

Truth Sounds Like Hate

The coke machine is humming. It is dark and humid. Light is blazing from multiple lights perched atop skinny steel poles. I've got a bare bones internet connection. I'm sitting on a hard bench in front of the WalMart in Fayetteville, West Virginia. It is 3:42 AM. I slept in the Nissan, after enjoying one of the highlights of my life, thus far. I sat in Ron Brock's home – the "livingroom" couch/bed inside his tiny "motorhome."

And today it only gets better.

I'll be first to drive Ron Brock's Truth Truck later this morning!

At our battle planning meeting last night it was decided that we'd take turns helping Ron with the driving. We held the meeting in the inner sanctum of Ron's Truth Truck. Surrounded by Ron's bold truth telling signs that are screwed onto the plywood that is attached to the exterior aluminum sides of the ancient Toyota mini camper we made our plans for today. 45,000 Scouts arrive later from all over the world.



We're at the World Scout Jamboree.

Alan Hoyle, another intrepid warrior for Jesus who is with us, told me that this was Ron's dying wish. Barely two weeks ago his heart was catheterized. He looks good. Thankfully, I can't imagine Ron not being with us for another decade, at least. He's 80.

Before he died, he told Alan from his hospital bed, he wanted to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ at the World Scout Jamboree. God gave him his wish.

He arrived ahead of us. Alan, Mark Trump and I got in late afternoon last night. Ron spent the day preaching with his truck. The staff for the Jamboree pulled into the Summit Bechtel Reserve all day long. And Ron strategically parked and drove the truck along their route. The Scouts complained to the police. Ron got to know many of the officers throughout the day as they chased him away from parking spots where they could find an excuse to “lawfully” push back against the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Alan, Mark and I were stopped by a cordial officer as soon as we arrived in the area yesterday afternoon.

The Scouts are Donald Trump’s global infantry for sodomy. The once morally straight venerable American institution is now diabolically crooked.

This Jamboree is a “party” (their word) for post pubescent boys ... and girls from all over the planet. The website for the event is marinated in wicked Leftist globalism. When the website celebrates these hormone pumped youngsters friending one another in their tents one wants to halt the imagination before things get pornographic.

It is sad to think that tens of millions of people all over the world now think of the once great Boy Scouts as merely one more artifact of a once great nation. It is clearly an institution that must now be destroyed. There is no saving it.

I withdrew from it when my boys were in Cub Scouts, over two decades ago. The addiction to fun soured me. They participated for a few years. Paulie and I decided it wouldn’t be wise to give the boys that experience. I have mixed feelings. I dropped out of the Scouts at the beginning of my Boy Scout career.

My parents were involved and supportive of my being a part of

the Boy Scouts. I remember the sexual predator issue coming up, and talking with my dad about it a few times as a teenager. I didn't stop going for that reason. I withdrew into myself as a post pubescent boy. The Scouts, and most American institutions, were only toxic for me during those years.

Television and pop culture did a lot of damage to my mind and soul. I went to church with my parents, but the gospel of Jesus Christ was a distant and uninteresting idea. The mundane ruled the day then. The mundane has been weaponized in our day.

What I love about Ron Brock at 80 is his creativity, sacrifice and sense of purpose. The deep love in his heart for Jesus Christ is unflinching. He is fearless.

He preaches to every cop he encounters.

For three decades he's lived on the bleeding edge of America's fight against abortion. And I do mean bleeding. It really is all about the blood.

Ron's innocent blood has not been shed beyond scratches and bruises at the hands of "law enforcement" so far, but we all know someone who's blood was shed for the sins of the world. Ron is an ambassador for Jesus Christ. He describes himself as a Missionary for the Unborn.

It is a high point in my life at nearly 58 years of age to be here with Ron Brock, Alan Hoyle and Mark Trump. The whole of American Christianity should be here protecting these young boys and girls.

A rat just brushed past my left ankle. Lovely.

Paul told Timothy, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Amen.

© 2019 NWV – All Rights Reserved

E-Mail Michael Heath: mike@michaelheath.org