

Christians Against All Animal Abuse

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Great Cause To Rejoice!

What brilliant news we read concerning Girton College extension in Cambridge! Obviously, the whole animal rights brigade is winning. Just as Shamrock Farm had to close, followed later by the notorious Hillgrove Farm run by Farmer Brown, so Cambridge University has had to capitulate. Well, what is the next animal Belsen we need to approach? Undoubtedly Huntingdon, and not forgetting Newchurch! Yes, and an Oxford before it begins!

No single group can claim victory for what has happened at Cambridge. Nor would they wish to! Larger organisations, which are well financed, had certainly contributed; But, for myself, I think of militant and highly respectable individuals who have tirelessly worked behind the scenes. And if any single individual deserves adulation and yet would be the very last to admit it then I would single out Miss Joan Court - a true veteran campaigner with a heart of gold for both animals and humans. And, have you heard the latest? This most sprightly octogenarian hopes to ride the high seas. Yes, as a member of the crew of Sea Shepherd's 'Farley Mowett'; a modern day ark for the protection of seals from despicable and inhumane carnage. Yes, congratulations and bon voyage to our beloved Joan of Ark. One to whom I was honoured to be linked, while she led the demo below through Cambridge:



Militancy Discarded For Shallower Worship

Well, our task is not to sit back with the knowledge that we've all contributed towards a finished work well done! Rather let such a recent victory as that at Cambridge gladden our hearts and give us extra impetus to 'fight the good fight'. Indeed, let us put in to daily practice the challenge of S. Baring-Gould's immortal hymn - which church folk love to sing; but only within the safety of a church; 'Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war, with the cross of Jesus going on before'.

Incidentally, the most recent Anglican hymn book has chosen to alter those latter words so as not to appear militant, even though we are admonished in the prayer book to 'pray for the church militant here on earth', Believe it or not, but the compiler of this new hymnal has had the audacity to alter the words to: 'Onward Christian pilgrims. Christ will be our light. See the heavenly vision breaks upon our sight' The pretext is that modern Christians are opposed to war. Well, I wonder what our friends in the Salvation Army think of that one!

The New Testament scriptures make it abundantly clear that whereas our warfare is not carnal, nor of this world, yet the battle against the forces of evil is one that each Christian is involved in. There are several analogies concerning what a Christian is, and they complement each other, keeping a proper balance. For example, we are not only as sheep (whose tendency is to go astray) - I often think a better analogy would be hares! - but we're equally called to be soldiers trained for spiritual battle against Satan and his legions. Sadly, a modern breed of Christian prefers to bury the head in the sand while the body sways to: 'Shine Jesus, shine' and a hand goes up, reminiscent of: "Please teacher, may I leave the room?"

Well, for myself, I want a far deeper expression of worship than that which talks to Jesus as one might talk to the neighbour next door. I sense I'm old fashioned but give me a service with Charles Wesley's hymns, a Catholic service of Benediction or, indeed, the simple beauty of Anglican plain-chant any day to a mushy, self orientated, 'clap happy' 'come together!'. You have, of course, every reason to disagree with me; but on, at least, one thing we are united one hundred percent: modern innovations of worship and praise, which do not embrace animal need as well as human, are dishonouring to the Good Shepherd who holds the whole world in His pierced hands. Yes, the gentle Lamb of God as well as the bold Lion of the tribe of Judah!

Not A Single Bishop Prepared To Be A Vegetarian For Lent!

Yes, you've read it correctly. Indeed, a leper cannot change its spots; and what one has conditioned ones self to be over the years, with a mitre in view, will hardly leave you when you get to the top wrung of the ladder. Yes, and find in old age or failing health, that it's leaning on the wrong wall! As one leading cleric once said to me: "What good is such a title when I've been given merely weeks to live?"

Those who manifest a disgusting degree of diplomacy are not following in the steps of the Prophets, 'the Christ', or His Apostles, but "have already had their reward!. Be ye notlike unto them'

Don Gwillim - Founder of VEG.4 LENT - contacted every bishop of the Church In Wales (Anglican); every bishop of Ireland (both Catholic and Anglican); every bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church (Anglican); i.e: 60 prelates in all. He asked them if they would prayerfully consider commending others to give up meat for Lent.2004. Indeed, he included helpful literature and touched on the example of many in the early church; what is more, how it would help starving humanity in the third world.

Believe it or not, Don received a reply from 4 of them (2 Catholic and 2 Anglican) - most of whom, if not all, have a private secretary at hand. I don't wish to be too harsh with these prelates, - and I'm not the best at replying to a backlog of correspondence myself! - but I ask: 'what kind of an example are they? What moral stand do they take?' Several Church Of England bishops who quite frowned upon me in the early eighties, when I was divorced against my will, have proven to be homosexual! Cohabitation, which they once denounced as diabolic they now accept as normal. Contraception, once a grievous mortal sin to one type is condoned. I tell you: they adapt to conform to this age rather than adamantly stand out against the rot that is engulfing us. But at least of one thing we can be grateful: once the masses become vegetarian then they will do likewise. Indeed, of the 4 who replied - and their replies were quite long and courteous - not one of them was prepared to sample vegetarianism. Nor would they commend it as a form of self-denial for this Lent season which has just finished.

I'm Far From Consistent Myself. So Was 'A Lady'!

Hesitating and wavering are psychologically very injurious practices. Indecisiveness will do much harm, whereas a clear break with stealing milk from cows could be accompanied with untold blessing. I'll be strictly honest with you; I'm not always consistent; but, to have taken a portion of soft cheese covered in silver paper quite touched my conscience over a month ago. This round box of cheese had on it a distorted picture of a cow; and the words accompanying it were these: 'the laughing cow' Well, I ask: when did one ever see a cow laughing? Unless I'm mistaken, they are the saddest looking of creatures, and is it any wonder why? Wouldn't any mother be if she were made pregnant each year by artificial insemination; her babes stolen from her days after their birth; her breasts artificially milked till her nipples are raw; and injected with a cocktail of antibiotics. Yes, and the whole cycle repeated and repeated.

What kind of a fiend; what kind of a monster will do this? The answer stares us in the face:- utterly depraved humanity which blasphemously boasts that it, and it alone, is created in the image of God! Don't they yet realise that the ones who were created in God's image fell from it, and for that reason: were expelled from the garden, in which the elder had been commissioned to fulfil a caring dominion?

Three weeks ago Doreen and I protested at the site of the Waterloo Cup. Hopefully it will be the last of its kind, but with Tony Blair anything might transpire to appease the opposition. Nevertheless, the occasion was beneficial. A kind fellow allowed me the use of his megaphone and it was not without effect. "Silence while the father speaks!" uttered one with a loud voice. As I spoke, the opposition responded and quite respectably listened. But - as one might expect - during several of my pauses, a female (hardly a lady) at the side of me, repeatedly yelled out: "Yes, good for you Reverend, let the 'bastards' have it straight!". Indeed, before long, a stout woman of the opposition was then singled out. Her name was Clarissa. And the response from one fellow, over his megaphone was approximate to this: "You're as ugly outwards as you are within! What a sight for sore eyes!" Ah well, we have a mixture of all sorts in our movement, and they say that 'variety is the spice of life'. I'll not comment further as 'discretion', I was once told, 'is the better part of valour'. Whatever that means!

Called To Witness On The Highways & Byways



Aren't We A Happy Bunch?

I sensed the atmosphere was much more convivial last weekend! A handful of us assembled to protest peaceably outside Marks & Spencer in Llandudno. We were out to support that wonderful organisation called Viva! - the outcome of a living saint's dedication: Juliet Gellately. Doreen is missing on this snap, along with others. She was

the photographer! It shows you that some of us can behave ourselves by protesting quietly and, undoubtedly, with dignity. We're not all jobs, you know! As for Judi who organised it, she appears to be assessing the situation admirably. Isn't it wonderful to be with even a handful of like-minded folk? It reminds me of words of a hymn:

Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above.
We share our mutual woes; our mutual burdens bear.
And often for each other share, a sympathising tear

I tell you, I'm never happier than when in the company of animal rights activists. They are a tonic to one's soul. We complement each other as varying regiments in the one war; and the radiances within our hearts as we 'fight the good fight' are to my mind a foretaste of Glory. Dear Reader, would to God that all who confess the name of Christ might come and join us! Would to God that the hymns I once compiled for the animals might be sung down the main thoroughfares of our towns and cities, as we process in orderly, happy and dignified style. Yes, like the CND once did, while singing: -We shall not be moved'. I tell you, fellow activist: it needs to be done!

How can a Christian support such evil?

' The way we mistreat, abuse and horrendously distort animals and birds in to food machines is surely both unforgivable and sacrilegious. It is as far removed from Noah - who as a righteous man was directed by God to make an ark of refuge for birds and beasts - as the moon is from cheese. Indeed, as Scripture exhorts us: "a righteous person will care/or the needs of animals committed to him". Yes, a far removed outlook from this 21st century 's exploitation of Ducks for food where one human employee can be left with as many as 85,000 birds to supervise!

Is it any wonder, therefore, that most of these creatures end up terribly deformed, unable to walk and so frightfully deprived of using the faculties their Creator gave them that they frequently die in utter rejection? Indeed, so intensively and inhumanely are these pathetic ducks bred, to satisfy a flesh eater's palate, that their life span averages that of seven weeks. Whereas, out of doors they would live on average, ten years!

Just how low can human nature stoop to permit this kind of evil, in which a duck that takes to water is denied it all! How appallingly grotesque, sinister and evil that so called humanity permits this evil to not only perpetuate but also extend! Indeed, these crammed birds are never permitted to see the light of day. They are crammed together so close that they cannot even use water in which to wash themselves. The only bit of water they can usually acquire is via drinking outlets originally designed for chickens.

I ask: where is the RSPCA? Or more relevant: where is the mouth of Christendom? Have the churches, which claim to be the moral mouthpiece of the Nation, become mute? Are

they so concerned about the assumed evils of contraception, four letter words, the evils of drink -yes, and the 'so-called major sins of blasphemy! -that they have ignored the peak of evil when it stares them in the face? Has Christianity in a once proud nation, now riddled through with factory farms, completely capitulated to evil? Well, it would appear to be so. All that is necessary for evil to conquer is that, supposedly, respectable folk remain mute and do not involve themselves. Are there no prophets left in the Church? Where are the Reformers in Christ's church today?

I sense that history far too often repeats itself. For I'm wry much reminded of Jesus attitude towards the religious leaders of His day. And -what did He say to them? "Woe to you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! You go about picking out (moral) gnats while you swallow (moral) camels whole! Enough said!

Well whether you are a Christian in faith or not, I simply ask that you consider the plight of these defenceless ducks, and other birds, which are in such a terrible plight. Indeed, actions speak louder than words. The Good Book say's: "By their fruits you shall know them!" Consequently, I pray that you - the reader of this article - will follow the example of the true saints of every age and creed whose, mission in life has been to care for and protect weaker forms of life than their own.

We have folk who have transformed the society in which they lived. One may go back as far as St Francis Of Assisi or come forward to as recent a non-professed Christian as Mahatma Gandhi or, indeed, a practising Mother Of Theresa! Yes, they were folk like you and myself whose better nature told them to act and not merely pray; to go out and do great deeds, rather than just stay at home reading about them.

My friend, you can hardly look to politicians for an example. The present regime promised to bring about reforms for animal welfare, yet hasn't even as yet banned blood 'sports'!. And as for our churches and chapels, the best within them are literally 'so heavenly minded as to be little earthly use'. The true "salt of the earth " - to use Christ's words - are the Animal Activists, the Green peace, the Friends Of The Earth. And whereas many of them are - thank God! ~ professing as well as practising Christians, others are not. And can you really blame the latter?

More wars have been caused by religion than anything else; and much of what is termed Christianity is no more than a salve for a horrendously guilty conscience. Indeed, the way we have consumed factory farmed produce -the fruit of legalised animal Belses - is enough to give even a serial killer a bad conscience! Consequently, the offer: the Catholic priest, or the Protestant evangelist offers, is a welcome message to the vilest guilt ridden soul.

But - let me make it abundantly clear - if it does not lead to a moral transformation that changes the way humans treat weaker forms of life than their own - and it includes the animals which are more numerous than ourselves - then it is utterly meaningless. Anne Sewell. authoress of Black Beauty had it well summed up: "You can talk all day about

your religion, but if it does not influence the way you treat your animals then it is nothing but a sham".

These animal Belsens are an utter disgrace to our countryside. They are sinister blots on our landscapes, just as Belsen, Trablinka, Austwitch and Ravensbruck were in Germany; and only too sadly they are often in as close a proximity to idyllic villages and village churches as were their Nazi counterparts. Yet they also continue because so called respectable humans either put their heads in the sand like an ostrich or remark: "It's really none of our business. 'Don't put your nose where it's not wanted'!"

Well, it is surely our God given responsibility to protect weaker forms of life than our own! The good shepherd -to use biblical phraseology - was prepared to lay down his life for the sheep! Consequently, I would be failing in my calling if I did not denounce this Treblinka kind of a life times existence we put these ducks through - and all in order to satisfy an acquired taste for possibly no more than one solitary meal.

'God is not mocked. What we sow we must inevitably reap'. It is, therefore, little wonder that horrible cancers and hosts of other diseases are on the increase. Just think of the cocktail of antibiotics, injections and growth hormones that have been used on such birds. Yes. and we eat the end product of such horrendous deprivation; and, paradoxically, expect it to bring us health! How deceived and brain washed the masses have become!

Finally, I tell you: I'd dread to be in the hereafter of those who, in this life, have mercilessly crammed birds together; denying them their God given basic instincts. Yes, and all for the sake of fattening one's purse during a fleeting life in which there can be no security except from God who will judge us all according to what we have done. Yes, and left undone!

- Rev. James.

My Christmas cards, a blessing at Easter!

I appreciate that it is now Easter, and we may well have received half a dozen Easter greetings, but it is last Christmas's Christmas cards that keep me going. The fact is, I occasionally get what Winston Churchill called: 'a visitation from black dog! Yes, it's that sinking feeling accompanied by exhaustion; and in it one can so easily distort life. I'm thankful that St John's Wort is still available. It is in the health shops and does marvels to my spirit. However, I have my own specific source of remedy. It is due to a very kind assortment of well-wishers. I refer to those cards, and the messages on them, which I received last Christmas. They come from all over Great Britain and Northern Ireland; yes, and from Germany, France, Spain and, not least, the USA.

I sometimes keep an assortment of these at my bedside, or else under my very pillow. Because of the written word of encouragement that is appended to them, they are quite sacrosanct. Some folk have a crucifix under their pillow or above the bed. They believe it

wards off evil spirits. Some New Agers have a kind of wreath nearby which they call a dream catcher. Well, I'm thankful to God for my Christmas cards received. They send the Demon of gloom well on his way. The words are a tonic to my soul. How can one feel inadequate in what one attempts for the Cause when encircled with such wonderful well-wishers!

I tell you again: the fellowship that exists amongst animal rights activists is superb. It - to my mind - surpasses most church fellowships; even though some of the latter are, indeed, most helpful. Consequently, I'm wondering what You, dear reader, do with greeting cards received that have written words of appreciation and encouragement appended? Do You get the blues? Well, why not do what I have done. Keep those cards from well-wishers close to your bed, and thank the Almighty for such wonderful friends who really care about you.

An Evening Vigil outside L.E.Jones's Premises at Ruthin, last December



This vile, obscene, live export trade must surely be stopped!

I learn with absolute horror, from another stalwart: Catriona Short, that this trade has now commenced down in Dartford! Thankfully, it would appear as if the police were more sympathetic to us than to the opposition. They must, indeed, realise that pensioners are far more gracious than live exporters of defenceless animals! We are simply following the example of Jesus the good shepherd, who is frequently portrayed rescuing a

lamb and holding it close to his heart. It is, surely past time that Tony and his cronies understood this fact. But he obviously prefers to walk rough shod over folk who are the salt of this earth, rather than offend mercenary minded rogues who have swimming bricks for hearts. I tell you: the sooner his Cabinet of New Labour is out the better.

Mind you, I'd have no faith in the Tories who - ever since they stabbed Maggie in the back, have been stabbing each other. We undoubtedly have some sympathetic voices in Labour and the Liberal Democrats; but, would to God, that every animal activist went out and voted for the Green Party! This would bring about a moral revolution, for without it I sense the legalised drug and chemical Mafia will poison us all via chemical pollution on the crops, within the water supply - through the poor, drugged up animals - the sea and air; and, not least the prescription medications we're largely conned to receive; and one of their top men has now conceded that at least forty percent of the latter is useless, apart from having a placebo effect! I agree, but what about the appalling side effects that equally need consideration. The fourth top cause of death in the UK is adverse reaction to medically prescribed - animal tested! - medication. Yes, and what about hospital mistakes; and then bugs on top? Little wonder that the masses seek Alternatives; and that the NHS seeks to curtail them!

Good Shepherd Sunday

Perhaps your local Anglican priest/priestess - Reverend Mother! or Reverend Father! - might like to read out the enclosed prayer which accompanies this News Letter. It is for reading out in church on the 2nd Sunday after Easter! – **N.B: website readers may view/copy this from the prayer section!** – The day is known as Good Shepherd Sunday due to the Gospel for the day 'in the Book Of Common Prayer' being John, chapter 10. "I am the good shepherd"

Failing this, you may care to pin or stick it to a public notice board of a place of worship. Try either of these methods. Take heart! Be positive! For with more of the fairer sex leading worship, more things will begin to look up in Church! If you want it confirming, ask Dawn French, T.Vs hilarious 'Vicar Of Dibley'. And, incidentally, if it's not too late: A Happy & Joyful Easter to each and every one of you!