

THE TRUTH!

I know in my heart I really like to write. I want to write something edifying and good that makes a person feel like a good person again. I thought I could write words of healing, but words of terror seem to come out instead. I don't have words to heal; I can only speak the truth and sometimes the truth hurts. That hurts me but there is a reality to this whole thing: Not everyone goes to heaven. This is where the click reverses. People that clicked here immediately click away. Truth is they probably already clicked away as soon as they see someone real. Maybe they did not see the crystal-clear high dpi photo on the front page. Perhaps it all looked too generic. Maybe the Dream Weaver flash wasn't what it should have been. Maybe its all wrong. Perhaps the crowd I seek doesn't have internet. Perhaps you don't have money for a book or maybe you can't read. Maybe this book is in the wrong language but all I can do is hope. I am not a great name. I have been on TV but in a low and demeaning way. I had originally thought someone would look at the character I used to be and see what I have become. I was a criminal. Now you stopped reading.

Let me tell you something. I am not a Mason. I am not with the Illuminati. I did not sell out to Satan. I'm just a man who made mistakes. If you're still reading perhaps I am like you. Perhaps you are a worker, maybe at McDonalds or a janitor. Maybe you are a Marine or a soldier. Maybe you have an older Windows 2000 computer and your connected to the internet with 1 mbs or dial up with 5 kbs. Maybe you can only access the internet a few hours a month. I don't know what you are going through, but I know its not easy. Now I realize too I have used the "I" word a lot. You may have noticed that too. I hurt too, but this may be where we can come together. In life we have to be humble. I can't lie to you. I can't be some prideful person, because that is not my character. Many times, I thought of starting my own church but I feel I need more experience. I'm just being honest. I am good at speaking in front of a crowd but that is not what I am talking about. I can't be a phony. I believe I have what it takes to write, which qualifies me to write but I don't think I have is what you want. I'm not chewing you out because I love you. I think we have been so conditioned to what we think is supposed to be right. We see a man wielding a machine gun in one hand and pulling the grenade pin out with his teeth in the other. I am not that man. I am not Sylvester Stallone or Arnold Swartzenager. I am not an actor or musician. I am not a famous poet though I do write poetry and a lot of it. To be honest most of the poems I have written were one of a kind that I gave away.

[\(Ecc 11:1\)](#) Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

The Bible does not say cast your grenades, your bullets, your rocks and flaming Molotov cocktails at your enemies. I too have enemies and I don't like them, but I won't settle the score but rather I'm leaving room for my God's wrath. Before you cast stones, I was a member of the United States Marines and I had a successful four years. My world, however, began to fall apart when I met a shrewd business man. I will leave it at that for now, but one wrong mistake became many mistakes. Before I knew it, I was out of my mind behind a locked door in a rubber room and facing life in prison. I threw my life in the garbage can and all the shoulda, woulda, coulda's made no difference at all. I threw my life away. I bought into a business twice where I gave my money for a pit of lies. I wasted money on internet marketing schemes that were another bag of lies. I threw out money right and left to scammers that took all they could happily as could be. I hurt people I never intended on hurting. I created enemies

right and left and I broke hearts along the way too. Sometimes it was a simple action other times it was words that did not come out right. All in all, I blew it and it was my fault. Sometimes in my writings I was mudslinging trying to purposely paint a bad picture of people that did me dirty. I am that man. I allowed the wickedness from others to happen to me and I had to do a lot of repenting to God. I am poor now because of bad mistakes in my life. While I was seriously ill God is not going to buy that excuse. I did what I did and just as Joshua made the mistake when men came from a neighboring country and lied because they said they travelled great distances. Well Joshua failed to pray when God would have answered him. I too did the same. For me it was easier to listen to Todd Jessie Garton's pack of lies rather than simply research the truth. I think some of us fall into these traps and then we bring it up to God like its his fault. I'm talking about myself here. But you know what God does take the blame even when its not all his fault.

(Jer 15:15) O LORD, thou knowest: remember me, and visit me, and revenge me of my persecutors; take me not away in thy longsuffering: know that for thy sake I have suffered rebuke.

If you look at what I underlined you might see what I am talking about here. "Thy" here is his as in his fault. It is possible we don't serve such a bad God afterall. In fact God is actually good.

(Mat 19:17) And he said unto him, **Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God: but if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.**

Maybe that is because God truly is good and we are not. I stand guilty as a sinner before a Great White Throne and I deserve hell. I don't know what I can do to get to heaven on my own. Yes, I have called upon the LORD Jesus Christ but even cursed him thereafter in the same sentence. In my own rage I was the one to cast the stones at God. Maybe it was me with the hammer and nails. Maybe I carried the rod for beating. Perhaps it was me that denied God before man. I am not a good person. I never intend to start a book this way, but I just did and I did it again. People are never going to read my books this way, but I just don't have kind words and cool water. Its not that I don't want to talk good things but rather there is a serious side to God we never hear. People write books all day long, and sermons too, that depict a God that is all kind, all forgiving, and all loving but to be honest they are reading another version of the Bible than I read. There are serious consequences in life. If you lose the game you can lose your soul. One of the hardest sites I ever wrote was: <https://www.doesgodloveme.org/> I created the site in love for sinners but then almost hid the final link which to a point talks about the seriousness of God. Life is a give and take, its push and pull, and it's not a game because sometimes life ends in failure and the results are everlasting. I'm not going to paint a lovely song or beautiful story as everyone else in this world seems to do. You can't sit down to your favorite "Left Behind" story and call yourself a Christian as I have heard men do. Life just doesn't work that way. If I write this way I make money and become famous but I also earn a home in hell. I won't write this way because I won't sell my soul to Satan. I choose to honor God with my words knowing the value of choosing my words lightly. I see a God that is more of a Father than just a friend. I see a boss rather than an employee. I see somewhat of a drill instructor that wears camouflage utilities with us and is not afraid to get muddy. I see a God that stands in a foxhole during a midnight raid where the enemy lurks in darkness not far off. He says to you, "go ahead and get some rest as I stand watch." When the bullets fly and the magazines are spent, he lays his body over yours and takes the bayonet to spare your life when the enemy over runs you. This is the God I love and serve. This is what the Son Jesus Christ is to us. This is the love he shared for us so

that we would experience life everlasting yet so many want the easy, the do-nothing way, and still to participate in all the benefits. I am sorry but God is a boss and when you work for him he expects results.

Now drugs are bad, and smoking and drinking fall into that category. It is a form of witchcraft where the Greek word relates to our word for pharmaceuticals. It is a high you feel when drunk, smoking, or doing drugs. You see things because drugs are a form of potion that comes as spirits. Fallen man did this as a secret, yet forbidden art, where plants were mixed in chemicals to form mind altering states. We as Christians in this world have the choice of following in this evil or to shun away from it:

(Eph 5:11) And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove *them*.

It is interesting when the Bible says reprove them. This is a lesser known verse that I too forgot about. All too often for the sake of putting someone in their place we tend to say judge not lest we be judged. I think; however, God is giving us good reason to reprove or rebuke bad behavior. We do have pet verses which it seems everyone is familiar with but when we lie the Bible on our shelf it collects dust just as our bodies too seem to crumble with time. It is important to know these verses because to get right with God really isn't that hard yet for the masses its easier to go to a church and listen to someone spoon feed us as if we were the little baby. I understand most people work but even when I had the "uncurable" glaucoma I listened to the Bible through audio. We are without excuse before the throne of God. Each person in life is given a measure according to their talent God bestowed upon them. What you do in this body determines what we have in the life to come. I think what a lot of people don't realize is they can lose their eternal reward if they are not careful.

(2Jn 1:8) Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward.

Yes, you can make it to heaven but you can lose the reward because you spent your time in front of the television, or golf, hunting, or whatever diversion you could think of that drew you away from spending quality time with God. I too waste time. Sometimes I just can't study so rather than study I talk to God. Often it sparks interests to me and I find myself back into the Bible looking up one verse at a time. Still I have that one on one, with God like a father holding his son's hand while walking on the beach holding me back from tides that come in. God wants something more from us. Maybe it is taking someone's empty tray as they sat to dine in the cafeteria. Maybe it is handing your drink to a homeless man in the hot sun digging through the trash for his next meal. Maybe it's a kind word spoken in due season, or a kind gesture. It's not all about church everyday but sometimes a person needs to hear "God bless you" whereas a Gospel of John" might be more than they can handle. Serving Christ is serving with love and maybe love through Christ name is the only way I will truly experience victory in my life.

(Mat 10:42) And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold *water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.*

(Pro 10:12) Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth all sins.

I am not advocating doing a bunch of nice things will get us into heaven either unless you are doing it through Christ' name. If I do nice things and simply say "bless you" I am speaking on my own: If I say God bless you I am doing it in the love of Christ and that is well pleasing to God.

(1Pe 4:8) And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

Being a Christian is not stupid but calling oneself Christian and sitting on the couch watching the game being played each Sunday is not going to please God. God wants our time and our money to serve Him. He is not saying pay me and don't pay your rent though a lot of televangelist preach that message. I will be honest I give and I give half expecting something back. I don't get rewarded financially but rather in other ways. My car runs, the house still has its four walls and a ceiling, at least for now, and my health just keeps getting better. Right now, I am waiting for God. I'm waiting for his judgment upon my enemies, and a longstanding healthy body; which God has provided for the most part, but I am also working out a relationship with my Savior Jesus Christ who I don't believe hates me. I never went to seminary school, but rather studied the Bible in the place God provided for me. That place was jail and prison. Now that I am free and my mind seems to work better, I realize God gave me a second chance. While I have never killed or injured a man, God showed me life in a different light. That light for me was a loud humming florescent light which were one of four controls in a brick and mortar cell behind a locked door. I experienced this for almost ten years though every day I involved God either through the Bible, art, or in poetry or many writings similar to what I am doing now. While I repented for that sin at the time concrete walls and locked cell doors are very unforgiving. Hell never forgives and while to some and even to me at the time prison can be that hell: The difference however is while in prison or even jail there are choices that can be made. Hell does not have choices. What is interesting is the man in a cell can repent and go to heaven, while the prison guard can waste his life away and enter hell. The crimes, in breaking the law, are not always as weighty as the crime in time wasted not caring about serving the LORD Jesus Christ. God is a fair God but even more so in that life to come. God is fair because the reality was I was heading down a dark and dangerous path. God knew there was a spirit in me of love and servanthood. He choose me and rather than sending me to hell sent me to a place where I could get right and serve God who more often defines time instead of days in decades. Now that the haze of mental illness is over, I look at God saying "you gave me a second chance." This is my lot in life whether good or bad, indifferent or well defined this is my cup. I'm still on the receiving end of that cup, but I see light at the end of the tunnel. Whether I write this in a book someday I still feel the LORD saying post it on my site. The problem is time and it is running out. This is good and bad. I feel I am getting the grace period I asked of God now, but I have to see where it headed later. While I doubt this file will ever be read that part is between you and God. I think in the end it will make more sense but for now, the smoke blinds the righteous as well as the sinner. I know half the things I write don't make sense but if I have enough of these pages maybe there is a way to reach out to more people I don't know? I don't know if the healing of my words to myself pan out, but if this file can reach a person living in sins of smoking or drinking, or simply not sowing into the Kingdom and convict him or her to get back on the path of life then the last four hours was time well spent in serving the LORD. Once saved is **not** always saved, as the road to heaven is cluttered with speed bumps and hurdles along the way. Life is a challenge that no one except perhaps your pastor said it would be easy. Amen...

(Act 14:22) Confirming the souls of the disciples, *and* exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God.

<http://www.bible-heaven.com>

Written October 10, 2018
By Dale Lee Gordon

I often wonder and I even started to think to myself about the “what if” factor. There were times I was so on fire for Jesus. Each time however, it was beat out of me. When I very first became a Christian in jail in 1998 I was 100% into Jesus and I wanted everyone to know. When I headed for jail in the car, I was happy; in fact, it was the happiest day of my life. I found Jesus and it meant so much to me. It meant more than possible life in prison, or the seriousness of the crime I was facing. I was ready to become an evangelist and the crime I was facing I was not worried about. Satan sent every seed of discouragement, every bad inmate, every impossible situation and that included the most severe mental insanity ever to be experienced. No one wanted Jesus, and the solution the jail ministers provided for sin was the ultimate cop-out. It was the hyper-grace, anything goes message. Their solution for sin was to accept Christ and have a totally free license for sin. This is wrong on so many levels and while I could cover it now I already have all over my sites.

I love life and with a second chance in life I have so much love for certain people. I say certain because I don't love everyone. I forgive people who don't accept Christ though I don't really love them like those who do. In jail and prison all I experienced for almost ten years was pure hatred. Everyone I met had serious attitudes and I flat out did not fit in. One day while I was there after loving life and figuring out the Christian I wanted to be a man cast spells on me. He was my cellmate. At the same time Todd Jessie Garton began sending curses away and within hours I was in a medical cell completely out of my mind. It destroyed my defense in court because no one and no medication could control my insanity and the rage that went with it. Without repeating a story that hurt so bad, I could have been completely pardoned within three years. I would still have had to testify, but I could have walked out the doors a free man and perhaps went back into my old job with the Forest Service. I might have even been able to keep my girlfriend. Everything went to hell in about an hour. My cellmate did his dance conjuring up every demon in hell after me and that was the end of my sanity that very day. I have never been the same ever since.

The absolute chaos that ensued brought years of very foolish seemingly insane mistakes. As one mistake followed another my life finally got so bad there was no way out. Where I stand right now is a period of life I do not like. What is hard is now I live in extreme poverty and my only walk is by faith. There is no extra money in fact there is much less to live on than ever before. I have a car but that is a total walk of faith in itself. I can't afford any repairs, to my car and to this house. Both were given to me and right now my life is so screwed up there is absolutely nothing I can do.

I thought to myself if all these bad things did not happen my entire attitude would be better and I would have been able to create a much better ministry. I'm sorry for what I created and I don't know that it is better than nothing at all. Maybe I would have been better off not creating a ministry. No one ever comes to this site and those that do click and click away. Its heartbreaking all this work was completely in vain and at a high cost too. I just wasted tens of thousands of hours and tens of thousands into the ministry. Oh well I guess I will just keep reading the Bible and keep having faith and love in God.

Lessons from a Dog

I used to tell God while I was in prison, “I love you God.” My response was always an;

[\(Joh 14:15\)](#) **If ye love me, keep my commandments.**

I think of dogs and how they show their affection. They want to sit on your lap and be petted. This is the love that they think is right in their own eyes. That love is different from our God's love. Often times we go to church and play Christianeeze. We sing "worship" songs or so we think. God talks about singing to him and its importance. Truly songs are not as important as obeying God's commands. We put some money in the tithe box and give God a little, usually very little time. I don't think this pleases God yet everyone gives what they seem right to give.

(Pro 14:12) There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof *are* the ways of death.

As for the dogs so is it with a lot of people that call themselves Christians. They disrespect you if you are not firm with them. I have read the Bible through and through and I don't think God likes to punish. It's just when God gets completely fed up with the "dogs" he gets firm but he warns them first. As for my wicked generation we have that warning all spelled out for us and here's the name of it; its called the Holy Bible. We don't want to read it. It's too hard they say. I can't read that old language of the King James Bible. Ok ok you ask, we'll give it in a simple washed down way. How about a New King James. Not so! we want an even simpler version so we give you a NIV or an Amplified Bible. Still not simple enough? Here how about the Clear Word or Message. You still won't read it. That is called laziness and that is what a dog is lazy. A dog eats, drinks, and sleeps. Then they go to the bathroom on your floor or your car or wherever except outdoors where they should have gone. I'm finding in my life I can't just ask a dog I have to yell at them to get them to respond. It is called respect and they are lacking. That is the way too many Christians respond to God's love. They don't care about your love for them and they trash it. I am supposed to forgive when the dogs chewed up my clothes including my nice leather jacket. I'm tired of forgiveness. I want justice and justice is the God I serve. He doesn't take my sins lightly nor does he allow my foolishness. Some things God lets slide in my life but most things He is very serious. God doesn't give me much leeway though sometimes what I feel isn't that bad is wrong in God's eyes. In modern churches and in modern Bibles we paint such a pretty picture of what we call Jesus but in reality, it doesn't look a thing like Jesus. We take the nasty pig feces and sugar coat them with a chocolate shell. So sweet on the outside but bitter on the inside. It's not candy its death and that is exactly what so many of you are trying to feed us. To copy some very evil words an evil woman said to me: Shame on you!!! That is a very serious saying but to many most people don't even hear what they are saying. I once heard a foolish pastor jubilantly confessing before his audience that, "It's not Christ plus!!!" Well I strongly rebuked him and I got kicked out of the church. After enough times of hearing all sorts of blasphemy coming from the church pulpit I gave up on churches completely. I hate church and I hate all these fake modern Bibles!!! I'll stay at home and do my own studies. I actually learn that way. Be sure to scroll down as I rewrote a modern "Christian" song.

Oh, Your Reckless Love

Its amazing how we throw God's love all into the wind.
You make God's love evil and Jesus love not your friend.
Oh, your reckless love you fashioned to your own.
You gave your love to Satan like giving a dog a bone.
It's amazing how you try to overturn your sins with a plow.
But God's truth is real and his love left you now.
You can't just abandon this song you wrote.
It's not about God's love just your own love note.
It's called accountability and when you see.
You're just a fool and God's love ain't free.
It cost your heart and soul to be a fool.
Because one day you will see that God does rule.
You can't abandon it.
There's no second chance with it.
Oh, the foolish webs we weave.
You might be sorry now but those words you can't retrieve.
All for fame and fortune oh those bars of gold.
And as for me this foolish song is growing very old.
I don't want to hear.
All your ungodly fear just know the days draw near.
Oh, why I ask, did you write what you did.
The god you served was Satan for that you did bid.
You didn't earn it.
God's love is worshipped.
God doesn't throw His love around.
But in all you wrote still God's love can be found.
October 15, 2018 Dale Lee Gordon