



# Veterans in Defense of Liberty

## NEWS FROM THE FRONT

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26 December 2022

Fellow Warriors,

We at Veterans in Defense of Liberty hope you had a Blessed and joyous Christmas (1<sup>st</sup> day ), the day celebrating the “Light of the world” made man; a light that the darkness cannot comprehend nor overcome.

Many years ago, I attended, as always, a Midnight service on the Eve of the Nativity that impacted me in such a way as I may never forget. Today marks the anniversary of the writing of this experience and the first piece ever published.

Please share this experience with me and read, “on the Eve of the Nativity, Christ was evicted from the church.” You may watch the two-part YouTube presentation here. However, reading is quicker.

[Part one](#)

[Part two](#)

### ON THE EVE OF THE NATIVITY, CHRIST IS EVICTED FROM CHURCH DEDICATED TO THE STRANGER IN OUR MIDST

Over a hundred Poinsettias adorned the altar of the lovely little church as the procession began for the midnight service on Christmas Eve. All was as it should be. The faithful were in their “comfortable pews” dressed in their Christmas best, assembled to give thanks for all the blessings of this life and to praise the Lord our God and welcome into this world the

Prince of Peace, our Savior Jesus Christ, who would with his life vanquish death, and save us from the sins of the world. Yes, the weary world rejoices over this night Divine, when in a lowly manger, as if homeless, The Son of God is born, bringing with him the message, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men."

The fact that this congregation would, within a few hours, exchange tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of dollars worth of gifts was of no importance; what was important was our expression of love and reverence to the Lamb of God.

The procession, the Acclamation, the Collect for Purity, Gloria in Excelsis, the Collect of the Day, how peaceful to once again settle into this comfortable service knowing that we are in the presence of God and soon to receive Christ in the form of the Holy Eucharist. The Old Testament Lesson from Isaiah "*(Nevertheless, there will be no more gloom for those who were in distress..... The people walking in darkness have seen a great light; on those living in the land of the shadow of death, a light has dawned.....you have shattered the yoke that burdens them, the bar across their shoulders, the rod of their oppressor.....)*" The true irony of this reading can only be appreciated retrospectively after this holiest night has played out. We all have our own yokes, bars, and rods, over which we are concerned, but of course, this is the season of giving, a time to let Christ within us shine forth as we recognize and ease the burdens of our brothers in Christ. From the Old Testament to the Psalm to the Epistle from Titus, " For the grace of God that brings salvation has appeared to all men....." and the verse following the reading ".....Do not let anyone despise you." How could anyone despise a God that sent such salvation into this world?

With the foregoing as a comforting foundation, we move to the Christmas story in the Gospel of Luke. What a blessed story to hear; how much more blessed it would be to be able to live it. But wait a minute, what is that extraneous noise? It sounds like someone humming, not a tune, just humming. Hmmm ... Hmmm ... Hmmm. How dare anyone have the audacity to interlope upon this moment to experience that magnificent news once again, "Do not be afraid.<sup>W</sup> I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people....." Looking back to the far corner of the nave, on a folding metal chair sits an apparent homeless derelict, unkempt clothing, probably unbathed, ostensibly very out of place in this fine congregation gathered together to praise the Lord.

Did the humming stop, or was it just drowned out by the sermon hymn? The answer is unknown, but as the sermon began, so did this chafing noise unto the Lord, although short-lived this time as the stranger in our midst enters into a discussion as to whether or not he should be allowed to remain or should leave. As he was ushered back into the dark, he could repeatedly hear crying, "But I'm supposed to be here! I'm supposed to be here!"

Some twenty minutes later, for reasons I still cannot explain, I was compelled to leave my comfortable pew to see what had happened to this stranger. As I stepped into the cold, fully expecting to see no one, I was shocked to look across the street and see him standing there. On the corner, totally unaware of my presence, facing the empty night, arms outstretched, palms up, eyes to the sky, singing. I could not interpret the words or the tune, but a heartfelt song was obvious. Suddenly the song ended, his arms fell to his side, and his head fell with eyes cast downward. Moments passed before again he looked into the emptiness, raised his arms, and shouted with a soul-piercing voice, "God damn you, Jesus, God damn you." A cry as if to curse not only his plight in life but the fact that now he was not even welcome in the House of the Lord. A stark contrast to the welcome in the bulletin for the evening, "*We welcome you to this celebration of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. May you know the joy of his birth and the hope, healing, and peace that he brings to the world.*" Five minutes later, he was reportedly removed by the police to places unknown. Who was this soul who, as we continued our celebration of the birth of the Prince of Peace, was transformed from the warmth of a happy humming heart to a hardened heart on the corner able to curse God?

Was he simply a drunk vagrant whose only intent was to obtain physical warmth within any open building? Probably not, but even if this were the case, who is to say that even one word that night might not have touched his life with profound and eternal impact? As it turned out, he must have found it warmer on the corner than he did within the House of the Lord that night.

Was he possibly the one for whom an 80-year-old mother has prayed for years that he could find his way to God? His only friend that day may have been a bottle of Jack Daniel while "Walking in darkness have seen a great light." How many times may he have passed the church before and thought of the hypocrites inside? But this night, the light beckoned to him,

and he entered not only for the physical warmth but also for the warmth of human fellowship, and it was this warmth that softened his heart enough to hum. For we do not hum in anger, sorrow, or with the hardness of heart, but rather out of joy, contentment, and peace.

What conversations might he have recently had with God which led him at this moment into our midst? Conversations strong enough to convince him that "I am supposed to be here!" that is for sure. Could these conversations have led him to curse God for Directing him into our midst, only to be unceremoniously evicted? Did God have a plan for him and us that eve of the Nativity, which will now go unfulfilled?

These days when reports of Angels abound is it possible that he was not a man at all...Probably not. Is it possible that he was sent into our midst .... most possibly?

More important than who was this stranger is, who are we? We were but guests in the House of the Lord ourselves, and as such, do we presume to have the right to evict another less fortunate guest? I think not. Would Christ have asked this child of God to leave? I think not. Would Christ have put his arm around him and said God loves you; come, join in the celebration which welcomes me into the world and into your life? I think so. Was Christ in this man we evicted? I think so, for remember:

*"Then the righteous will answer him, Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirst and give you drink? When did we see you a stranger and invite you in, or needing clothes and clothe you? When did we see you sick or in prison and go to visit you?"*

*The King will reply, I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me."*

We did not only not invite him in; we invited him out..... May God forgive us.

That night this most solemn of services ended, as it always does, with a reverent rendition of Silent Night. Yea, how silent is the night when we evict Christ from the church, and the Angels cry *PEACE ON THE EARTH GOOD WILL TO MEN.*

**WE ARE NOT A DEMOCRACY!**

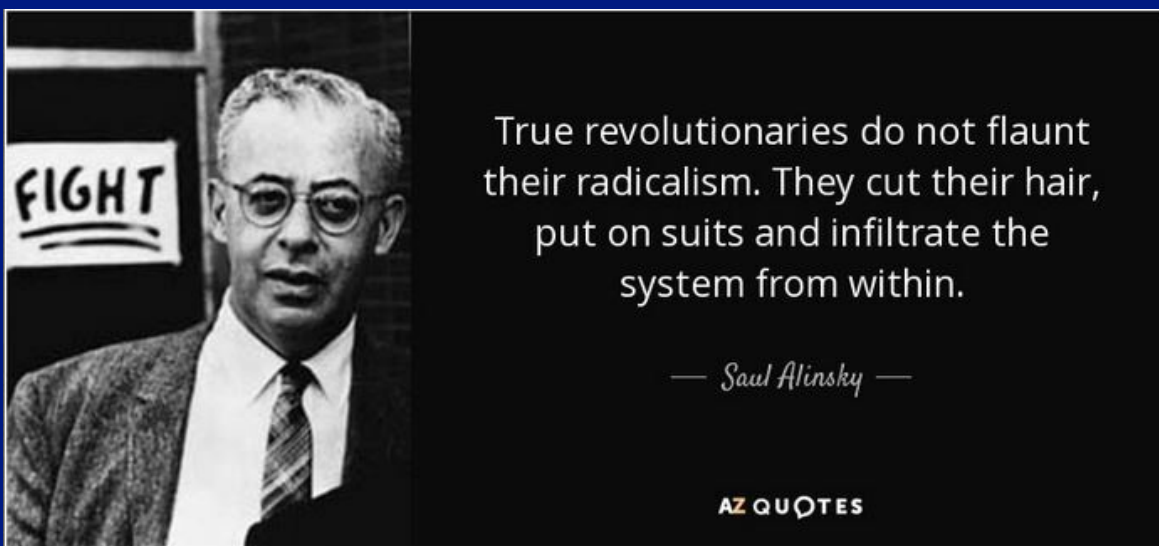
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Most are aware of Alinsky's Rule for Radicals; however, few are aware of the eight necessary levels of Control attributed to him. Essentially everything the Progressive Left (Post Modernists) are doing today, plays to one, or more of these powers. All 8 are in play.

### How to create a social state by Saul Alinsky:



"There are [eight levels of control that must be obtained](#) before you are able to create a social state.

1. **Healthcare** – Control healthcare and you control the people.
2. **Poverty** – Increase the Poverty level as high as possible; poor people are easier to control and will not fight back if you are providing everything for them to live.
3. **Debt** – Increase the debt to an unsustainable level. That way you are able to increase taxes, and this will produce more poverty.
4. **Gun Control** – Remove the ability to defend themselves from the government. That way you are able to create a police state.
5. **Welfare** – Take control of every aspect of their lives (Food, Housing, and Income).
6. **Education** – Take control of what people read and listen to

- take control of what children learn in school.
- 7. **Religion** – Remove the belief in God from the government and schools.
- 8. **Class Welfare** – Divide the people into the wealthy and the poor. This will cause more disconnect, and it will be easier to take from (tax) the wealthy with the support of the poor."

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"History does not entrust the care of freedom to the weak or timid."

- Dwight D. Eisenhower

Dr. Wm. Scott Magill FACOG Diplomate ABOG  
Executive Director

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"Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it." - Thomas Paine



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