



April 23, 2010

Dear Friends:

### **EARTH DAY GROANINGS**

Earth Day is always such a fun time. The warmth, the care, and the reverent dignity of the day brings such hope and security to my soul. It just makes me proud to be a small part of Planet Earth. Each year, the celebrations seem to get grander in grandeur with poems, essays and the earnest songs of the little children as they sing to the trees with contagious evangelistic fervor. I hope you realize how blessed we are to be under the care and watchful eye of our God, Mother Earth. She is ever so gracious.

Also warming is the loving media collaboration complete with the interviews and exposés of corporate evil and of our ignorant little lives. The good interviews will sing the praises a family who make their own water, have a generator attached to a bicycle so that their radio will get National Public Radio, use eco-friendly candles after 8pm while living in a flower covered bus deserted by some Grateful Dead groupies in '68.

The bad stories will feature some guy on an oil rig or in a coal mine; a wayward youth who might throw his empty Coke can in the wrong bin or a soccer Mom who dares to drive a demonic SUV.

On the tube, you can tell how in-line the networks are by the "Green Graphics" that float across the screen each night. "We are real serious about this", is the sent message.

The truth is, with ceremonious fanfare, the real Founder/Creator of the Earth Day observation has been relegated to the compost heap.

Psalm 24 reminds us, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and all that dwell therein. For He founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods." Later in his writings to the Corinthians, Paul even built on this passage. He, too, dealt with cults that worshipped the creation, not the Creator.

In Genesis 2, God, knowing that He had created something neat, turned it over to His favorite creation . . . Man. He told him to tend it and to keep it but parameters were clear. He instructed him on the concepts of dominion and stewardship; all in balance to bless man and glorify God.

I'm first to admit, this is a great place, majestic and awe inspiring. Am I amazed? Not really. After all, God did it. I am thankful and respectful while enjoying the blessings. But, I am not going to get trapped in the snare of the pseudo sanctimonious agenda that is our new national religion.

It is a dogma beyond the basic love and care for the land and the world of nature; it is cloaked in a misdirection smoke screen appearing benevolent but it pressures participation and punishes those who do not partake. No free speech here.

Pressure is productive and the regime in charge grasps the concept.

The breadth and intensity of the pressure agenda affects many good, well meaning, folk who get caught in the tide and float along thinking they are doing their part to honor Mother Nature. Remember, back in the 60's, when, wanting to be cool and hip, we would say that Bob Dylan was talented and could sing? Just the pressure talking.

You're fooling yourself if you think we are just keeping our neutral grounds tidy. (And we should do that.) No, it is more.

One former elected leader has made millions peddling the Global Warming Gospel. He has expanded the frenzied crusade by flying his private jet around the planet continuing the hoax by suggesting that you pay a fine for your used air and your "carbon footprint" while ignoring that the gasses from one volcano is more damaging than all of us sneezing, burping and starting our cars at the same time. We're supposed to ride a scooter but his 20 million

dollar jet and three guzzling SUV's are never mentioned in his brochure. At this time, I might not be able to afford such travel, I have no problem with those who can, just don't handcuff me to the stagecoach.

The real agenda incorporates concepts of total governmental involvement and dependence. Freedoms are altered and man is relegated to just a bit player of peon status next to the real stars, Mother Nature and the animal kingdom. Left to this foolishness, you and I will eventually end up on the victim's end of the Dominion message, thus demeaning God's intent and purpose for the man He created and came to seek and to save.

Also in the target zone, the hopeful collapse of our shipping, our oil, gas and coal industries so they can then rush in to "fix" things. Don't laugh; in this school of thought, they will attempt to alter your comings and goings. The intent goes disgustingly deeper as they will seek to legislate even what temperature you will set your home thermostat on. For those of you facing hot flashes, that should be reason enough to bang the drum!

This agenda is not new; ask the Chinese, the Cubans and most of Europe.

This carbon tax idea is now the new toy and these hysterical hyenas think they may have something here. But before we reject this new notion, there might be some good possibilities here. Case in point, our ballooned up former vice president might be good for some hefty hiney bucks that could be funneled to Samaritan's Purse, Feed the Children or Jerry's Kids.

Accordingly, just recently, they announced that those of us who are a bit overweight are weighing down the environment and contribute to the pollution and warming of the planet. Wait till they figure out how to tax that. I can see it now, taxes for newborns, people enjoying life and those who might be a bit heavier than others . . . taxed for Birth, Mirth and Girth.

Seriously, the real deal motive is to minimize the influence and the place of our Creator. It is also directed to all who will bow in honor, respect and worship to the One whom, after merely speaking this world into existence, used His precious hands to form us and breathe His very breath into our lungs. No, we couldn't allow that, it would only make us more accountable to something higher and bigger than we are. Trees are less demanding Saviors.

Dear crusading friends, your focus is way out of whack. You've been clueless from Day 1. Even nature was clued in from Genesis 1:1; the Creator made it clear when He spoke.

The birds, the fish, the fields, the mountains and the seas know the score and have a job to do . . . Creation groans, the seas roar in praise, the winds whip, the mountains and hills break forth, the birds soar to announce His Joy, the trees clap their hands and the Heavens buzz with excitement to declare the Glory of God! Hear that? Even the trees know who to bow to. How hard is that?

Praise the Lord and plant a tree!

*Michael*

*The* LifeGate

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