

And the dragon gave the beast his power and his throne and great authority...

The Pax Romana has ceased,
Everything of old is made new,
Universal confusion rules the day,
But wherever a Bishop holds his staff,
The old ancient order is preserved.

The new Papal Rome,
Slowly ascends above the horizon,
And the Roman Emperors are no more,
But Pontifex Maximus abides over all,
Subduing the old civilization and tribes of the north,
Claiming to be the Vicar of Christ,
Vicarius Filii Dei.

You convert them to your creed,
Serving you as father and judge supreme,
You say you hold the keys of Peter,
The power to unlock heaven and hell,
To lose and bind the above as the below,
You declared yourself to be the ultimate Bridgebuilder,
To be like and above the most high.

But where did you come from?
And what was once thy name?
On which foundation have you built your system of beliefs,
Your traditions, your altars of sacrifice and your cults of death?
How did you survive for centuries?
What is your agenda, your secret to worldly success?
And why were you hidden for so long from the common eye?

You hold the title Pontifex Maximus,
That has its origin in the ancient times of the Chaldeans,
And can be traced back to the empire of Babylon,

Once conquered by the Medo-Persians,
Your Priesthood revolted,
And was driven out of the Medo -Persian Empire,
Taking with them their believes,
Their titles and vestures,
Mithraism,
And even the ungodly fish heads of Dagon.

Your Babylonian Priests of old,
Initiated in the secret teachings of ancient times,
Well instructed in the worship of the sun,
Dressed in colors of purple and crimson,
Symbolizing royalty / kingship and blood / sacrifice,
Established soon a new religious and cultural center,
High up on top of the mountain,
At a place called Pergamum what means elevation or exalted.

Above who you think to elevate yourself,
Or to be exalted on this conspicuous mountain,
Where scripture speaks of,
Is the seat of the Dragon,
The throne of Satan?

How is it that you never were conquered?
Nor by Greeks or by Romans?
Literally spoken,
Your place was the place,
Where the famous altar of Zeus stood.

Your temples and theatres became a magnet for the people,
Wisely situated along the Roman postal road,
And after Alexandria,
You established the second largest library,
All this grew your political and spiritual influence.

The serpent wrapped around a pole,
Asclepius, the serpent god,

Became your medical symbol,
And much more,
As like today,
You welcomed every religious sect,
And even my people were within your ranks.

When King Attalus in 133BC,
Had bequeathed his title Pontifex Maximus,
To the pagan Roman Emperors,
State and Religion once more found and kissed each other,
And the seeds of Paganism began to bear fruit.

As the years past,
From the reign of Julius Caesar to Augustus,
The authority in the person of the Emperor increased,
Even the Jews proclaimed,
"We have no King but Caesar."

The use of Dominus Noster ("Our Lord") was recommended,
Meanwhile Christianity merged out of Judaism,
Through the holy sacrifice of the KING of Kings,
And shortly after,
Emperor Nero counseled by his mystic Simon Magus,
Started to persecute the Christians as consequence.

When Satan realized,
That he could not destroy Christianity,
Through vile persecution,
He changed his tactic slowly,
From persecution to deception,
But this time most successfully.

While the time passed,
In the reign of Constantine,
Emperor Constantine converted to Christianity,
He kept the title Pontifex Maximus,
And in 322AD he baptized Paganism.

He lowered the standards of Christianity,
Trying to bring peace, unity and security,
He also transferred the Lord's seventh Day to Sun-day,
Marrying Paganism with Christianity.

As time went on...

In 378AD Emperor Gratian refused the title,
And officially proclaimed Pontifex Maximus,
Is unbecoming for a Christian.
Damascus who was Bishop of Rome,
Then took the title upon himself,
Crowning himself as the Ultimate Bridgebuilder.

In exchange for religious tolerance and acceptance,
The true principals of Christianity,
Were sacrificed,
To accommodate Pagan beliefs,
For this,
Pergamon represents,
The historical period of compromise.

My dear church in Pergamon,
Not only fraternized and compromised,
With those who held the doctrines of Baalam,
By eating things sacrificed to idols,
And by committing spiritual fornication.

But when you started shaking hands with the Nicolaitans,
Many of you fell from truth,
And from there,
Into spiritual decline and moral corruption.

Through Syncretism and doctrinal error,
By uplifting works over faith,
Yes even over the grace of God,
Many of my people went astray.

And as it happened in the past,
When my people worshipped in pagan cults,
And obscure festivals,
There is and will be,
“Nothing new under the sun.”

Within the midst of Pergamon,
Some few held fast to my name,
And did not deny my faith,
Even in those days,
Wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr,
Who was slain among you,
Where Satan dwelled.

Since the drift from the true faith of the early apostles,
There were always those,
Who sought to maintain the true faith in Christ,
Those that kept faithful and loyal,
Even through the centuries of spiritual darkness that followed.

The promise to the faithful of Pergamos,
“To him that overcometh,
Will I give to eat from the hidden Manna,
A new life in Christ,
And will give him a white stone,
What means,
(Freedom from slavery of sin.)
And in that stone,
A new name written,
Which no man knoweth,
Saving He that receiveth it.”
The new name represents a transformed character,
Through the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit.

To walk on in history...
Compromise and deception continued its way,

Meanwhile the Roman Empire broke to pieces,
And fell into ten parts by 476AD,
The rise of the famous ten horns,
Or better,
The birth of the ten Kingdoms,
Including...
Alemanni, Franks, Anglo-Saxons,
Burgundians, Visigoths, Suevi,
Lombards, Heruli, Vandals and Ostrogoths.

By the end of 538AD,
Emperor Justinian decreed Christianity,
To be the official Religion of the Empire,
Joining Church and State,
The two swords of authority,
Uniting the civil and religious power "just for once again."
This was the beginning of the dark ages,
The rise and reign of the little horn power,
That would dominate and manipulate not only Europe,
But the whole world.

During this time,
"He shall speak *great* words against the most High,
And shall wear out the saints of the most High,
And think to change **times** and **laws**:
And they shall be given into his hand
Until a time and times
And the dividing of time."
Or in other words,
For 1260 years.

What moves us from the church of Pergamon,
Forwards to the church of Thyatira,
Not only in metaphor,
But also in space and time...

West of Pergamos,

On the imperial Road,
We find Thyatira,
What means "sweet savour of labor",
Famous for its industries of dyeing clothes,
Especially for the colors of purple and crimson.

Apollo, the sun god,
Was the chief deity of the city,
In a spiritual sense spoken,
You dressed sun-worship into a garb of Christianity.

You replaced the elevating truth and hope of the gospel,
With forms, rituals and objects,
Substituting and sacrificing faith for works.
Masquerading pagan deity's under gospel titles,
You ended up replacing,
The way, the truth and the life.

The vestments of the priesthood remained,
In purple and crimson,
The symbols of Dagon the fish god,
Became the symbols of the so called,
"Shepards of the flock",
And the ancient Babylonian mysteries were reintroduced.

The church became again a temple of sacrifice,
Rebuking at the altar,
And in plain sight,
Through round wafers, wine and transubstantiation,
The true victory,
The only holy sacrifice established at the cross.

The Cult of the Saints was stimulated,
By pagan concepts of inferior divinities,
Demigods and Demons,
Blood sacrifices to Idols and Saints,
Religious festivals of worship were incorporated,

By tradition in the name of true worship.

There you occupy and sit,
On my holy mountain,
Above all the waters,
Nations, people and multitudes,
Overlooking the geopolitical and religious chessboard of time.

“Unto the angel of the church in Thyatira write;
These things saith the Son of God,
Who hath his eyes like unto a flame of fire,
And his feet are like fine brass;
I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith,
And thy patience,
And thy works;
And the last to be more than the first...”
“Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee,
Because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel,
Which calleth herself a prophetess,
To teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication,
And to eat things sacrificed unto idols.
And I gave her space
To repent of her fornication;
And she repented not.
Behold, I will cast her into a bed,
And them that commit adultery with her into great tribulation,
Except they repent of their deeds.

All the churches shall know that I am he
which searcheth the reins and hearts:
And I will give unto every one of you
According to your works.

But unto you I say, and unto the rest in Thyatira,
As many as have not this doctrine,
And which have not known the depths of Satan,
As they speak; I will put upon you none other burden.

But that which ye have already hold fast till I come.

He that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end,
to him will I give power over the nations:
And he shall rule them with a rod of iron;
As the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers:
Even as I received of my Father.
And I will give him the morning star.
He that hath an ear,
Let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”
“Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions;
So iniquity shall not be your ruin.”