culprit was the clergy – but in neither instance did we quit. Not once did we put our tails between our feet, roll over and play dead for the leadership of this church.

Q. So what sustained us?

A. The vision that what we were doing at the General Penitentiary in Jamaica and what we were doing with that Time Magazine ad in America were both *right!*

I may not understand Greek, or Hebrew, but I do have a fair grasp of English: “Go ye into all the world,” (that’s English) “and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.” Mark 16: 15, 16. That’s not just for the minister; that’s the work the Lord has given His church to do. Friend, that’s you and me!

The second quote is downright explosive. In my almost forty years in the church I’ve never heard it discussed, neither in Sabbath School nor from the pulpit. Not once in forty years. We avoid it like the plague. I daresay most Seventh-day Adventists don’t know it exists. If the ministers know, they’re certainly not talking about it. It’s been buried in our literature but needs to come out now as we see the end of the world approaching.

Did you hear what I said? I said it needs to come out from obscurity now, to free up the *will* and the resolve and the energy of thousands who, without it, might never become workers for Christ. What is this quote? Store it in your mind. Write it down. Memorize it. Mark it on your computer that on page 369, of Volume 5 of the Testimonies, God’s prophet, Mrs. Ellen G. White, wrote:

“There is enough wealth in your conference to carry forward this work successfully; and shall the prince of darkness be left in undisputed possession of our great cities because it costs something to sustain missions? Let those who would follow Christ fully come up to the work, even if it be over the heads of ministers and president.”

Obviously that’s a reference to the ministers in our churches, the presidents of our conferences and unions, etc. This passage doesn’t need any translation at all, does it? The meaning is clear. A few minutes ago I asked the question as to whether we were right or wrong in going forward with our ad after the church said no. There’s your answer! There are times when in order to do the will of God, you and I will have to go over the heads of the leadership of the church! 1990 was one of those times.

Friend, I have a question for you. If you are, or were a Seventh-day Adventist, chances are you belong to one of two groups.

- (i) Those who’ve have become discouraged over the depressing state of affairs in God’s church today.

- (ii) Those who’ve left the church and who condemn those who stay.

What do you hear God saying to *you* in these two quotations just discussed? I’ve already told you what I hear Him saying to me.

“When it comes to doing My work, go over the head of your minister and church board if you have to, but at all costs do the work I have appointed you! Deliver the milk – what Peter in 1 Peter 2:2 calls “the sincere milk of the word.” And while you’re delivering it, remember Jonathan.

Jonathan? Yes, Jonathan. A couple pages ago I said these conflicts with the clergy have sparked much theological meandering in my mind. Thanks to these, I now find Jonathan’s experience highly instructive. Let’s look at it.

In 1 Samuel 14:1 the Bible says: “Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armor, come and let us go over to the Philistine’s garrison, that is on the other side. But he told not his father.” Who was his father? The King of Israel! The General Conference President of his day. Jonathan didn’t say a word to him. Ignoring him, he went about doing the work God had given him. The result? One of the most thrilling victories ever recorded in the Bible.

“And between the passages, by which Jonathan sought to go over unto the Philistine’s garrison, there was a sharp rock on the one side, and a sharp rock on the other side: and the name of the one was Bozez, and the name of the other Seneh ... and Jonathan said to the young man that bare his armor, Come, and let us go over unto the garrison of these uncircumsized: it may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save

by many or by few ... and Jonathan climbed upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armor-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan; and his armor-bearer slew after him ... and there was trembling in the host, in the field, and among all the people: the garrison and the spoilers, they also trembled, and the earth quaked: so it was a very great trembling ... So the Lord saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Bethaven.” 1 Samuel 14: 4, 6, 13, 15, 23.

The lesson? If need be, God will bypass the official church to get his work done. Let that sink into your head. Just because *the brethren* may be asleep under their own private pomegranate tree (14:2) doesn't mean you and I can justify sleeping. We must be like Jonathan, willing to venture all, willing to lose our lives, if need be, for our God.

Friend, I believe this interview with Elder Steed, so seemingly happenstance, so unexpected, is part of the gleanings from the storehouse of God. It's Boaz and Ruth all over again, I'm convinced of it, the only difference being this: whereas Ruth might not have known the gleanings had been deliberately left for her, not so with me. With her story illumining my path, I absolutely know Who orchestrated this interview. Elder Steed is God's ram in the thicket, caught not by his horns, but by his conscience. I believe with all my heart that scales are already falling off thousands of eyes as people view these DVDs and hear him recall not only what our ministry unjustly suffered in 1990 at the hands

of the leadership of the church, but also hear him admit what Elder Wood wouldn't – i.e., the incredible wealth of the church.

Somebody is going to see this interview, beloved, whose eyes are going to be opened. Somebody will see it who'll be filled with righteous indignation as he, or she, sees how far some in leadership will go to block the light from coming to the people. Somebody is going to see this interview who's going to fulfill God's word whispered to me on the I-95 – *I will repay!* Somebody is going to see this interview, I say, who is going to fund the publication of this book by the *millions*. I believe this. “For they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.” Isaiah 40:31. And again. “The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.” Lamentations 3:25,26.

God may hide Himself in the clouds, as David said: “He made darkness His secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies,” (Psalm 18:11) yea, He may hide himself even as Boaz hid his kindness from Ruth, instructing his men to “let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her,” but He cannot hide from me. I see Him. I know Him. I know Who did this. It is part of His mercy, His longsuffering, His compassion to David. “The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep

his anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.” Psalm 103:8-14.

One more biblical precedent before we close this chapter. Do you know of what else this interview with Elder Steed reminds me? It reminds me of Pharaoh having a dream he doesn't understand, then sending for Joseph who'd been languishing, first as a slave and then in jail for well over a decade. God could have pulled this off any time He chose; He could have done it while Joseph was a servant to Potiphar, “in whose service he remained for ten years,” (*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 216) He could have done it during the early part of Joseph's unjust incarceration, but He waited until this child of Jacob had become seasoned and matured and settled in His faith. “There's a simplicity about God in working out his plans, yet a resourcefulness equal to any difficulty, and an unswerving faithfulness to His trusting child, and an unforgetting steadiness in holding to His purpose. Through a fellow prisoner, then a dream, He lifts Joseph from a prisoner to premiership. And the length of stay in the prison prevents dizziness in the premier. It's safe to trust God's methods and to go by His clock.” S.D. Gordon, in *Streams in the Desert*, October 14th.

Why should this interview remind me of Joseph? Because in many respects I feel like I've been inside a prison for the past twenty years, that's why. Locked up hoping. Locked up praying. Left to hang on nothing but the word of Almighty God – that's been the lot of this outcast, yet I'm convinced it's not been in vain. Is not the time of my release at hand? Is not the noise I hear, the noise of the jailer with the keys in his hand? Hush ... he's stopped outside my cell. Look at that face, look at it I say. Oh my gosh, isn't that Lincoln Steed?

Well, so much for the drama surrounding our Time Magazine ad and the promotion of *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*. I'd like so much to be around when God unveils this edition with its 450 photographs to the world. Better yet, I'd love nothing more than to be the agent He uses in this process. That's one of the key reasons why we persevere.

Coming up in Chapter 4, more drama – the aftermath of Jim Arrabito's death and the murder of an ex-Jesuit. It's all in the chapter entitled: The Oceana Days.

