

# "THE PARABLE OF THE ELECT"

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The entire combined military forces of the East were drawn inexorably to the plains of Megiddo. Like moths to a flame they came; but they were far more colorful. From a distance, they appeared to be a field of flowers in brilliant bloom completely covering the hillsides at the end of the valley. Red...blue...beige...green – seemed to wave in the slight breeze, which moved up between the hills from the south. Shoulder to shoulder, they covered the earth's surface so that as far as the eye could see, nothing but a sea of human faces greeted the keen vigil of Colonel Samuel O. South as he again placed his field glasses to his weary eyes.

To his back in the Southern end of the valley stood the entire army of the West...millions of men...mountains of equipment arrayed to fight the battle that some western journalists were styling as the "Battle of Armageddon." This phrase, of course was taken from the Bible. Colonel South didn't know much about that; but he did know that it was his duty to scout the enemy, and, if possible, find a vulnerable spot in which to attack. To do this he had sent three of his best scouts to circumnavigate the enemy lines to seek out such a spot. They were due to return any moment.

By 0200 their report was in. They had made the trip undetected. The report contained information that the entire ammunition supplies for the East were strangely assembled, and stockpiled into a gigantic dump in a canyon behind the right flank of the enemy lines. If this supply depot could be blown up completely, the enemy would have left only the shells, which were contained in the guns. When this ammunition was expended, the battle would be over, and the West would win a tremendous victory! Never again would the East be allowed to rearm. The West would be the policemen for the entire world to see that it was so!

Perhaps the reason Col. South seemed so nervous was the fact that it fell his responsibility to choose the team of soldiers who would attempt this daring feat. Volunteers, as much as they are always appreciated, would not suffice for this mission. This was the mission of the ages, a mission to end war forever and save untold millions of lives and billions in property. This was truly a time, which "tried a man's soul." Rank and longevity were of no importance here. Truly the most daring, qualified, and trustworthy men must be chosen. Fifty men would be needed to work in five teams comprised of ten men each. The mission would have to be carried out that night, as it was certain that the enemy would attack at dawn the next morning. Colonel South asked his orderly to see that 7<sup>th</sup> Army, his old standby, was assembled. These were men that he knew...had marched with...had fought with, and had been with in all possible situations for a number of years. He would get his fifty men here. He would go no further. As Col. South looked into their anxious faces, he calmly called the names of fifty men and asked the Sergeant to have these men report to him at 1600 hours and to dismiss the others.

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When the fifty seasoned men filed into the "Ready Room" at four P.M. and took seats in an orderly fashion, Sergeant Thomas called their names in alphabetical order: "Adams...here!...Butler...here!...Cummings...here!..." After the fifty names were called, each answering with a crisp..."here," Sergeant Thomas stuck the clipboard under his arm and turned to the door as Colonel South strolled in with an aire of confidence and control. In as few words as necessary he outlined the plan for the destruction of the Ammunition Dump; then in measured words he told them the importance of the mission-finishing wit ... "Men...absolutely no soldiers in the history of the world, whether they be a company or an entire army, ...have ever had as much riding on the outcome of their actions as you men...here tonight! The success of this single mission will bring and end to this war, which will absolutely put an end to war for all time on planet earth. Not only our prayers here; but the prayers of all Christendom go with you. Good luck...and God bless!

Within the hour after the special forces team had departed on this unprecedented mission, Sergeant Thomas came running into Colonel South's office, and with extreme excitement in his voice stammering..."Colonel...Colonel...there are hundred and fifty newsmen from newspapers and networks all over the world banging on the door of the Ready Room...they are shouting for a press conference...Colonel...Sir...they want your hide...It seems as if someone told one of them that all of the men you picked for the mission were white, and that you disregarded the international agreement as well as your own country's policy in the matter of an ethnically balanced army...including all of its missions and assignments!"

Colonel South looked straight into the Sergeant's clear blue eyes and in a calm...even...voice said, "Sergeant...go back and let the reporters into the room...seat them...give them coffee...and assure them that I will be along shortly with a statement." The Sergeant departed almost as quickly as he had entered, and the Colonel stared at the closed door behind him. "Well...nobody ever said it would be easy... It is often lonely at the top," he mused. Nobody helped Jesus Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane...He had to make the decision alone to drink the cup...I will have to make mine alone...no...I already made it when I picked those men...that was the hard part...now I must simply answer for my actions."

He thought of the parable of the vineyard that Jesus had given: Workers had been hired in town at different times of day, who were all promised the same amount of money regardless of the length of time they worked, because the harvest had to be in by sundown. However, out in the field the workers started talking among themselves and soon learned that they were all making the same amount of money even though some started at six in the morning and others at two in the afternoon. They summoned the Master who had hired them and complained that he was unfair. He asked if he had not stated to each of them the amount to be paid and that each had agreed? They answered, "Yes..." The Master then stated, "Who are you to tell me what to do with what is mine?" With these thoughts still turning over in hid mind...he strolled down the corridor, and into the Ready Room.

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Colonel South...is it true..." "were all of those men White?" ... "Colonel...did you break Army..." "Do you live in an all White neighborhood?" "Are you a White Supremist?"...All at once these condemning questions were hurled at him like darts...and they hurt just as much as if they had been.

Gentlemen...and ladies...please be seated, and I will be able to answer all of your questions on this subject. I cannot however, divulge any particulars of the mission; but I know very well why you are here...therefore my remarks will be limited to this single issue, and when I am finished I will have absolutely nothing else to say on the subject – and the press conference will terminate."

"I am a professional soldier. I am also a commanding officer. It is my duty to plan and execute both missions and battles. I have had much experience doing both. It is my responsibility for the success or failure of this mission. This is the most important mission in my entire life. Not only my life; but yours as well depends upon its success. You see, we are outnumbered some 8 to 1 in the field. While it is true our fire power is greater, we cannot bring it all to bear on the enemy at the same time; therefore we must resort to hand to hand fighting in many areas of the front. In this, the sheer power of numbers alone will cause us to lose the battle...thus losing the war for the West! It is therefore, imperative that the mission on which I sent fifty young men...be successful. It was not only my responsibility, but my duty to choose the best men for the job at hand. This I did...I did it without any thought of racial quotas in mind, or any other such nonsense. I picked men whom I knew personally, and was secure in the fact that if anybody could do this job...they could. It was my responsibility to do this. Anything less, would have been both disastrous and dishonorable to my country!"

"You see, gentlemen and ladies of the press, great decisions are always made by individuals...not committees. From the beginning of time it was so! "The clay does not question the potter." AND YOU ARE THE CLAY. The Decision as to who would go on the mission was mine to make – not yours, and I made it! I did not seek your advice, opinion, or consent before I made the decision, nor do I seek it now! Your thinking on the matter is as far from mine as "the East is from the West." Nor do I wish to have your opinions thrust upon me in the form of questions after my statement, and that is why the press conference is over when I am through talking. Even if the mission is successful, and your own lives are saved because of it, your opinions will not be changed; because I am "spreading my seed on rocky ground." You know in your mind that absolutely no treasured work of art...be it a painting, or ballet...or opera...was created by a committee with racial quotas...They were all accomplished by fiercely independent individuals such as Van Gough, Rembrandt, Michael Angelo, Strauss, Brahms, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky (Swan Lake). Yet you still continue to mouth your paltry slogans and carp your ethnic quotas...but from the beginning of time they had no place in God's Laws – nor do they in mine! Goodnight ladies and gentlemen..."

The deathly silence was broken by the buzz of the intercom on his desk. As colonel South picked it up his eyes passed the chronometer on the wall before him. It registered 03:00. The voice at the other end of the wire was Sergeant Thomas and he hurriedly

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advised that the Special Forces team was back and assembled in the ready room. Colonel South spoke crisply into the receiver, "Bring in coffee, sandwiches, cold drinks, and what-ever-else you can think of, and tell them that I will be there shortly.

When Colonel South strode into the Ready Room, he found some 25-30 of the men in soiled and torn fatigues. Many of them had cuts about their faces and hands; yet they were smiling. Adams had a cup of black coffee in his left hand and was gesturing with his right. "As you were," the Colonel snapped as the men started to come to attention. "Lt. Adams...give me a brief report of your mission."

"Colonel...the mission is a success. In 30 minutes the entire dump will be dust in the air. We planted plastic explosives in all key positions within the dump, and set them to detonate at 4:00 hours. We should be able to see and hear the explosions from here. There is enough ammunition there to give us the biggest bang we have ever heard. We lost two of our teams to rear guard action as we were detected when entering the wooded area to the West of the dump. They remained behind and fought off the enemy, which allowed us to escape. That's about it Colonel, it is almost 04:00. I request permission to adjourn this meeting to the deck outside so that we can observe the fireworks."

"Permission granted."

The men grabbed up sandwiches and coffee and stepped outside into the cool morning air. As the last one was stepping through the door a light flashed in the sky North of the valley. The entire horizon was lighted up, a few seconds later the floor shook beneath them from the explosion. Large and small flashes of light continued to play upon the darkened sky above, followed by a continued rumble of explosions. The men were overcome with both fatigue and joy. They had done it...and had lived to tell the tale.

The press wires hummed. "The war was over"... "victory had been won"... "there would be no more war." However, according to the press it was a hollow victory because only White men had been used for the mission contrary to ethnic quota agreements. (forced upon the Army by politicians) But this time it did not work, everyone supported Colonel South and he became a super-national hero. The country's longest parade from San Francisco to New York City was in the making and Colonel South would head it up. The largest trash company in America was placing 500 trucks in the parade and they would be used for collecting the papers along the way, which defamed the "Colonel", for his bigotry. When it reached New York City, the parade would go down Broadway and terminate at the incinerator for a huge "PAPER BURNING."

You see, no one (except the press delivering) really cared whether it was Whites. Blacks, Browns, or Yellows who were chosen...they were just thankful that it was successful. After all, twenty of them did not come back. Death knows no color. And "in war ...there is no substitute for Victory." And as Christ taught "you are either for me or against me!"