

Christians Against All Animal Abuse

Pastor James & Doreen Thompson
Peacehaven Fron Park Road, Holywell. Clwyd CH8 7UY
Tel: 01352-712368

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**"The world is a dangerous place,
not because of those who do evil,
but because of those who look on and do nothing."**

I've just received the following letter from a well-wisher and I enclose my reply, with a request that should you disagree with me then I'd appreciate knowing where I may have gone wrong; for one thing is obvious: the older I grow then the less dogmatic I become:

A Well wishers's Letter:

Dear James,

I must write to you to thank you for your prayers and tribute to our dear cat 'Ginger' who was interned a few days ago within the Brynford Pet Cemetery at Holywell. We were aware that a funeral would take place but never for one moment expected it to be conducted by a Chaplain. How very pleased and delighted to know that we can return our love of animals not only in life but also in death. The world would indeed be a better place if all people could see this and realise that animals can give love when shown love. I have faith in what is to come, we shall see a 'better place' providing we behave in the manner the Lord requires of us. In my own cases I have been brought up in the Anglican faith. In my boyhood days I served as a choirboy and an alter server. During recent years I have felt that the religion I have known is losing it's way. The recent debate about homosexuals seems to be swaying in their favour. In my understanding of the bible this is totally against its teaching. Due to this I have stopped my church attendance and have found perfect peace in my prayers at home each and every evening. It has become my church and I feel closer to my Maker than I did before. Do I make any sense, or am I being unreasonable? I would appreciate your opinion because I could see from our short meeting how sincere you are in your faith. Thank you again for your work

Yours sincerely
George M Nieman.

An Open Reply:

Dear Friend,

I considered it an honour to bury Ginger, and I believe the simple ceremony forms part of a TV documentary to be shown on BBC2 in the Autumn. So Ginger is going to be a very special cat!

Concerning your disillusionment over the Anglican Church, I can sympathise fully. Down through the years I have come across bishops as well as clergy who not only condone but actually support blood sports. It would imply as if they believed that animals were simply put on this earth for eating and as objects for cruel sport. Indeed, my whole ministry has been involved in trying to get them to see that the strong are called upon to protect the weak and vulnerable; and, of course, the supreme analogy of the Bible is that God's character was reflected in how far off eastern shepherds were prepared to lay down their lives in the process of protecting sheep entrusted to their care. Indeed, what an indictment of modern methods of husbandry and today's heartless farm animal breeding!

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Indeed, we not only have much in common about animals and their place within Christian concern, but I also sympathise with your outlook concerning quite a different subject: that of homosexuality within Christendom. You may be interested to know that though I wrote a letter to several newspapers concerning the incompatibility of this deviation with Biblical teaching, that they were not published. I'd mentioned that homosexuality was referred to in the Bible as Sodomy and, up to recent decades – before sexual crimes and disease had spread to today's astronomic proportions! - in legal circles as buggery.

I feel it is high time that sexual practices were well and truly aired and, to that extent, I can accept the use of four letter words for what they are rather than make out they do not exist. Late night TV can be very explicit. Well, let us be explicit in return!

Blaspheming Christ Is Permissible; Denouncing 'GAYS' Is Not!

Yes, profaning the name of Our Saviour is perfectly permissible - I would even say downright encouraged – by the BBC run at our expense. But woe betide those who criticize using the passage of defecation for sexual gratification. They'll have the whole 'GAY' community out to sue them! Incidentally, I use the word in inverted commas because, as a group, I find them far from bright, happy and sunny – as is my dictionary's definition of the term.

Homosexuals are free to do what they want providing it is mutually acceptable to those of a mature age. However, to use the biological organ of excretion for sexual satisfaction is not only to make ones self open to catch all manner of diseases -downwards from AIDs - but is also to frequently do irreparable damage to the sphincter muscles; and this can have devastating effects for one's future; particularly when a mere youth has been coaxed into such deviation by someone older than ones self. Sadly, such factors never seem to be discussed in open conversation as – quite hypocritically! – one is hardly expected to air such delicate issues in the open.

I equally must affirm that whereas some homosexuals are a downright pest, others are most refined, courteous and compassionate. And not a few are concerned about Animal Right issues. Therefore, I am not here to harshly condemn them. But then, I'm equally unprepared to say – with an air of broadmindedness! – 'live and let live'!. Indeed, I may have little – if anything at all – in common with the new Pope! But. At least he recognises the difference between why God made two biological channels: one for bringing life in to the world and another for the elimination of putrefying waste. To that extent I can say: 'thank God for Pope Benedict!' He certainly stands out in, marked, moral contrast to many Anglican counterparts.

Even a worse deviation is that of Male Bisexuals

Indeed, I feel that even a worse deviation is that of Bisexuality; and haven't I come across them! One such pervert once struggled to get in to bed with me at an Oxford Group Conference. An occasion where women wore skirts almost to their ankles so as not to egg on the men folk present! Indeed, such a group of pious Oxford graduates with whom I once associated had to be seen to be believed. Their interpretation of immorality was primarily sexual. For while factors such as the moral claims for Veganism or the appalling evils of animal abuse seemed hardly relevant at all, my open confession to having been 'turned on' by a female parishioner resulted in much concern. Indeed, a charismatic cleric of their company assured me of the dangers involved. Then he went on to say that sex with a male would be much safer; and when we found ourselves having to share the same room that night I literally had to fight him off ny bed! Admittedly some females would say: 'Don't be so narrow minded James. Live and let live!' Yet should the same women know that their partners were to want intercourse with them after having used a bloke's rectum previous, they would no doubt be horrified to the core, and their partnership – not to mention marriage! – would cease.

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It is, therefore, high time that we, as heterosexuals, openly criticized what both my dictionaries still refer to as buggery. But then its advocates should equally have every right to criticize our practice of sex as God biologically designed it! It is lethal that individuals be barred by any government from openly criticizing life styles - or indeed Faiths – contrary to their own. Unless we are vigilant, we'll soon be forbidden to denounce ritual slaughter as perpetrated by Jews and Muslims. Indeed, have you ever tried getting a letter published on it?

New Labour: The Ruination Of Family Life

The old saying: *'I may not agree with what you have to say, but will defend your right to say it to the last'* is being subtly eroded by New Labour under Tony Blair and his cabinet of puppets. And as for (so called) educational projects, and Tony's intention that the up and coming generation should all benefit from a university course, I sense it is utterly pointless while ever the outcome is 99% assimilation and indoctrination, whereas a mere 1% appears to be inspiration and individuality. Surely it becomes little more than a mere form of brainwashing of the masses! A creation of puppets, akin to a past Communist proletariat. Yes, a process which begins in infancy by making it the norm that youngsters be denied time with mother so as to attend communal, state run nurseries from as young as 3yrs of age.

Well yes, this is a society getting what it, actually, deserves! Without a qualm of conscience it breeds chickens battery style; and now it's seeking to rear our children battery style as a corollary. Heaven help the little mites! The future generation will become even harder to control than the present deviant one! Mums have already become little more than breeding hens; and Dads no more than heartless cockerels who strut from one hen to another. As a ditty from my past expressed it:

*Good luck to the cock that treads the hen.
He flaps his wings and does it again*

New Labours' End To The Family Tree

Doreen's consuming hobby is in tracing her family tree'. Well, thanks to New Labour's eagerness to give equal rights to the unmarried, genealogy – after all these centuries – will cease to be possible. In fact, already, children have little if any idea as who their Dad is. Only a Mum could once be pretty sure; but nowadays more and more youngsters are feeling – in the words of Rose Marie's song - 'I'm nobodies child'.

Yet this government has the hypocrisy to speak about stamping out such factors as paedophilia! Well, I know that to a minute extent it always went on; but nothing like it is today. Although warned when a child to keep away from 'naughty men', they were few and far between. Consequently, the woods were full of children going for picnics and picking daffodils for Mum. What a contrast to today' when Mum is out at work getting extra money to pay for another Mediterranean holiday as well as cover the expense of a goggle box for each room in the house. Don't these Baby Breeders realize that it's time, love and attention that children crave for with a real Mum rather than foreign holidays, computers and soulless gadgets from an out at work, career orientated substitute to a loving mother? Obviously, New Labour can't see this? Too many career women in its ranks rather than loving home makers!

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Never Forget The Blessed Mother Of Our Lord

It was foretold of her: *'all generations shall call me blessed'*. And why was this? Because, although she was poverty stricken in this world's standards, she was the perfect mother. Admittedly, she did not always see eye to eye with her first born and eldest. He brought a lot of heartache and misunderstanding on His family. But she made a real home for Him; first within her womb; then – after hectic and fearsome journeyings - within their home at Nazareth. And last but not least – when all others had forsaken Him – there stood by the Cross of Jesus Mary His Mother. Somehow, she'd made the arduous journey from Nazareth to Jerusalem while widowed and worn out: Rudyard Kipling could well have had her in mind when he wrote these lovely lines::

*If I were hung on the highest hill, Mother
O' mine, Mother O' Mine
I know whose love would follow me still.
Mother O' mine, Mother O' mine.*

Dear Reader, those of us of the Protestant Faith have never made enough of Mary! With Catholics we need to honour and praise this Glorious Mother of Our Lord. She is the epitome of the greatest vocation of all for every married female. It is: one of Motherhood: a Divine Vocation that is so desperately needed in this heartless, soulless, selfish civilisation spurred on by New Labour and its sinister endeavours.

Animal Blessing Service In Aberdeen

If you're up in Scotland you really must attend this delightful service and 'come together', started and repeated annually by dear Myrna Forrester, a most faithful animal activist.

It's at 3.pm on the 12th of June in the Parish Church Of Craigiebuckler. The officiant is the Parish Minister himself:

The Reverend Kenneth Petrie.

Animals are most welcome, as well of course as animal lovers of every age.

Why Callest Thou Me Good?

Yes, these are the words of Jesus. 'None is good except God'. Well, either the doctrine of the trinity must be called in question, or otherwise Christ was indirectly hinting that He may well be God Himself: a much more acceptable interpretation for Trinitarians! However, what I have chiefly in mind comes through the recent illness and death of Pope John Paul. No one could fail to be impressed by the crowds emotionally overcome as the death of their beloved Pontiff drew near. "The holy father is such a good man" said one. Well, quite probably so! Mind you an evangelical Protestant would hardly appreciate any man allowing himself to be called the Holy Father. 'It's the title Jesus used of God Himself in the garden of Gethsemane!' Nevertheless, within the last century the pomp and ceremony surrounding the supreme head of Roman Catholicism has been played down considerably. Although the term 'Vicar of Christ' is still used, the carrying of him around by a glorified Sedan chair, above the heads for all to see, has been well terminated. Consequently, so much that deeply offended Bible orientated Protestants has ceased to be; and for all such changes one can be more than grateful in an era in which Christians, more and more, consider what they have in common rather than in what has divided them down past centuries.

Nevertheless, 'goodness', as the term has been defined in both Catholicism as well as Eastern orthodoxy - not to mention Anglicanism! – is frequently far removed from what it is to enlightened animal activists. In fact a goodness confined to keeping within the moral lines of a Churches rule of faith can be limited and blinkered to such an extent as to be unworthy of the word! Certainly Anna Sewell recognised this when, as author of Black Beauty she wrote:

'You can talk as much as you like about your religion but if it does not teach you to be kind to animals as well as humans then it is nothing but a sham'

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.Well, similarly, in my own controversial little book CAST OUT OF THE ARK – I preface the same by saying

: *“We Christians talk a lot about holy living; sometimes about being ‘baptized in the Spirit’. However, our true spiritual depth is mirrored for all to see. It’s in the way we treat God’s helpless’*

Yes, you’ll appreciate that God’s helpless are not merely those of humanity. It concerns the whole of creation over which we are called to fulfil a caring stewardship: the strong prepared to do all in their power to protect the weak; just like a past eastern shepherd who was prepared to sacrifice and even endanger his own life in order to protect the flock of animals entrusted to his care.

When I think of genuine goodness I, personally, do not think of either a saintly John Paul, a shrewd Rowan Williams or possibly a sinister Benedict – whose thankless jobs have primarily been to keep conflicting branches of their denomination together – no I think of two recent folk: one whom I know personally, and one whom I so deeply admire yet have not had the privilege of meeting. The first is a chronic invalid and the second is a highly qualified heart surgeon:

Colin Johnson is a tonic to behold, whose consuming concern is for stray and starving cats and dogs in islands where churchianity is very evident while animal care and compassion is extremely low. Colin is a living miracle. He has been in and out of surgery with major surgery. To see his stomach is to view a mass of scars from top to bottom. Indeed, he frequently gasps for breath and is recently found with an oxygen cylinder at his side. The last time I visited him for major surgery he was told that the odds of getting through a further operation were very much weighed against him due to the state of his heart. Yet he assured me that he was not afraid of going to his Maker, but would, nevertheless, like a few more months as the cats, for which he raises funds, still need him. How Colin manages to get

around unaided - driving a car, from which he has to assemble and later dismantle his invalid chair parts at each Super market he attends – is quite baffling and mind boggling; but he manages to do it! “God gives me the strength” he says. Yes, Colin is well known as a unique personality sat in the leading super market entrances of North Wales, and asking for money to support the many shelters he visits abroad. Here is a photo of the two of us outside one of the many Sainsbury stores.



Concerning the Heart Surgeon, his name is **Jerry Vlasak**. And though he reached fame as a cardiac specialist he felt that the appalling cruelty and deception around the vivisection industry needed to be exposed openly to the world. In fact he was so incensed at the misguided teaching and practices surrounding this appalling pseudo science that he put exposing such a vile practice before his most philanthropic career. Naturally, such exposure of the multi billion pound drug and chemical industry did not go unnoticed. When he affirmed words similar to those uttered about Christ implying: that some ‘human’ may need to be sacrificed in order to terminate a nation of evil, then the Home Office intervened. Marriage breaker and self confessed adulterer David Blunkett – though a past patron of Humane Research!

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- saw to it that this American was banned from any future entry in to Britain. But thankfully, this is not the last we learn about the brave heart surgeon - cum animal rights activist. This previous month, while Captain Watson and his crew have been severely attacked by the Canadian Sealing fleet – backed by the Canadian government! – the first to be attacked in the fight, and quite badly injured while protecting his camera on the ice, was none other than Jerry Vlasak.

Yet Another Hunger Strike By Joan!

Well, I tell you, the kind of goodness these two contrasting folk reveal, impresses me far more than does any earthly potentate; and, indeed, at their side my own work shrinks in to insignificance and oblivion. These are the persons for whom I pray; along with the needs of Sea Shepherd and a whole host of others. And I do not forget once more Joan Court of Cambridge! For here is a lady who, nearing 86, has gone on yet another hunger strike in opposition to university extensions to increase animal experimentation. Yes, under the absurd and myopic belief that through inflicting unspeakable torture upon weaker forms of life that humanity can improve the quality of its own! I have the privilege of knowing this lady personally and its her brand of goodness that I'll pray for and no doubt light many candles for as well. I tell you, dear friend, that such people are the salt of the earth. By their living example they spur us to move forwards. Their actions speak louder than my words; and I feel honoured to be in their cause of animal liberation.

The Cost Of A Lamb

Travelling back from Llangollen, Doreen and I were overcome with joy as we beheld new born lambs frolicking in the fields. What a blessing they were to behold. Indeed, children were looking on with glee. But then, hardly had we driven a further mile than did we come across a notice at the side of the country lane that read: 'half a lamb for eighteen pounds'. Yes, such is the moral schizophrenia that contaminates society to the extent that

mums can join their children in looking at lambs playing in the fields and can then go home and tuck in to a lamb for dinner.. One might be led to overlook such evil if no other food supply were available but how can one excuse it when far healthier food is available which does not require the taking of innocent life? Very subtly the producers of meat disguise the origin of the meat that they sell. Sheep is mutton, pig is pork, and the slaughterhouses are called abattoirs; while animal Treblinkas are referred to as agricultural breeding units. Yes, and an up and growing public – a high percent of whom have university degrees! – lack either the wisdom or compassion to know the deception involved. As has been well and truly said: 'where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise'. How very convenient and how abominably thoughtless!

The Good Book Says We'll Reap What We Sow!

Yes, it's a belief that not exclusive to Christianity, yet we prefer to avoid the consequences that such a statement implies. We want to believe in a Hell that's akin to annihilation or a Purgatory that fills the mind with the torments of remorse. Yes, but nothing worse! 'God would not allow it' we might affirm. Yet for some reason this Good God of ours allows forms of life on this planet to be undergoing constant torment each minute of each hour. Well, if a Good God allows it then I sense it is for a just purpose!

Like Job I do not have the answers, but I sense that the every minute hell that some types of life experience, here and now, may well be due to the hell they probably afflicted upon others forms of life in a previous existence. Indeed, reincarnation was largely believed in within much of the early church. Not until the council of Constantinople in 553.AD was it dropped by a minute majority. It was then followed by all the Medieval expressions of a hellfire that we associate with a Dante's Inferno. Hell was then reserved for the

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sexually permissive, the ones who stole for want of food; and most of all for those who dared to question the teachings of a church which had people grovelling in fear at its feet. Yes, while corpulent priests and monks ate off the carnivorous 'food' of the land; swallowing it down with their home brewed ale. No wonder that such frequently inebriated clerics were a danger to the female gender; and to such as these each female was expected to confess her most intimate temptations within a darkened cupboard called a confessional box! No wonder that Jesus said of their first century counterparts: 'You devour widows homes and for a pretext offer long prayers'. 'You call good evil and evil you call good' 'How CAN you escape the wrath of hell?'

Legalised Drug Mafias Referred To As Pharmacologists!

When, O when, are the public going to open their eyes to the mass corruption in animal tested pharmaceuticals, and the deadly lliason that exists between them and the NHS funded by the tax payer? Jesus said: 'By their fruits you shall know them' and it doesn't take much intelligence to realise that those who will – without a qualm of conscience – torture or condone animal Treblinka's will not hesitate to lie through their teeth. I tell you: it's not the down and out parasites or thugs of society we need to oppose as much as the cold and calculating pharmaceutical giants. Many of the latter would put Stevenson's Dr Jeckyl & Mr Hyde out of the contest. And if you doubt their influence in society just read this account in yesterday's Daily Mail:

"G. P. BANS CHILDREN FOR NOT HAVING THE MMR JAB"

GP Dr. Michael Duggan has struck off 2 children from his list because they did not have the MMR jab. He wrote to parents to say that because his surgery had missed vaccination targets, it had lost out on funding which had 'adversely affected' his

own pay .Indeed his Manor House Surgery is in Stevenage, Herts.

Here Is An Extra Beatitude For You!

Our blessed Saviour gave us eight, which Billy Graham once expressed as being Christ's Beautiful Attitudes! Well, this is hardly one of them. Yet it needs to be stressed for those who are frequently disappointed at the last moment. It is this: '*Blessed is he who expecteth not; for he shall not be disappointed!*'

Dear Mother Theresa knew it well, as her following advice makes clear:

. People are often unreasonable, illogical & self-centred Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives Be kind anyway.

If you are honest & frank, people may cheat you Be honest & frank anyway.

What you spend years building, someone could destroy overnight. Build anyway.

If you find security & happiness, they may be jealous Be happy anyway.

The good you do today, people will forget tomorrow. Be good anyway.

Give the world the best you have & it will never be enough Give the world the best you've got anyway.

You see, in the final analysis, it is between you & God. It was never between you & them anyway.

A Reader Called Anthony Johnson

I haven't met this delightful fellow but we are obviously kindred spirits. He writes to me now and then; and his epistles are a joy and a tonic to read. He has little time for waffle's such as Rowan of Canterbury, feeling that he would be more appropriate as high priest for the druids – indeed, our archbishop is proud to be one!. However, Anthony has less time still for the British Board Of Deputies of British Jews (The UK Sanhedrin!), as one of their spokesmen has myopically

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said: “There is no connection at all between our past treatment of animals and the later handling of Jews by Nazis”. Andrew rightly affirms, however, that there IS a connection because – to quote Reverend Regina Hyland’s truly superb book: *God’s Covenant With The Animals* – ‘the way men treat animals is the way they themselves will get treated’!

Jesus understood the natural laws of Nemesis (or karmic justice) and what the history of Judaism has sown – it’s biblical record of mass slaughters, from Canaanites and Philistines to the daily blood bath of defenceless animals brought into its successive temples - surely has brought upon it what it was once so proud to inflict. Indeed, such is the gist of my enlightened friend’s correspondence; and – I’m convinced that it needs to be driven home because our Christian images of the past temples of Judaism have been far removed from the daily wholesale slaughter, filth, stench and fear that almost hourly occurred within them. Yes, a concept of seeking divine propitiation via non-voluntary substitutes – defenceless animals – to ‘supposedly’ atone for human sins. A teaching as far removed from Jesus message, as is the moon from cheese.

I honestly haven’t always time to write to so many well-wishers, but to you at least Andrew, *much* appreciation for your just and moral insights implying ‘what a nation sows is what it should - in all fairness - expect to reap’ What is more, if there’s any *forgiveness* forthcoming, it can only be justly offered if it comes from the victims! And as for the forgiveness which is offered from God, it is only to the extent that we have forgiven others who’ve wronged us! Are *we Christians* a forgiving lot? I very much question it! I only hope that the animals we eat and hourly abuse are more forgiving of us!

Remembering Dear Rusty At Fochriw:

Over 12 months ago, on Fochriw mountain in the Rhymney valley of South Wales, a poor greyhound - no longer able to race because of an injured toe - was

sold by its callous owner to a fiend of a character for £10 so that he might dispose of it. The culprit chopped off the dog’s ears because of identifying tattoo marks, and shot the creature in the head, without killing it outright. A couple found Rusty still alive the next day or two, but a vet had to put Rusty down because of its appalling suffering.

Thankfully, the fiend responsible was banned for life from keeping any other dog and sentenced to gaol for six months (later lessened to 3 for good behaviour). Well – in cooperation with Greyhound Action – I sought to transform that vile spot in to a place of sanctity and beauty: just as Christ was able to transform an ugly Golgotha (place of a skull) in to the very first and loveliest of Easter gardens. Admittedly, the locations were not identical, but once a wonderful friend - who’d been a Benedictine nun for eighteen years! - had offered a prayer of exorcism and then claimed the site for Christ - the afternoon was memorable with blessings upon greyhounds that had come with their animal friendly owners. Yes, I can assure you that the Good Shepherd, Himself, was with us on the mountain and in the valley.



Pauline, & one of her many rescued strays!