

Re: Location, Location, Location!

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- *From:* Pat Flannery <flanner@xxxxxxxxxx>
 - *Date:* Mon, 01 Jan 2007 14:10:42 -0600
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Hop David wrote:

I knew you were waging jihad on grackles. Boxelder bugs?

Living filth that walks the Earth with no excuse for its existence.

Its very form and colors should give a warning of its damned and unclean state:

http://www.oznet.k-state.edu/hfrr/extensn/POW/2001/June_13.htm

Black as Stygian death; orange as Hell's own flames.

I have cast these abominable creatures down into spider's webs.

Only to see the spider, loathsome thing that it itself is, come forth, look upon it in disgust, and return to its dark and brooding lair.

I have seen them feeding upon the bodies of their own dead... slow-crawling ghouls among the fallen leaves.

I have tasted one as it crawled into my mouth as I lay sleeping.

And I have read the entomologist's bible, in which is written:

"The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides, by the inequities of the selfish, and the tyranny of evil bugs. Blessed are those, who in the name of charity and justice, shepherd the clean insects through the valley of darkness. For he is truly his Box elder Tree's keeper, and the guardian of lost saplings. And I will strike down upon them with great vengeance and furious anger, these bugs who attempt to poison and destroy my yard and peaceful rest! And they will know my name is Pat when I lay my vengeance upon them!"

And so began the Great and Holy mission of the WAR ON THE BOX ELDER BUGS.

Powerful was my enemy in his multitudes!

I whipped the back of him with strips of a bamboo curtain as he lay crawling in my basement!

I drove him into hard walls from the barrel of my Daisy BB rifle!

I flushed him into the dark abyss in my toilet!

I burnt his children in their hundreds of thousands at the base of my backyard wall with my can of WD-40 and Bernz-O-Matic torch!

Poisons did I heap upon his head and his hell-spawned red eyes, and cursed his name and his existence, even to his three hundredth generation!

Yet, still he was a plague unto my family's land... and in my anger and desperation, I asked God himself how this infernal enemy might be smote.

....The Lord heard my prayers, and sent a mighty warrior to aid me in my time of need...

(Cut to "Burning Bush" theme from Cecil B. DeMille's "The Ten Commandments")

"Patrick...Patrick..." said The Lord...."Much have I heard the prayers and lamentations of you and your family

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over the sad bondage that these box elder bugs have put all that lives upon your land in... know that I have not forgotten you, and that the day of your deliverance shall soon be at hand, but you yourself shall never suspect the deliverer when you see her, nor realize what wonders she shall do in Mine and thy name. My anger is kindled against the box elder bugs, and they shall soon pay a heavy price."

In humble prayer I kneeled, cried, and awaited the Deliver of Promise.

As always, the Lord was right.

PRAISE HIS MIGHTY NAME!

And when I saw a huge ant, larger than I ever seen before, crawling around in our little garden that stood under the great box elder tree that overshadowed our yard...and which was afflicted with the pestilence of the scourge of mankind that were the box-elder bugs, I gave little thought to it...but in my mercy dug it a little hole to rest in, and covered it with box elder leaves to give it a roof to sleep under.

As Jesus said: "Do you not see that little cloud far out at sea that is only the size of a man's fist, but that in a moment grows to cover the whole sky? Such is My Father's anger against those insects who would bedevil you!"

And then a miracle occurred.

PRAISE BE UNTO GOD! WHO BUT HE SHALL JUDGE ALL THE INSECTS AT THE END OF THE WORLD, AND KNOW THOSE THAT ARE JUST AND GOOD, AND THOSE THAT HAVE SET THEIR PATH UNTO HELL ITSELF BY THEIR ACTIONS!

Who can spread forth the wings of the butterfly from its chrysalis, that it might be born again, and borne upon the winds of the spring after the death of winter?

Who can engender the sweet influence of the honeybee, which makes the very beauty and scent of spring flowers immortal, and holds their pollen in a golden form for their children to sup upon for years afterwards?

....AND WHO CAN KNOW THE POWER AND MAJESTY, NOR COUNT THE DESCENDANTS OF ONE QUEEN CARPENTER ANT... WHEN GOD SENDS HER TO ENFORCE HIS LAWFUL VENGEANCE AGAINST BOX ELDER BUGS!

HER CHILDREN SHALL BE AS NUMEROUS AS THE STARS UPON THE HEAVENS, AS THE SANDS UPON THE SHORE, AS THE WAVES UPON THE SEA!

MIGHTY SHALL BE THEY!

COMING DOWN ON THE MOUNTAIN TOPS LIKE AS UNTO LIGHTNING; RUMBLING IN THE DEEPEST VALLEYS LIKE AS UNTO THUNDER!

The REDEEMER had come.

Within two years, all the box elder bugs were dead, as the tree they fed off of crawled each summer night with bold carpenter ants preventing them from crawling up its trunk, nor sucking forth its life-sap*

The Messengers Of God

Such is the love of God.

May all of our thoughts and blessings be ever upon him; and our thanks be ever with him.

God moves in mysterious ways; sometimes upon six legs.

* The carpenter ants eventually killed the tree by eating its insides out in their tunneling, but I'm sure it died in a state of grace, and immediately went to heaven, like all good trees do.

I think it may now grow at the right hand of The Father, and shade the holy martyrs, being a martyr of a sort itself. ;-)

Pat

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