

REALITY QUEST

Volume One

February 21, 1994

Issue XVII

"666"

Seeing or hearing the numbers "666" causes most Christians and many others to feel a eerie, evil emotion. To most, these three numbers symbolize the devil, or the "beast" that fights against God. Well, that's what the "Hollywood educated" and ignorant person believes. However, having studied the christian religion and its dogma for many years, I have yet to read any published work which portrays "666" for what it really is. I have read some very interesting and extravagant explanations to the riddle which the author of the Apocalypse (Revelation) proposes to the reader. In almost every case, the biblical scholars who have taken it upon themselves to solve the riddle, disagree with other experts who have the same quest. It took a non-expert, open-minded, un-biased, but tenacious student of *The Bible* to crack the mystery of the riddle without the help of over-educated and over-zealous religious leaders. Yes, (tooting my horn loudly) I was that student. I believe the riddle was cracked with first, "inspiration", and secondly, common sense. After I found the solution to the riddle, I shared my findings with others who pursued the same answer. These particular individuals were astounded at the simplicity of the answer, yet its tremendous significance in understanding the book of Revelation.

It takes a honest student of the Bible to conclude that the author of Revelation is unknown. All though the book has been attributed to John, the Beloved, an apostle of Jesus the Christ, no proof can be found to substantiate this assumption. Some claim the author was an authoress. I did not care who wrote it, I just wanted to find out why they wrote it, and what did the author intend the reader to get from the epistle. It didn't take me long to learn that most of the symbolism of Revelation was taken directly from the Old Testament. I was very surprised to compare the passages of Revelation to some of the passages in the Old Testament. Plagiarism was committed throughout the text. After extensive comparison and cross-checking, I found that almost every symbol, emblem, or connotation was taken directly from the Old Testament writings. Of course!! The only scripture (words of God) the author had at the time, was the Old Testament. The New Testament hadn't been formed yet. The author only had the Old Testament as his or her source of religious dogma. I also concluded that Revelation was a critique, more or less, of the Roman Government, and what the author considered the "corrupt" state of the christian religion. Like all Judeo/Christian dogma, Revelation climaxes with the eschatological (theology referring to the end of the world) references to a "Saviour", which is presented as Jesus the Christ.

The "Beast" was used to describe some sort of prominent evil which was corrupting mankind throughout the whole earth. Most scholars agree that the "Beast" is the pseudonym used by the author for the Roman government. I also agree. Yet, these same scholars became perplexed when they came to the riddle given by the author. Here is the riddle and the context it is used with preceding scripture verse:

"And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed.

And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads:

And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six. (Revelation 13:15-18)

thought Thug, "I bet I could convince Ug's wife that this pretty stone is worth a mammoth meat pie." (Something Thug loved to eat, but was too lazy to make himself.) So Thug took the stone to Ug's wife who immediately fell in love with its shiny attributes. She made Thug his pie, and couldn't wait to show off her new trinket to her friends. "Wow!" thought Thug. "If Ug's wife liked the stone, maybe all the other woman will like one too." "I'll never have to make another mammoth pie again."

Thug went down to the stream bed and gathered up all the shiny rocks he could find. When the other men's wives wanted a shiny trinket like Ug's wife, their husbands searched in vain for the rocks which Thug had taken from the stream bed. The other woman were distraught that they couldn't have a trinket like Mrs. Ug. These women began to pester their husbands until the pestering became unbearable. The men went to Thug and asked him for some of his shiny rocks for their wives. "What will you give me for one of these rocks?" Thug asked. "I will build you a fence," said one man. "And I will give you three cows to put inside the fence," said another. Pretty soon, Thug, the laziest man in town, had the best house, barn, fence, and animals in all the community. Thug spent most of his time looking and digging for the now "precious" stones. The more he found, the less there were for others to find.

It wasn't long before Thug made a list of how much he would trade his stones for. He divided his stones up into groups according to size. The littlest stones he traded for a cow, a sheep, or an ox. A bigger stone he gave in exchange for a new shed to be built on his place. And the biggest stones, well, these he kept for himself because he knew he could break them into littler stones which would he could trade for practically anything he wanted.

Ug's cow died and he didn't have any way to procure milk for his growing children. He asked his wife if she would let him have her trinket so he could trade it to his brother, whose wife had one, but wanted two, for one of his cows. Reluctantly, Ug's wife gave up her stone so that her children could have milk. Ug traded the stone for one of his brother's cows. Ug's brother, Shrug, took the stone, which was way too big for just one cow, and traded it to another neighbor for six sheep and five bushels of wheat. Now, Ug's brother never told him that his wife's stone was worth more than one cow. He knew his brother needed a cow more than he needed the stone which he couldn't eat, wear, or sleep in, so he decided he had done his brother a favor, and for the favor, he would get more for the stone than what he gave for it.

This situation went on for sometime. Before long, the stones were worth much more to the people of the community than any other of their possessions. One wise man set up a little business by the *bank* of the stream where the stones had first been found, kind of symbolically, to help people save their stones and get more stones by lending them out to others in return for a bigger stone than what they had borrowed in the first place. When this man lent out a stone which was the, let's say, size of a walnut, he told the borrower that they had to pay him back a stone the size of an apple. The man would then chip off a little bit of the "apple-sized" stone for himself and his business, and give the person who had deposited his stone in the business a stone which was bigger than walnut size. "What an easy way to get more stones without finding any, or trading anything for them," boasted the man. Since his business seemed to be successful by the bank of the stream, he called his business, "The Bank".

Pretty soon the people of the community were spending more time figuring out ways to get and trade more stones, that they forgot all about raising things to eat, and making things to wear, or building things to sleep in. It wasn't long before there were lots of stones lying around that no one could eat, wear, or live in, so the people either died from hunger and the cold outside, or they were killed by someone wanting their stones.

Ug analyzed what had happened to his community and called the people together and told them that Thug had taken advantage of all of them because he didn't want to work like the rest of the community. He made Thug's name known throughout the area as a lazy con artist who took advantage of the people's industry for his own good. His name has been infamous ever since.

There is no doubt that the first system of exchange was probably started in a similar fashion as the short story I wrote. Gold, silver, precious gems, and money is only valuable because we say that it is. We have been conditioned by society to put high value on these things. Therefore, most of our waking hours are spent in the pursuit of money. In some form or another, money is the basis for almost every interaction human's have with each other. Because money is an illusory security to our human existence, i.e., it provides us with the things we need to live, we cannot live without it. No matter where we live, we need money. Even if we live 100% off the land, we still need money to pay the rent (property tax) to those who have put

It is a matter of fact that the Romans made many bow down to their form of government or be killed. However, at no time did the Romans cause anyone to receive a mark in their "right hand", or in their "foreheads". And what about this "number of the beast", which is the "number of a man"? Biblical scholars have beat their heads against the wall trying to figure out how this symbolism fit into the author's description of the Roman's oppression. I, too, beat my head for sometime until I looked to the source of the author's mythology, i.e., the Jews and their scripture, the Old Testament.

I knew that modern people who cringed at the numbers "666" were misreading the verse. It doesn't say, "666", but *six hundred threescore and six*. I figured that "**the man**" had to be someone either in the Roman Government, or Jewish mythology. Almost miraculously, I opened up my bible to the exact page of the author's mysterious "**man**" and his number:

"Now the weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred threescore and six talents of gold." (I Kings 10:14)

After many had failed before me, I finally found the man and his number.

Along with this discovery, I also studied and reasoned with some of the ancient Jewish customs and beliefs. I learned that anytime a Jew referred to the "works" they did in the flesh (mortality), they would refer to them as something done on the "right hand". Their *thoughts* were done in their "foreheads". It all came together like a brick hitting me in the face. One can not "buy or sell" without gold (money). And one can not survive in a society in which gold is the standard of exchange, unless of course, the individual participates (work/mark on the right hand) in the economy, and his desires (thoughts/mark on the forehead) are one with the rest of the people who are involved in this type of economical system. Thus, the individual is "forced" to "receive the mark of the beast" or they will not survive for long in a monetary based system.

Owing to what I concluded above about the use of Jewish mythology and customs by the author of Revelation, the following verses of this scripture, which has likewise perplexed many biblical students and scholars, made sense:

"His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself..." (Revelation 19:12)

"And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him a hundred forty and four thousand, having his father's name written in their foreheads." (Revelation 14:1)

"And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads" (Revelation 22:4)

Any Christian who believes (thoughts/forehead) in Christ shall be saved. Only Jesus did the things he did, and only *he knew* the things he knew. No other man could "know" his name.

Once educating myself properly in New Testament studies, I was amused, and still am to this day, at the conclusions made by people who read Revelation but have no idea what it's actually saying. I have never met a person who is alive today who does not have the "*mark of the beast in their right hand or in their forehead*". All involve (works/right hand) themselves in the economics of this world (the beast). All desire (mark in the forehead) to be successful with "the beast".

*"If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, The same shall *drink of the wine of the wrath of God..." (Revelation 14:9-10)*

***Let's drink up !**

\$ MONEY \$

A long time ago, long before there were silver and gold, there lived a man named Ug. Ug lived in a community of people who prospered well for that time, herding sheep, raising cows, and growing grain. One day while Ug was fishing in a stream near his home, he noticed a shiny rock exhibiting its countenance through the crystal clear water. "That's a nice looking stone," Ug said, as he retrieved it from its resting place. As Ug pondered on the discovery he had made, he wondered to himself what use this pretty rock could have to him. He decided that, although the rock was beautiful, it served him no purpose, so he threw it back. Now that he had discovered the existence of the rock, he began to notice that the stream bed where he was fishing was full of the peculiar looking stone.

Ug's neighbor, Thug, was a lazy sort, and spent many a day down by the stream lazily dreaming up ways he could get out of the responsibilities of work which were required of him by the community of people where he lived. One day, Thug noticed the shiny rock which his friend, Ug had discarded. "Hey!"

themselves up as our landlords (the government). Without it, no matter what the source of it might be, we would eventually cease to exist.

I maintain that there is no "truly" honest way to make lots of money. Like Ug and Thug in the above story, someone always gets taken advantage of, or takes advantage in a monetary society. Only the truly poor at the bottom of the economic barrel, those who make minimum wage, for example, can honestly say they have earned a "honest" wage without taking advantage of any one else. (However, even these sometimes work dishonestly and take advantage of their employers.)

I have invented the pencil and it costs me 10 cents to make. (I pay my employees 5 cents to make the pencil for me and spend 5 cents in materials.) I sell the pencil for 50 cents and make 40 cents profit. Why do I need so much profit? Am I not taking advantage of my employees, who in reality, do all the work? Why not split the profit with them and give them 25 cents for making the pencil? I would then make 25 cents profit and they would make the same. That's not how it works. It works this way: I find that my pencil will sell for \$1, so I began to sell it for that. My employees are getting 25 cents for making the pencil and were happy to do it, so why should I pay them more for doing the same job they were doing before for 25 cents? I will make my profit higher, and they can do all the work for me until they also figure out how to "take advantage" like I have.

I worked for Paramount Credit Company in Salt Lake City, Utah. It was here that I got my first taste of dishonest, greedy owners whose bellies were never satisfied. I went to work for them immediately following a church mission. My brother, Mike, was the supervisor over collections at the time. I was a collector. Mike held the all time record for the amount of money collected in one month. I think his record was something like, \$16,500. I was told that we would receive a base salary of \$4.50 per hour, plus a set commission on everything we collected. My first month I shattered Mike's old collection record by collecting an unheard of amount of over \$17,000. The owners figured I was making too much money for a beginner, so they lowered the commission rate. In the subsequent months, I collected more and more and the collection records climbed with my success. Before long, all the other collector's were trying to beat me and this made the total office collections soar to a never before imagined height. Every single time the record was broke, the commissions were lowered so that a collector had the same earning potential as he or she did when I first started. These corrupt owners were raking in the bucks and taking advantage of a hungry collector trying to feed his family.

Mike got smart and now is part owner in his own collection agency. I hope he is a little fairer with his employees, but if he's an orthodox owner, I am sure that no collector will ever make in one month as much as he.

The most dishonest aspect of our economy, besides stocks and bonds, an issue that I will tackle in another *Reality Quest* issue, is the dishonest, greedy, corrupt, totally makes me sick to think about it, real estate market. I am a real estate broker. I find Mrs. Dopey who wants to sell her house. I know her house is worth \$50,000, and I have a client who wants to buy it for \$75,000. I convince Mrs. Dopey that her house is only worth \$30,000. She acquiesce and agrees to sell it for \$30,000. I go to my bank and ask for a loan on Monday for \$30,000. I buy the house from Mrs. Dopey on Tuesday, and sell the house to my client, Mr. Gullible for \$75,000 on Wednesday. I just made \$45,000 in two days by ripping off both, Mrs. Dopey and Mr. Gullible. Why didn't I just tell my client that he could have bought the house for \$50,000? That way, Mrs. Dopey would have received fair market value, something she trusted me to tell her the truth about, and Mr. Gullible would have saved \$25,000. This is America. Not only did I make the \$45,000 on the house deal, but I also got my 6% fee on Mrs. Dopey's \$30,000. I love America.

Attorneys, (which include all politicians, which are mostly attorneys), doctors, and multi-level marketers come in close second in the corrupt way they make their money. I hope the attorneys love suing the doctors who deliver their babies. I hope the doctors love playing golf on a course built from somebody's desire to live a healthy life. And I hope they both sell their house to a real estate broker who is going to take his profits and sue the doctor for screwing up an operation on his back that he injured on the slippery driveway of the attorney's house he is going to buy next week; which sidewalks were not shoveled, because the attorney wouldn't pay the poor kid down the street 5 bucks, because he needed the immediate cash to go to the Sports Club where he's going to get the same amount of exercise he would have gotten had he shoveled his own damn sidewalk!

YES! I LOVE CAPITALISTIC AMERICA!!

