

Line Upon Line.....

By Steve Stutzman

I have been so blessed by the way the Father gently leads from glory to glory by His Spirit, teaching here a little, there a little. And I am chagrined at how the enemy copies the model God made for good, perverting it for his purposes. I notice especially, with interest, how evil (personified) realizes it cannot get most folk to accept it as legitimate all at once, and so goes little by little, line upon line, precept upon precept. Slowly the great ship of the mind is turned toward darkness. Slowly, that which once sailed toward light by the breezes of Truth, now instead feels the wind of lies and distortions lift it's sails. That mind is driven into a fog of it knows not where, plowing ahead in it's own devices, feeling only the desire to move. The reality of the Truth it once sought dims, replaced by a desire to explore the fog, the denseness around it, curious about the shadows, and the voices that whisper from them.

Slowly, the darkness swallows that mind. Slowly, the fog thickens. The light lapping of the waves becomes a stronger, more insistent motion, turning to a current not to be defied. The wind of distortion becomes a gale that overwhelms, driving that ship into the darkness of abyss.

Line upon line.

Here a little, there a little.

It seems so innocent at first. Just a little dabbling, a small entertainment movie. Yes, it has a little occultic stuff in it, but hey, I'm not stupid, I can handle it.

Precept upon precept.

Somehow, that little movie scene has a way of begging for more. So we go to another.... and another. Curiosity springs up. We get a tattoo, change our music, and put a ring in our eyebrow. We begin to question reality around us. Light of Christ seems to lose allure. We read the Bible, but it gets emptier, shallower. "Unto the pure all things are pure," we chant, as we survey the fog looming on the horizon. Someone challenges us in reference to these movies, and we respond out of an emotion that rises up from deep inside, an emotion we had not known before. This defensiveness quotes Scripture to justify its existence, and we feel some connection to the light. It comforts us as the darkness thickens and our sails fill toward it.

Now, the master, or Prince, of darkness knows no one will sail over the falls of destruction knowingly. So he has devised some very cunning plans. He knows not many Light-followers will turn to sorcery and magic overnight. They must be wooed... gently, slowly, line upon line.....

Old, forgotten manuscripts of his followers get studied. Deep secrets of the occult lie there, and basic beliefs of his followers from by-gone eras. These are placed into the hands of a brilliant scholar with a vivid imagination. It is only a short pathway from there to books.... stories..... children's tales of ghosts, goblins, witches, spells, wizards, and hobbits. (All good Christian literature, of course.) The books gestate in the culture, writhing, roiling, breathing. Line upon line, here a little, there a little. A culture that once rejected the paranormal and esoteric, slowly becomes curious. A generation passes.

Then there are movies made of this writing. Christians flock to them, entranced by the stories of necromancy, underworld, spells and knowledge. The fog thickens, the darkness deepens, and light becomes somewhat of a distant memory... a nuisance. Fog is exciting. You never know what's next. Even light is gloriously distorted here... not piercing and unnerving, just a glow on your back that casts eerie shadows on the scenes ahead. The darkness ahead becomes fascinating. Hearts pound and thrill at the next movie about Hobbits. The fact that the scenes on the advertisement are now overtly demonic is all but lost on us, for the excitement of the next spell, the next magic, the next supernatural feat. The light dims, but we glance over our shoulder just to be sure it is actually still out there. No one notices that the wind of distortion has picked up a tad. Lies become relatively common

and no source of real concern. The now darkening mind begins to struggle routinely with things that were once without effort. Precept upon precept.

The breeze stiffens, thrusting us toward the dark. "Surely the spirit of truth is blowing", we cry.

But out in the darkness, in the howling wind, is a mocking laugh.

Trouble begins. Waves kick up. Some are thrown overboard even before the falls of destruction. Drowning in unbelief, gagging on questions, plastered with distortions, numbed by lies, they begin to sink into the waves of addictions and depressions. Listless bodies of former victims float by, whispering, "line upon line...."

Schools are shot up. Government loses its ability to reason. Anarchy lurks, mocking, around every rock in the shallows. Children are on meds. Politics borders on insanity. Education cannot even lift itself to its own failure standard. Babies in the most vulnerable state are sliced into pieces and discarded as common dung. The economic sham continues toward its own fiscal cliff. Christianity is mocked, and God is blamed for all the problems.

But... Harry Potter movies and books are best-sellers!! Dark Knight is passionately followed by believers. Lord of the Ring is worshipped. Avatar and Twilight are must haves. And yet, somehow, we see no connection at all..... because of the fog.

I too once sailed in the fog. I have heard the screams for help. I have sailed into the darkness, on purpose, to haul out of the deep drowning souls. Line upon line, we repented back into the light. I have seen folks gag and wretch.. literally... while we repented of this darkness, this fog, this wind of lies and distortions. Slowly, line upon line, precept upon precept, desire for light returns. Slowly the fog lifts. Slowly a hatred, coupled with fear, of that awful darkness that once drew us towards it takes on a color of revenge.

Line upon Line. And as we labor against the wind and current, dragging another one out, we are met by joyous shouts of excitement.... meeting boats so excited with the "freedom" of finally having accepted the current of occultism and the wind of distortion as a new move of God! "Freedom!" they sing! " No more fight! The battle is won! Now we go with the flow!"

I am a simple soul at heart. There are many things I do not get, and I know it. But I know one does not get to Light by having it on one's back, but on one's face. I know the King of Light hates darkness. I know He does not approve of fog. I know that settling in the fog does not produce Light seekers. I want Light. I want glory. I want change, line upon line, precept upon precept. So I choose to turn toward Light. Yes it pierces, sometimes even burns.... but it is Light. And as the darkness fades behind me, I find a revulsion rising in me toward it. I want a bath to wash away even the smell of what I contacted in the water, pulling those folks out back there. And...

I WANT TO SCREAM. I want to plead with you, please please, rid yourself of that fog. Repent of the lies before the distortion fills your sails, and drives you off into the darkness. PLEASE. STOP going to those occultic , demonic portraying movies. Just STOP. Then take them out of your house and burn them. Get on your knees and beg for Light. Stop mocking God. Playing with this stuff is sowing, and reaping follows. Renounce it before the Cross, recognize it as a ploy of the Prince of Darkness. Command all related spirits of darkness to leave, and be anointed with oil, AFTER you have renounced and repented.

Or, have it your own way. Follow the fog and the dark. But please at least give a note to your children, someday, so they can tell some counselor who will be trying to unravel the oppression and darkness around their souls, where the overwhelming darkness, fog, disillusionment, and unbelief actually came from.

Turn toward the light. Or, turn toward the dark. Line upon line, precept upon precept.

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P.S. See also John Eldridge's blog on wind and trees.