

King Nebuchadnezzar Becomes Insane



God deals with King Nebuchadnezzar's pride and arrogance by making him insane for seven years! In the end, he gives glory to God.

The Cure for Loneliness



God didn't intend for people to be lonely or to live alone. He intended for us to live, love and share our lives TOGETHER with OTHERS in FAMILIES.

My Incredible Experience – How I became Alive!

By Teiko Imada

It can happen to you too!

Introduction – World War II



Teiko with her husband from
England, Steven

I was born on the 7th January 1934 in the prefecture of Hiroshima, Western Japan, on one of the Setonaikai islands. When the Second World War started, I was 7 years old and had to take care of my brother and sisters while my father and mother were doing farm work. Previously my parents ran a shop, but due to war rationing and great shortages their business closed and they had to look for any work they could find in order to survive.

One day, when I was 10 years old, helping my mother pick oranges in a mountain field, I saw the first blue-eyed person I had ever seen in my life. This was when an American fighter plane broke away from a squadron which was flying past our island towards a Japanese Naval port close to Hiroshima. The plane came directly towards us as if to attack us. My mother cried out, "It's coming for us!" We started to run for protection behind large trees alongside the field, but we could not make it in time and so definitely thought that we were going to be shot at. My mother embraced me as we looked up in terror into the blue eyes of the young pilot who gazed down upon us. Fortunately he did not open fire, and he had to pull his plane up over the mountain to avoid crashing into it. He saw that we were only a mother and child. This experience was very horrifying for me as a child.



August 6, 1999 at Peace
Park Hiroshima in front
of the building that
was directly under the
atomic bomb when it
exploded. The force of
the impact went outward
and flattened
everything within a 2
kilometer radius except
the building just below
it.

Later when I was 11 years old, at 8:15 AM on the 6th August, 1945, everything suddenly went dark and then there was a brilliantly blindingly violet brightness, which was followed by a tremendously terrifying resounding boom with an earthshaking tremor from the USA's first Atomic bomb on the nearby city of Hiroshima. Later the local public warning sirens sounded and we all had to quietly take cover and disperse from the small school. Some of the older school children and workers from our town were living in the nearby

city of Hiroshima, and some older men from our town, who had just been summoned as fresh conscripts for the army, had just gone into Hiroshima earlier that day when this bomb mushroomed above us.

This sudden happening caused great concern in our town amongst the relatives of those that were in Hiroshima, so that they quickly went to the city of Hiroshima to find out what had happened only to find that the bomb had killed almost everyone within a two kilometer radius from the city's center and others were in torturous pain. The relatives returned back to town totally heartbroken, only to find after awhile, that they themselves were now suffering from some kind of ailment that they knew nothing about, nor how to overcome it. Of course now that ailment is known to be cause by atomic radiation, which eventually brought about some of their deaths and suffering from long term sicknesses.

Bitterness and an "Ugly Duckling" fear complex

As you can imagine, this caused me to develop a strong bitterness towards Americans without realizing what it was that was bothering me. But also, before the war started, when I was only 7 years old, I had developed a strong "Ugly Duckling" fear complex while growing up. This was because all of my brothers and sisters were considered to be beautiful or handsome by everyone, while visitors to our family commented that I was not so good-looking. This caused me to develop an inferiority complex, so that when going to school I would make every effort to avoid meeting people, and rather than go the direct route, I would go by surrounding paths. Then as I grew up as a teen in defeated Japan and later trained as a nurse in the Osaka University Hospital Nursing School, it was only then that I began to realize that I was not the only "Ugly Duckling" on this planet.

The reason I started this nurse training in Osaka was because my mother realized that I did not have the special beauty of the rest of my family, so she very sweetly wanted to assist me through my life by helping me to develop a professional occupation.

I worked for 30 years and became what many would consider a proficient and diligent chief nurse in the highly respected government hospital of Osaka. If any foreigners were admitted to my ward, I would instinctively keep my distance from them and automatically designate another nurse to take care of them. I did not realize that this was due to a very strong, deep-seated, sense of bitterness in my heart towards Americans due to the War.

My extreme shyness because of a homeliness complex, caused me not to be able to discuss things with more than just a few people at a time. Only once around the age of 45, after I had become a chief nurse, was I asked to address a large audience. This totally terrified me and caused me to be trembling all through the speech. It was such a horrendous experience for me.

In my early twenties I developed heart problems. As I reached the age of 50 this condition was growing worse so I decided to retire from hospital work. The whole of life was becoming a big money game so I moved to the beautiful Pacific seacoast of Shionomisaki, southeast of Osaka, where I lived with my

longtime friend who had also just retired from his work. Living in such a natural environment by the sea surrounded by nature and fishing, was a paradise for me for the first 2 or 3 years. However, soon my enjoyment with a free and natural life by the sea started to fade to a lack of any real fulfillment in my life. I became forlorn and depressed by the futility of life and the sorrows of this world.

It was at this time that I briefly visited my older sister who was living in Tokyo. My sister suggested to me, that if I would simply ask Jesus Christ to come into my heart, He would give me the love, truth and happiness that I so badly needed as well as give me a sense of fulfillment. I could not see how this would help me, as I personally had no interest in God nor any religious matters. However, I prayed with my sister and asked Jesus into my heart more out of courtesy and respect for my older sister's desire to be helpful to me, and not because I thought it would do anything for me.

After leaving Tokyo and returning back to life with my friend by the seacoast, I totally rejected the whole idea of Jesus in my mind and did not feel that this was any solution to my problems at all. I later phoned my sister in Tokyo and told her while laughing that I was not interested in her "mind control". I think this must have deeply hurt her feelings, but my male companion and I had no interest at all in religion. Yet as we were living in Shionomisaki totally immersed in nature, we could not help but feel that there was definitely some greater power that controlled all the beautiful things of nature.

Great Hope found through tragedy – Miracles start to happen

One day as we were setting off to go fishing, my dear boy friend suddenly had a cerebral hemorrhage right in front of me in our boat! It really shook me up. He then went into a coma and I became totally heartbroken. Thankfully my concerned older sister from Tokyo came down to the coast at Shionomisaki to comfort me. Two days later he died in the hospital. After his cremation all my friends and acquaintances departed for home but my sweet sister stayed on with me for a while more. She was concerned that I might decide to commit suicide. She could feel in the spirit that my beloved friend and I had made plans to die together. My sister opened her Bible and showed me a scripture verse of hope, but I could not understand it at all.

During the night my sister spent many hours telling me about Jesus' love and His healing balm. Suddenly she noticed a total transformation had taken place in my facial appearance. She suggested to me that I should look at myself in the mirror. In the mirror I saw that my whole face had changed into the face of a **4 or 5-year-old child!** My sister continued telling me more about Jesus and His sweet love, life and power, so that my countenance became more like that of a baby, with a big and happy smile. This was such a surprise to me because in my own thinking I had been so sad and I had felt so hopeless on the death of my beloved friend that I just wanted to join him by taking my own life.

After a very happy night's sleep, the next morning I awoke to find that my

usual reading glasses had become too strong for me and if I used the much weaker medium range pair of glasses that my deceased friend had used I could read with no problem. This showed me that **my eyesight had greatly improved**. It was a total miracle! Also for the previous 30 years I had suffered from heart problems, which was one of the reasons that I had had to retire early from Hospital service, but that morning when I awoke, I was also fully recovered from that problem. Also that morning all my body swellings totally disappeared and I found that I was now 10 kilograms lighter to the point that the neighbors did not even recognize me! I had also suffered for a long time from a severe backbone problem, as well as a continual ringing sound in my left ear for many years, but now all of these problems too were also completely gone! This was a complete surprise to me as I had been so medically aware of all my ailments from a scientific point of view.

The awareness of the spirit world started to become so real to me that my dear companion's departure from this world was no longer the main problem anymore for me. Because my sister had talked with him and helped him to receive Jesus into his heart while he was in his comatose state just before he passed on, I knew that he had merely gone on ahead of me to be with Jesus. Of course sometimes I would feel strong remorseful and cold heart pains about my friend's departure, but whenever I cried out desperately to Jesus my tears would stop and I knew that my friend was being well taken care of and I could actually feel Jesus' loving arms around me.



Before Salvation! After salvation!

It was not so much an articulate understanding in my mind, that I could understand these things, but rather it was an amazingly deep awareness of Jesus' closeness and presence and supernatural help to me in every detail of my life which totally obliterated any thoughts of suicide and hopelessness. I had previously totally rejected any religious ideas and so never have touched a Bible before. However because of experiencing so many miracles at this time, when I did get a chance to actually read the Bible for myself, I was amazed to see that the physical and spiritual experiences that I had had at this time were all written about in the Bible. Thank You Jesus!

My move to Tokyo – a New Life Begins!

My older sister closed up my living quarters in Shionomisaki for me in such a miraculous way! I felt so incapable and was unable to do anything to help her. This demonstrated to both my sister and me that Jesus was doing all these miracles for us, as my older sister was also not so healthy or physically strong either. She was such a good example of being a dedicated witness of Jesus' love to everyone we met while helping me, so this really taught me the importance of just forgetting my own self-pity and sorrow as I saw the great need and joy of just witnessing about Jesus' love and His care in every situation and opportunity that I had. To do so was yet another miracle. I was totally set free from my previous fear of man that I had been under all of my life in speaking to groups of people!



Summer 1992, Harajuku,
Tokyo. Harajuku is the
fashion center of Tokyo
where all the young
people like to go.

I moved up to Tokyo to be closer to my sister along with other Christian disciples who really love Jesus and call themselves, "The Family International." Some of them are foreigners. I then became aware of another miraculous transformation that had occurred: My strong bitterness towards foreigners had completely vanished!

In Tokyo I opened up an apartment to be near my sister. After experiencing so many miracles after my friend's decease, I became deeply interested in the Bible and began reading it. Then I started reading the words of David Brandt Berg, the founder of the Family, which I found so simple and marvelous in helping me to understand the mysteries of life, so that I just wanted to read everything that David Berg had written about God and life and the life to come.

I had never before been aware how deep and immeasurable the spirit world is but I could now feel Jesus' exploding Love from within stimulating me and a great hunger for the Word of God and Truth. I now wanted to be totally part of this Family.



August 1995 meeting homeless
children in Vladivostok, Russia

Basically I just could not seem to get enough of God's Word from the Bible and the deep guidance from David Berg's literature of encouragement, as to how God's love was so relevant to not only myself, but to everyone in the world today and all that is happening these days. This gave me such a strong spiritual thirst and desire to grow as close as I could to Jesus in spirit and in truth in every area of my life. The Scripture, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from of the mouth of God." (Matthew 4:4) became a reality to me. I just wanted to witness about Jesus and the End Time warning message and Jesus' Love, which can be experienced right now. I would go out on my own to tell others this truth, which I found difficult at first until I realized more and more that I just had to claim Jesus' power to do anything.

Former Canadian Cabinet Minister Testifies to the existance of Extraterrestrial beings visiting Earth



ETs are the fallen angels who followed Lucifer. Some who have testified to being abducted by UFOs have stopped the experience by calling on the Name of Jesus.

May 2013 Adventure to Aomori



Mr. Yasutake Natsukasa from Fukuyama City HIroshima Prefecture. Atsumi Onsen to Tsuruoka. He's retired and travels around Japan living in his car.

From May 10 to 12 I traveled 870 kilometers from Niigata Murakami City to Aomori City and back in 22 vehicles.

The first driver, a lady, took me from Majima station to Nezegaseki near the Yamagata border line. She was on her way to help oversee a group of elementary children (which including her son) climb Mt. Nihonkoku, a small mountain of 300 meters high. From there a van took me to Atsumi Onsen, just 5 kilometers further.

At Atsumi Onsen a man on foot approached me asking if I can speak English. His name is Yasutaka Nakatsukasa, a retired businessman from Fukuyama City in Hiroshima Prefecture. He was living in his car touring the Tohoku area for a month. Yasutaka's hobby is water painting. He showed me drawings of the local scenery. He took me to Tsuruoka City which is where he had just come from that day.



View from Sakata of Mt. Chokai

From Tsuruoka a lady who attends Hawaiian dance classes took me to me to the next city of Sakata. She said she has been a widow from 17 years ago. Her husband was a policeman investigating an accident and was hit by a driver who wasn't watching where he was going! Her husband died immediately. "Was the driver arrested and put in prison? I asked. "No," the lady replied, "But he was an irresponsible man with bad eyesight who never should have had a driver's license in the first place. "



Single couple who took me from Sakata to Omagari to Konoura

The lady dropped me off in the middle of Sataka city. I would rather have been further down the road closer to the edge of the city from where there would be less city traffic, and so I walked. After about 10 minutes I got to a bridge. It's not likely that anyone would stop for me in the middle of a bridge but a car suddenly stopped in the lane it was in. Usually a driver will pull over to the side and so I thought it rather odd.. But because there was no traffic behind the car the driver was blocking anybody. It was a young single couple, Shunta and Mizuki, both 20 years old, high school dropouts on their way to Magari in Akita Prefecture, their home. They were debating with each other whether to pick me up or not. After questioning me and being satisfied with my answers, they took me to Konoura Interchange of the Akita Expressway. There are no tolls for the first 40 kilometers of that expressway which made it a good place to hitchhike to catch traffic going some distance. Expressway tolls in Japan are probably the highest in the world. It costs 7000 yen to travel 300 kilometers.

A car transport lorry took me to Honjo City from Konoura. From Honjo another 20 year old man, Mr. Suzuki, took me as far as Akita Station, some 40 kilometers further. He's a seaman who works on a fishing vessel 10 months out of the year. Mr. Suzuki said he has to work 18 hour days for weeks on end. The only days off are when they aren't fishing. The boat goes as far as Peru in S.A. He was on his way to see his girlfriend. The pay, he said, is good, earning enough to easily save to buy a house.

I got to Akita Station just in time to catch a train going to Noshiro City, but took it only a distance of 240 yen to Oiwake Station from where I again hitchhiked. A mother and her daughter who were going to their home in Noshiro went a few kilometers out of their way for me to take me to Futsui, the end of the expressway.

It was hot and I was thirsty. Though it was fine weather in Futatui, unlike previous times standing in Futatsu, I waited a relatively long time for a ride. I decided to walk further up the road. After walking nearly a kilometer, I came close to a tunnel and knew I wouldn't be able to walk through it safely. Just then a car pulled over. It was truck driver on his way home in a regular car. He not only took me a good distance up the road to Takanosu, but he even found the next ride for me a man going all the way to Aomori city, my destination!

Photos from Aomori back to Niigata



Newly wed couple to Hirosaki from
Aomori Chuo

Toru who took me from Odate City to Takanosuke in Akita Prefecture

Road sign in Takanosu.

Miss Yoshimi who took me to Yurihonjo City from Noshiro City in Akita Prefecture. She was very interested in the Biblical account of Creation and said she wants to believe and accept God's Son Jesus into her life.

A family who took me to Nezugasaki in Niigata Prefecture from Atsumi Onsen in Yamagata Prefecture

□□□□□□□□□□□□ A single couple who took me to a train station near home where I had my bicycle parked.

Second Trip of Golden Week 2013

Hitchhiking Adventures



Toward the end of Golden Week, I again went to Aomori Prefecture and back. Six vehicles took me 431 kilometers to Aomori City, and 5 cars took me 632 kilometers back to Niigata via the Tohoku and Banetsu Expressways. Though I expected sunny weather, there again was slight precipitation from time to time.

Three of the drivers offered to treat me to coffee but I politely declined. I've been reading [Caffeine Blues](#) by Stephen Cherniske, M.S. and have finally woken up to the hidden dangers of the world's #1 drug! An older man who took me 300 kilometers to Fukushima handed me a can of coffee which he bought for me without asking me. I accepted it but didn't drink it. I gave it to the next driver, a lady who took me toward Aizuwakamatsu. I explained why I don't drink any caffeine containing beverages anymore, and told her that coffee is especially bad for women. "Better not drink it!" I told her. I had mixed feelings about offering her the coffee, but she told me she loves the stuff. Hopefully it'll be her last fix.



Mr. & Mrs. Kobayashi from Amagasaki City. They took me from Murakami City in Niigata to Sakata City in Yamagata.



Lady who took me to Katagami City just past Akita City. She went a bit out of her way from me.



Satoh Maki from Toyosaki in Niigata Prefecture. She and her parents took me from Katagami City to a point close to Odate City. They were on their way to Lake Towada.



Kazumasa Hikita who took me to Hirosaki.



Family who took me to my destination in Aomori City. They went a bit out of their way for me.

May 4: Hirosaki to Aomori City

Two couples on their way to Hachinohe went a bit out of their way to take me to my destination. They work for a pharmaceutical company. I told them I stay away from all drugs, including caffeine. Drugs only treat symptoms, not the basic causes of illness. Only lifestyle changes can correct the causes. One man agreed with me but said that most people find it difficult to change their lifestyle. "We sometimes need a coach", I told him. A coach could be a loved one, a church pastor, or a professional therapist. If you ever seek professional help for personal problems such as an addiction, it's best to consult with a person who has had the same problem you have, and have overcome it.



Setting sun over Mt. Iwaki. Cherry tree in foreground.



Mr. & Mrs. Manabe and their friends who took me back to Aomori city from Hirosaki.

May 5: Aomori City to Niigata City

Today was *supposed* to be sunny according to the weather forecast, but again there was a slight rain. I waited over 2 hours at the Aomori Chuo

interchange! Though there was much traffic and a long line of cars, nearly everyone of the drivers avoided making eye contact with me. The few who offered me a ride were going only a short distance. I was hoping for the first ride to get me at least as far as Morioka City in Iwate.

Finally, a lady who spoke English said she would be going to Fukushima that evening, but she would stop at Goshogawara first to see her elderly mother. Goshogawara is a good hour out of my way. It would take at least two and a half hours for her to get back on the expressway going the direction I needed to go. Normally I would not have accepted a ride in such circumstances. But because the lady was quite fluent in English, and because I wanted to move on, I went with her. But after considering the matter further, I decided not to go with her all the way but to get off only 10 minutes later when she would arrive at Route 7 between Aomori City and Hirosaki. The point is rather desolate with little traffic.

I didn't consider myself in a good situation but within a few minutes a car stopped for me. It was a man with his Chinese wife. At first I thought the Chinese wife was deaf because she was moving her hands when trying to communicate with her husband as if she was using sign language. But I realized later she cannot speak Japanese, and he doesn't speak Chinese! Sometimes she would write down words in Chinese characters, the ones Japanese can understand. They took me to Hirosaki. I still had an opportunity to get back on the Tohoku Expressway from that point. Another option was to take Route 7 back all the way if I could catch a car going far enough.

An older couple with Tokyo license plates stopped for me. I rejoiced because I knew they would be going at least as far as Fukushima. But the driver said he may going only up to Sendai which is still a good distance. I accepted. The Golden Week traffic was heavy and there were traffic jams at the beginning of slopes and before tunnels where many drivers unconsciously slow down. The couple decided not to spend the night in Sendai after all and therefore took me to Adatara in Fukushima. I arrived around 6:30 p.m. just before dark. From there it was a relatively short wait for the next two cars that took me home.



Ohtake Chio, daughter Noe and son Satoi. They took me from Adatara SA of the Tohoku Expressway to Bandaisan SA on the Banetsu Expressway



Mr. & Mrs. Kasiwagi and their son. Sosuke. who were on their way to Ehime Prefecture in Shikoku. They took me to Niigata City.

Fukushima Radiation Reports Overblown



The fear mongers of the threat of radiation from the nuclear power plant meltdown were all wrong! Life goes on in Japan as it always had.

2013 Golden Week Hitchhike Adventure to Aomori



The Tohoku area of Northern Honshu, Japan. The red light shows my usual route to Aomori City, and the blue line shows the route I took back via the Tohoku and Banestsu Expressways. It is 130 kilometers longer than the Sea of Japan route, but potentially faster.

From April 27th to April 29th I hitchhiked 986 kilometers in 12 vehicles From Niigata to Aomori Prefecture and back. (See map) This time is the beginning of what is called "Golden Week" in Japan, a string of holidays which includes Emperor Showa's birthday.

It rained hard the night before I left but by morning, the rain had stopped in Niigata. I caught an immediate ride at my starting point on Route 345 near Majima station, the first car that came! The driver took me to Tsuruoka City in Yamagata Prefecture, a good 1.5 hour distance of about 100 kilometers. It was raining heavily when I arrived and so I sought for shelter at a store for some 30 minutes. The rain subsided by then but there were strong gusts of wind. My umbrella strained against it but survived.

The second car also came very quickly, a man who took me to Sakata City about 20 kilometers up the road. He offered me a can of coffee to drink but I politely declined. I explained to him that I quit all caffeine intake only 4 days before. I shared with him the physiological and psychological harm caffeine does to my body, things I read from "Caffeine Blues."

The final car that day was a mother and her one and a half year old daughter.



Mr. and Mrs. Kamimoto who took me from Iwate to Fukushima

The longest ride on the way back was from Iwatesan Service Area in Iwate Prefecture just before Morioka City to Adatara in Fukushima, 310 kilometers. The driver, Mr. Kamimoto and his wife were one of the sweetest couples as well. They treated me to lunch at Kunimi Service Area in Fukushima Prefecture. It turns out Mr. Kamimoto served some 34 years in the Japanese Self Defense Force! I knew from my own military experience as an Airman in the USAF that he must have rose fairly high in rank to be in the military so long, and I learned he retired as a Lt. General! I think Mr. Kamimoto must be the highest ranking officer who ever befriended me. I've only known colonels before.

The Kamimotos took me to Adatara SA which is just before the Banetsu Expressway junction. From experience I know this is the hardest point to catch a ride toward my destination of Niigata. Nearly all of the traffic is heading south toward Tokyo. However today, I got an immediate ride! A high

school science teacher and his elderly mother saw my sign and stopped for me. I asked him if he believes in evolution. "Of course!", the teacher replied. I explained why I reject it as false science. They took me to Bandaisan Service Area. At that point a good percentage of the traffic is going to Niigata.

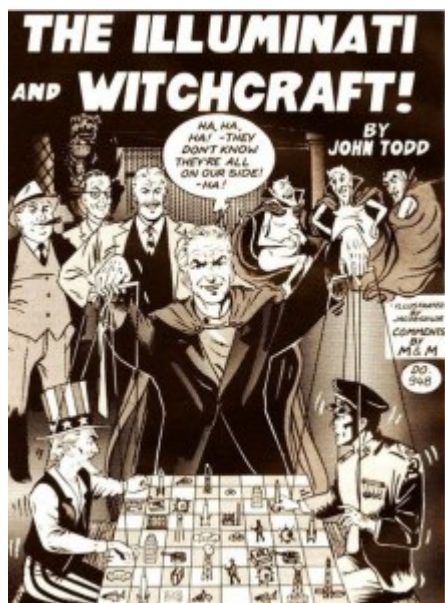


Mr. and Mrs. Satoh who took me to Niigata City

The final ride to Niigata City was a couple from the Unification Church, Mr. and Mrs. Satoh. He's also a nuclear power plant engineer at the power plant at Kashiwazaki-Kariwa, the largest nuclear power plant in the world. We talked about his job for a while, and then he switched to biblical doctrinal matters. For some reason, these dear people do not think that Jesus' death on the Cross of Calvary was necessary or good! They think that Jesus failed! I told them Jesus offered Himself as a sacrifice for our sins, and His blood shed on the cross cleans us from all sin.

Colossians 1:20 And, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven.

[Jack Chick's testimonial about John Todd – Letter #1](#)



Jack Chick is an artist. He is known for his comic-style tracts (informally

known as Chick Tracts) and larger comic books for the purpose of Christian evangelism from a fundamentalist point of view. (From http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jack_Chick

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To Whom It May Concern:

This letter is in regard to my association with John Todd.

I first met John in 1973. I found his information on the occult facinating. We worked together on a Crusaders story entitled, "The Broken Cross." Since its publication I know of witches coming to Christ through this story. A police captain visited a friend of mine and told him the book was the most factual he had ever read on the subject.

John Todd began winning young people out of the occult. His ministry started growing. When John took these young people to a church called "Melodyland" in Southern California, I was told they announced from the platform that no witch could be saved. That was disaster to John's ministry. He was involved with churches and Full Godpel Businessmen and all of them were of the charismatic persuasion. John was promised support that never came.

When attempts were made on John's life, the Christians shied away from him. In those years witchcraft was avoided like the plague. Everything turned sour. No Christian would touch John, so he went back to the only thing he knew, the occult. He and his wife, Sheila, opened up an occult bookstore.

I kept calling John, telling him he was saved, but he believed the Armenian doctrine that once he went back to sin he was lost forever. I kept at him. He pushed the occult religion at me, but I wouldn't give up and I told him he still belonged to Jesus. I called him my brother and he told me to stop calling him that. When I almost gave up, John called me and told me that he and Sheila had come back to Christ.

John remembered when he was training for the position of a Grand Druid priest that a hugh sum of money supposedly was passed from the Illuminati to the organization called "Melodyland," and John believes that is why his ministry was hit.

Since coming back into Christian work, John has had many attempts on his life, verified by his wife. John is exposing Masonry which has infiltrated our churches. It's an unseen enemy. John has given me valuable information on 2 new publications, "Angel of Light" and "Spellbound". The latter on rock music will have a devastating effect on Christian rock music. I thank God John is risking his neck to warn us of the dangers and techniques used by the Illuminati.

John was attending Faith Baptist Church in Canoga Park, California. On my word, Pastor Roland Rasmusson helped John get speaking engagements. John has made mistakes from the platform. It's understandable. He is in a new line of

work. Both John and his wife have used extensive drugs and are still suffering from the effects. Some of the mistakes were deliberately fed to John to make him look bad. I can verify that through his wife, Sheila.

Pastor Rasmusson was caught in a hard place when John quoted the wrong input from the platform. Then, one of his church members was given an old tape to re-use. On it was a message John had made while instructing classes in the occult when he had backslidden. The tape was played to the deacons, and I believe pressure was put on Dr. Rasmusson to disassociate himself from John. They knew John had been backslidden because he told them that. I got the same material from John on the phone when I was trying to win him back to Christ. I was assured the tape would only be played to the deacons, but since then, copies have fallen into various hands, and this is now being used as a club. Pastor Rasmusson still calls John his brother and he told me he believes John is saved. When John preaches, pastors tell me of revival and the most difficult to reach came to Christ, including Masons.

My question is: Who is behind John's attackers? I know the Masons are delighted. So is the Illuminati. Are the ones attacking John winning souls? Why is it aired publicly? If John goes down because of the pressures from Christians, it will be a day of rejoicing for the occult.

I back John up 100% with all his faults. I know this brother is doing his best to advance the kingdom of God. We must keep one fact in mind. John is not a minister, but a Christian layman sharing what he knows about a very explosive subject. We should be eager to know about what is going on in the enemy's camp, and to my knowledge, John Todd is the only one qualified to give us that information. I encourage you to stand with him in the face of this onslaught.

JACK T. CHICK, PRESIDENT, Chick Publications, Inc.

Next: [Chick's letter about Todd written Oct. 26, 1978](#)

[Overcoming caffeine addiction](#)



✘ I read on a friend's blog that since she stopped drinking coffee, her energy level increased. I did a Google search with the words, "evils of coffee" and found: [Coffee: The Great Energy Sapper](#) By Frédéric Patenaude. I also found, Caffeine Blues: Ten Ways Caffeine Harms Your Health and How To Kick The Habit These two articles inspired me to stop drinking all caffeinated drinks cold turkey from Tuesday, April 23rd.

"The energy we get from caffeine is similar to the "energy" a horse gets when whipped. It is not energy gained but power spent responding to an injury." Quote from <http://www.alivefoods.com/coffee.html>

In order to break a life long habit of drinking a cup of coffee the first thing after waking up in the morning, I used a method known as "behavior modification." I took the dog out on for a walk and enjoy some fresh air and scenes of God's beautiful creation (I live in the country). I hear behavior modification doesn't work in the long term for addictions that come from natural desires, but like drinking alcohol, the desire for caffeine is *not* natural. Both are addictive mood changing chemicals the body does better without.

I felt depressed and uninspired the first three days after putting an end to a daily caffeine intake which spanned decades, but from the fourth day, Friday, I felt much better and was inspired enough to write this post!

Yesterday during my bi-monthly Thursday evening English teaching class, a perfect opportunity presented itself to tell my students about the evils of caffeine: There wasn't any coffee on hand for the students as there usually is. In the two years I've been teaching this class, there has always been coffee available for the students and the teacher. I told the class that I quit drinking coffee and all drinks and substances that contain caffeine including black and green tea and even chocolate. "Why?" a lady asked. "Because," I replied, "caffeine is an addictive poisonous *drug* that does me no good whatsoever!" It's hard to describe their negative reaction to that statement. It was as if I told them **they were all drug addicts!** None of the 9 students present agreed with me about the benefits of stopping caffeine. But they thought it was interesting when I told them the "energy" we get from caffeine is the same energy as a horse feels when you *whip it!*

Did you know 80% of the world is addicted to caffeine? Did you know that coffee is the number one money making crop in the world? Did you know coffee companies have a vested interest in getting and keeping you addicted to caffeine? If you didn't know that, check out the book, [Caffeine Blues](#). I just ordered it myself from Amazon.

Somebody said, "*Change begins with knowledge.*" I certainly find that true in my life.

Caffeine consumption is dangerous for health

The following information is from the book, "Caffeine Blues" by Stephen Cherniske, M.S. and specifically from Chapter 5, "Specific Health Disorders: The Caffeine Connection" and chapter 6 "Caffeine and Women's Health"

Habitual caffeine intake is linked to:

- Cardiovascular disease (heart attacks, stroke)
- Gastrointestinal disease (Irritable Bowel Syndrome, ulcers, etc.)
- Migraine headache
- Diabetes
- Osteoporosis
- Anemia
- Premenstrual Syndrome
- Fibrocystic Breast Disease
- Breast cancer
- Birth defects
- Adrenal dysfunction disorders such as allergies, asthma, fibromyalgia, chronic fatigue syndrome and autoimmune disease
- Urinary and prostate problems
- Gout

“Compared to men, research shows that caffeine is much more damaging to women, producing adverse effects at lower intake.” –
From Caffeine Blues Chapter 6 p. 225

Also see: http://www.naturalnews.com/012352_caffeine_coffee.html

May 7th update: It's been 2 weeks since I quit drinking coffee and all caffeine containing beverages. I feel better. I rejoice to face life without the caffeine drug. I feel I found a key to answers to my problems, something that has been eluding me for the past 3 decades!

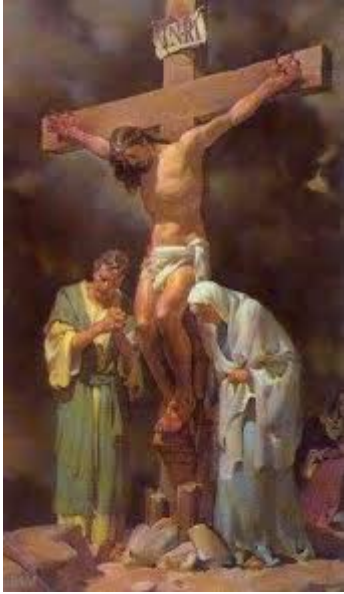
Today I found a good resource that says the same things as [Caffeine Blues](#)
It's concise and short:

http://www.hflsolutions.com/ne/free_articles/CaffeineProblems_Top10.pdf I printed it out to share with a Japanese friend, a 20 year old lady in medical school studying to be a doctor. I know she drinks coffee.

October 10 update: I'm still “off the bean” and feeling better than ever! The morning coffee habit is now a distant memory.

January 13, 2014 update: While hitchhiking back home standing at an expressway service area in Fukushima Prefecture, a driver offered me a can of strong black coffee, the kind I used to like to drink. It had been 9 months since I quit coffee. Because I was cold and the coffee was warm and because I thought to experiment to see what effect it would have on me, I drank it. Within a few minutes I felt that caffeine “high” I hadn't felt in a very long time, even when I was drinking coffee! But after about an hour when the high wore off, I was left with an uncomfortable and uneasily jittery type of feeling. Next time I'm offered coffee, I will not drink it.

Jesus Died on a Thursday!



Jesus rose on a Sunday morning. To be in the grave 3 days and 3 nights means Sunday night, Saturday night, & Friday night. He therefore died on a Thursday.

The True Story of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ



Every year Christians celebrate Jesus' resurrection from the dead. His cruel death by crucifixion took place at the same time as the Jewish holy celebration of Passover. What they had been symbolizing for over one thousand years with the killing of sacrificial lambs and the Passover supper was now happening to the Lamb of God. On the very evening and at the very hour that

people throughout the land were selecting and slaughtering Passover lambs, Jesus was crucified.

The way Jesus died also fulfilled many other Old Testament prophecies in amazing detail.

“He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before its shearers is silent, so He opened not His mouth” (Isaiah 53:7). When Jesus stood trial for His life before the governor, Pontius Pilate, Jesus didn’t speak in His own defense (Matthew 27:12-14).

About one thousand years before crucifixion became a usual means of execution in the Roman Empire, King David wrote of the Messiah: “All my bones are out of joint. ... They pierced My hands and My feet” (Psalm 22:14, 16). In death by crucifixion, the weight of the victim’s body pulls his arms out of their sockets. Most of the condemned were tied to their crosses, but Jesus was nailed to His-through the hands and feet.

It was also customary for the Romans to break the legs of those who had been hanging on their crosses for hours but hadn’t died yet. The lack of support for the body caused the windpipe and lungs to collapse, and hastened their deaths. But when the Roman executioners came to do this to Jesus, they found that He was already dead. Thus another Bible prophecy was fulfilled: “[God] guards all His bones; not one of them is broken” (Psalm 34:20).

God had to temporarily turn His back on His own Son so Jesus might die the death of the sinner.

Instead, just to make sure Jesus was dead, one of the Romans thrust a spear into Jesus’ side, piercing His heart. “And immediately blood and water came out” (John 19:34). This fulfilled the scripture, “I am poured out like water ... My heart has melted within Me” (Psalm 22:14). One would expect blood to flow from a spear wound, but not water. Where did that come from? Medical science has found that people who die in great anguish of heart often have an accumulation of water around the heart. Jesus died of a broken heart-for you and me.

Jesus also died feeling like the lost sinner. He went through an experience that, thank God, we will never have to go through-not just crucifixion, not just agony of body, but agony of mind and spirit, feeling that God had deserted Him. As He died, “Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying, ‘Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?’ that is, ‘My God, My God, why have You forsaken Me?’” (Matthew 27:46).

Had God forsaken Him? Yes, momentarily He had. He had to, that Jesus might die like a sinner dies, without God. Think of it: Jesus died the death of the unsaved, in agony! God had to temporarily turn His back on His own Son so Jesus might die the death of the sinner.

Did God answer Jesus on the cross? There’s no record of an answer. Jesus felt that God had deserted Him at that moment when He needed Him most.

Jesus suffered the spiritual agony of the dying sinner-lost, without

salvation, without God, dying for his sins. Only in Jesus' case He was dying for our sins, the sins of the whole world. He was willing to go through all that so we could be forgiven and have eternal life. Such love!

“And they made His grave with the wicked-but with the rich at His death” (Isaiah 53:9). Jesus was unjustly condemned and crucified between two common criminals (Matthew 27:38). Yet after His death, a rich man who was among Jesus' followers, Joseph of Arimathea, laid Jesus' body in his own new tomb (Matthew 27:57-60).

After Jesus' body was laid in the tomb, to make sure His disciples didn't steal His body and claim He'd risen from the dead, the tomb was sealed and some Roman soldiers stood guard (Matthew 27:62-66).

Three days later, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came at dawn to the tomb, and an angel appeared and rolled the stone away. When the Roman guards saw the angel, “they shook for fear of him, and became as dead men.” But the angel said to the women, “Do not be afraid. ... Jesus is not here; for He is risen, as He said.” And the angel showed the women where Jesus' body had lain (Matthew 28:1-8). Jesus had risen from the dead!

[Adventures in Kanto](#)



Shinsaku Okuchi

From March 16th to the 19th I traveled to and around the Kanto area of central Honshu in 15 vehicles, a distance of 698 kilometers. “Kanto” literally means “Eastern Barrier” of which Tokyo is the center. Osaka is the center of “Kansai” which means “Western Barrier.” There are historical reasons for these names. You historians can correct me if I'm wrong, but if I remember correctly, only those with permission from the Tokugawa government were allowed to travel.

Besides Tokyo, Kanto also holds the prefectures of Kanagawa, Saitama, Gunma, Ibaragi, Tochigi, and Chiba. This trip I hitchhiked through everyone of them except for Kanagawa.

At the Sakae Parking area from where I always get on the Hokuriku / Kanetsu expressways, I saw a young man hitchhiking on his way to Toyama. He was standing in my favorite spot! I pulled out my Tokyo sign to show him I was also intending to hitchhike. Boy, was he surprised! His name is Shinsaku Okuchi. We took photos together. He's now my Facebook friend.



The Kanetsu Expressway approaching
Yuzawa Ski Resort

I told Shinsaku that because our destinations differ, I would stand in a different place in the parking area. After about 15 minutes or so, I saw an older man walk up to Shinsaku and begin talking to him. It turned out the man was heading toward Tokyo and Shinsaku directed him to me. He man took me all the way to Kawagoe city in Saitama Prefecture, about 280 kilometers from home and only 10 kilometers away from my destination that day. From the Kawagoe IC it was just a short walk and two stop train ride to get to Sayama city where I spent the night with a friend.



The man with his car who took me to
Kawagoe, Saitama Prefecture.

The next day I hitchhiked 30 more kilometers to the center of Tokyo and took trains the rest of that day to three different locations. By evening I arrived at Noda City, Chiba Prefecture, very near where I used to live from 1980 – 1982. I know the place quite well. It was convenient to live there for it's close to Route 16, the national highway which circles Tokyo.



Route 4 on the way to Oyama City

The following day I hitchhiked from Noda city to Oyama City in Tochigi Prefecture, first on Route 16 and then up Route 4 just after Kasukabe city. This route passes through parts of Saitama and Ibaragi Prefectures on the way to Oyama. It was a very windy day with dust blowing and clouding the atmosphere. A couple times gusts of wind nearly knocked me off balance! Though routes 16 and 4 are relatively much slower than traveling on an expressway, my destination was only 56 kilometers away and I was in no hurry.

It took 6 vehicles to get to Oyama city. The most interesting and sweetest people I met were a young couple from Bangladesh. They are both students at Tsukuba University. The man is working on his P.H.D in computer science, and the lady her degree in business. Though they were heading in the opposite direction and preparing to travel later that day far south to Tokushima, they turned around and went out of their way taking me approximately 15 kilometers toward my destination! And not only that, after we first parted they immediately returned insisting to take me a bit further down the road! "It is our duty," the man said. I assume they were referring to Islamic teachings. Jesus also taught His followers to go the extra mile. Do most Christians follow that teaching? Those who love Jesus, do.

The Bangladeshi man seemed to be well aware of political realities. He smiled when I told him I didn't believe in the "[left right paradigm](#)" anymore. I believe instead in the [Hegelian Dialectic](#) And I believe all political events, both good and bad, are engineered.

"In politics, nothing happens by accident. If it happens, you can bet it was planned that way." –Franklin D. Roosevelt



Couple from Bangladesh



Family to Oyama



The Kanetsu Expressway approaching
The Kanetsu Tunnel, the longest car
tunnel in Japan, 11 kilometers
long.



Man who took me to Echigo Kawaguchi
from Akagi Kougen in Gunma



Yuzawa Ski Resort



View from Akagi Kougen

The next day I hitchhiked back to Niigata in 6 vehicles. The final car was an off duty policeman. We talked about how low crime is in Japan compared to other countries. One reason is Japan doesn't have much of a drug problem. There are some burglaries but low compared to America or the U.K. The greatest amount of theft is bicycle theft! The culprits are often teenagers and drunken businessman on their way home after getting off the train and seeing an unlocked bicycle near the train station.



Mountains bordering Niigata and Gunma

[John Lennox Vs. Richard Dawkins Debate](#)

John Lennox is an Irish mathematician and philosopher of science who is Professor of Mathematics at the University of Oxford. He's also a Bible believing Christian. I really enjoyed and appreciated his debate with famous atheist Richard Dawkins, author of The God Delusion. In that book Dawkins questions whether Jesus actually existed as an historical figure. In this debate he concedes that Jesus did exist.

[First all day hitchhike adventure of 2013](#)



Route to Osaka from Niigata. Click

on map to see an enlargement

On February 22nd, I hitchhiked from Niigata to Osaka, the first all day hitchhiking trip this year. My destination of Osaka is 600 kilometers from home. I wanted to get a good start and arrive early, so I took a train and a highway bus to take me as far as Ozumi Parking area on the Hokuriku Expressway. It was snowing and just above freezing. I wished I could have left the day before when it was bright and sunny.

After only a few minutes wait, a lady stopped and said she could take me as far as Yoneyama SA, a larger parking area on the expressway. She called herself brave for picking up a stranger for the first time.



Truck driver who took me from
Yoneyama SA in Niigata to Amagozen
in Fukui



The truck that took me to Fukui

At Yoneyama I had to wait 2 hours for the next ride! It continued to snow. In this part of Japan because temperatures do not get below freezing in the daytime, water sprinklers are used to melt the snow. This is fine for cars but people walking through it tend to get their shoes wet and their legs sprayed with water if they don't watch carefully where they are walking!

After about an hour and a half, a man who I recognized to be a truck driver walked past me, I showed him my Osaka sign but he shook his head and said he's not going to Osaka, but Himeji in Hyogo ken. From where I stood Himeji is past Osaka but his intended route would not take him through Osaka but further north and then west of it. However I knew he could take me at least 200 plus kilometers on my way before his direction changed. It was only matter if he was willing or not. I asked him if he could take me at least part way but the truck driver walked off into the rest room without replying.

I hoped he would return to where I was standing but he didn't. About 30 minutes later I spied a truck and walked up to see the license plate. It was the same truck driver I saw and he motioned for me to get in the truck! The driver was very friendly and talkative and so the time went by quickly. He took me to Amagozen Parking Area in Fukui. It was only 2'30 p.m. and the sun was shining with no snow. I was now in excellent shape!



Mr. Yokoyama who took met o
Kanda parking area in Shiga
Prefecture.

The wait in Amagozen for the next ride was quite short, only a few minutes. The driver, Mr. Yokoyama is a company president and a fluent English speaker which is quite unusually. It turned out he lived in London for a couple years, and then Helsinki Finland for a couple more. Mr. Yokoyama was on his way home to Gifu, the opposite way from Osaka on the Meishin Expressway, but his route took me Kanda parking area, a point in Shiga ken just before the expressway junction to the Meishin. From there at least half of the traffic would be going my direction to Osaka. At Kanda PA Mr. Yokoyama took me to the cafe and treated me to coffee before departing.



Hydrogen gas truck that took me to
Osaka

Immediately after Mr. Yokoyama left, a man walked past me and I showed him my Osaka sigh. He agreed to take me to Suita SA in Osaka, the exact place I needed to go! It was a tanker truck, and the tank was filled with compressed hydrogen gas! "If we have an accident could the tank explode?" I asked the driver. "Yes" he replied. "This company has a strict safety policy. They check if there is any alcohol content in my blood not only before I start, but also when I return the truck to the company."

From Suita it was just a short bus ride and a 15 minute walk to get to my friend's place. I arrived at 6:30 p.m. 11.5 hours after leaving home. Not bad. The last time I didn't arrive till after 11 p.m.!



Mikiko and her daughter Asako. They rescued me from cold and windy Tokumitsu Service area while on my way back home to Niigata

[Who is Greg Szymanski?](#)



A cyberspace friend introduced me to Greg Szymanski and his Arctic Beacon website. I remember listening to one of his radio shows before.

In order for me to trust what a researcher has to say, I need to know who that person is. I can tell you for sure who Greg Szymanski is *not*. He is not a Bible believing born again Christian.

Greg, how can you expect me and other Christians, the only people who you say would listen to what you had to say about Vatican, take you seriously when you offer a *theory* about Who Jesus is while claiming to be an investigative reporter? A reporter is supposed to deal with *facts*, not theories or opinions.

March 8, 2020 Update: Some time after I posted this article, the link to the audio talk on Greg Szymanski's website was either moved or deleted. In fact, the entire website has changed to one of a foreign language, Indonesian. Maybe Greg Szymanski changed his mind and turned to the truth of the Bible and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Word Who became flesh and died for our sins on a Roman wooden cross so we can be redeemed from Satan and have a relationship with our Creator.