



The Devil's Beatitudes

By Patricia Heinrich

Cursed are they who believe the devil's lies: for theirs is the kingdom of hell.

Cursed are they who do not even believe there is a devil: for they shall be totally deceived.

Cursed are those who do not overcome pride and boasting: for they shall inherit eternal death.

Cursed are they who hunger and thirst for alcohol, tobacco and all sorts of mind-altering drugs: for they shall be filled with all sorts of diseases that kill them body, mind and soul.

Cursed are those who hold grudges, who are unforgiving and are filled with hate for everything that is good: for they shall be called the children of the devil.

Cursed is he who thinks only of himself: for he shall be utterly miserable.

Cursed are the trouble-makers, those who gossip, murder, lie, cheat and steal: for they shall fall into their own trap and reap what they have sown.

Cursed are those who follow evil, those who kidnap innocent babes and children, who participated in the enslavement of women and teens – enslaving them in sex trafficking, lives of crime and sensual sin: for theirs is the kingdom of hell and eternal death.

Cursed are ye when Satan provides you with temporary success and worldly riches and shall say all manner of flattery and praise for your evil activities for his sake.

Sigh and cry and gnash your teeth: for eternal loss is your reward: for so have the majority of souls gone which were before you, since the time of Cain till now.

Death in the Bottle

Confession of a Moderate Drinker

As told to Donald W. Hewitt, M.D.

"I guess you're wondering why I dropped in to see you," remarked the tall lean-jawed, sun-tanned man opposite me in my consulting room.

"Well," I answered, looking into the icy blue eyes gazing steadily into mine, "I have a pretty good idea that it wasn't just because you wanted to pass the time of day or discuss the weather. Further, I observe that you're from Texas, and that you're either a rancher or an oilman."

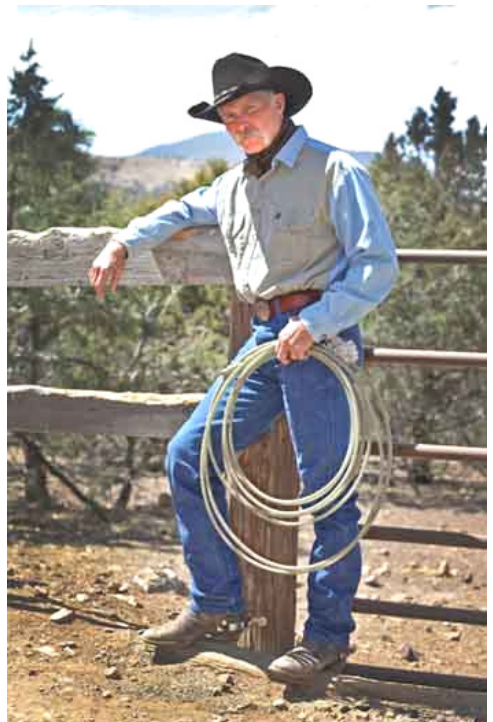
The man's gaunt features relaxed in a tight smile, and a slight twinkle replaced for a moment the steely look in his eyes.

"Say, doc," he drawled, "that's not bad at all for amateur Sherlock Holmes-ing. I am a rancher from around Fort Worth way, and I did stop in to talk to you about something that's been on my mind for a long, long time. In fact," he continued, suddenly clenching his hands, while a look of intense bitterness and hatred clouded his face, "there's something on my mind I'll never forget – that I can't forget even if I live to be a hundred or more!

"You see, doc," he went on as I listened interestedly, "I've always had booze around the house. Before I got married – about thirty years ago, I was a pretty wild character and did my full share of drinking and raising Ned. But after I met the little woman, I settled down and began socking that money away

in the bank instead of supporting the saloon owners with it. The ranch prospered, and my wife and I were blessed with a fine family of two boys and a girl. I continued to drink every day ... just a few highballs every evening before and after dinner ... the so-called social drinking, you understand."

The man's voice suddenly became hard and scornful. "Social drinking!" he repeated, in a tone filled with utter loathing, "why, that's the most insidious, damnable, seductive phrase ever coined by Satan. Social drinking was what led my boy Roger to Chicago ... yes, he died there in a stinking flophouse on skid row without



ANCHORS



Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise" Proverbs 20:1.

**“And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep:
for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed” Romans 13:11.**

a friend to comfort him. That’s what social drinking did for him!” the man ended, pounding his fist on my desk with a vehemence that threatened to shatter the glass top.

“After Roger died, I made up my mind to put the booze out of sight where the two younger kids would never see it. But the cursed habit had gotten me, too, although I never got into the trouble that many other alcohol addicts I know do. I continued to take a drink now and then on the sly, where I was sure the kids wouldn’t see me. My daughter Dorothy grew up to be a tall, slender Texan beauty; she was the apple of my eye. In high school she was the most popular girl in her class, and the boys fought over her for dates. Then came time for college and Dorothy enrolled in Texas Christian, where her good looks, generosity and good nature quickly brought her the popularity that she had enjoyed in high school.

“I will never forget the shock—the utterly devastating blow—I suffered the night that Dorothy came back from a college dance giggling foolishly and reeking of alcohol. My thoughts went back to my poor son Roger, who had ended his life as a skid row alcoholic bum, and I stood aghast at the prospect that my beloved daughter was starting down the same enticing but disastrous path. I cursed myself for my own weakness that prevented me from putting booze forever out of my own life.

“Next day I had a heart-to-heart talk with Dorothy. For the first time I told her the truth about her brother, Roger. I explained in detail how booze had cut his promising career short. I pointed out the dangers awaiting her if she continued her seemingly innocent drinking, and asked her to promise me to leave the stuff alone.

Dorothy thought the world of me and assured me that if it would make me and mom happy she’d never touch the stuff again. And I believe she kept her word, until one night she told me she was going to a dance with one of the big men on campus...president of the student body, and so forth. She was so excited about the date that I didn’t have the heart to say anything that would put a damper on her high spirits. But for some reason that I guess

I’ll never be able to explain, I had a premonition that the evening was going to end in tragedy.

“Just before Dorothy’s date was due to call on her, I got a call from the ranch foreman saying that a prize bull I had bought two weeks before was sick. I had paid \$10,000 for him and naturally wanted to protect such an expensive investment. Giving my daughter a hurried kiss, I jumped into my station wagon and took off for the ranch corrals four miles away. It took me about three hours to get everything straightened out, and when I got home, Dorothy had been gone for a quite awhile. I found my wife sitting in the living room with a worried frown on her face.

“I said to her, ‘Why the sadness and depression? Your countenance appears as if you have lost your best friend.’ I seated myself on the arm of her chair and put my arm around her, trying to assure her.

“She looked up at me, ‘Oh, Ben,’ she said earnestly, ‘I guess you’ll think I’m just a foolish old woman, but when Dorothy went out the door with that young Robert Potter, I could have sworn that I saw a whiskey bottle sticking out of his hip pocket.’

“I interjected, ‘Now, now, don’t you go worrying your pretty head about Dorothy,’ I replied lightly, although my

own heart turned to lead at the news. ‘Dorothy has promised me she won’t take anything to drink, and you can depend on her word.’

“My wife looked down. ‘Yes, I know, Ben. Ever since poor Roger —.’ Her eyes filled with tears and she was unable to continue. I understood all too well.

“I tried to console her, ‘There, there Barbara,’ I said, ‘Dorothy’s a girl, but her character is a lot stronger than Roger’s was. I can wager every cent I’ve got that she’ll keep her promise. So dry your eyes and don’t worry or I’ll turn you over my knee and spank you.’

“This was all said in jest, but my heart was actually doing flip flops. I tried to dismiss the topic from my mind, but try as I would, my mind continued to be filled with thoughts of my poor dead alcoholic son and with half-formed dread for my daughter. The hour was becoming late, but I just couldn’t face the prospect of sleepless hours in bed. I decided to read, and picked up a detective story. I don’t know





seized me. First my son and now my only daughter had been taken from me, and the cause of both had been booze. I ran from the house to the car, got into my station wagon and began a wild ride to Dallas. I remember very little of that trip taken in the wee hours of the morning. But I still recall looking down at the pale still form of my beloved daughter as her body lay on that morgue slab. Strangely enough her features were unmarked, but a slight oozing of blood from her nostrils and ears told the tale of a lethal skull fracture.

“As I stood grief-stricken in that cold and silent room, I swore a mighty oath to spend the rest of my life fighting the booze that made such things possible; for there was no doubt in my mind that it was because of her escort’s drinking that Dorothy’s young life had ended. My heart filled with bitter thoughts of her escort, who had placed his own selfish pleasure and enjoyment before concern for her safety.

“Suddenly I turned to the sheriff who stood at my side, ‘Where’s young Robert Potter?’ I asked.

“Sheriff Thomas replied, ‘He’s over in the hospital in critical condition. In fact, it’s a tossup whether he pulls through or not. He’s got a badly fractured skull and internal injuries.’

“Then I asked, ‘Tell me just one thing, Sheriff, had they been drinking when this happened?’

“The sheriff paused a few seconds before replying, ‘Young Potter had,’ he finally said slowly, ‘but your daughter didn’t touch a drop as far as we’ve been able to determine.’

“I stumbled back into the night and began the long drive back home. My jangled nerves cried for relief, but I knew that sleep would not come easily. From a habit of many years, I began to think of the temporary peace a slug of whisky would bring me. As soon as I reached home, I stumbled from the car and staggered wearily into the living room. Once there, I quickly opened the cupboard where I had kept a bottle for many months. I was suddenly brought back to reality, ‘Oh, it’s gone. Did I already drink the whole bottle and forgot that I had?’ I mumbled to myself.

“All of a sudden, I saw it – a slip of white paper. Seizing it, I read the following: ‘**Robert forgot his bottle, Dad, so we borrowed yours for the night. Don’t worry, I won’t drink any of it.’ The note was signed: ‘Dorothy’**”

how long I sat there, but I must have dozed off because I was suddenly brought back to reality by the harsh jangling of the telephone. Never will I forget the message that reached me over the wire that dark night.

“I picked up the phone, ‘Is that you, Mr. Curtis?’ a man’s voice asked. I replied that it was and my informant continued. ‘This is Sheriff Thomas of Dallas. I’m afraid I have some bad news for you, Mr. Curtis.’ At this point my heart felt like a ton of bricks in my chest. The rest of the sheriff’s words became a blur with only one or two phrases emerging from the jumble. ‘Your daughter, Dorothy...in the morgue...identified by the name on her wrist watch...highway accident.’

“The phone slipped from my nerveless hand and clattered to the floor. I sat dazed and uncomprehending near the telephone for what may have been minutes or hours. Suddenly the mists cleared away from before my eyes, and I looked up to see my wife regarding me silently with a pale, grief-stricken face.

“She could barely whisper, ‘It’s happened, hasn’t it, Ben?’ I nodded dumbly, too overcome by emotion to form any words.

“Finally I was able to stutter, ‘Yes, Dorothy has met with an accident, and...’

“My wife began to weep uncontrollably, ‘Tell me, Ben, she’s dead, isn’t she? We’ll never see her again on this earth, will we?’ I turned my head away, unable to bear the sight of her overpowering grief.

“Suddenly a tremendous and insensate rage

**Please Don't
Drink and
Drive**



The Two Ways

By J.B. Thayer

There is a way that seemeth right
To those who know not God;
The end thereof is dark as night,
And yet, by many trod.

This road to many seemeth right,
Yet death is in this way.
The other road, it leads to light,
And an eternal day.

The wage of sin is naught but death,
For this, none can deny;
But life to all will God bequeath,
Who self do crucify.

God's love for sinners was so great
He did for sinners die,
Because the sin He did so hate,
He could not pass it by.

He gave His life upon the cross,
In death our sins to bear;
To save us from eternal loss,
That His life we might share.

O may we not such love abuse,
But heed His loving voice;
And nevermore may we refuse
To make of Him our choice.

The world makes promises untrue,
To lead poor souls astray;
To make them think 'tis right to do
The things that do not pay.

The enemy of all that's good
Is trying to deceive;
To make us think a big falsehood
Is what we should believe.

It is the saddest of all thought,
That many do not prize
The life our Savior's blood has bought—
The life that never dies.

Our blessed Savior told us this:
The world would love its own,
But because that we are His,
The world would us disown.

The thing for us is to obey
The blessed word of God,
And let our feet walk in the way
Our blessed Savior trod.

And now it's up to us to make
The choice of roads we choose,
For if we do our Lord forsake,
Eternal life we'll lose.

“For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” Romans 6:23.

New Life Mission *Life Savor*

Published by New Life Mission (NLM), a charitable ministry dedicated to the work of sharing information on prophecy, health, temperance & religious education in Oklahoma and abroad since 1986.

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Contact Us!

Directors: Rodney & Patricia Heinrich
Branches: Canada, New York & South Dakota
Copy Editors: CMK & NLNL Editorial Services
Mail: PO Box 340, Okeene OK 73763
Phone: (877) 357-8773
Email: nlm.office@NewLifeMission1986.org
Website: www.NewLifeMission1986.org
Church: 121 S Chisholm Trail, Dover OK 73734
Church Mail: PO Box 147, Dover OK 73734
Radio: KIEL 89.3 FM
Twitter: [Twitter.com/newlifemissions](https://twitter.com/newlifemissions)
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