



## **BLOOD ON THE LILY!**

A Temcat study April 2003

There is a very sad story I came across as I hunted for items for TEMKIT children's web and paper in an old reader. I wept as I read it and then it remained in my mind strongly as I began to see the parallels in so many things in our world. I do not know the author, but here is the story.

"One spring when I was a lad, every boy in our neighborhood had one or more slingshots. None of our mothers liked to have us play with them. They said slingshots were dangerous, and they were, for some windows were broken; and one or two little birds were killed.

There was a bluebird that built its nest year after year, in an elm tree close to one of our windows. One day, my mother saw a boy shooting at it. He didn't hit the bird, but she made up her mind it was time for the shooting to stop.

Not long after, little Willie had his eye almost put out. There was a great fuss about it. There were pieces in the paper about how slingshots were dangerous things. Then the police said that every boy who shot would have to pay five dollars fine. The boys all thought that was more than they could stand, so they stopped. Mother gave me ten cents for my shooter, and then she burned it up.

The next spring, we thought we would have a little fun, and keep quiet about it. James Barlow made a shooter for me, and it was a first-rate one. I gave him my top and a skate strap and thirty marbles for it. He said it would shoot equal to a revolver.

One day, I was wandering about the lower end of the garden with my shooter. There were plenty of birds all around, but I did not want to shoot at them, if I could find anything else to shoot at. I got over the fence into another lot, but still there were birds everywhere.

I shot a few times, just to frighten them a little. Then I heard one sing beautifully right over my head. I couldn't see it very plainly, and I really didn't mean to hit it, at all. I shot. The sweet music was changed to a sad kind of little scream, and the bird came falling right down at my feet.

How frightened I was! I picked up the poor little wounded bird. I tried to make it fly or walk. But it could not. Its pretty eyes were half shut, and it kept panting with its bill. It was a bluebird!

I knew I never could keep from telling mother, for when I did anything wrong, I always felt as if I were lost till I told her. I carried the poor bird through the garden up toward the house.

A drop of blood fell from its mouth right on to a great white lily; that seemed looking up to ask me what I had been doing. Mother was standing near the back porch. I laid the bird on her hand without saying a word. As I did so, it stopped panting, and was still.

"What's the matter?" mother asked. But there was such a lump in my throat, I couldn't speak a word. Then she saw the shooter in my hand.

"Did you kill that little bird?" she asked in a tone that I shall never forget.

I was frightened. I never heard her speak in such an awful voice before. "You have stolen away this little bird's life," she said. "It was all the life it had. The Lord loves His helpless little creatures. He gave them to us to make us happy, and He will never bless those who are cruel to them."

Then she put the little bird up to her cheek. I saw tears in her eyes. "Poor little bird!" she said, as the tears dropped on to its feathers. She took the shooter, and laid it on the kitchen fire. I didn't get any ten cents that time, you may, be sure. "You may go to your room," she then said quietly.

I would a great deal rather have been whipped than have to go away by myself and just keep thinking. I thought of all the beautiful days of sunshine I had taken away from that poor little bird. I thought how it would never fly through the air or sing in the trees or see the flowers and the grass any more. I wondered if it had a nest and baby birds, and what would become of them if it had.

All of a sudden I thought of the bluebird that had come to build its nest near us for so many summers. I jumped to my feet! What if I had killed our own beloved bluebird! How I longed to go to the nest and see! Oh, when would mother let me out?

It seemed hours before she came. The minute she came, I ran to the nest. The baby birds all held their heads straight up, and opened their big mouths. I almost knew their mother hadn't fed them for some time. I fed them the best I could. That evening, I watched to see if their mother would come. But she didn't.

Before I went to bed, I got a piece of soft cotton, and covered them up. I thought if I took good care of them, they might live without their mother. But in the morning, only two of them held up their little heads to be fed, and before night they were all dead!

I cannot tell you how bad I felt. I think I must have felt like a murderer. My sisters cried when they knew the little birds and their mother were all dead. I said to myself, "I never want another shooter. I'll never see another white lily but it will say to me, 'You killed that bluebird!'"

So how can the death of a sweet, innocent songbird parallel so much? What does it mean to us? Why do some of us weep about this pathetic story?

It is because, dear friends, that it represents the whole rotten mess of sin in this world. It cries to us about the death of the innocent; the corruption of the beautiful; the cruel betrayal of the harmless and helpless things of God's creation.

I want you to notice a few facts with me from this story: Was the boy in the story a wicked and cruel person? Yes he was, but not fully. His heart was broken by what he

had done and he repented with a true repentance that he never forgot. Never in his life did the sting of remorse for his cruel, thoughtless and ignorant deed ever fully leave him.

Although he knew he was forgiven, like Peter and Paul demonstrate to us in their own experience, true remorse for sin will remain with the honest child of God, until God removes the memories of it at the 'time of refreshing' (see Acts 3:19) In fact the closer we come to the Lord, the more we see the beauty of His character, the more we loath ourselves and mourn for sin.

This flippant spirit that says, "Ok, so I sinned, so what? I asked for forgiveness and so it doesn't matter! If I do it again, it's OK; I'll just ask Jesus to forgive me. It doesn't matter at all what I do or don't do." Anyone with this attitude has no concept of true godliness at all. There is no way that they are even forgiven.

I know this is not what is being taught these days, so here are some texts to prove what I am saying. (Eze 16:63; Eze 16:61; Job 42:6; Eph 3:8; Ro 1:32; Ge 32:10; Ps 34:18; Ps 51:17; Isa 57:15; Isa 66:2). The truly forgiven never loose that sense of the enormity of their transgression. Even in heaven, while we will not then recall our actual sins, the sense of having needed mercy and a Saviour will stay with the redeemed and deepen their appreciation of the Great Gift of the Lamb of God.

"So will it be with all who behold Christ. The nearer we come to Jesus, and the more clearly we discern the purity of His character, the more clearly shall we see the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the less shall we feel like exalting ourselves. There will be a continual reaching out of the soul after God, a continual, earnest, heartbreaking confession of sin and humbling of the heart before Him. At every advance step in our Christian experience our repentance will deepen. We shall know that our sufficiency is in Christ alone and shall make the apostle's confession our own: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Romans 7:18; Galatians 6:14. Acts of the Apostles pg. 561

## **"I'LL DO IT REGARDLESS!"**

What caused this boy to do such a cruel, and thoughtless deed? Largely we would have to say selfishness. He was interested in his own entertainment and did not have mind to consider at all the results of his so-called pleasure. A big factor was also deliberate disobedience to his mother and to the standards, which he as a professing Christian should cherish.

The selfish heart bent on having its own gratification is blind, deaf and stupid. The voice of conscience and the counsel of the godly are rudely shoved aside by the desire for the enjoyment of the moment. Proverbs has a verse that illustrates this state of mind very well. It is talking about the adulterer. Proverbs 7:22, 23 "He goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks; Till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." Once the selfish desire has taken over, it seems a person will go blindly after it regardless.

Oh the wickedness of the heart of man, no words can describe! "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Jeremiah 17:9 Once it has chosen its own course it will push forward no matter what. This is why the

Lord warns us: "He, that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Proverbs 29:1

The strange thing is, that if confronted with the truth that to persist in entertaining himself with a cruel weapon of destruction, sooner or later would result in some horrible deed, he would have loudly denied such a danger.

How often do we see this, tell a smoker he will surely suffer if he does not give up his vile practice, and he will tell you that he knows people who smoked for their whole lives and lived to a ripe old age in comfort. He overlooks the fact that for one such case in which this has happened, there are thousands who have gasped out their final days in a hell of their own creating. Notice this quote:

"On every side, Satan seeks to entice the youth into the path of perdition; and if he can once get their feet set in the way, he hurries them on in their downward course, leading them from one dissipation to another, until his victims lose their tenderness of conscience, and have no more the fear of God before their eyes. They exercise less and less self-restraint. They become addicted to the use of wine and alcohol, tobacco and opium, and go from one stage of debasement to another. They are slaves to appetite. Counsel which they once respected, they learn to despise. They put on swaggering airs, and boast of liberty when they are the servants of corruption. They mean by liberty that they are slaves to selfishness, debased appetite, and licentiousness. . . ." Maranatha, pg. 139

The more this boy had persisted in resisting his mother's wise counsel, the more he became solidified in his fantasy that it was perfectly all right and no harm would come from it. Thankfully the terrible shock of what finally did result, woke him up and he repented. But how much better is obedience than repentance?

Why is it that the heart of man insists that he or she is different than others? That although a thousand may fall from this very sin, it will not bother him? I guess it is the terrible pride that is the legacy of the fall, the same pride that made a lovely angel into a demon.

What pervert who is molesting children, or addict stealing to satisfy a habit, ever thought when first his feet turned from the narrow way, that he would be like this? NO, the fantasy of our minds is that we can play with sin and not be hurt. We can caress the adder and not be bitten. It just does not work that way. The path to destruction begins with just a small step from the path of right.

## **FANTASY AND THE HEART OF MAN**

The words 'fantasy' and 'imagination' are exalted today like never before. People are led to believe that the ultimate in living is to have a fantasy world, and children who excel in 'making up stories', are lauded and praised, instead of being warned against the dangers of falsehood.

Fantasy and imagination are not the same things. Imagination is a gift needful to our creative mind. God gave it to us so we could plan, reason from cause to effect, and figure out ways and means to accomplish our tasks. As a tool it is valuable; but as an end in itself—it becomes dangerous and when it is master in our lives—it leads to misery, insanity and destruction.

Fantasy is an illegitimate child of imagination; however highly it may be exalted in our dying society—it is falsehood, plain and simple. No lasting good ever comes from falsehood! He who loveth and maketh a lie; will have his part in the lake of fire! (See Revelation 22:15).

So many fight against and deny the warnings we were given against fiction and novel reading, which of course apply even more to movies, TV entertainment and drama. But I want to warn you that those who rise up in defense of this subtle danger—have been bitten by it themselves, and the poison of the bite of novels and fiction cloud the spiritual mind and put a veil over the eyes.

I know from bitter experience, it takes entire abstinence from this stuff, deep repentance, and the power of the Holy Spirit cleansing the mind to ever be able to really see the heinousness of fiction and fantasy—once you have been in the habit of indulging. Like the drunk who slurs out when warned against his deadly addiction; "Thersh nutin' wrong with a shmall drink jesh to relax myshelf"; so the novel and movie addict will defend his habit to the end.

Now what does 'fantasy' have to do with the 'blood on the lily?' Fantasy is the veil that prevents the person bent on indulging his desires from seeing the true results of his course. And you don't even have to read fairy stories or watch movies to get this type of fantasy! Your wicked mind will just make it up for you when you try and rationalize why it's OK for you to do what you really KNOW you should not do.

This boy in the story indulged the fantasy that he knew better than his mother, who was older and more experienced than he—and more even than the police officer! He fooled himself that there was no harm in aiming a deadly weapon at an innocent life.

Movies and fiction help deepen this rationalizing tendency of man as when we read or watch people who do wicked things in the stories and end up happy and honored anyway. This implants into our minds doubts that the Word of God really means all it says. Every fictional novel and movie inevitably has woven into its plot somewhere the question of the serpent, "Yea, hath God said?"

Years ago I moved to another province and took up residence near the family of my in-laws. I met a young nephew, 16 at the time, who, with his pals had a deep love for air-rifles. This boy had never learned to love or respect God's little creatures and this had a lot to do with what he did. But no man is totally bereft of at least some promptings from the Holy Spirit that the innocent and helpless are not to be ruthlessly tortured and destroyed.

But he and his friends would go out hunting and killing all the little songbirds until the valley around his home was a silent, dismal tomb, bereft of the music of heaven. What made them so cruel and sadistic? Later I learned from his own lips. They were living out fantasy in their play. They pretended the little birds were alien enemies and they made up their stories as they ruthlessly murdered the little feathered jewels.

One day, before I knew that these boys did this; I found one of the little dead birds near our home, just as this youth, who lived next door come in sight. Heartbroken to see the little corpse, I had picked it up and stood weeping audibly as I contemplated the sad end of the pathetic little songster. The boy was stunned. Suddenly the rosy clouds of his fantasy world were pierced by a shaft of truth and it dawned on him how disgusting was what he had been doing. Never again did he make the innocent to suffer to play a part in the fantasies of his mind.

It is sad that most people who indulge their desires, their lusts and their fantasies never do wake up to reality. They just go on excusing and rationalizing and fantasizing until they are as vile as the devil that leads them on. Even those who rape and sodomize children hold to the fantasy that their hapless victims enjoy the torture they inflict on them.

## **WILLFUL IGNORANCE**

It is true that much suffering results from ignorance; but it is also true that most ignorance is willful ignorance. The Bible has an oft quoted warning: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge:" Hosea 4:6. But it doesn't stop there—"because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee," and still it says more—"thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children."

Yes friends, it is fantasy and willful ignorance that destroys and keep destroying until—and only if—the sins are turned from decidedly, repented of deeply and henceforth the person lives only by every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God. It is not in man to direct his own path.

## **MORE BLOOD ON LILIES**

In the age in which we live, we are deluged by the blood of the innocent, and yet we fool ourselves that we are more highly civilized than former generations. If that be true—then we are more guilty than any generation that ever lived before us! Today cruelty is practice on a level our ancestors never imagined!

The consuming of flesh as food has always been connected with more or less cruelty. It was never part of God's plan that man should live by consuming the carcasses of dead birds and animals. Even though at times God has permitted the eating of meat, it was always with great warnings and not without its curse.

But what about today? If ever it were true, human beings have now truly become 'Riotous eaters of flesh!' (Proverbs 23:20). And now thanks to the bloody monster of modern agra-business, flesh is cheaper than ever before, allowing indigenous peoples in some countries that formerly ate very sparingly of meat, to indulge frequently. This is also bringing upon them the curse; diseases that formerly only plagued the rich.

What is sweeter, more innocent and helpless than a newly hatched chick? Picture it fighting its way out of the shell peeping in baby tones to the mother it will never see. Now what happens to this little bit of life?

If it is an egg-laying breed, these chicks will be tossed into huge trays were they go to sorting. Sometimes they fall from the tray carts to the floor and are crushed or half crushed on the floor by feet or cart-wheels.

Cold and unfeeling hands will seize it and check for gender. If it is a male, it will be thrown into a bin or bag like a piece of garbage. There it will struggle for life, peeping frantically for aid from a mother that is probable dead herself by now.

It will flutter and struggle for breath as more and more of its brothers are tossed in with it. Finally the new life that struggled so hard just to be born into this cruel world, will be crushed or snuffed out by suffocation. One alternative to this is that the chick will be tossed alive into a meat grinder auger and ground into pet food.

What if it is a female? Well then it will have the end of its beak cut off, a very painful process, done so it will not be able to peck. Sometimes the handler cuts off too much beak and the little bird starves to death by a feeder because it cannot eat. What's one bird one-way or another? Almost worthless in the eyes of its tormentors. Speed is what counts, mass production is the game.

Often the claws of its tiny feet will be removed also with no anesthetic, then the suffering little bit of life will be placed in crowded conditions until it reaches the age to start laying, just a few months in today's hybrid birds.

Then it will be roughly shoved into a tiny cage with several of its sisters where it will spend its short life eating an unnatural diet, laced with drugs to keep it alive and laying eggs until abused nature gives up and the bird dies or it is torn from its cage to face even worse horror.

It is natural for a bird to want a nest to lay its egg in and to have privacy—so you can imagine the anxiety that occurs in the young bird as it feels its first egg coming and it can't get to a nest or even a quiet corner. It tries to drive away its sisters, who are in the same boat. Finally the egg comes and the hapless bird sees it roll away down the cage and out of sight.

They can hardly move in these tiny cages stacked tier after tier and they spend the few month of their lives in foul smelling buildings. Never do they see the sun, breath fresh air, or get to walk and scratch in the grass. If their claws have not been severed as chicks, they often grow long and become entangled in the mesh of the cages. Birds sometimes thirst or starve to death inches from food or water—but unable to reach it because their feet are caught in the wire. No-body cares—they are worth only pennies apiece.

What happens when the number of eggs per day begins to drop off? Well egg chickens are not much good to eat, their worn-out pathetic little bodies are too thin—so often they are torn from their cages, sometimes leaving a toe or leg behind, and shoved into shipping crates and shipped to pet-food factories where they will follow their little brothers into the meat grinder, or you may find pieces of their tortured flesh in soup and pies. Note: the normal life-span of a chicken is 10-15 years!

What about broilers? If possible the life of meat chickens is even worse and when at a few months old they are crammed into shipping crates and loaded by the thousands onto a truck to go to slaughter, the cruelty boggles the mind! Here is a letter about this very thing:

"I did some weeping ... I was passed by a chicken truck—It tears me apart to see them—I had to try and get away from it as I cry so much it is hard to drive. Thousands of them, crushed into tiny cages, their little partly bare bodies exposed to the icy cold wind; their feathers being blown off down the highway, and going to their cruel end. I couldn't see them at first as I came up behind this truck and stopped and I could see little spurts of water out of the side of the truck and wondered what it could be. Then when I passed it and saw the birds—I knew what it was—the poor things were vomiting in fear and misery. How can anyone who cares at all, eat these wretched birds or their eggs? How can they support such misery? They have to know! They have to see the trucks! How can they devour chicken as a dainty morsel? Is there not a curse coming down on

mankind because of this? It can be no other way—God cares for His creatures—  
He is a God of justice!"

I could write volumes on the sickening subject but I will include just one more quote to show you that innocence receives no consideration in agra-business today! This is about an eye-witness account at a Kentucky Fried Chicken slaughterhouse. You may not like to hear about it—but God does not accept willful ignorance as an excuse!

"Based on a chilling eyewitness account of sadistic torture and routine cruelty at a T--- chicken slaughterhouse in ---, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) is calling for prosecution of T--- Foods and five of its employees on charges of cruelty to animals. \_\_\_\_ a T--- slaughterhouse employee for more than five years, contacted PETA to alert the group to the extreme animal abuse that he had witnessed, including birds being blown apart by dry ice bombs and intentionally scalded to death by the hundreds, (by people who deliberately turned off the stunning machine to watch the birds suffer!) and large chickens having their legs broken to fit them into shackles that are too small." See <http://www.kentuckyfriedcruelty.com/> .

Multiply this incident by thousands and you see only the tip of the magnitude of horror. And what does this do to people? Even at best the slaughter-houses are nightmares of suffering and how do you feel about rubbing shoulders with persons in society whose chief delight is in finding more ways to torture helpless, suffering birds or animals??

I have talked a lot about chickens here, as it seems people don't equate them with feeling, living, God-created creatures! Even many 'vegetarians' cling to eating poultry and eggs and so are apart of this mind-boggling cruelty. But no aspect of the flesh industry is less horrible.

People do you think God is out to lunch? Do you think He is deaf, blind and ignorant of what is going on in the name of flesh-eating? If you can close your eyes to the chicken trucks; if you can turn your head when you pass these ominous buildings that dot the countryside where you have to know thousands of suffering birds are imprisoned—so you can eat their flesh or eggs as a treat; do you think God turns His head and ignores it?

If ever there has been a curse for those who devour the flesh of their fellow creatures—and there has certainly been in the past—there is certainly a curse on it today! More and more disease is bouncing back from the tortured birds and animals onto the humans that devour them.

Even among humans the innocent suffer for the sin of the guilty. Children don't know the facts; they don't know that the food they devour at MacDonald's or other fast food spots, thinking it is a treat, actually comes from suffering and tortured animals and birds! And yet there are many cases of little ones dying horribly or being damaged for life from disease acquired in meat. It is time we wake up from our appetite's clamor and see the blood on the lily! Refuse to put the flesh of an innocent and tortured bird into your mouth or onto your table!

## **SEARED AS WITH A HOT IRON**

"...having their conscience seared with a hot iron;" 1 Timothy 4:2

What is the 'hot iron' that sears conscience until it ceases to feel at all? It is selfishness and lust, that's what it is. It is the attitude that says, "I don't care, I will have

what I want to eat, and I will satisfy my lust, no matter who suffers for it and no matter who tells me not to!"

There are a few steps between the boy who shoots song-birds as a part of his play-acting and the men who deliberately torture helpless birds and animals in slaughter-houses—but not many. And there are a few steps from that to men who coldly sit at councils of power and decide what they can do to grind a bit more dust from the heads of the poor so as to enrich themselves; who play with the populations of the earth for their own advancement and profit—but not many! It is all the same sin, the sin of pride, lust, self-indulgence and willfull ignorance.

This morning I received two Kiddie-Porn emails—I quickly erased them without seeing more than the title—but one said it was a seven year old and the other a four year old—and you could watch them being molested... it is only an inch from watching to doing! Indulging lust and passion, even a little bit is like opening a dike—the torrent will wash you away.

Friends, God is not out to lunch—what we sow; we will reap! Indeed we are reaping it big time—we are starting to reap the whirlwind!

## **THE ULTIMATE 'BLOOD ON THE LILY'**

Almost two thousand years ago, the ultimate of purity and innocence was nailed to a cross outside Jerusalem. Sweeter than a bluebird, purer than a lily, more innocent than a baby, He was the ultimate of loving kindness. He lived only to bless others; His hands were never outstretched except to bless; He was the humble servant of man's necessity.

We can't even comprehend such beauty of character! It is only as we get glimpses of it that we are brought to realize the horribleness of the sin that nailed Him to the cross—because He got in the way of ambition and pride.

Oh friends, don't you hate sin? Don't you see what even a little selfishness and prideful lust leads to? There is only one who can chain up the beast of human pride, indulgence and lust; and it is the one who went humbly to His death—victim of the same.

"...God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:" Romans 8:3

Jesus didn't die so that God could turn a blind eye to sin and the suffering it causes both to guilty and innocent—He died to condemn sin! And He lives to give you total victory over it.

God will destroy sin. Can't you see why? He will destroy it in you if you let Him and co-operate with Him; or He will destroy you with it—if you persist in clinging to it—refusing to hear His entreaty:

"Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord GOD, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Ezekiel 33:11

**THOUGHT:**

God's kind of love—Agape—Does right because it is right

Our kind of love—Eros—only does right if it feels good.