

LENT – ITS ORIGINS AND WHY IT IS PAGAN

This is not going to be a long post. I mentioned in a prior post how I was brought up Episcopalian and how that denomination is just a stone's throw away from Roman Catholicism. Basically, it's Roman Catholicism without the Vatican. I also mentioned how I learned about Lent during my confirmation. They did not, however, explain everything about Lent to me, or any of my ancestors because had they done so none of us would have practiced Lent.

Many times, I am called judgmental or perhaps pharisaical in my approach to certain traditions that are practiced within the supposed Church of Mashiach. People are free to think whatever they want about me or my character, but when I see people doing things that Yahweh would probably not approve of then I have to speak up. I am reminded of a story that happened in my life that involved my dad, his father and me. My grandfather was a stickler for accuracy. To say that he was a perfectionist is an understatement. One day many years ago the men in my family were helping my grandfather to build his front porch. He moved into a Mobilehome community and decided to build a porch rather than have one built for him. So we got to work, measuring, cutting and hammering.

My grandfather had a love for his grandsons. I think that he felt that my dad and my middle uncle sort of let him down because they didn't live up to his code of ethics and his perfectionism. I know that there were times when my dad would intentionally try to upset my grandfather. Many times, grandpa would just shake his head from side to side and mumble, "your father." I also know that there were times when my grandfather would see that I had some of the traits of my dad that he didn't personally like, but he would always talk to me in a grandfatherly sort of way and pull me back into the right direction.

That day when we were building grandpa's front porch, I was commissioned to cut some two by fours for the top railing that went around the deck. The time was long ago so I do not remember the length that my grandfather shouted to me, but I made the correct measurement and used a square to make my line across the board. I started to cut on the line and right when I started to make my cut my dad came over and told me, "you need to cut on the outside of the line or he'll (grandpa) will tell you that you did it wrong." I just dismissed what my dad said and kept cutting. I remember my dad chuckling when he walked away. I brought the board to my grandfather and although the cut was square, it was off by the thickness of the saw blade. I was told right away that I had cut the board wrong and that I needed to cut another one. I don't know

if it was the fact that my dad was right or that grandpa was correcting me, but I became mad. I threw the board and saw down, jumped in my truck and left. I wanted to head back but felt embarrassed that I had made a jackass out of myself and didn't want to face the music. The moral of this story is this. My dad knew how my grandfather's character and he knew that I would be reprimanded for my eighth of an inch mistake. My dad tried to warn me about what would be accepted and what was wrong, but I would not listen. I was stubborn and didn't want to listen to my dad, even though I knew that he knew my grandfather much better than I did and he had lived under my grandfather's rule of law for many more years than I had been alive at that particular time. Had I listened, and grabbed another board, remeasured and cut outside the line my grandfather would have been proud of me and I would have learned how to please him and do what he wanted from that time forward.

In many ways, having a prophetic gift, or perhaps I should say the job of a watchman is the same way. No matter how tenderly you try to present a subject that might be controversial and no matter how carefully and maybe even politically correct one can be, there will never be (it seems) to present to someone the truth about a matter if they are steeped in a tradition that so many others are doing. Yirmayahu ran into this problem many times. The message that he brought to Yehuda was always rejected and he was labeled as a false prophet that rained on everyone's parade, so to speak. Yes, he was vindicated when the end came to Yerushalayim, but that event didn't bring him any joy nor did he feel the justification; he felt sorrow because the people didn't listen and because they didn't listen, many of them died or were led horribly away into exile in Babylon.

I think that I can understand pretty well what Yirmayahu felt. I've been kicked out of churches for asking questions and I've been called judgmental, uncaring, unloving and many such things when I've approached subjects with individuals or churches. I've often compared myself to being a spotter for a nearsighted archer prince. I see the prince shooting arrows but not hitting the target. So, after about ten arrows I beg the prince's pardon and tell him that he isn't aiming at the target. Of course, royalty does not like to be corrected so the prince yells at me and tells me to be quiet, they know what they are doing. He shoots ten more arrows and misses ten times again and I speak up and I'm told, "how dare you judge me, I am a prince." He shoots ten more times but now he is hitting people and animals and he's doing harm. I tell the prince that he's causing harm now and he's slaying his own people and possessions, the result being that I get exiled out of the church or away from a friendship.

So today I was faced with yet another one of those dilemmas. The season of Lent is here and I know that it is being practiced by some believers that I care about. I know the origins of Lent; I know that it's not Biblical and I know that it is a Roman Catholic tradition that has its roots in Mystery Babylon. I found a wonderful article about Lent that explains the season, its origins and how it is wrong to celebrate this Babylonian Holiday. I felt Yahweh telling me to post it to Facebook, to a page where I share with close friends and family. I know that it is going to piss some people off and they probably will not have anything to do with me afterward. But as Yahweh explained to me, "You just put it out there. If they accept it they accept it. If they reject it, they reject it. You put it out there and then the ball is in my court." So that is what I did, I put it out there. I'm not on this earth to please men, but to please Yahweh. Yahweh is the one that saved me and He is the one who will reward me on that last day. If others choose to practice paganism that is their choice. I leave it up to Yahweh to cause them to listen, to cause them to open up their hearts to the message, to weigh it carefully and to accept it or reject it. So, without further ado, here is the message that I posted. The name of the ministry that posted this article is at the end.

Easter is a day that is honored by nearly all of contemporary Christianity and is used to celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The holiday often involves a church service at sunrise, a feast which includes an "Easter Ham", decorated eggs and stories about rabbits.

Those who love truth learn to ask questions, and many questions must be asked regarding the holiday of Easter.

Is it truly the day when Jesus arose from the dead? Where did all of the strange customs come from, which have nothing to do with the resurrection of our Saviour?

The purpose of this tract is to help answer those questions, and to help those who seek truth to draw their own conclusions.

The first thing we must understand is that professing Christians were not the only ones who celebrated a festival called "Easter."

“Ishtar”, which is pronounced “Easter” was a day that commemorated the resurrection of one of their gods that they called “Tammuz”, who was believed to be the only begotten son of the moon-goddess and the sun-god.

In those ancient times, there was a man named Nimrod, who was the grandson of one of Noah’s son named Ham.

Ham had a son named Cush who married a woman named Semiramis. Cush and Semiramis then had a son named him “Nimrod.”

After the death of his father, Nimrod married his own mother and became a powerful King.

The Bible tells of of this man, Nimrod, in Genesis 10:8-10 as follows: “And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar.”

Nimrod became a god-man to the people and Semiramis, his wife and mother, became the powerful Queen of ancient Babylon.

Nimrod was eventually killed by an enemy, and his body was cut in pieces and sent to various parts of his kingdom.

Semiramis had all of the parts gathered, except for one part that could not be found.

That missing part was his reproductive organ. Semiramis claimed that Nimrod could not come back to life without it and told the people of Babylon that Nimrod had ascended to the sun and was now to be called “Baal”, the sun god.

Queen Semiramis also proclaimed that Baal would be present on earth in the form of a flame, whether candle or lamp, when used in worship.

Semiramis was creating a mystery religion, and with the help of Satan, she set herself up as a goddess.

Semiramis claimed that she was immaculately conceived.

She taught that the moon was a goddess that went through a 28-day cycle and ovulated when full.

She further claimed that she came down from the moon in a giant moon egg that fell into the Euphrates River.

This was to have happened at the time of the first full moon after the spring equinox.

Semiramis became known as “Ishtar” which is pronounced “Easter”, and her moon egg became known as “Ishtar’s” egg.”

Ishtar soon became pregnant and claimed that it was the rays of the sun-god Baal that caused her to conceive.

The son that she brought forth was named Tammuz.

Tammuz was noted to be especially fond of rabbits, and they became sacred in the ancient religion, because Tammuz was believed to be the son of the sun-god, Baal. Tammuz, like his supposed father, became a hunter.

The day came when Tammuz was killed by a wild pig.

Queen Ishtar told the people that Tammuz was now ascended to his father, Baal, and that the two of them would be with the worshippers in the sacred candle or lamp flame as Father, Son and Spirit.

Ishtar, who was now worshipped as the “Mother of God and Queen of Heaven”, continued to build her mystery religion.

The queen told the worshippers that when Tammuz was killed by the wild pig, some of his blood fell on the stump of an evergreen tree, and the stump grew into a full new tree overnight. This made the evergreen tree sacred by the blood of Tammuz.

She also proclaimed a forty-day period of time of sorrow each year prior to the anniversary of the death of Tammuz.

During this time, no meat was to be eaten.

Worshippers were to meditate upon the sacred mysteries of Baal and Tammuz, and to make the sign of the “T” in front of their hearts as they worshipped.

They also ate sacred cakes with the marking of a “T” or cross on the top.

Every year, on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the spring equinox, a celebration was made.

It was Ishtar’s Sunday and was celebrated with rabbits and eggs.

Ishtar also proclaimed that because Tammuz was killed by a pig, that a pig must be eaten on that Sunday.

By now, the readers of this tract should have made the connection that paganism has infiltrated the contemporary “Christian” churches, and further study indicates that this paganism came in by way of the Roman Catholic System.

The truth is that Easter has nothing whatsoever to do with the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

We also know that Easter can be as much as three weeks away from the Passover, because the pagan holiday is always set as the first Sunday after the first full moon after the spring equinox.

Some have wondered why the word “Easter” is in the King James Bible.

It is because Acts, chapter 12, tells us that it was the evil King Herod, who was planning to celebrate Easter, and not the Christians.

The true Passover and pagan Easter sometimes coincide, but in some years, they are a great distance apart.

So much more could be said, and we have much more information for you, if you are a seeker of the truth.

We know that the Bible tells us in John 4:24, "God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The truth is that the forty days of Lent, eggs, rabbits, hot cross buns and the Easter ham have everything to do with the ancient pagan religion of Mystery Babylon. These are all antichrist activities!

Satan is a master deceiver, and has filled the lives of well-meaning, professing Christians with idolatry.

These things bring the wrath of God upon children of disobedience, who try to make pagan customs of Baal worship Christian.

You must answer for your activities and for what you teach your children.

These customs of Easter honor Baal, who is also Satan, and is still worshipped as the "Rising Sun" and his house is the "House of the Rising Sun."

How many churches have "sunrise services" on Ishtar's day and face the rising sun in the East?

How many will use colored eggs and rabbit stories, as they did in ancient Babylon.

These things are no joke, any more than Judgement day is a joke.

I pray to God that this tract will cause you to search for more truth.

We will be glad to help you by providing more information and by praying for you.

These are the last days, and it is time to repent, come out and be separate.

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