

Not Enough Salt



The story is long and the truth clear, but assuming I am writing to preachers, you know the details of Abraham and his negotiations for Sodom and for Lot's family. In summary, if there is enough salt, God will spare a nation. "Ye are the salt of the earth."

In the case of Lot, there had to be at least ten "righteous" people to save Sodom. Yet, when Lot and his two daughters entered into Zoar, that city was saved. According to Lot it was a "little town." So, there is a quota of "righteous" people that will bring mercy on a wicked nation.

So the moral of the story is that our sin, our compromise, and our sorry living will curse our nation. It is the salt that keeps it free.

So may I say a few things:

Thank you, porn-watching preacher for giving me the worst president of our life time.

Thank you, Baptist mom who never never reads her Bible or tarries in prayer for selling out your children's future and giving them a socialist government.

Thank you, Baptist man who used to witness and teach Sunday School. Thanks for spitting on the flag and giving America the pitiful excuse for men in leadership who'd sell their soul for applause.

Now, I have heard some say that we need to trust the will of God and I am for that, but I am also for getting enough salt to change the Lord's mind. Zoar was spared. WHY? Because one or maybe three "righteous" people was enough salt.

Abraham was busy with God trying to find room for mercy on a perverted society. All the while our church members are enjoying the same perversion via Redbox, YouTube, Hulu, and their cable networks. What was going on in Sodom that is not on our Christian's televisions most weeknights?





Did the phrase, "Let me alone?" ever stick in your mind when God said it to Moses?
Why that phrase? Because God had already experienced the persuasive words of this meek man, and God was fed up with the Jews.

Hey, Bible college student who breaks the rules and listens to the world's rock, who uses your phone and computer to flood your mind with shame, thanks for selling my nation and giving me political leaders I would not trust to watch my dog, let alone to be Commander and Chief of our land.

Thank you, beer-drinking Baptist, for selling out America for your RIGHT to drink the booze that has sent more people to Hell than any other thing on earth, short of backslidden preachers.

Thank you, Baptist girls who fashion yourselves after the world that killed my Saviour and kicked our Bible out of our schools.

To college girls and their dads:

Thank you ladies, who dress right on campus or at church, but know good and well you'd get demerits for your wedding dress. And shame on you bridesmaids who don't refuse to wear your sorry friend's choice of too short, too low, and too revealing dresses, because you are a friend of the world more than a friend of God.

You ought to have a bumper sticker saying, I voted for the liberal.

Just where are the dads who stand up and tell their daughters their dress won't do?

Wonder why these wedding pictures are here? Because these are girls who believe something about modesty, even on their wedding day. (My wife; daughter, Hannah; and daughter-in-law, Carly). And what do you know, they are happy about their wedding and their life, even though one of them is married to a grandpa today.

If we would decide what we believe, then live it no matter what, not only would we be a lot happier, but we might spare our nation. It only takes a little more salt.