

RUSH LIMBAUGH

So ends an era, one that spans a good share, or even all, of our lives. Since 1988, Rush has been on the radio, providing foundational wisdom based on common sense, and gaining impact and influence just by his creativity, humor, and his steadfast love and loyalty



for this country and for us, his listeners, aka Normals. And now he's gone, as we all will be at our appointed time.

If you rejoice that his voice is silenced, I'm sorry that you haven't understood his message or appreciated his humor. What so many thought was ego and arrogance was shtick, pure and simple. He always said that he was just a guy on the radio, an entertainer, and so was amazed at how much his opinions affected people. He was really funny, often at the expense of elitists and establishment types, otherwise known as the Ruling Class, who spin narratives aimed at maintaining their power, influence, and wealth rather than seeking after truth, no matter where it might take them.

If you're like me, you can barely write this article about Rush without shedding tears along the way. Rush said often how he shared a bond with all of us "Dittoheads", that we felt like family. Amazing as it seems, that's exactly how I have felt toward Rush, almost like he's my (slightly) younger brother. I loved him even though I never met him. His opinions reflected my opinions. His targets of ridicule were my targets of ridicule. His generosity was boundless. His creativity was unique.

Over the years, I worried about Rush's relationship with God. Was he a believer? He certainly expressed the spirit of truth that is in harmony with God's Spirit of Truth. So I prayed for him many times, and as a 24/7 subscriber to his program, I emailed him a few times my appreciation for his spirit and hope that he knew God. The

chances that he ever saw one of my emails are very slim, but I know that God heard my prayer, and the prayers of thousands, maybe millions, of others who also cared about his soul.

I was so excited when during the last couple of years, Rush openly mentioned his faith in God and relationship to Jesus Christ on his show. Thank you, God!

During this new era of evil and deceit that is engulfing not only the United States but also the whole world, a voice of sanity like Rush's is of critical importance. He and a few others are like voices crying in the wilderness, but many of us recognize their voices and look to their lights that are being dimmed by the thickening smog. How will we know what's behind all of the shtuff we are witnessing without a guy like Rush to enlighten us?

We will miss him painfully for sure, but there is an even better way for us to know which way to go. Let me share with you an inspiring story out of Israel.

Arie Bar David is a Messianic Israeli tour guide, musician, and Bible teacher. "Messianic" refers to Jewish people who accept Jesus (Yeshua in Hebrew) as the promised Messiah, and so they are our spiritual brothers and sisters. Arie tells this story of his experience during the Yom Kippur war in 1973.

The Yom Kippur war was nearly a disaster for Israel, since the Israelis had fallen into a false sense of security and possibly invincibility, having recently decisively but miraculously won the 1967 6-Day War. They were not paying attention as they should have been, and so on the holiest day of their year, when the entire country stops to focus on atoning to God for their sins, their enemies, with whom they are surrounded, took advantage of the opportunity to attack. Egypt from the south, Jordan from the east, Syria and others from the north all came at an Israel at which time virtually everyone was observing this holy day. Active military and reserves alike had to be instantly mobilized.

Arie Bar David found himself in one of the hottest spots of the

war, in the Sinai desert, facing a massive force of Egyptians. The fighting was intense, and casualties high. Arie was commander of 24 soldiers, and the night was very dark. The air was smoky and the sky was red from fires all around.

While on a patrol, he heard a voice say, "Stop! Stop! Do not continue forward!" There were three tanks nearby, all burning, all with soldiers in them. He had to return to "safety", but he had no idea where that was. His commander told him it was up to him to lead them back. So even though he was lost, he said, "God will bring us back!"

He led the group of 30 men back, he hoped, most of whom were wounded, some badly enough that they had to be carried. Egyptians were shooting all around them.

"As we started," he says, "I saw a light. I cannot describe it. It was more strong than any light I had experienced. I don't control myself anymore. The light is controlling

me. I hear myself shouting, 'Run! Run! Run!'

"We run a half a minute, carrying the wounded, when just behind us and around us shells are falling – 80mm, 120mm, 160mm

shells! We all fell down, but then we had to get up again. 'Jump to the right,' I shouted. 'Jump inside!'" They fell into a hole that had been created by a 160mm shell, about 10 feet from them. A shell burst where they had just been, so that Arie was thrown into the air from the explosion.

He thought probably half of his group was killed by that shell, but no one was scratched. People were crying in fear and pain. Only seconds came between Arie's warning to jump and a shell falling. (I gather this happened a few times.)

Arie still saw the light, which felt like a huge magnet, pulling them toward it. Suddenly he realized that they were back to "safety", and the light vanished. No one could believe that they had made it through the shelling safely. "This kind of experience makes you a different person," says Arie.

I think the parallel between Arie's

story and our situation now is remarkable. We are being shelled by God's enemy and shot at by their foot soldiers. It's getting darker by the day, and we can't see clearly the threats and dangers all around us. We lost one of our best commanders these last few days, and if we've been putting our hope and trust in him, we can feel despair.

But with faith in God, by His Holy Spirit, we keep our hope and trust in Him, and He shines the Light of His Spirit and Truth for us to follow. We have to jump here and there to evade the shells and bullets. We have to carry our wounded. We jump into holes made by their shelling to protect ourselves.

But the light stays steady, and pulls us like a magnet. We don't control ourselves. The light controls us, leading us to safety with our Father and the others in our army of Believers.

It's the only way!! Join our army! Be on God's side in this struggle "against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms." (Ephesians 6:12) We'll get through it and land safely in God's kingdom, putting all of this anxiety, pain, and strife behind us.

And I bet I'll get to meet Rush Limbaugh there!

Linda Gammal

On the Lighter Side I

From the Web.

SON TO ISRAEL

A Jewish father was concerned about his son who was about a year away from his Bar Mitzvah but was sorely lacking in his knowledge of the Jewish faith. To remedy this, he sent his son to Israel to experience his heritage.

A year later the young man returned home. "Father, thank you for sending me to the land of our Fathers," the son said. "It was wonderful and enlightening, however, I must confess that while in Israel I converted to Christianity."

"Oi vey," replied the father, "what have I done."

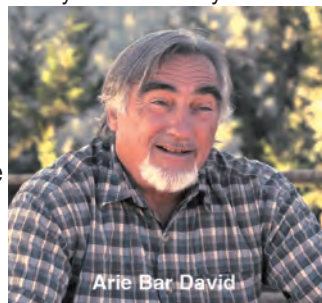
So in the tradition of the patriarchs, he went to his best friend and sought his advice and solace.

"It is amazing that you should come to me," stated his friend, "I too sent my son to Israel and he returned a Christian."

"It is amazing that you should come to me," stated the Rabbi, "I too sent my son to Israel and he returned a Christian. What is happening to our sons?"

"Brothers, we must take this to the Lord," said the Rabbi.

They fell to their knees and began to wail and pour out their hearts to the Almighty. As they prayed the clouds opened and a mighty voice stated: "Amazing that you should come to Me. I, too, sent My Son to Israel...."



Arie Bar David

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