

"I did not come with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring to you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you except Jesus Christ and Him crucified" (1 Corinthians 2:1-2).

11) Evolution - A Poem of Tact, Diplomacy, and Gentle Persuasion

[worthy of those addressed]

It has occurred to me that if there ever was a lie, if there ever was anything so unscientifically accurate, if there was anything so preposterous, if there was anything so utterly stupid and incredibly farcical, if there was anything that made supposedly educated and intelligent men look like babbling idiots and pea-brained morons, it is the theory (or even more so, **theories**, each proving the other wrong!) of evolution.

Taught as fact, contradicting truth, and while in some cases and ways trying to accommodate God somewhere in their schemes, these men have denied Him and rather than coming from monkeys, have made monkeys of themselves. Yet they will not believe me when I tell them creation is regressing.

Madness, are you an accident?

In all your incredibility, can it be possible

That you came from a mere explosion of gases?

Madness, you have so many forms!

One form is to believe that so many forms

Have been an accident.

Bang! And there you began.

And you grew and grew and grew

And grew and flourished

And spread!

Madness, could as much as you

Come from so little?

How can a genius as great and powerful as you,

Reigning as you do over the hearts of the wise,

Come from a mere bang?

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The world raves in you;
You have evolved much farther than they.
Those you call accidents are your subjects;
You make monkeys out of them.
Leave me out of it.
More than that, I'll speak to them...
Without your help or your hindrance.

One thing is certain:
Truth is not one of your subjects,
Neither are reason and understanding.
You have no sway over them;
They know.
May they speak with me.

You idiots! What man would stand and claim
That a Seiko watch could come
Out of an explosion of gases?
What fool could believe him?
But madness has done her perfect work!

You idiots! From where did those gases come
And the spark to ignite them?

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And from where did the space come

For these things to happen?

Mad fools! Hopelessly bound in your chains of darkness!

For which is it easier to believe?

That the complex man who devised a Seiko

Was devised himself

Or that he was the product

Of a mere haphazard explosion

With haphazard results

In a billion haphazard directions

Just as you declare of a Seiko watch?

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(Just thought I'd chance it for a moment and see if the absence of order and intelligence might prove you right after all! Did it or did it not? Perhaps more time...like eons and eons?)

Mad idiots!

Theories you call facts and sound knowledge myths.

Black is white and white is black.

Monkeys, in their places,

Far excel in wisdom over you.

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Are you sure your evolution is not in reverse?

Perhaps the universe is shrinking

And your mentality is doing its share and more.

It is one thing to hear such folly;

It is another to know why it is spoken and believe.

To acknowledge a Supreme Intelligence

Is to acknowledge one's self as less.

To know there is One Who is above all

Is to consider the possibility that

He may require an accounting

Of word and thought and deed.

"The fool has said in his heart, There is no God."

Damned fools are you all as the Scripture says.

Asses you are, less than monkeys in ways

To declare your shameful thoughts

And teach them with pride when you ought to

Hide your faces in embarrassment

At the very idiocy of it all.

You interventionists! Are you any better?

"We say Yes to evolution only if God intervened

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To give man a living soul."

Intervention indeed!

And who was running the show

Before He intervened?

Was all in chaos, out of control

But advancing quite well nevertheless

To the ape?

Can you produce an ape

Just like your Seiko watch?

Damned fools you are as well,

With false religious flavour!

Will you please God with your conditional assent

To a theory truth does damn?

Madness, you reign indeed!

And idiots pay you homage,

Lunatics praise your name!

Could they ever come as far as you have?

Could they dare hope to rule over others

As you do over them?

Everywhere we look, we see degeneration

But evolution marches on.

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"A missing link! A missing link!"

Fools, in your understanding there are missing links!

And until you turn from your obstinacy

Of resisting the truth,

The missing link remains.

Three theories taught as fact,

Each proves the other wrong;

Chase your tails you monkeys,

While Madness sings her song.

Lethbridge, Aug. 1984

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