

My friends

It is so wonderful to see you all. I know some of you are pretty surprised to see me! I guess the Great Lord ain't done with me yet.

Now, I know that there are a lot of farmers here among us, ain't that right? (scattered yeahs and amens) I was thinking about farming just earlier, while I was a-walkin to town. You know how sometimes, when you go to scatter the seeds, some of 'em fall in your path, and some fall on the rocky ground, and some fall in the thorns, but some fall in the good earth? Well, friends, we're a lot like that. We're all seeds, and some of us are the tiniest little ol' mustard seeds you ever did see, and some of us are whoppin' big acorns. Now, when them seeds fall, those ones what fall in the path, well, they're lost. They never do grow, and are ground beneath our feet and plows. That's sad, folks, for those seeds never had a chance.

Those seeds that fall in the good earth, they grow, but they grow easy. Too easy, friends, because lovin' the Lord is hard. They're the lazy seeds who just coast along, doin' nothing to prosper.

But those other seeds, friends, the ones that fall in the rocks and the thorns, now those are the seeds that are so precious to the father. The big seeds don't hit the earth, because they're fat and all full of themselves. They got close, but it was just too much for 'em and they didn't make it, get all caught in the thorns and stones. Those little mustard seeds, those tiny little ones – ahh, those ones get all in the cracks in the stones and the gaps between the thorns and they grow, loving the Great Lord, and seeing what He sees.

Those little mustard seeds, my friends, they grow into great and mighty trees that the serpents of the earth come and shelter under them, and that is the true worth of those tiny little seeds. It's hard, friends, and you gotta try hard and keep the faith, but when a little seed like that takes root in the stony soil, you KNOW that the Lord's love is with 'em.

I know some of you heard me talking to the sheriff before, about the wheat and the chaff, and some of you wanted to ask me about it. Well, I'll tell ya. In Matthew, he says that the Lord will gather his wheat into the garner, but he will lay low the chaff with the venoms and poisons of the earth. So that's right, folks, we need to find our mustard seeds and need to ask those fat ol' acorns to head on out. This town must be a Godly town, dedicated to the glory and worship of the Father of Serpents, the great lord of heaven! We cannot have them among us who would cast us down, no sir! We cannot have them among us who would salt our soil, who would foul our wells, who would defile our temple!

So, like Adam and Eve in the very earliest of days, my friends, our eyes will be OPENED by the serpents! Just as Moses was lifted up by the serpent in the wilderness, so shall we too be lifted up! We shall take up serpents and through them we shall winnow, my friends, and find those of us of the Indominable Race! We shall reject that spirit who says he is Lord but he is not!

And now I'd like to say a bit from First Corinthians, chapter fifteen:

As is the scaly, such are they also that are scaly: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly! And as we have borne the image of tooth and scale, we shall also bear the image of Shimmering Heaven. Now this I say, brethren, that unscaly flesh cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption! BEHOLD, I SHOW YOU A MYSTERY; WE SHALL NOT ALL SLEEP, BUT WE SHALL ALL! BE! CHANGED! In a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for

the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised Indominable, and WE SHALL BE CHANGED! So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY! O DEATH, WHERE IS THY BITE? O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY? THE POISON OF DEATH IS SIN; AND THE VENOM OF TRUTH IS THE LAW. But thanks be to GOD, which giveth us the victory through our Great Lord. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord of Tooth and Scale, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in Yig.

AMEN! AMEN! AMEN!

Form a line, my friends. Everyone's gonna come up to take up serpents and test your faith, and in that way will we know the faithful from the impious, the earthy from the heavenly. Line up, and praise the father! Line up, and praise be to YIG!