



# ZWTF

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 2012 zapping you whenever thoughts flow

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## The devitalizing power of unbelief

There are two types of *unbelievers*: 1) worldly unbelievers, and 2) religious unbelievers. Religious *unbelievers* are the truly dangerous ones because their unbelief is less obvious. They seem right because they have a form of power, but no devoutness (2 Timothy 3:5); that is, they are irreverent toward God. How could they be considered *reverent* toward the Deity when they believe shameful things about Him, such as that He is an “eternal tormentor”? Or that He runs around the universe patching up our mistakes? Neither thing is true; these are characteristics of the caricature god worshipped by Christians and Jews.

Worldly unbelievers have the decency to dispense with the form; they go about overtly hating God. While unpleasant to watch, this is better than sitting in the midst of fakery (the form of devoutness), sensing the hatred beneath.

Religious unbelievers are not concerned with what God thinks. Their main concern is blending into the mainstream; they care what the mainstream *thinks* God thinks. As long as they are in a popular system, religious unbelievers will swallow deception, and it will even taste like candy to them. Their main goal in life is to not be different, not look stupid, and not be discomfited by anything, especially not persecution. They desperately care what everyone else thinks. They live for acceptance—not acceptance by God, but by other people. They think there is safety in numbers, even if the numbers are heading off the cliff in a torrent. The problem with heading off the cliff in a torrent is that you have lots of company (the torrent), and everyone is patting you on the back and confirming for you how righteous the torrent is.

I went to a Jewish funeral yesterday. The only thing



worse than death is being surrounded by unbelieving Israelites at a function of death. I do give the rabbi credit for avoiding any definitive teaching on death. At least the rabbi had the honesty to say, again and again: “Everything is a mystery. We have no answers.” That kind of honesty (though pathetic) was the highlight of the funeral for me.

Any time I see a person with a yarmulke on his/her head, I consider it a tacit public announcement: “Hello. I am an Israelite; in other words, I wander about daily in a spirit of stupor generously given me by the God I do not know (Romans 11:8)—as evidenced, not only by this ridiculous headpiece, but by the fact that my ancestors killed Jesus Christ, and I am perfectly fine with it. I mean, what else would decent, God-loving people do with a false prophet?”

The Ten Commandments were engraved on the large, marble front wall of the synagogue, behind the rabbi’s platform—another sign of Israel’s continued ignorance of

law's true purpose. They still think they can do it. They still want to clobber other people with it. A cantor sang beautifully—like a bird. She sang the 16th Psalm. I would have rather heard her sing this psalm than, say, Bill Maher, though the unbelief was the same—it was simply made more melodious.

I hate death; *hate* it. Many people like death, as evidenced by their creeds, which never repudiate or conquer it. The rabbi spoke reverentially of the deceased, delivering a moving tribute to her. But, as I said, he had no answers. The Jews, en masse, have no answers. They can only stand on podiums, stupefied, and perform decent eulogies. They are back-dropped by dispensations of condemnation. It does not take a spiritual genius to perform a eulogy. In their stupefaction, the Jews manage to wear smart black clothing. They also erect impressive synagogues, no two stones of which will survive the day of Indignation.

Christians and Jews both love death. They love it by immortalizing it in their creeds. In their creeds (which are destined for destruction), Death wins.

We are a Christian nation, and therefore celebrate Halloween. Do we not, then, celebrate death? Are we not fascinated by it? Do we not wish to retain it, that we may ogle it until our eyes water? This fetishism inspires our popular writers to pen more murder mysteries, and our television producers to devise yet more crime scene/forensics productions; we *must* see more bones.

The Christian teaching of eternal torment rides this train, glorifying its conductor: Satan. They call it “the death state,” but conscious, eternal torment is what they mean by it. Conscious, eternal torment—according to purveyors of “the good news”—is what happens to most people after they “die.” Because they are fatally ignorant of the enemy-hood of death, Christians therefore—by default—belittle Christ's death. Why *did* Jesus struggle so against that which keeps us reading books, watching

television, and buying large bags of miniature Kit-Kats?

Jesus wept at death; Christians hang plastic skeletons on their porch; Jews shrug. As for me, the presence of death makes me unsuitable company at post-funeral dining establishments (more on this in a moment).

I groan like Jesus in the presence of death and unbelief. When the two are combined (death and unbelief), I figuratively die on my feet. I can barely walk and talk. It does not even matter if I never knew the deceased. I conclude that I am more sensitive to death than most people—perhaps everyone except Jesus. Yet this is why I am a strong teacher, and why so many people get truth through me.

Most teachers I know are only 1/3 evangelists. They entreat, but they do not expose and rebuke. Paul told Timothy, in 2 Timothy 4:2, to “expose, rebuke, and entreat, with all patience and teaching.” Almost all the teachers I know love to entreat, but they shirk from exposing and rebuking because they don't want to hurt other people's feelings. I can only conclude that these teachers do not hate death as much as I do. They can watch death glorified and not get too upset over it. In a way, I envy them. Sometimes I wish that I could care more about people's feelings and less about deception and death.

Being a full-orbed evangelist is a burden. It is not for everyone. I would not wish it on anyone. It is hard on the limbs—when you try to get them to walk. I, personally, cannot walk

into a church (or a synagogue, apparently), and not be negatively affected. If either place were God's actual house, I would fashion my shirt into a snapping-towel and clear the bastards out. But God lives in neither place, so I refuse to lose my shirt. Still, the relentless desecration devitalizes me.

So I expose and rebuke, then entreat. I expose the teachings, and rebuke the teachers. Only when beer cans and dead skunks are cleared from a road, can a road be properly paved. Error must be exposed and false-teachers rebuked before clarity can come. I see through the reli-



gious costuming of the false presentations and presenters, and I take them down. I do this so others can more clearly see truth.

Rebecca barely knew me yesterday. I was so depressed. After the service, we went to a restaurant in Denver with some of Rebecca's friends from her old job (all friends of the once-beautiful dead woman). I could barely endure the light talk. Even the camaraderie depressed me. I just wanted to be alone with Rebecca. This was nothing at all against her friends; it was not their fault. I was in a war—they weren't. They were as clueless as the rabbi. I was wrestling with spiritual forces of wickedness among the celestials; they were wrestling with the menus.

Rebecca gets it, making her one of the few. She grasps the nature of the war. When I was in that synagogue yesterday, I could only imagine how Jesus must have groaned within Himself while walking among His people. The Jews were the most deceived unbelievers on Earth, then. It pained Jesus to know that beneath the form was a murderous disregard for His Father. No one was more sensitive to hypocrisy than Jesus Christ. He could only survive to the crucifixion by escaping to the mountains before sunrise to pray. Each time He descended to Jerusalem and the temple, the depression fell again. Each time, it must have felt like a funeral. If I had been Jesus Christ yesterday—instead of Martin Zender—I might have fared better. I would have performed at least one miracle. But I am Martin Zender. Paul says that when I am weak, then I am powerful (2 Corinthians 12:10).

I was one powerful person yesterday.

In my power, I collapsed into bed at 7:30 p.m. Rebecca embraced me, I cried. We connected, as we always do. She gets the struggle; she is part of it herself. She is my complement, in Christ. Jesus Christ is her Enlister (2 Timothy 2:1-5), and mine as well.

This morning, I feel better. Unconsciousness goes a long way toward temporary restoration. Sleep is a gift. I don't know why so many people want to put it off, or get it over with. I recommend unconsciousness to everyone. It is great medicine in an evil eon. After a lengthy period of deep and good unconsciousness, one can wake up refreshed to fight another day.

Come quickly, Lord Jesus. ■

## EXCERPT FROM UPCOMING BOOK

There's only one reason all creation will eventually live for eternity with God: Jesus Christ, on the cross, abolished death. Christ dealt the death-blow to death, for everyone, for all time. Paul is the only Bible writer to unveil this most victorious result of the cross. In 1 Corinthians 15:26, Paul wrote: "The last enemy being abolished is death."

The outworking of this victory does not happen all at once, but in increments:

"For even as in Adam all are dying, thus also in Christ shall all be vivified. *Yet each in his own class*" (1 Corinthians 15:22).

When death is abolished, nothing remains but life. When all are vivified in Christ, none remain dead.

Again, we do not yet see the full results of His victory, for graves are yet among us. Nevertheless, the victory is assured. Jesus Christ will wipe away every tear. Thus the battle is won, while victory appears gradually over coming horizons. As Paul wrote in 1 Timothy 2:5-7:

For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and humankind, a Man, Christ Jesus, Who is giving Himself a correspondent Ransom for all, *the testimony in its own eras*, for which I was appointed a herald and an apostle (I am telling the truth, I am not lying), a teacher of the nations in knowledge and truth.

This lifetime is not the end of the grace road. Far from it; this life is only the beginning.

