

“Though none go with me...”

As the lyrics from a not-so-old hymn may be familiar to some of us:

“Though none go with me, still I will follow ... no turning back, no turning back.”

I then confess:

I preach that true preachers are to *preach* to sinners (not cater to them), and I then resultantly find myself losing a fair number of folks who obviously prefer having their ears tickled.

I preach that we’re to follow the instructions of the Father’s Bible, and I then lose those who will quickly defend themselves in their sin by claiming, “men wrote the Bible”.

I preach against adultery, and lose those who can’t see beyond their own groins.

I preach against homosexuality and lose those who call me a “homophobe”.

I preach against Jesuit-created eschatological dogmas and lose a great many contemporary “not in our time” people.

I preach against the 501(c)(3) state-sanctioned occults, un-nerving those who are “fearfully frozen” in such churches.

I preach against placing any trust in today’s beast system, and lose those who, in one way or another have their hands out to a more helpful, majority-recognized or “faithfully generous” government god.

I preach against alcohol and substance abuse losing those who obey their own internal god of an altered state of mind.

I preach against the defiling of one’s temple, and lose those who feel that such purity is fanatical, yet without hesitation will light their sacrificial fires, fanatically obeying their nicotine god... *each and every time* they are commanded!

I preach against breaking one’s word, losing those who offer excuse after excuse as to why people don’t trust them.

I preach against fowl language and am cursed at as those folks begrudgingly look for a more ‘filth-friendly’ leader.

I preach against compromise and lose the uncommitted who say I’m too strict.

I preach against the endless evils of television including its many baby-sitting attractions such as professional sports, soap operas, etc., and lose those who resent me for shaming them in not instead helping with the *real* issues in life.

I preach against the evils of ungodly, tyrannical governments, and lose the more star-gazing idolatrous types of both the military-trusting Republicans and the teary-eyed savior-swooning Democrats.

I preach against those who put their faith in “safety in numbers” (knowing that I will surely lose numbers myself) whereupon I preach against “following a multitude to do evil”, and am then naturally outcast and seen as “peculiar”.

I preach against the “beast” money and banking/tracking enslavement system, be it checking, teller cards, charge cards, and even things like social security, etc, where we are all to cut our ties with this unbiblical globally-centralized criminal system, and return to a gold, silver and perhaps a part barter system, and the tech-savvy card swipers often then run, being faithful to the debt-based plastics they hold on to so dearly as if true money.

I preach against following Rome’s unbiblical worship calendar, where some of the last few who may have yet remained with me are themselves made nervous that they may be forced to choose between the Father and the beast, where they perhaps quietly prefer to remain following the crowd, clearly marking *which* God it is that they *really* obey.

And now the Constitution needs to be exposed as our national golden calf??? Ha ha, here we go again!

I then preach to only about as many half-hearted, criticizing listeners as Noah did I suppose, but I do so obediently, as I truly love my Father and seek to someday only be with those who would also *love Him and His ways along with me*.

I then can’t help but think, “*as it was in the days of Noah, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be*”, where I find myself “*sorrowful for the solemn assembly*”, and yet in my heart I can do no other...

“Though none go with me, still I will follow...”

—Dwaine Moore