

cannot imagine myself laughing at anyone, much preferring to laugh with one; but I do know One who said He would laugh! "He that sitteth in the heavens (ruling powers) shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." Psa. 2: 4-6. And just remember this: I live on a hill, and the sign of "ZION" is at my entrance! I am either awfully right or wrong...no inbetween! or middle gap!

Thus, if I be the one speaking in Isa. 49:1, and have a work to do; then would it not be entirely possible that there are wicked men in the earth who also can trace Scriptures and ascertain the meanings thereof, and do all possible, not only to get rid of me and mine, but also my mother, as well as disgracing my father? And there is also that of wise men knowing my identity, providing sums of money, even like protecting that Million Dollar oil lease my father owned in 1918, before Booth tried to destroy him via hatred...and that my sons may be heirs of far more than they realized could be possible...and that it behooves me to find out to what extent wicked men have tried to destroy my family, as well as me, etc.? And you may be certain of this one thing: God would never permit the mother from whose womb He drew me, to be a murderess and a suicide...and He would never permit a worthless spoiled brat to be the father of my two sons, save in the end He would cause him: to wake up and become a man both sons could be proud of as being sired by! With this type of reworking, and because these things are prophesied, then the true circumstance controlling the situation is that when you joined the McKinney Avenue Baptist Church as I understand you did; and I know I did, even to dedicating my life as a missionary...then those two lives were accepted by the LORD, and He has used the two of us, even as He has prophesied...this, then would cause you to be a holy vessel...no matter what kind of a rascal you appear to be...and this applies to me also!

And if either of my sons turn out to be rascals, even to the point of degrading their mother, then it just may be they are duplicates, and not real sons! You see, I have been caused to know the power of the enemy...and that certain wicked men will not stop at anything...and were it not for the grace of God and for the fact that no man can prevent Him from accomplishing what He planned even before the foundation of the world, I would have been dead long ago. In fact, if God had not spoken to me at that well-off business college, among all those adults, saying to me, "It is no sin if you marry," that He turned my mind from what I planned, and I called you, asking you to meet me...you had been scared out of your wits, most fearful over your vile deed (vile only if you are at heart a rascal as it seems likely, but I hope not)...you gladly came out to walk home with me...you were surprised when I suggested we marry...even remember how we dreamed of owning a huge home such as those we passed in Munger Place as we walked home? What you did happened that Sunday night. You picked me up in your arms without warning, and ran into a nearby woods...I remember the great fear that passed over me, that awful darkness, and I passed out...and the next thing I knew I was lying flat on my back on the ground and you were shaking me, and you offered me a handkerchief to wipe myself...and I was so dumb I did not even know why I should wipe myself! not having any true knowledge of what a sexual act really was...and I did not even know then or until you explained it to me as you walked me home...and you were so frightened that you cried...you were full of terror! and how you begged me not to tell my mother or your father! My, the terror! And I did not open my mouth, knowing what would happen to you if I did! But the very fact that the LORD spoke to me as He did, even showing me the way plain...that is to marry would wipe out the sin, according to Scriptures that even then I knew!...so actually one may certainly say the thing was of the LORD...and that was the manner He used to cause you and I to become man and wife and produce two sons...then the furies of hell fell upon us! And we were two babes in the woods; not even dreaming that what was happening was ordained of God, and all for a reason! That is the message I want to get across to you, believing that even now you need something in you to ease up what must be guilty feelings...and the guilt is not that you failed to do what was necessary for my mother...such as seeing to it that she was tucked away in some insane asylum...your guilt is far deeper than that! And when you mix up hidden hate, fear, resentment, and write a letter as you did to me...I would honestly say that you really are in need of help! And it is not I who needs help! I have perfectly control of the entire situation! If I were arrested this day, put in jail, carried to an insane asylum, I would just laugh and be mystical merry self, knowing full well there are true watchmen on the wall...but most of all, knowing nothing can stop or hinder me now...that as quick as they put me in places, God is right there to deliver! As for your charge of sensationalism, and my seeking it...you could not be further from the truth than that! How wrong you are!

You may know that I ran for Governor of Texas in 1964 and again in 1966; but you may earlier know that I did this because the LORD told me to do so. After the last race earlier this year, I asked the LORD if I was to concede the election to Comally, and the LORD told