



A CRACK IN THE DAM?

Funding 10% of our filming in Israel was a godsend. But will this businessman's kindness inspire?

“Brother Mould,” she said, “why are you putting these sermons on the internet? Aren't you afraid somebody will steal them and do the very things you want to do with them?” That was one of my friends from *Denham Town*, reacting to the fact that on September 17th I'd posted on-line the script for the seven sermons I hope to preach at *The Dome of the Rock*. Her remarks came as no surprise, really, for others have told me the same.

I talk too much.

I reveal too much.

I open up way more than is required – but stealing sermons, who'd do that?

“Are you referring to somebody who might have the money to pull off this challenge to Islam: i.e., to put the posters on New York's subways plus film at the *Dome Of The Rock*?” I asked.

“Yes Brother Mould,” she slowly answered.

“Well that's just a risk we'll have to take,” I replied, “for as I said years ago I really don't see anyone copying this – for obvious

reasons. For example: what supermarket is he or she going to shop in after these videos are posted?”

- Moslem jihadists will put a price on the head of whoever preaches these sermons, for sure, so where will he or she hide?
- Who would want, voluntarily, to be the next **Salman Rushdie**?”

Fleeing for his life in 1989 after death-threats (plus a *fatwa* from Iran's Supreme Leader) were issued against him, Rushdie's only crime was to have published a book that some Moslems saw as blasphemy. Its title: *The Satanic Verses*. For all I

know he may still be in hiding. So, no, I'm really not afraid of anybody copying our marketing strategy or sermons. Yet if God allows someone to do just that, I know I'm supposed to say “I'd jump for joy, for at least the gospel would be preached,” but I'd be a liar. It'd be a hard pill to swallow, for **I confess I want to preach these sermons at the Dome more than I want to live.** It's not that I want to die or have any secret death wish; it's just that other than advancing the work of Christ, nothing else on this earth has any meaning to me.

“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.”
Philippians 1:21.



Salman Rushdie

Can you think of the irony though? David Mould, the “outcast,” leading millions of Moslems and Jews to the Messiah! The “loose cannon,” the “rabid anti-Catholic,” or, most recently, the “renegade Seventh-day Adventist,” standing outside the *Dome* and preaching to the world? That would be way too difficult for some to swallow, I know, but I still can't see anybody risking his or her life just to make sure they beat us to the punch. Who'd want to do that?

I know I'm hated in some circles. People either

love me (like they did in Nassau last month when I preached there), or they hate me. That's something I've lived with ever since we unveiled our Time Magazine ad for *The Great Controversy* in 1990. Even then I wasn't so sure that that hatred was directed toward me; I thought it was all about our book. To this day I don't know who in the General Conference organized that attack. **Lincoln Steed**, who knows, won't tell me, but it was real. It was felt. It was vicious. And it almost wiped us out. Of course I've forgiven whoever it was, but as new attacks unfolded I had to ask the Lord: am I cursed?

Maybe it's just that I'm from the wrong side of the tracks, I thought, no blue-blood in my veins. Maybe I'm just too plain spoken. Or maybe it's because our ministry isn't afraid to attempt what others think is impossible. I suspect some get really offended at that. Maybe our willingness to try unorthodox methods for God shows up the incompetence and laziness of some who'd just as soon draw a salary while doing nothing – who knows?

Or maybe it's none of the above. I know I talk too much, hold contrary views and for the most part just don't fit in with the Adventist "in crowd," but I don't want to fit in. I'm quite comfortable right where God has put me: i.e., in the so-called "ghettos" of Jamaica, where I fit in with the underclass – hard working people for the most part, but, yes, sprinkled in here and there you'll definitely find more than just the occasional murderer, thief, or whore. I'm also quite comfortable running our independent ministry here in Florida. Been doing it for 34 years now.

Bottom line: If we're going to win this race over in Jerusalem – if we're to succeed with our sermons in front of the *Dome* and *Wailing Wall* – chances are it'll have to be over every obstacle that demons and men can put before us. There's only one obstacle out there that I fear though, and that's *time*. Time! Tragically, I see windows closing before our very eyes. For one, unless God steps in, sooner or later *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* will be among those books banned by the U.N. or some super agency because they offend someone's religious sensitivities. You and I both know that sort of charade is coming.

Today, with the internet running at full steam, we can see Satan desperately working to restrict what can be published on it and to shut up free speech. I hate to keep bringing up his name, but **Lincoln Steed** sees it too. He knows where all this

is headed and sees *The Great Controversy* right in the mix of restricted literature.

Besides the blacklisting of God's priceless book, there's the ancient city Jerusalem. That swath of real estate, so rich in history, could be here today and gone tomorrow too, swallowed up in some



Gathering hope from a horse.

nuclear, biological, or chemical strike. That's why I say that in order to pull this project off – in order to win this race – it'll have to be Jesus Himself riding this horse. I know this for a fact.

You know something? There's a horse coming to my mind just now who's been the subject of our newsletters before. Maybe I'll go back into our archives just now and bring him forth for consideration again. Before I do, let's read what was said not only about him, but also the jockey who most frequently rode him, **Red Pollard**.

"HE WAS BLOCKY, HE WAS COARSE, CRUDE-LOOKING"

Gene Smith, Writer: He suffered career-ending injuries and surmounted them, he ran until a very advanced age, and he was ridden by a jockey who suffered calamitous accidents, who somehow pulled himself together... two crippled old men [horse and jockey] who go out in a blaze of glory and do great things. To a depression-ridden, anxious, frightened nation, it must have come like a great sunrise.

Norah Christianson, Red Pollard's Daughter: I think that my father understood that it was just by chance that he became famous. So many millions have talent or beauty, and they haven't been in the right place at the right time, they haven't drifted into an arena where they could be appreciated. I think he knew that very deeply.

Laura Hillenbrand, Author: There is something quintessentially American about everyone in this story. About the ability to triumph over hardship—that's the journey, that's the journey toward the American dream. This country was built on that. And he embodies that more than anybody else. He is an extraordinary story that way.

The horse, of course, was **Seabiscuit**. As for his ability to triumph over hardship? That's what he did – and that's what his jockey, **Red Pollard** did – again and again! As for the comment by Red Pollard's daughter – that comment about her father having drifted into an arena where he could be appreciated? **That comment is for me.** I may not fit in among the righteous, will never preach at 3-ABN or the Hope Channel (or in my local church, for that matter) but I believe there's a *Wall* and a

JERUSALEM
That swath of real estate could be here today and gone tomorrow, swallowed up in some nuclear, chemical, or biological strike.



Dome waiting for me, yea, a pulpit erected by Almighty God, and I'm marching steadily toward it.

It was **Luther** who wrote: "May God of His mercy preserve me from a church in which there are none but saints. I desire to dwell with the humble, the feeble, the sick, who know and feel their sins, and who groan and cry continually to God from the bottom of their hearts to obtain His consolation and support." *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy*, page 191. Most assuredly the great reformer was speaking for me. But back to Seabiscuit, whose story is so compelling in the way it fairly shouts out the mantra: **Never quit! Never, never, never, give up!** If you haven't already, I wish you'd watch this documentary with me. You'll understand David Mould a whole lot better when you do.

Biscuit and Pollard: their story transcends the sport of horse racing and lands in our laps today as the inspiring metaphor prefiguring this layman's yearning to try the impossible – i.e., this layman's yearning to detonate the word of God (specifically the prophecy of Daniel 9: 24 and 25) to attract Moslems and Jews to the cross of Calvary at the same time. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12:32. Oh how I long to prove the sheer, raw, nuclear power laying dormant in this verse. That's why these sermons are written the way they are. They've been designed to lift Jesus up before the world as best as my poor fallible mind can lift Him.

AN ENCOURAGING MEETING

Shortly after listening to the concerns of my friend in *Denham Town*, I traveled to South Florida to meet with a businessman who expressed an interest in partnering with us in our ministry. To begin with, he said, **he'd like to underwrite 10% of the expenses required to fulfill our dream in Jerusalem** – with more to come. That 10% could amount to \$3,000 or \$10,000, depending on how many people come with us on our trip.

Why's this so exciting? Maybe you don't know what it is to have your car running on fumes, but I do! Oh how I long for a full gas tank, just like the super-ministries. Could this businessman's offer be the crack in the dam? Are there **nine more** out there who'll match (or exceed) him? I believe there are many more than nine who sense the awesomeness of what it is we're attempting to do for our God, many more who just needed to see someone step up to the plate – thus inspiring them to give or pledge also. Are you one? Will you stand too?

If all we do is film, then our budget will be \$30,000. What I'd told our brother before he made his offer, however, is that I have this dream of taking with me to Jerusalem maybe a dozen or so people from the mission-field, some of them church members, others not. Some live in *Denham Town* and experience the mayhem of shootings and murder almost on a daily basis. To date over 30 have been killed in their community this year. What a tragedy! I was there barely a month ago and can tell you a little of what it feels like to walk those streets. Twice, shortly after having left the community for the night, a barrage of bullets rang out – men shooting at men, for what? One night, I was told, it lasted for hours.

I'd like these poor, even if it is only for a week, to experience something other than the regularly dispensed mayhem offered up in *Denham Town* and *Tivoli Gardens*. These people have got to be nervous wrecks if every day they're forced to con-

front murder, or the news of murder, sometimes maybe just a few yards from where they live. Children are traumatized by these gunshots, I can tell you that. I'd give almost anything to be able to take some of them with me to Jerusalem. Frankly, I'd love it if you who are reading this could come too. Among other things I'd like these poor to experience Golgotha. Once in the Bible the place of Christ's crucifixion is called Calvary (Luke 23:33), but Matthew, Mark and John use its Hebrew name, Golgotha, the place of a skull.

"And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha."

John 19:17.



I'd like all on our trip to see that "place of a skull," then join me in walking through the garden toward that empty tomb. Oh it's such a treat to listen to pilgrims who come here singing hymns and Christian songs. Maybe if we can get the gatekeeper to open the gate, we can even lie down at the very spot where we believe Christ was laid. Oh I'd love that. In particular I'd like our guests to take in this experience and return home with slides and pictures and a testimony that I believe could turn their communities upside down for Jesus. Here's the picture I've got in mind:

"And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails. And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives." Judges 15: 4,5.

Like Samson's foxes in the Philistine's cornfields, I believe back in their communities these poor will spread the word of a crucified and soon-coming Jesus like wildfire. That's what I'd like to do, but as my wife will tell you, David Mould's eyes are far bigger than his pockets. In short, it's going to take some really big-hearted donors to see any wisdom in this, for if all we get is \$30,000 I'd drop everything and go film immediately, with only my trusted armor-bearer by my side.

Well, as long as I'm publicly expressing my hopes and dreams let me continue. Of course I'd love \$4,000,000 to print 1,000,000 copies of *The (New, Illustrated) Great Controversy* for this project, but leaving that aside (i.e., leaving that task for him or her whom God will most assuredly raise up to publish these books) give our ministry \$200,000 and here's how I'd spend it.

✓ I'd spend \$100,000 just the way I described in Jerusalem – i.e., filming these seven sermons and preparing missionaries to go back home with the experience of a lifetime.

All (save one who was murdered) candidates for the Garden Tomb.

✓ Once these videos are edited and posted at YouTube, I'd spend the remaining \$100,000 on posters for New York City's subways.

There are 6,000 plus coaches on the subway system. \$100,000 would get us roughly 3,000 posters. Every other coach will get one. Remember: these posters issue God's challenge to Islam while advertising our website: www.askamoslem.com. Once up, they'll stay up for 30 days. I still believe with all my heart that the sermons they point to will win millions of Moslems and Jews at the same time. I believe Daniel 9:24 and 25 are that powerful – and yearn to prove it.

If you haven't read the text for those sermons, please do so now. Critique them. Send me your comments. I believe these sermons will produce such a harvest of souls, such a sea-change in religious thinking as has never before been seen in the history of the earth – Pentecost and the Protestant Reformation included. How can I be so certain? It's all because of what Jesus said in John 14:12 and what Joel predicts in

Joel 2. You could add to that what the Spirit of Prophecy tells us about the latter rain on pages 611 & 612 of *The Great Controversy*, but I'm running out of space so I'll let you read that for yourself. I will, however, print Joel and John word for word here, then close with a comment from *The Desire of Ages*.

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit." Joel 2: 28 and 29. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and **greater works** than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." John 14:12. "By this Christ did not mean that the disciples' work would be of a more exalted character than His, but that **it would have greater extent**. He did not refer merely to miracle working, but to all that would take place under the working of the Holy Spirit." *The Desire of Ages*, page 664.

Well, that's it for today. Please keep your prayers rising for this "outcast," this "loose cannon," this "renegade Seventh-day Adventist." Sooner or later, I believe, they'll land me high on a roof with cameras and jib ... just outside the *Dome*.

• David Mould.

Seabiscuit & Pollard



An excerpt
from the
documentary.

Narrator: Seabiscuit's fans hailed him as a plain working man, a proletarian, a modern Horatio Alger. "He'll take that fancy little War Admiral," one predicted, "and curl him into a pretzel."

Six days before the race [the match race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral], a fully-recovered Pollard did an old friend a favor and agreed to work his green two-year-old colt. Halfway around the oval, the horse spooked, crashed through the rail, and tore off in the direction of the barns. As he tried to cut between two sheds, he skidded sideways, smashed into a corner, then crumpled in a heap.

At the far end of the shed row, they heard the screams. Pollard's right leg had been nearly severed just below the knee.

Norah Christianson, Red Pollard's Daughter: The pain was excruciating, excruciating. He had such a lot of bad luck with regards to spills. And my father would get so enraged if you ever said, if anyone ever said, you know that he fell off a horse. He would say, I don't fall off horses. I was thrown!

Helen Luther, Red Pollard's Friend: I don't know how he held himself together. Especially when they tore his leg open — when the bones were fractured. Oh, I don't know how he stood it.

Narrator: All through that summer, Pollard lay in bed in a Boston hospital, reading Emerson while surgeons fretted over his leg. They twice rebroke and reset it, but the splintered bones would not heal. His body shriveled to a scant eighty-six pounds. The doctors told Pollard he would never ride again.

Norah Christianson, Red Pollard's Daughter: I think he was immensely, deeply disappointed, like one of the great disappointments in his life, but I think he had a perspective on all that, through philosophies of the writers that he read. He would always say — this comes from Shakespeare, — "sweet are the uses of adversity."

Narrator: Just six weeks later [Seabiscuit won the match race] Seabiscuit's career seemed over. On February 14th, 1939, as he swung around the final turn of a prep race at Santa Anita, Seabiscuit stumbled. His left foreleg suddenly giving way. His suspensory ligament had been ruptured. It was likely that he would never run again.

Howard was crushed. But he refused to use the word "retirement." He took his horse home to his California ranch for what he called "a nice, long rest."

In April, Pollard arrived with Agnes. He was flat broke, and had no home to offer his new wife. Graciously, the Howards took them in. For a third time, his leg had been broken and reset. He hobbled along now, and drank to dull the pain. "[Seabiscuit and I] were a couple of old cripples together," Pollard later said, "all washed up."

Throughout the summer of 1939, horse and jockey convalesced together — taking long, limping walks, pushing a little farther each day. By September, they were up to five miles. "Out there among the hooting owls," Pollard later remembered, "we both got sound again."

Norah Christianson, Red Pollard's Daughter: I think that my father found a solace in watching this horse come back and grow strong, and I think in some ways, well Seabiscuit became his role model in a way. If he can do it, I can kind of thing.

Narrator: Late that fall, Charles Howard made an extraordinary announcement. On March 2nd, 1940, seven-year-old Seabiscuit would take one last stab at the race that had so far eluded him, Santa Anita's hundred-grander. But there was no mention of who would be in the saddle. "If Red breaks that leg again," Howard said, "he'll be crippled for life."

Still, Pollard insisted he was fit enough to ride. "Old Pops and I have four good legs between us," he told a close friend. "Maybe that's enough."

Norah Christianson, Red Pollard's Daughter: He didn't go to Howard and say "Please let me ride Seabiscuit in this handicap." But Howard had doubts about the condition of his leg and a friend of my father's said, "Maybe it's better to have a man break his leg, than to break a man's heart."

Narrator: Finally, Howard made his decision. Pollard would ride Seabiscuit in the Santa Anita Handicap.

On race day, Red came into the paddock just before four o'clock. Around his neck hung a medal of St. Christopher that Agnes had given him for luck. He wasn't too proud to admit he needed it.

Newsreel (archival): Eyes of the turf world are on Santa Anita and the comeback of the great Seabiscuit. Twice, he's lost the \$100,000 handicap by a nose. Now, if those valuable pins can stand the gaff today, he'll try again.

Narrator: As Smith hoisted him into the saddle, Pollard felt his confidence return. "You know the horse and the horse knows you," Smith whispered. "Bring him home."

For Pollard, it would all come down to that. Exactly one minute and thirty-six seconds after the bell rang, he found himself bottled up at the top of the homestretch, with Seabiscuit straining at the reins. There was no way around the front-runners.

Finally, at the far turn, a lane opened barely wide enough for the horse to get through. Pollard leaned forward in the saddle and shouted, "Now, Pop!" At the touch of the whip, Seabiscuit broke through and exploded into the lead. He and Pollard scorched down the stretch and under the wire all alone.

Seabiscuit had clocked the fastest mile-and-a-quarter in Santa Anita's history, the second-fastest ever run on an American track, and had surpassed the world money-winning record by more than 60,000 dollars. Some called it the greatest comeback in the history of American sports.

"Oh," wrote columnist **Jolly Roger**, "that I have lived to see this day."

Friend, if I make it to Jerusalem with that film crew, if we're permitted to film those sermons and upload them on YouTube ... you can rest assured ... it'll rank among the great comebacks of all time. Make no mistake: this comeback will not have been orchestrated by me or by any human being. Rather, it'll have been orchestrated from start to finish by Him who through Solomon declared:

"A just man falleth seven times, and riseth up again."
Proverbs 24:16.