

## THE PARALYZING NEGATION

THE INVASION of Israel by Gog and his hordes **“in the latter days”** has been studied by us in regard to its SOURCE, its SEQUENCE, its SCENE, its SCALE and its SEASON.

Ezekiel informs us that from the north of the Promised Land, with devastating suddenness, Israel is invaded on a vast scale in the **“latter days.”**

Behold the Land of Israel stretched out before your eyes like the harmonious stringed instrument upon which King David, that sweet psalmist of Israel, plucked out his immortal melodies.

All is harmony and concord when, abruptly, the gnarled thumb of war's ugly fist ruthlessly cuts across the tuneful strings in hateful discord.

The mountains of Israel, erstwhile craning their sun-bright summits skyward to the Most High in adoring praise for their redemption, suddenly resound with the vulgar clamour of the invader!

Paralyzed by the paroxysm, Israel waits dissemination when, with an instantaneity that puts the invasion itself into the category of slow motion, the invader suffers the sudden shock of express Divine interposition!

The God and Keeper of Israel Whose eyes never close upon His land and His people invades Gog from the heavens above!

What natural resources the Almighty God possesses when He chooses to wage war. Earthquake, hailstones, fire, brimstone and pestilence are among His armaments. The God of the atom is a formidable enemy.

Through the yielded lips of His devoted prophet Ezekiel the Eternal God of Israel hurls the dread fiat:

ההנני אליך גוג נשיא ראש משך ותבל

**“Behold, I am against you, O Gog, chief prince of Rosh, Meshech, and Tubal ...”** (Ezekiel 38:3)

With shattering decisiveness the fist of God Almighty smites aggression at its ugly root and Gog reels beneath the blow.

With graphic anthropomorphism the Scripture recounts it. Let me quote in full from Ezekiel's thirty-eighth chapter and verses eighteen to twenty-three. Here are the words:

**“And it shall come to pass in that day, when Gog shall come against the land of Israel, says the Lord God, that My fury shall arise up in My nostrils. For in My jealousy and in the fire of My wrath have I spoken: Surely in that day there shall be a great shaking in the land of Israel;**

**“So that the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the heaven, and the beasts of the field and all creeping things that creep upon the ground, and all the men that are upon the face of the earth, shall shake at My presence, and the mountains shall be thrown down, and the steep places shall fall, and every wall shall fall to the ground.**

**“And I will call for a sword against him throughout all My mountains, says the Lord God; every man’s sword shall be against his brother. And I will plead against him with pestilence and with blood; and I will cause to rain upon him, and upon his bands, and upon the many peoples that are with him, an overflowing shower, and great hailstones, fire, and brimstone.**

**“Thus will I magnify Myself, and sanctify Myself, and I will make Myself known in the eyes of many nations; and they shall know that I am the Lord.” (Ezekiel 38:18–23)**

Here is majestic and dreadful language indeed. Unexpectedly, the Divine wrath bursts upon the invader with terrible grandeur.

Gog and his hordes are smitten with a dread and uncontrollable panic; consternation takes over and fearful chaos whirls the intruders into a vortex of mad terror in which an insane frenzy turns the blade of every man’s sword against his own brother.

Fear, stark and palpitating, sucks up the aggressors and hurls them against each other in mutual slaughter, bloody and murderous; for fear feels no pity and terror closes the ears of the mind.

How well may we apply the words of Shakespeare to such a scene:

“It is the part of men to fear and tremble  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us. (Julius Caesar, Act 1, Scene 3)

Gog’s hate proves to be a halter around his own neck to lead him to destruction **“upon the mountains of Israel”** as the blasting fury from the nostrils of an outraged God smites the scene and circumstance with supernatural visitation.

The evil Gog had threatened Israel with a positive necrology, but the God of Israel blast’s Gog’s purpose with a paralyzing negation.

The lifeless bodies of the smitten invaders strew the ground over wide areas; indeed, the region itself becomes a vast banquet table upon which are scattered, in careless disarrangement, the copious and flaccid fruits of fratricide and judgement.

To this grisly feast Heaven issues a blanket invitation to the ravenous birds of the air and the devouring beasts of the field who cram their bellies with the unexpected ration in gormandizing voracity.

Well do I remember traversing the famous Valley of Jezreel in the land of Israel not so very long ago, when my attention was arrested by the sight of a flock of huge birds of prey quite close to the

road upon which I travelled; vultures, I feel sure they were, and I photographed the ugly creatures from the distance. Vultures in Esdraelon; birds of prey already in the valley of Armageddon. Surely prophecy provides a mighty feast for them in the years ahead!

But even so large a company of gruesome guests is inadequate to cope with the inelegant repast, so earth's dark storehouse must enclose the surplus.

We are informed that the process of burial will occupy a period of seven months and that a whole valley east of the Dead Sea will be converted into a vast necropolis in which Gog and his invading hordes are interred.

Even after this seven months the services of special officers will be required to search out and to bury the bodies that remain that the land may be cleansed from the defilement of the invading hosts.

That precious land of Israel, which once wrapped its soil in the black shroud of neglect and separation from the sons of Israel throughout the long Galut, but which sprang to cast off its gloomy garniture and exchange it for the glad garlands of bridal reunion at Israel's return, now reaches back into time's dark wardrobe to recover the cerements of her previous bereavement wherewith to enshroud the carrion carcasses of Gog and all the hordes and people associated with him.

No muffled drum or ceremonious catafalque for Gog!

"Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Thus, my friends, malignity becomes manure for the multitudes. But note something more.

The outpoured Divine judgement is so engulfing that it bursts the boundaries of the local area of the scene of the invasion and extends into the very land of Magog and into the lands which vomited forth the foreign influx.

The scorching intensity and the supernatural character of the Divine manifestation coupled with the searching thoroughness of Gog's overthrow will convince mankind in general that they have witnessed a God-initiated act of retribution.

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**(1900-1964)**

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