

CHRISTIANS AGAINST ALL ANIMAL ABUSE

Pastor James & Doreen Thompson, Peace Haven, Fron Park Rd. Holywell Cwtyd CH8.7UY

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Salisbury's Demo & Porton Down's Vigil

Thanks to the driving force and dedication of a pensioner, a wonderful demonstration occurred in Salisbury. Indeed, after a rally within the city centre in which a delightful representative of the local Green Party addressed us, we made our way, led by police escort, around the circumference of the city and then through the shopping centre.

Indeed, though the weather forecast was very grim and rain had heavily fallen in the morning, just in time for us; the weather not only lifted but the sun came out? Yes, it shone upon us. all the way, and this combined rally of militant Christians and Green Party activists really made people think. What is more, the police were most courteous and helpful. What an honour it was to be with such wonderful folk. Yes, and to be walking behind a banner that said; 'Christian Concern For Lab Animals'.. Leaflets were constantly being given out to bystanders who couldn't fail to be impressed. I tell you it was a tonic to be there. All thanks to Jenny Potheary who had arranged it all! This delightful lady is on the far right of the following photo, seen carrying a megaphone



Yes, but this was not all. Later in the day, when dusk was beginning to fall, a remaining contingency made its way to the entrance of Porton Down; and though it began to rain, under the shelter of protective trees we sang two hymns, I offered relevant prayers, and then, assisted by dear Catriona Short who'd brought a lovely spray of flowers, the top police officer came to our aid. "Would you like me to drive the two of you up to the main entrance?" he asked. We agreed, and the three of us - each of Scottish extraction - prayed at the fence for the animals incarcerated, and - with the help of this senior officer - the flowers were fixed into the fence as a reminder.

Yes, and as if to further confirm the sinister and, indeed, grotesque practices of this massive M-O.D. complex, the daily tabloids have since brought to light what that establishment was prepared to do to vulnerable humans in 1953. Under the pretext that they were trying out a new formula to combat the common flu, they were using these volunteers to try out a deadly nerve gas which had fatal consequences. Indeed, if this is how they were prepared to treat human volunteers, can one imagine what such warped minds will do to defenceless animals? Thank God indeed, for the Wiltshire police who successfully carried out such an investigation against our, so called, "ministry of defence"!

Once Again The Media Were Uncannily Absent

Yes, God was with us that day, so appeared to be the police! But where were the local press and the TV? As usual, they were quite uncannily absent. I ask; "What good is a free press when its editors are so biased, for if that day's proceedings were not newsworthy then what was?" I'll tell you: someone that morning given the freedom of the city, and Prince Charles attending! Well how very sad; but then, what can one expect when football, rugby, or a pop star receive greater media coverage than the starving millions or an earthquake that destroys thousands? Of course-, we were not alone in lacking media coverage. Precisely the same thing happened last year. For then, a whole group of dedicated Buddhist monks, arrayed in saffron robes, held a vigil on the same spot of Porton Down Yet not one mention was made of it in the local press! One can surely be forgiven for wondering what liaison exists between the Salisbury newspaper and the Ministry Of Defence. Yet we're supposed to be living in a democratic country. What a farce! I tell you the tentacles of big brother are entangling free speech every day. I don't mind 'gays' speaking out in open debate, or via the press, against heterosexual practices, but I do strongly object when I'm forbidden to speak out against homosexual ones. Indeed, I don't mind Muslims criticizing Christian values, but should I choose to oppose their lifestyles in the press or media then I've no doubt that the letter would be censored! It's a very subtle implication that, bit-by-bit, human freedom of expression - and ability to express one's views via the media - is being more and more curtailed. Not only are further restrictions being based on protests against the proposed animal experimentation block in Oxford - protestors being banned from a radius approaching it but equally, the freedom to choose our medication or, indeed, the very water we drink, -is being deviously taken away from us.

Let me enlarge upon each: while severe restrictions are being imposed through this government upon herbal and mineral supplements which I refer to as prime medications, the drug and chemical Mafia are dishing out pills and tablets, the majority of which are worthless! These are not simply my words but that of a recently retired boss of a leading drug firm. What is more, only this past month,, I learn that Amato (a beta blocker for hypertension) is now considered to be no more value than a placebo i.e. a dummy pill. Yet the masses have been conned over this, while the manufacturers have been making billions.

As for our drinking water it is now being proposed by this government that it be contaminated with fluoride waste in order to forcefully immunise us against tooth decay. Yet, the substance - as

touched on last quarter - is a deadly poison the waste of fertilizer chimney scrapings. Indeed, should the government succeed here, what will be dumped in next? Will it be Bromide, Prozac or far deadlier?

Sadly, with the worthy exception of a Daily Mail, the nation's tabloids - along with TV news priorities - are but a reflection of what the majority of folk prefer to watch and know, for 'where ignorance is bliss' goes the saying 'it is folly to be wise'. And this majority is the fruit of an 'education' which makes more of rivalry and competitiveness than it does of compassion and care for the underling. Through the curse of a one sided educational system our universities are competing to get students who don't know the elementary basics of survival. They eventually graduate not only with degrees that stand for less and less, but with debts that stand for more and more!

Our life span is most uncertain - it could be taken from us at any time. And if not by age through sickness or accident at any time. Yet the masses are bankrupt for eternity. They just don't want to face the one thing that is unavoidable and inevitable: one's departure from this present life, one's removal from this present world! I'm sure that what all of us need to take very much to heart before we venture out each day or retire to sleep each night are these words: 'What will it profit a man if he were to gain the whole world and yet lose his own soul?' And, 'at a time you know not of {he Son of man cometh'.

Christmas Eroded Through A Laodicean Church

It is because of lack of any priority upon spiritual and moral factors that the majority of younger folk know so little about the true meaning of Christmas. Yes, about why angels singled out animal carers - shepherds - to announce to them the birth of the Son of God. Yes, why God chose for His Son a manger as more fitting for Jesus birth than any luscious palace. Indeed, how Jesus never forgot His infant upbringing and chose to identify His Father's care for us as being as deep and caring as a past shepherd's care for his sheep. Indeed, what an indictment such a message is to modern intensive husbandry as we see it today. And how did husbandry and the abuse of farm animals and birds deteriorate in to such appalling depths of cruelty and unspeakable horror? I'll tell you: because clergy in the pulpits at a time 'when churches were always far more full than empty' kept their mouths shut. Such blatant hypocrites preferred to denounce instead the 'sins' of bingo, booze, 'self abuse', the mini-skirt, or the coarse jokes we equate with a music hall. Oh yes, and we mustn't forget the grave and heinous sins of missing Mass, practising contraception, or of having a flutter on the pools or of shopping on the Sabbath.

Believe me, the churches are no better today in the year 2004! At present I'm waging controversy in local and regional newspapers over the evils of hunting. As I denounce these macabre practices I find that certain bishops are supporting blood 'sports'. I tell you this that these bishops are nothing less than downright hypocrites. Jesus would undoubtedly have lashed at them with His tongue 'Whitened sepulchres outwardly attractive but only a covering for decomposing flesh and rotting bones. "How can you escape the judgments of hell?" I tell you on first hand evidence: not one Diocesan bishop in office within the UK is a vegetarian! Consequently, they'll all be tucking into their intensively reared fowl for a way to celebrate our Blest Saviour's birthday. Well, not quite accurate! The Bishop of Chester affirmed earlier this year that he chooses organic fowl as an example 'Well, good for him!' But don't clap too soon. He has since then come out in full favour of hunting with hounds. So need one wonder that Christendom is losing out. Like those in Laodicea, (Revelation 3:16) today's church is a luke warm abomination 'to be spewed out'.

Yes, we are now having difficulty in procuring Christian Christmas cards. We are told by those who appear to have no Faith whatever, that emphasising anything specifically Christian might offend minority groups. Have you ever known anything as ludicrous? Take this reasoning to its logical conclusion and just imagine where such 'reasoning' would take us! Mind you, one would have expected the leaders of our major Christian denominations to have got the churches together in some united statement. For example, that a daily assembly be still the norm in each school, and that RE remain a compulsory subject. However, with a bearded archbishop at the helm of the C of E waffling, dithering and looking all ways so as not to offend, what chance have we? As the Bible says 'If the trumpet gives an uncertain note, who will rally to the call?'

With No Thanks To The Church, Hunting Is Outvoted. Hallelujah!

I submitted a letter against hunting with hounds to the religious newspapers. It appeared as if the Catholic Times, Universe and Christian Herald were the only ones with sufficient sympathy to publish it. Indeed, the copy of a similar one was shown to the League Against Cruel Sports and the outcome was that they asked permission to publish the same to all the local and regional papers in the country. Well, what a great honour for myself! But where, O where, I ask are all the other clergy? Are they all either for blood sports or just too terrified to oppose it that they remain voiceless and pen less? Have they all been conditioned in to being good boys and girls only speaking when teacher tells them to, and all agreeing to be their superior's pet? One might have thought that with the influx of female clergy into the ranks that some of them would be outspoken because of a maternal instinct to protect helpless and vulnerable life. But, seemingly, it is not so. Yet very sadly I've known of quite a few who have gone out to make my acquaintance. I tell you, any cleric can go through the daily motions of the priesthood, but what today's churches need are fearless prophets who, like John the Baptist, have given their heart to God and, consequently, aren't all that bothered about the future of their head. Indeed, if there is one thing I'm grateful to The Almighty for, it is my early training and upbringing, which was unique and most unorthodox to say the least. Otherwise - God forbid! - I would have been just one more conditioned carbon copy, one more proverbial pea from a denominational pod.

Here's A Group Of Enthusiastic Militants!



And Here's Another For Celebration!



The venue was the Capricorn Animal Rescue centre, near Mold. Here a dedicated lady Sheila Stewart, rather literally shares a large part of her home with a super assortment of four legged friends. In the photo Sheila is holding the mascot Basil Brush. Judi Hewitt meanwhile holds a literal foxglove in her hand. And while Sheila is renowned in the press for the animals she rescues, Judi is known for the letters she tirelessly writes to the press, opposing blood sports. Yes, we are celebrating in advance the cessation of blood sports. We all know that victory is now ours. It is like Winston Churchill said - once victory was on the horizon – “this is not the end, but it is the beginning of the end. We must not be complacent: but this day we have much cause to rejoice”

Why The Fashion Industry Thrives

Friend, never be ashamed to stand out as different! Never be afraid to speak or go contrary to the masses. The majority lack the guts to be different. They are afraid of being laughed at by those with whom they mix. Consequently, the fashion industries thrive on human weakness. They change the styles every year and the vast majority, lacking any self-opinion of a marked degree, change their attire to be the same as the rest. I tell you, this kind of programming is deeper than we care at times to face up to. How many of us are prepared to go out with a brown shoe on one foot and a black on the other? The fact is, we're terrified of folk laughing at us and calling us eccentric, and yet, does it really matter? I sense again that 'so called' education has taught us 'bugger all'! “O' dear James, you shouldn't have used that last word. It wasn't very nice and people may not like you for saying it. Don't lower your standards!” ‘No, just be respectable like the rest of folk. 'Hold your plate, tilting it away from you, as you partake of your Cockaleekee soup from Baxters' (They say it's good for the male incontinent) "O James, you really shouldn't have said that. It's so unbecoming of a clergyman!" 'Sorry, I admit my fault. I'll make sure to keep my mouth shut; holding the napkin in the right place ready to open my mouth with decorum to

devour the carcase of a bird cooked in its own entails Yes, I'll make sure my hands are clean as I make my body - the temple of God's Spirit' - a putrefying grave yard for animal corpses. And I'll join my fellow clergy, from the Pope downwards, in offering grace over it! - 'Will I heck!'

Salvationists Are 'Well Behind' Their Founders!

Yes. indeed they are! So far behind them as to be unrecognisable, for William and Catherine Booth became in later life keen vegetarians. What is more, when their son Bramwell succeeded his Dad as the general he emphasised the need of this to all his officers. It is, therefore, remarkable that whereas today's Salvationist leaders still oppose all alcoholic drink - a real curse amongst those Victorian working classes, but hardly of much relevance today! - they prefer to look upon 'turning one's body into an animal cemetery as of no significance whatsoever. Like the rest of today's mainline Christendom, their compassion reaches out hardly any further than in encompassing the worst predatory species of all: depraved humanity.

One would like to think that, due to the waste of valuable land used to pasture and raise animals upon - land which ought to be used to grow grain for human consumption! - that, for the sake of starving millions of humanity, Christians would be advocating a non dairy and Vegan life style. For this is: the perfect solution to the world's food problem. But no, they are too short-sighted to know the sheer waste of grain, resulting in the process of feeding cattle for future slaughter so as to provide carnivorous 'junk food' for humans..

It could well be, of course - and it may be nearer to the truth - that as they themselves cannot think of living without eating animal corpses, they feel that those in the third world must have the same craving. Indeed, it's OK for the Salvation Army and other major churches to have forcefully denounced 'the sins of the flesh'. Putting it less bluntly than some, I'd agree that the lust of a penis has, frequently, no conscience! But let's get rid - once and for all time - of that narrow hypocritical Victorian interpretation of lust. What about the even worse sin of the flesh: 'the lust of the palate'? Indeed, it would appear that, in looking at the restaurants, the grocers and the butchers, that it has no conscience whatsoever! I tell you that the legacy of Victorian prudishness and hypocrisy has been our nation's curse for too long. Lust is not confined to sex!

Lust Of Palate Worse Than Lust Of Penis!

In Victorian society, should a young maiden - out to please! - be found pregnant then she could well be dragged before the front of the Nonconformist chapel and publicly scorned as loose. Indeed, if Catholic she might be sent to a laundry run by Nuns and reminded of the sinful act she had performed, and for which she must now pay the painful penalty for bringing a bastard in to the world. Yes, and the chapel deacons or the catholic nuns who dished out such treatment - considering themselves the teachers of virtue - indulged in a far less forgivable lust of the flesh. One they, and the rest, were oblivious of! It involved animals bred to feed the lust of their palates.

However, we who are alive today are even in a guiltier state still, for we know full well the appalling practices involved in intensive dairies and factory farms. However, you may well ask: 'Why this outburst primarily against the Salvation Army?' And my answer is this - that though no one appreciates more than I the wonderful work that this army for The Lord has done, and is still doing! - It is due to their present project: TWO BY TWO; the front page of which actually shows two sheep, quite cutely, making their way into the Ark. Nevertheless, on reading further it

involves requests for large donations - something this branch of Christendom is well geared up on! - in order to purchase animals so that starving families might receive them.. Being handed - for example - a pregnant cow so that once the calf is born it can be sold for their financial benefit, and then the cow's milk can then be used for the family.

I sense the only thing commendable is that for a donation of no less than £350 a needy family could be provided with 6 chickens, 1 rooster, plus a pen - and food for a year! So, I'll say this for them: the project is hardly – at this stage - along battery lines!. And for that we can be grateful

Mind You, Abattoirs & Factory Farms Are Veterinary Approved!

For a donation to the SA of £250 a third world family may be given 7 sows with 1 boar to regularly impregnate them! And if one's donation is no more than £17.50 at least one undernourished third world family will have a share of the same cow! It may be, of course, that the method used will have to have veterinary approval - who knows, it might even involve the RSPCA? - but as such factors prevail in the midst of UK's animal Belsens, this possibility will be of little comfort to animal activists - Christian or otherwise. Indeed, I understand the short-sighted motive of the SA in such a scheme. Their argument may be: 'surely the starving millions come first?' Well, we've heard it all before. Furthering the eating of dead animal flesh is to further the problem; and to foster further cruelty is to do more long-term harm than any myopically considered remedy.

I say again, thank God for the Salvation Army who so often do such marvellous work. Indeed, as a young man I once signed at a Mercy Seat their 'Articles Of War!' My only plea is that they might get back to the priorities and standards of its three earliest generals William and Catherine Booth and their son Bramwell. For here, indeed, are the wonderful words of their noble Founder:

"While I cannot say that I was, in the first place, led to abandon the use of flesh meat as an article of diet out of any sympathy with the animal creation, I have often felt, nevertheless, deeply thankful that I have no part in the grave responsibility for the horrors that are inflicted on millions of inoffensive creatures, killed with all manner of cruelty - some of it no doubt, quite unavoidable, if they are to be killed at all - in order to supply the wants of man. I believe that few really humane persons would touch another morsel of animal food if they could once realise the agony endured by the vast majority of these creatures in order to meet their fancy.

The miseries of the frightened droves, the tortures of the long journeys by rail, the unnameable agonies and abominations of 'the cattle boats', on which tens of thousands of unfortunate creatures travel from other lands, and the combined terror and torture which many of them suffer in the slaughterhouses, make a chapter too dark for ordinary mortals to read. And yet it all lies between the verdant meadows and the dainty morsel on your plate. At any rate, those who refrain from eating flesh are free from responsibility for all of this."

(General William Booth, The War Cry, 10th May, 1902.)

Words To Take To Heart:

'The fate of animals is of greater importance to me than any fear of appearing ridiculous'

- Emile Zola (1840-1902).

The years pass so quickly! Soon we will be ushered into the presence of the One who chose for His title: 'The Good Shepherd'. Dare we look Him in the face if we've chosen the comfort of a cushion to the criticism of a cross? Brothers and sisters, let us all speak out for the animals with utter boldness!

A Despised & Abused Creature Of God

Of all the animals abused down the centuries - yes and in so called Christian countries such as Spain today! - the Donkey is possibly the most abused. Yet it carries the mark of Christ upon it, for though ridiculed and tormented by unregenerate humans, it was chosen by Almighty God to carry our blessed lady Mary - bearing within her womb the first born of her offspring: the Redeemer of the world.

Need one wonder that many centuries previous - in the Old Testament - the Donkey owned by a prophet beheld what the actual prophet himself was oblivious of- an Angel sent from God? I tell you that such an animal is worthy of the greatest honour and respect. Consequently, it is utterly appalling that with reference to the word donkey, my dictionary in front of me should have this to say: (1) the domestic ass, (2) a stupid or obstinate person' And that any branch of Christendom should condone using such an animal - which Christ rode on Palm Sunday - for sick form and cruel 'sport' on one of its holy days, just shows how far that branch of Christendom has abysmally fallen from basic Christian morality, compassion and care.

I'm sure you'll agree that the following poem, by a member of the Cinnamon trust, is both touching and beautiful:



Doreen Pats A Poor Spanish Donkey

The donkey carefully walked along the narrow stony road. He somehow knew that he was carrying a very precious load.

For on his back sat a gentle lady. Mary was her name; and with her husband, Joseph, to Bethlehem they came.

When Joseph saw the darkening sky. his looks became more worried, as failing to get a room at the Inn. to a stable nearby they hurried

And there in the warmth of a lowly stable, Jesus Christ was born.. A brilliant star in the sky above would signal a special dawn.

Three Wise Men came and gave some gifts, but the donkey had also given. He'd given his care whilst carrying Mary, and never had to be driven.

The donkey turned as he heard a voice say. "For what you've done for me. the sign of the Cross will be on your back for everyone to see!"

How humble and proud the donkey felt. as he gazed at the Baby Divine and so it is right that down through the years all the donkeys bear this sign,

He stood and watched this lovely scene in which he'd played a part; his old grey head held high with pride and happiness filled his heart

By Mollie H. Spears

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