

THUS SAITH THE SAINTS TO ST. PETERSBURG AND PORT CHARLOTTE, FLORIDA: THE LORD YOUR GOD WILL CAST YOU DOWN SO YOU CAN'T RISE AGAIN (PS. 36:12), AND CAST YOU AND YOUR SISTER SODOM OUT OF HIS SIGHT (JER. 7:15; EZEK. 16).
EPIC ADVENTURE OF THE WESTBORO BAPTIST CHURCH (WBC) TACHMONITES TO
ST. PETERSBURG AND PORT CHARLOTTE, FLORIDA
DEC. 17-19, 2005

The earth-dwellers of Florida know our message; they knew it before we came, thanks to the unclean birds in the media and numerous previous trips by WBC to Florida; they heard it while we were there; and they'll read and talk about it after we're gone. They have only the capacity to hate and reject it. One foolish she-man told us "God wants homosexuals to change!"¹ Wrong! 2 Pet. 2:9 The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, **and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished.** Gill on this passage:

"[T]he unjust" are persons without a righteousness, and that are full of all unrighteousness, and take pleasure in it, and live unrighteous lives, committing acts of injustice, both with respect to God and men; and the Lord, that has reserved the fallen angels in chains of darkness unto judgment, knows how to reserve "in prison," as the Arabic version renders it, the souls of those in hell, and their bodies in the grave "unto the day of judgment;" of the last and general judgment, when Christ shall judge both quick and dead, and bring every secret thing to light, which that day shall declare, God has appointed to judge the world in; in order "to be punished" in soul and body, with everlasting and complete destruction.

So we found God's words and did eat them; they were a joy unto us; and with rejoicing in our hearts because we are called by the name of the Lord God of hosts (Jer. 15:16), we set out for Florida. Twenty-three mighty men and TOT trainees,² with understanding of the times, expert in war, able to keep rank, not double hearted, with all manner of instruments of war for the battle (1 Chronicles 12), flew from Kansas City to Tampa, and drove to leviathan's vacation spot, that crooked serpent's playground, where we found men of particularly venal hearts and corrupt minds, who provoke God to anger and provoke themselves to the confusion of their own faces (Jer. 7:19). They call it St. Pete, where we found lodging Saturday and Sunday night. Just a few miles over a bridge crossing the Gulf of Mexico is found St. Petersburg and Clearwater, two cities that comfort and justify Sodom, and an hour and a half away Port Charlotte, where the

¹ This particular lying hell bound soul found us at Team 2's third picket Sunday morning as they loaded up in the van to go to the fourth picket. He was so insistent upon telling us how loving he and God were that he drove his Dodge Ram truck toward our van in an effort to block us; not to worry, we found a grassy area with no curb and simply drove around him. Whereupon he stalked us to the next picket and tried to block us in again running his mouth about his love, with his boyfriend in the front passenger seat. He was dealt with sharply, reminded that our God is a consuming fire (Heb. 12:29) and sent on his way. Angels preserve us from the "love" (read "lust" and "selfish hate") of these brute beasts!

² "A noble army, men and boys, the matron and the maid; around the glorious throne rejoice, in robes of light arrayed; they climbed the steep ascent of heaven, through peril, toil and pain; oh God to us may grace be given, to follow in their train." This verse from the hymn *The Son of God Goes Forth to War* aptly describes this group of twenty-three. In age order, Gran (Margie M.), Betty, Fred, Jr., Margie J., Shirl, Rebekah Anne, Steve, Luci, Abigail, Mara, Ben, Katherine, Jacob Z., Jael, Megan, Rebekah Lynne, Micaiah, Grace, Isaac, Gabriel, Josiah, Seth and Anna. The younger ones are TOT (Training of Tachmonites) trainees.

smack God gave the area with Hurricane Charley didn't cause them to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and instead hardened them in their iniquitous resolve. We were about to undertake some epic picketing events that would rival fifteen years in both the quantity and quality of lawlessness, perverseness and ribald evil. What an opportunity to preach to the souls in prison!

With a few hours to spare, we walked/jogged/shell-hunted along the beach, grateful to the God of Glory for the respite, and seeing all around us evidence of arrogant disregard for the blessings God has given man, by the locals and other visitors. Seth and Anna found time to fall face-first into the icy edge waters of the Gulf. Jacob found time to tame a flock of seagulls with some snacks and verbal directives, with some of whom Josiah (unintentionally) shared his lunch.

Northside Baptist Church, sitting along 38th Avenue North in St. Petersburg, with a pansy-pink-colored edifice looming frowardly in the darkening sky, was the site of our Saturday evening picket. We showed up twenty-three strong, bright-eyed, smiling-faced, ready to publish the non-negotiable warning of God to this apostate and stiff-necked generation. Hard-faced arrogant flag worshipers greeted us as we lined up in the grassy easement and hoisted signs laden with precious piercing words to the sky. "America is Doomed!" "God Hates Fags!" "Thank God for Dead Soldiers!" "Fag Church!" "Love Thy Neighbor = Rebuke!" "Fags are Worthy of Death!" "Fag Santa!" These are examples of the bread of life laid out before these reprobate blind fools who don't even know they're starving to death!

Now wouldn't you think these gasping dying souls would be grateful? And would welcome us with open arms? Of course they didn't. They howled; they sniveled; they whined about the flag on the ground (several of the brave hearts were happily dragging flags or using them as colorful ground cover); they screamed and cursed; they threw objects predictably missing their mark; and they uttered scores of hard and ungodly words. They were cut to the heart and gnashed their teeth. There was no comfort for them, because they experienced the fierce pain of bright light shining on gross darkness!

We were almost finished when two grand-sized bull dykes in a red car (*way* too small for them), who hailed from Effingham County, Georgia, found themselves at wit's end, unable to contain their rage against God. So, after the fashion of violent fags, they drove the overburdened red Ford (bearing license tag FOO) up onto the easement. The saints adroitly stepped out of their paths, documenting the umpteenth crime by these descendents of the Isle of Lesbos, while Becky called the police (who were supposed to already be present), and Abigail forcefully directed them to get back onto the street. So afraid of Abi's fierceness were they that they pitifully whined, "There are cars in the way," causing someone to dryly comment on their lack of an exit plan. Of course the loving "Christians" watched on in glee, without the slightest concern for the shocking wrongness of this scene. So-called sworn law enforcement officers (apparently having sworn only to uphold their own lust and lawlessness) also watched from nearby, and did exactly nothing! Sodom had nothing on St. Petersburg! This reminded us of how many times the blood of the saints has been shed, since Cain and Abel, because this controversy of Zion will never end in favor of the reprobate! Of course Becky took the Major and Detective on duty to task, but you must picture a dry, rock-dumb, dull, dusty well when you hear their discourse with Becky in your mind's ear. Even so we reminded them of their duty to protect the saints of the Living God,

and let them know that nothing less than an adequate preventive presence the following day would suffice.

Now the story takes three different courses. I will record the marvelously-shepherded moves of Team 2, made up of Margie, Becky, Katherine, Jacob, Micaiah, Isaac and Josiah. (See the record of Ben and Shirley for Team 3 and Team 1 respectively.) A scrappy team of Jacob with some women and children headed out to five alters of Baal a/k/a five local whore houses in St. Petersburg. This is where we found the well spring of the evil of this city. Let me share the highlights.

Dog Kennel #1 was St. Peter's Episcopal Church in downtown St. Petersburg. (You will please note that this church bordered one side of a large park where the homeless are fed of a Sunday morning. Team 3 was at a Methodist whore house bordering another side, in view of Katherine's digital camera.) Margie, Becky, Jacob and Josiah stationed themselves near the front doors of this foul grove, where hard-faced crop-haired women and slump-shouldered small-minded men poured by. A four-hundred-pound spike haired obvious dyke in "holy" garb positioned herself by the garish unholy red front door, like a sentinel-from-hell, arms crossed, defiant and grotesque, throughout the picket. As God-haters rolled by, we took them to task for Vicki Gene Robinson the Feces-Eating Bishop of this mutated monster called the Episcopal Church, and their brazen bull dyke post. Included in the angry mob were additional short-haired female pretenders at being priests, alongside a couple of white-haired wimpy "men" with their bastardly "holy" rags. Katherine, Isaac and Micaiah found a spot on the corner, in the view of traffic and the park. Meanwhile two alleged marines³ came from the hobo-food-service line and made repeated attempts to strike members of our group, all because they hated Katherine's sign, "Thank God for Dead Soldiers." (This was after bravely calling Katherine all manner of names, to show their great love for democracy—NOT!) Various of the "men" going into the dog kennel threatened Jacob and Becky over their signs, "Your Pastor is a Whore," "God Hates Fags" and "America is Doomed." One of the crop-haired hussies from the porch marched out to drag them off, while they pretended they were being held back. It was a morbidly comical sight indeed. We gave them to understand, in light of the sick scene we beheld, that the only exercise they were accustomed to getting was their sprint to hell.

Dog Kennel #2 was St. Paul's Catholic. Now picture this: Near the end of the first picket Becky informed the officer on the scene (sitting in his car) of the threats of the pretend-marine. This caused the prissy beefcake to show his backside, snarling that he hadn't seen the "man's" behavior. Against that backdrop, when we got in place on the sidewalk at this second location, it was no surprise when a swarthy simpering officer of short stature came out of his vehicle ordering us not to "give him mean looks," and to keep walking during the picket. Do I need to report that when we politely inquired of the ordinance supporting this unlawful harassing order he replied cheekily that he didn't know it offhand? Let me tell you how this turned out: We found an entrance around on the back side of this House of Pedophilia, where cars poured in. We walked around and found great acoustics to publish to everyone in the vicinity. This

³ A penny for every craven coward claiming a relationship to the US Marines (a/k/a the Few, the Proud, the Feces-Eaters) would add a nice collection to Micaiah's collection of pennies found on picketing trips. Just like everyone claims they had a loved one at the towers on 911, every so-called male and his brother claim to be or have been in the marines.

included dozens going into the church who heard “The Pope, the Pope, the Pope is on fire. He don’t get no water let that heretic burn. First he was a liar; then he was on fire; he don’t get no water, let that heretic burn.” It also included Officer Neanderthal Nancy (as we dubbed the tyrant-on-hand). He set out on a course to bellow “Merry Christmas” to everyone driving in. So we whipped out our WBC carols to sing in full voice. An example (to the tune of *Santa Claus is Coming to Town*):

*Don't leave your kids with this red fright
Just like the priests he'll rape them at night
Santa Claus will take you to hell
You tell the children he is real
You know that's just a lie
To justify your own vile sins
That's the only reason why
So get this fact straight
You're feeling God's hate
Santa's to blame for this nation's ill fate
Santa Claus will take you to hell⁴*

Halfway through the first of four carols (where *right words* are sung to their pagan music), Officer Nancy shut up – for good! Here’s one more good example, which we sang to the tune *Joy to the World*:

*Doom to the world
The time has come
For God to punish you
He's listened to your blasphemy
He will ignore your cry and plea
No prayer will change his mind
No prayer will change his mind
It's too late; it's too late to change his mind
This town is lost
It's way too late
For God to bless this land
He told you what you ought to do
And then we came and told you too
But you ignored his words
Yes, you ignored his words
There's no excuse, because you heard his words*

After this victory and subjugation of the crowd of demon-possessed God-haters, we realized we had a little gap before our next picket. So we set out on an adventure, to wit, finding a church that was letting out. We chanced upon the Northside Church of Christ, (just a few blocks from the Northside Baptist where we were scheduled to return at 10:00) – which became Dog Kennel #3. Shortly after the signs went up, here they came. A couple of young men engaged us, asking, “What would you have us do?” We said, “Hold these signs up; say these words.” Whereupon

⁴ We’ll watch with interest to see if Shirley’s epic reports how she led us in singing this same song, including on foot and from her van to the citizens-at-large when we did a little Sunday evening recreating. ☺

one of the young men gestured to Jacob's sign saying, "I should say 'my dad is a whore?'" We answered: "If he's the one lying from the pulpit, yes!" That got their attention. We walked them through divorce/remarriage (they admitted it was adultery; tried to fly the "what if they repent" flag up the pole; then confessed you can't repent without quitting the sin), church discipline, an orderly walk, no cut hair by the women, head covering, proper observance of the Lord's Supper, and so forth – emphasizing the fact that people walking in off the streets can *tell by looking* when they're in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ. No other standard of behavior will suffice as a substitute, and no one who fails to have these marks can claim to have a candlestick or be obeying God! They conceded every point and shook our hands. Meanwhile the "adults" came out to the sidewalk taking Becky, Katherine and the three young fellows on this team to task on two themes, to wit, "God loves everybody," and "Don't step on the flag or have it on the ground." Time would fail me to tell you all the good words Becky and the boys gave back. The theme of the day for the boys was this: "Our God is a consuming fire. Does that sound like love to you?" Good question, no?

Dog Kennel #4 was a return to the Northside Baptist Church. Several holy types came forth trying to challenge the prophets with drivel, of which short shrift was made. No one in this group was inclined to mince words, so we spoke of hell, God's wrath, the idols on their building, and the utter lack of tolerance that God has for their lies. To their credit, a couple of police officers did their job properly at this location, with a unit sitting in the middle of the street, lights flashing, making sure their presence was well known, so no violence this time.

On to Dog Kennel #5, a large Catholic Pedophile-Producing Machine at a busy intersection, called Cathedral of St. Jude Catholic Church. (The more perverted the people inside, the longer the name.) This was an action-packed event, with a woman trying to step out of the passenger side of a moving vehicle to try to make us pick the flags up; three freaks with decorative metal pacing about in pain with a smorgasbord of filth coming out of their mouths; a British fool who, in so many words, begged God to unleash another bomb on London; at least two hundred raised fingers and even more screaming voices; and a slob-of-a-retired NFL player trying to take Jacob's flag, and hitting him on the leg with a cane when he wouldn't give it up. Jacob chewed him out along with an old evil Catholic woman without missing a beat.

After the NFL retiree and pack of freaks found solace with beefcake (from the first picket), we found out his name. Officer Daisy Deary heard more words sizing up his/her (lack of) character than s/he's ever heard, as s/he was desperately in need of the same. His/her steroid-induced muscles flexed in agony as we laid bare his/her oath-breaking perversion, interrupting his/her oft-scheduled snacks and goofy grins. When s/he and the three pacing freaks got too cozy for our taste, we sang a serenade to Daisy in behalf of the pacers, in this wise: "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true; we're half crazy over our lust for you; we just want a same-sex marriage; and to pile upon your carriage; cuz we'll look sweet upon the seat of Officer Daisy's bicycle built for four." ☺ Officer Daisy Deary will never forget December 18, 2005.

Meanwhile we sharply rebuked the hordes going into the Catholic Whore House for supporting pedophilia, and for their many idols. A few TV reporters came along with cameras and had the privilege of recording our songs, chants and words, to share with their viewing audience. When we reached the end of our picket, we had to cross an intersection full of cars on a walk sign,

during which every car in hearing raised a ruckus over our signs and flags. We made it clear the flags belonged on the ground, soiled, and otherwise dishonored, because of the dishonor of this country *known worldwide*. The arrogance of America was the subject of the moment.

Monday morning was a highlight among highlights. Dark and early, one group of twenty-three again, we drove to Port Charlotte, crossing a high bridge lighting up the Gulf of Mexico, reminding us that “the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, *even* his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse,” Rom. 1:20. Upon arrival we found high school students, biker chicks and media waiting to bask in the glow of our words of truth. What fun we had! We sang their “patriotic” songs with words that are pleasing to God; we chanted in glee about the judgments of God; and we mocked those silly Mo-ped Mamas within an inch of their sanity. You’ve never seen such a group of bizarre angry contortionists!

We spoke many times of the improvised explosive devices (IEDs) God is using to punish America – hitting her where it counts. The people are weeping and wailing, and the Pentagon is searching the world over for new technologies to detect and neutralize IEDs. But the IEDs are not slowing down; they’re increasing. That’s because not a soul in that God-forsaken monster called the military has any fear of God, or has the slightest thought of repenting and calling on God for wisdom and mercy! This nation will bellow itself into the grave while ignoring its duty to obey God, to kiss the Son, and to humble itself before the mighty hand of God. It’s a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God! All these billions we spend on the military, and all we’ve got to show for it – because of the collective failure of the people of America to call on the Lord – is an endless stream of body bags and wounded soldiers, and a blob of overweight, unwashed, old farts, calling themselves veteran bikers, standing around scraping their knuckles on the ground, wasting fuel by revving their engines, while they push stubby smelly middle fingers into the air immediately on the heels of grabbing their stinky crotches! Pi-ti-ful!

In any event, we left them without any doubt that we rejoice in every one of the dead bodies that God has cast forth (Amos 8:3), whom God has slain in his anger and fury (Jer. 33:5). They got the message loud and clear, that our prayer to God, like Jeremiah’s in Jeremiah 18, goes like this:

21 Therefore deliver up their children to the famine, and pour out their blood by the force of the sword; and let their wives be bereaved of their children, and be widows; and let their men be put to death; let their young men be slain by the sword in battle.

22 Let a cry be heard from their houses, when thou shalt bring a troop suddenly upon them: for they have digged a pit to take me, and hid snares for my feet.

23 Yet, LORD, thou knowest all their counsel against me to slay me: forgive not their iniquity, neither blot out their sin from thy sight, but let them be overthrown before thee; deal thus with them in the time of thine anger.

Their filthy bloody flag was stomped, kicked, spat upon, flung about, and hung upside down, while they absolutely raged! They hearkened not and inclined not their ear, for which cause God will pour out his wrath in his fury upon them. Like great warriors, the saints of God took on hundreds of thick-hearted deaf and blind men and women, knowing we were able to stand firm on this sure word of God, comforted in the great miracle that God has sent us forth to the entire

world to cry aloud the fact that God hates America and this nation is doomed! We are, in these last of the last days, distracted with the opportunity to show America her sins and condemn this evil land, at the behest of our King. Bible-ignorant reporters tried to spar with some (Shirl, Becky, Abigail, Katherine, Megan and Bekah) while Luci, Fred, Jr. and Jael shut the mouths of punk students and their adult “leaders,” as well as the administrators of the Port Charlotte School District who fancied themselves wiser than God. During the second picket Monday morning the rain fell, to match the gloomy sour pusses of the Philistine pigs who came out to defy the army of the living God (1 Sam. 17). After some more singing and preaching, and a little flag-soccer with a suitably-grimy flag, we packed up and headed home.

In closing, the words of Isaiah 59 describe these cities in Florida:

7 Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood: their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths.

8 The way of peace they know not; and there is no judgment in their goings: they have made them crooked paths: whosoever goeth therein shall not know peace.

15 Yea, truth faileth; and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey: and the LORD saw it, and it displeased him that there was no judgment.

16 And he saw that there was no man, and wondered that there was no intercessor: therefore his arm brought salvation unto him; and his righteousness, it sustained him.

17 For he put on righteousness as a breastplate, and an helmet of salvation upon his head; and he put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and was clad with zeal as a cloke.

18 According to their deeds, accordingly he will repay, fury to his adversaries, recompence to his enemies; to the islands he will repay recompence.

This epic event was captured and told by a thankful servant and vessel of mercy of the Lord God of Eternity, grateful to be on the scene and reporting, Margie J. Phelps.