



# Chronicles of Diversity

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## Chronicles of Diversity Contact Information:

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## Lost in space

During the Vietnam era, I served as a commissioned officer with the Army Security Agency in Augsburg, Germany. The ASA is the Army's communications intelligence arm, similar and providing a lot of the communications intel for the National Security Agency. While not being spies in the clandestine sense, never the less we had a few classes in our training on how to obtain worthwhile information from people without their apparent knowledge.

Our particular kaserne was probably the closest major US military base to Dachau, the famous German extermination camp of WWII. I have had an interest in survival and those who lived and died in survival circumstances as long as I can remember. Therefore, while it was an extremely depressing place to visit even those 30 some years later, the stories of the survivors and those who escaped the Holocaust make for interesting reading.

Little did I know at the time, one of my uncles was among the first Allied liberators of the camp. As he is now in his 80's, at times using my best intelligence interrogation techniques, I have tried to see if I could get him to briefly discuss some of his Dachau perceptions. Since I am the only grandchild with military experience, and even experience in this direct area of southern Germany, we have discussed the region in some detail, until we get to the gates of the camp. Then the conversation quickly shifts to grafting different apple varieties to his apple trees in his Harrington, Washington garden.

All war is hell on earth, but some things just can not be handled by the human psyche, and must be suppressed in order to maintain our sanity. I believe my uncle's Dachau experience is one of those events for him. It is beyond the realm of Post Traumatic Stress. This is for a good Christian, who loves Jesus and does his best to serve his



fellow man.

As a heartland boy, obviously given the choice to serve in Germany as an officer, or in Viet Nam as a infantry grunt, there was not a big dilemma to make the right choice. Hence, in my military role my biggest obstacle was dealing with other officers, mostly from eastern families of privilege. The likes of John Kerry and George W. Bush, except without either's class or desire for true public service. In other words worthless bourgeoisie preppies.

On the other side of the continent there was a group of similarly affluent, centered in Berkley. These types were closer to home. However, they also seemed way too self absorbed with their own importance to really make a significant difference in the world. This of course is where the roots of the antiwar movement began. We mused in our secure, untapped private discussions in Germany about getting out of the service and taking our SLR cameras to the anti war demonstrations to see if we could strike up a conversation with the real spies, which we knew were present at all of these rallies.

Saturday night I had the opportunity to watch the documentary, "Berkley in the Sixties." Taking these free speech and anti war events and following a number of the people of the '60s historic film footage until the present, it was amazing they were still doing what they were doing back then, except without the idealism. They had sold out to the materialism that they once rejected, but at the same time they still had the same liberal agenda, in some small way to live outside at least a few establishment conventions.

I remember in Germany seeing a movie in the local post theater where a bunch of these people were in a room discussing democratically what they were willing to die for. The scene went on and on until the hero, whom I believe was Robert Redford rose to his feet and announced, "Well I'm not too sure what I am willing to die for, but I am sure of one thing that I am not willing to die for, and that is boredom." He then walked out of the room.

As I went to bed the concept came to mind, "A generation lost in space." That surely was these people. Likewise, my compatriots from

my military elite. I had to get out of bed and do an internet search to find the source. The source turned out to be a verse from Don McLean's 1971 song, "American Pie:"

*Oh and there we were all in one place,*

*A generation lost in space*

*With no time left to start again.*

According to the commentary I read on the lyrics, the place was Woodstock, three days of peace and music. The lost in space either referred to a television show, or more likely a spaced out drug high. Hence also a space cadet. There sure is not a better song to describe a whole generation.

The people I saw in the documentary were today still a generation lost in space, nothing had changed. The exploits of John Kerry and George Bush don't seem much better. But George seems to have a better alibi, drugs and of course during the rare instances he did something in the National Guard, he was said to be a fighter pilot. John just got Purple Heart after Purple Heart, three I believe, by only taking friendly fire.

The sad thing is we now live in a whole country, no a whole world lost in space, but it doesn't come from drugs, or politics, or any other likely cause except our own vanity.

Bill Clinton was our first boomer, lost in space president. In his own words, a lot of his troubles he brought on himself, things which he shouldn't do, because he could. More completely however, he didn't do a lot of things he should, because he couldn't. I fully realize this only makes sense in Slick Willies legacy statement: "It depends what your definition of is, is."

He should not have messed with Monica, but he did. He should have messed more with Osama, but he couldn't because Osama has a right to his own definition of is also. The whole of western culture is lost in space, because there are no longer any absolutes from outside of mankind. Osama knows absolutes, and relativism to be an infidel lie, which he can exploit at will.

Our second boomer lost in space president is Dubbya! It's too early to truly have a short legacy statement to summarize his presidency, but he sure isn't short of mistakes. After all Bill was almost done,

term wise, when he gave us his relativism gem. I suppose Bush's pompous arrogant statement, "Bring it on!" will have to serve for now. George did not seem to recognize he was not talking about a baseball series between the Texas Rangers and the Seattle Mariners, but a war with some mean and evil people, who not only do not play by our rules, they make up their own rules rapidly on the fly. A whole other ball game we are incapable of playing well, nor should we try to emulate.

The first lost in space generation were educated to be the first . We are now educating the third lost in space generation. This space cadet education program became concerned with the Soviet Union's first Sputnik launch on October 4, 1957. With a Post WWII education system, flush with the optimistic dream of world domination through a John Dewey enthralled evolutionary paradigm, and a similar theological liberalism that believed that God used evolution to create the world, we made a successful blast off. Charting our course, that Jesus might have been the savior of the world in former days, but in the enlightened church he is just a good moral teacher, we used his ethical teachings to explore the dark side of the moon.

Luckily, to use the proper metaphor, I was gifted to grow up in a church that still then believed in the Biblical truth of salvation through the grace of Jesus Christ alone. Perhaps, it was just the gift of growing up in a small town with the name Lutheran on the church door. However, in that catechism class I was also told that God had wisely used evolution and evolutionary time to slowly form the world we now see.

In the light of Commander Buzz Corry and the rest of the Space Patrol, we knew where we were perfectly in space in 1950 1955. Later, I might have not been mature enough to know what the definition of "is formed by evolution is," but I was sure not naïve enough to know that what I saw in the natural world around me, isn't and wasn't.

One example, or is that seven examples of how this space odyssey may come to an end was discussed last week in "No Safe Egypt." To add a

natural element I learned after I had finished Egypt, there have been 18 major plate shifting earthquakes in Cascadia northern California all the way through Southern British Columbia since the end of local glaciation. These are in the Richter Scale of 9 plus and shook for a duration estimated to be 4 minutes or more. The last of these took place in January 1700 as verified by Japanese Tsunami records.

In evolutionary time that is one about every 500 years. Using Bishop Usher's biblical chronology that is one about every 100 years. Should the Rapture not happen soon, the Northwestern United States will make New Orleans' Katrina devastation look like a tiny wind storm. So who are you going to believe, evolution or Usher.? But it really doesn't matter for man makes his space cadet plans, and God controls man's destiny. As Jimmy Swaggart's cousin, Jerry Lee truthfully told the early lost in space generation there is a "whole lot of shakin' goin' on." and it is not from rockin' roll.

So is there any way for members of the three lost in space generations to make a soft landing on planet earth without crashing where you will forever be scarred by the trauma of absolute gravity? "Eight miles high and falling fast" is bound to make a pretty good splat. Then again what will you find when you touch down?

*Eight miles high and when you touch down*

*You'll find that it's stranger than known*

*Signs in the street that say where you're going*

*Are somewhere just being their own*

*Nowhere is there warmth to be found*

*among those afraid of losing their ground*

*Rain gray town known for its sound*

*In places small faces unbound*

*Round the squares huddled in storms*

*Some laughing some just shapeless forms*

*Sidewalk scenes and black limousines*

*Some living some standing alone*

Eight Miles High The Byrds 1966

Now, there are some spaced out lyrics, even if they are only about an airplane trip, as claimed by Gene Clark who wrote the song. However, there are really two landing sites literally. One or both are worse than being lost in pleasure seeking materialistic space. It depends upon what your definition of , .

The first is that you will land in a tyranny. The most obvious at this time is a fundamentalist Islamic state. But as we have seen when you are lost in space there are not compass points by which to find your directions. Right now as radical Islam truthfully points out the other option is a corporate nationalistic model of the peace and harmony of more materialistic consumption. Lest we too quickly forget, that is what launched the first lost in space generation in the sixties.

Remember also, that this launching pad included the then contemporary Christian church singing praise songs about the journey. Much of that church still thinks that if we just love Jesus enough and love one another as in the hippie commune, then the world will beat a path to their door. Only in the evangelical church are the space cadets of the old hippie movement still turning inward and dropping out. The real hippies moved on decades ago.

To achieve a soft landing, or even a hard landing of terrorist attack or earthquake, and to be able to handle what you will then find on earth, you must know something about the world in which you will find yourself. These lands have no worldview that truthfully and logically explains the existence of the universe, or its form. Furthermore, they can not similarly explain the existence and the uniqueness of man. That includes the uniqueness of man to do both good and evil. All we will have done is exchange real space for terrestrial space.

Hence, you will have to bring the proper worldview with you, and be willing to live it out no matter the consequences and the ridicule. The weakness of my uncle's worldview is it is fundamentally from the world of pre space cadet American Christianity that was highly influenced by revivalism and separatism via so called holiness. Seeing the evil of Dachau in operation,

gives you a shot of total depravity that has never been taught in any mainstream of American Christianity.

Only in the Bible is there a description of that Creator of the universe and of mankind. He is a personal God of love, but also of all truth, righteousness, and grace. In the Bible you find Jesus as the incarnate Creator of the world and its one and only redeemer or Messiah. The message of the Bible is completely revolutionary, because no matter what you may have learned in church, none of it rests on your ability to perform in any fashion. Historically and contemporarily for most of the Christian religion however, grace alone is an anathema not consistent with their Pelagian theology.

Throughout the world God through His son Jesus is building His church and the gates of hell, Islam, or corporate materialism will not stand against it. The question is the fundamental black and white question in this world. Which side of the line are you on? On the black side nothing has meaning, life, the world, stuff. On the white side everything not only has meaning but also scientific and artistic perspective. It didn't evolve, it was created that way by God, and He created mankind in His image to enjoy that creation. What a legacy that is, especially when the alternatives are to live in tyranny, or to be continually lost in space.

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