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The Famine Of ‘65 (Aug-Sept 1965)

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There was a famine in the land of the Big Eagle in the days of the Texas King. It was a famine in a land of plenty, but the eyes of a million minds did not see it.

The People of the Great Prophet were nodding their sleepy heads while the multitudes were slowly starving.

The little prophet was sad. The Book of the Great Prophet told him that this famine would be of long duration. The eyes of his heart could see that it was already well upon us.

For it seemed as if the Spirit of the Great Prophet had gone on a long journey. But the little prophet knew that He was only outside the door. It was strange that the Great Prophet should be locked out of the Little Houses that He had built with His own hands.

His People were running to and fro — and they were not too happy. A few even cried, for this was a day of much noise in the Little Houses of the Great Prophet.

But in the midst of the little crying and the much noise there was some rejoicing.

For the People of the Great Prophet were hearing an old, old story. Yet this old story was always new. It told about a great Day, a Day when the Sun shone with dazzling brilliance. It told about a time when the Great Son of the Great Maker had pressed His gentle footsteps into the limitations of time.

The enlightened said, “We see through a glass obscurely, but surely this is the Great Maker Himself!”

He was often called the Light — and some of the dwellers of darkness were glad to bend their stubborn stalks towards that Light.

The Light did so much for us and He was happy when He was giving. His finest gift to us was something that gave the appearance of a large Golden Key.

This was a most unusual Key. And only One was ever made by the Master Key Maker to unlock the Golden Lock on the Golden Door to the Big House of the Great Prophet on the top of the Highest Hill.

A million souls had used this Key—yet it showed not a sign of wear.

This Key had a name — it was called by the big name “Reconciliation.”

And this Key had a message — it spoke of Blood and Water!

The blind would often giggle at the very mention of the Key with the unusual name and the unusual message.

But the Blood was so very precious above all gold and jewels. It had been carefully presented to the Great Maker for the benefit of all mankind. The People of the Great Maker rejoiced exceedingly because of its great value.

But some of the blind had snickered, “Slaughterhouse.”

Then there was the Water. This Water was life-giving, for this Water was from Above. This Water had made His People clean. It had also satisfied their every thirst. It had bubbled up a million times into an endless fountain of refreshing comfort.

The blind were often led to this fountain — but they would not drink.

The little prophet had seen in the Book of the Great Prophet that the Blood and the Water had been eternally joined together in a Perfect Marriage. It was a union of great beauty!

But the big minds of the millions of minds of the Great Society in the land of the Big Eagle said that it was now time that this Perfect Marriage should have a divorce.

They said that this Marriage was a narrow thing and that this divorce was surely needed.

And so they cried from their varnished tree-stumps, “We can use the water but we do not need the blood.”

The blind shouted in return, “We do not want a slaughterhouse.”

And so the big divorce was ushered in.

But alas! with the big divorce came the famine also.

Then they cried all the louder, “We will take the water only, we cannot stand the sight of the Blood.”

So now they had their water! But swamp water could not cleanse. Neither could it satisfy their awful thirst.

And so the day of the big famine had fully come upon the people in the land of the Big Eagle.

The enlightened were saddened to hear that half of the Golden Key was now missing.

This loss was colossal! But the blind continued to eat, drink and make merry — and they knew not that half of the Golden Key was gone.

So on they stumbled up the long, long hill to the Big House of the Great Prophet on top of the Highest Hill.

They said “We will open the Golden Door and perchance we will gain an easy entrance into the Big Happy House.”

The day of arrival finally came, but the half-key would not open the lock on the Golden Door. Suddenly they realized that they were shut out!

In amazement they spoke of how they, in the past, had often invoked the name of the Great Prophet — the Great Prophet — the Great Prophet!

But now there was no comfort on the outside of the Golden Door.

And in the awful thickness of the terrible outer darkness, there were only the sickening sounds of weeping and gnashing of teeth. Such was the eternal abiding place of those who had shouted so loudly, “slaughterhouse.”