

Hidden Forces Working below the Surface

It was just 70 years ago, and I was seven. We boarded the passenger liner 'Montoro' for my first overseas voyage. I well remember passing under the Sydney Harbour Bridge before it had been joined in the middle. We were on our way to Rabaul, on the island of New Britain, north of Papua-New Guinea. My father had commenced a building business up there during the depression some two years earlier, and we were at last re-joining him. We lived in a rented house at a place called *Valour* on the opposite side of the harbour to Rabaul. I well remember waking in the middle of the night to find my parents frantically taking all the crockery off the shelves and placing them on the floor so they wouldn't fall and break because of earth-tremors.

Some twelve months later we returned to Sydney on the 'Macduhi' (which was later sunk by the Japanese in Port Moresby Harbour during WW2), as mum was expecting her third child, who became my youngest brother. There was no way known that she was going to have him at the local hospital as they were in those days. After another two years we returned to New Guinea on the 'Neptuna' (which was later blown up during the Japanese air-raids on Darwin), but this time to the mainland to a town called Wau, the centre of the goldfields in the highlands. We disembarked at a place called Salamaua, on the north coast, and I had my first flight in an aeroplane to Wau. It was a single-engined German Junkers. Mum and the baby sat up front in the open cockpit with the pilot, whilst Dad and my other brother and I sat on the cargo in the main cabin, and hung on for dear life to the ropes holding them down. We couldn't hear a thing for hours after landing.

As part of his business, Dad on one occasion flew to Rabaul to check on one of his contracts. It is a terribly hot place, and he and a friend decided one day to go to the local swimming baths to cool off, which was a portion of the bay fenced with shark-proof netting, just opposite where we had lived a few years previously. They got out of their jalopy, and as they walked down to the water they were surprised to see some smoke rising from the middle of the baths. The smoke intensified very quickly, and as they watched, the tip of a cone started to rise from the water, out of which the smoke was emerging. As the cone grew larger by the minute, they realised what was happening. It was the formation of a new volcano, which was later given the name of 'Vulcan'. It was spewing pumice everywhere, and the road to Rabaul being already cut by a landslide, they headed for the hills. It entirely changed the shape of Rabaul Harbour, and the house in which we had lived a few years earlier, together with a little church into which many of the natives had taken shelter, was by now under some 20 feet of pumice, the natives being buried alive.

To make things more interesting, there was a severe electrical storm, and an older volcano on the opposite side of Rabaul township erupted in sympathy, hurling out great rocks the size of motor cars. Naturally, the township was devastated, as I witnessed a few months later when my Dad took me there for a visit.

No doubt you will be wondering why I am recounting this event. Well, volcanoes don't just happen on the spur of the moment. They are the final result of centuries of hidden forces working below the surface of which nobody, or at least very few, are aware. But the time comes when they burst forth to view, causing untold misery, devastation, and consternation. Their effects are felt in far distant places. We felt the earthquakes from hundreds of miles away, not knowing what had happened until Dad arrived safely back at Wau some weeks later. The most frightening aspect of this kind of event is that there is absolutely nothing that anyone can do about it.

As I thought back on this experience, I realised how indicative -- if not prophetic -- this was of our present position. For centuries, even millenia, powerful forces have been operating relentlessly under the surface of world events, totally unknown to the general public. Some 3,000 years ago Esau sold his birthright in exchange for material gratification, thus losing the blessing which then automatically passed to his brother Jacob to whom he had so carelessly and indifferently sold this birthright. When he realised the awesome results of his rash action, and that it could not be revoked, he promised that after his father Isaac died, he would kill his brother Jacob, in order to retrieve this birthright. The entire history of the world ever since that day has been in some form or other, the result of this vow. The forces of Esau, or Edom, or Zionism, as his descendants became known, have been working relentlessly ever since to destroy his brother Jacob's descendants. They were the Idumeans of our Lord's day. They became the founders of communism, and the source of every evil under which the Christian nations now suffer. Just as the volcanoes of which I spoke arose seemingly out of nowhere to devastate Rabaul in the late 1930's, so these destroyers have now arisen to full view. Their activities are no longer hidden. They don't have to be, as they fully realise that their plans are so far advanced, that we can now do nothing to stop their march of devastation to ultimate victory.

Their problem is that they have reckoned without the intervention of the Lord God of Israel. He has set a time limit upon their activities beyond which they will not be permitted to pass. And just as we have, generally speaking, not realised the danger in which we have been placed by them, so they likewise have no idea of what is about to happen to them. God did not make all His wonderful promises just to see them destroyed by His sworn enemies. His Word is final, and without revocation, as we read in [Isaiah 34:5](#), "*For My sword is satiated in heaven, Behold it shall descend for judgment upon Edom, and upon the people whom I have devoted to destruction.*" ([Frank W. Dowsett](#) reprinted from *The Strategy* Vol. 11 No. 122).