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Observations

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#6 Subtle Captivity of the Latter-Days

This mornings Observation it seems, came to me in a micro second. Unlike most it came and left so rapidly, I rose from my bed in a daze praying that I could write what I was seeing.

Let me set the stage. As a young boy having been born in Florida by goodly parents both of Mormon stock, then being the oldest, my parents moved the family from Miami Florida to Murray Utah so we could attend school here. My father purchased a small bungalow type home on one acre of ground in what was then referred to in Salt Lake as a rural farming community. We bought a Jersey cow and life begun for me in Utah.

Soon I found myself rising from the house at four in the morning and getting on my horse in the dark and racing through the fields to start by flipping on an electric switch in a large wooden cow barn. The switch turned on the lights, the radio to the very same station with the same disk jockey, the same tone of voice, same music and the compressor started which operated the electric air driven milker and so on. Everything had to be done exactly the same every single morning. I raced for the prepared feed and put out exact portions in the concrete feed trough just in front of every stanchion. A stanchion is what locks the cows head in place while it was milked. At the precise time and looking at the large clock I opened the large wooden door to let the cows in as I stepped aside while the cows pushed their way in from a knee deep in manure waiting place just out side the barn. The cows in the exact same pecking order pushed their way into the barn as they headed for the very same stanchion each morning and they began to eat their portion of prepared grain. The grain smelled so good it even seemed eatable for humans, it was filled with molasses. As they began to eat my job was to lock their stanchions so they could not get out until I finished. They seemed happy and content in participating in eating and being milked twice each and every day. Everything had to be precisely the same, no sudden noise , no excitement or commotion of any kind, otherwise the cows would hold up there milk and we would be short of milk that day. No words were said as they moved rapidly to there appointed places. Then I proceeded to milk the cows. I had to begin with the same cows every morning, it was if I knew them by name, more or less by sight. As each cow was milked I poured the milk into large stainless milk cans. I was small so the cans were on a hand truck. As the milk can became full I wheeled them to a cold spring fed vat of water in the milk house and struggled to roll and lift the cans into the icy cold water. They remained there until the milk truck picked up the cans after I was gone. As I poured the milk from the milk pail into the large milk can we used a stainless steel strainer. Should the milk become plugged up from mastitis milk, I was to secure a needled syringe and give the cow who had just given the milk a shot in

the hind quarter. The milk on the other hand was allowed to finally drain into the larger milk can and then I was to wash that which would not drain into the can off the strainer and proceed to the next cow. I really did not know much of what was taken place, I was just trained as a young boy in the beginning of junior high school how to do this. When the milking of each cow was done, I opened the barn door then opened the stanchions in order as the cows made their way out into the knee deep manure then out into the nice green grass pasture and around to where I dropped hay bales into the outside feeder. Then I washed down the barn and then I was off to home as fast as I could go on my horse, clean up a bit, and on to the school bus and to school. Because I could always smell the odor of cows on me, I felt everyone else could also smell it, so I never got very close to anyone, especially the girls. I was sure no one would ever want to associate with me, because of the smell. Thus I never went on a date until I attended BYU in Provo Utah and was removed from my milking jobs.

After being shown this in a flash it was then applied to us in our day, and I will do the best I can to offer you a little of what I feel I was being shown.

- There was a personage or power of great intelligence I never saw.
- The owner and teacher of the dairy was the leadership of the day.
- The worker, myself, was the common clergy.
- The cows are the people, content in having been subtly lead into captivity.
- The milk, while even being somewhat polluted was the strengths of the people, in our day, money.
- The pasture and feed, prepared to assist in the contentment and ultimate captivity of the people.

Now let me, as best as I can, rapidly enlarge on those items above: (There was a lot more similarities, I list only a few here)

1. The personage or power of great intelligence is Satan in the latter days of the Gentiles.
2. The owner is those in charge of the money machine, church and governments. Possibly without realizing it, servants of the unseen Satan.
3. The worker represents those who feel they are doing good and helping the cows, or people, by fulfilling their part in the whole plan, but it is subtle captivity of Satan and they cannot see it. They do it for money.
4. The milk represents the strengths being tapped by the powers of Satan from each individual throughout their lives of captivity. From the minute they can be of value until they have no value and their time on earth or probation ends.
5. The mastitis, the great pollutions that cover the world in the latter days, of which the people willingly partake and indulge in.
6. The pasture and feed, while being delicious and affording great contentment, filling our beings with the feeling that we have done good, and given our part, represents the Sunday meetings, the work place, the golf course, or fishing stream or lake, the whole thing which helps us as we finally place our heads on the

pillow at night feeling relatively good as our eyes close. Preparing us ready for another day in Babylon.

While all of these items may differ somewhat, I feel what is presented here is what God has given us and its counter part is referred to in our day as the Nations of the Gentiles. The Nations of the Gentiles have become the industrialized nations of the world in a worldwide economy in the latter days. The cows who have subtly been brought down into a comfortable lifestyle as they are milked of their strengths, turned into money to create a world where nothing is held in common represents "All is well in Zion". Where mighty rich and powerful people can be developed off of the labors of the poor. Where very poor can be retained in the stanchions as they are milked daily of their strengths. Being fed enough so they will push as part of the crowd when the sun comes up in order to secure their place in the barn (The Gentile World) to make sure they receive their portion of the contentment (feed) to make them feel they have done their part in life.

We are they, and because of treating the Holy Word of God as a thing of Naught, we have become the teachers of our children as from generation after generation we led them further and further into captivity. Until God has no choice, but to allow a harvest to take place. A harvest which separates the wheat from the chaff, those who take heed and make the necessary changes, or repent and return to the Christ like life depicted in the Holy Word of God, can stand approved. While the Chaff, remain in their contentment, never realizing to need to change, or repent and then they parish feeling, what can we do?

The field is white, ready for harvest. Where are you and your children in this scenario? Is it to late to change? Are your children to far ingrained into a Gentile lifestyle to see the light? Should you point out their dangerous place where you have led them? If they think your crazy, you most likely have failed them. Like Noah's people and Lehi's people and even the Nephite's as Samuel attempted to help them. You see, there was only a small handful who boarded Noah's boat, only two families and one extra person followed Lehi's promptings. Only a hand full followed Nephi into the land which become the Land of Nephi. Only a handful again who were lead by Mosiah down into Zarahemla. Likewise in the days of the Gentile's not everyone who carries the scriptures and says, Lord, Lord we are yours, didn't we perform miracles in your name? And he knows them naught, so they parish thinking all is well in Zion.

If the scriptures are true, are you one who places the Holy Word of God at naught?

We were not given the opportunity of mortality to become like cows and squander our days of probation, and fail. We are children of a God who loves us, but we need to take his heed seriously (His Holy Words) and use them as our guide to become sanctified. Don't be fooled into thinking and feeling that you are saved by reading his words, attending nice well prepared religious gatherings, following the directions of our leaders, committing ourselves to believing in men of flesh and the truthfulness of his holy word, and then living a Babylon lifestyle completely opposite to what God has taught us in his holy word. The words he has given us in the Book of Mormon will be used to judge us at judgment day, nothing added and nothing taken away.

Misguided trust is not excusable, as God has spoken to you and you need nothing else to stand approved than to live the precepts given therein. (according to what it teaches)

- Observations #2 The Purpose of the Holy Word of God
- Observations #3 The Overall Message
- Observations #4 Is the Geography God gave us Important to us (part 1 of 3 parts)
- Observations #5 A Thing of Naught
- **Observations #6 Subtle Captivity of the Latter Days.**

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