



Dr. Fred Schwarz

The Schwarz Report

Merry Christmas!



Dr. David Noebel

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Virgin Birth of Christ

by Josh McDowell

Mohammed, Confucius, Buddha, and all other human beings were conceived by natural means: a male human sperm fertilizing a female human egg. Not so with Jesus Christ. His mother conceived Him while she was yet a virgin. He had no paternal father. The virgin conception and birth of Christ is utterly unique in human history.

The main body of testimony concerning the virgin birth occurs in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke. However, the Old Testament predicted the Messiah's unusual conception hundreds of years before Matthew and Luke ever wrote their Gospels. The concept of the virgin birth of Jesus must concur with the prescribed mode of entrance granted the Messiah in the Old Testament. The key Old Testament text is Isaiah 7:14. There may also be an allusion to the virgin conception in Genesis 3:15.

The first prophecy concerning Christ's first coming appears in Genesis 3:15. Here God promised that the seed of the woman would crush the head of the serpent.

Claus Westerman, the Old Testament scholar, states: "From the time of Irenaeus, Christian tradition has understood the passage as a prophecy about Christ (and Mary). The 'seed of the woman' referred to one individual descendant who crushed the head of the serpent, whose seed was also an individual in the person of the devil (Satan), who is locked in deadly struggle with 'the seed of the woman,' and who eventually succumbs to it. This explanation runs from Irenaeus right through the history of exegesis in both Catholic and evangelical tradition."

John Walvoord, one of America's longtime leading evangelical biblical theologians, agrees. In his book *Jesus Christ Our Lord*, he says: "The reference to the seed of the woman is a prophecy of the birth of the Son of God: This is the point of Luke's genealogy (cf. Gal. 4:4). The coming Savior was to be the seed of the woman—human; and yet in the fact that He is not called the seed of man, we have the foreshadowing of the virgin birth (Isa. 7:14; Matt. 1:21, 22). To Adam it was made very plain that his hope lay in this future Child of the woman, that through this Child salvation would come from God."

Karlheinz Rabast, a German Lutheran minister writing in the mid-twentieth century, also accepts the traditional view of Genesis 3:15. "The seed of the woman . . . has its ultimate and deepest meaning in that it refers to the Virgin Mary and her Seed, Christ."

Edward Young, a distinguished Old Testament scholar, states: "That there is a reference to Christ, however, is not to be rejected. Nevertheless, it is also true that the way in which man will vanquish Satan is that there will be born of woman One, even Jesus Christ, who will obtain the victory. It is the seed of the woman as comprehended in the Redeemer that will deliver the fatal blow."

The ultimate fulfillment of Genesis 3:15 is found in the coming of the Messiah, Jesus Christ, who was, in fact, conceived by "the seed of the woman," the virgin Mary—not by the seed of any man.

A clearer prophecy occurs in Isaiah 7:14: "Therefore the Lord Himself shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel."

Two key questions go far in opening up interpretation of this passage. The first is what is the meaning of 'almah, the Hebrew word translated "virgin"? The second is to whom does "the virgin" refer?

A word's meaning is settled by its context. For instance, the word "trunk" means the storage area in the back end of a

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car in the sentence “She put the suitcases in the trunk of her four-door sedan,” or the long nose of an elephant in the sentence “The elephant raised his trunk over the fence and grabbed the peanuts out of the child’s hand.” Similarly, we must consult the context to learn what *‘almah* means in that context.

In the Old Testament, *‘almah* is used seven times to refer to a young woman (Gen. 24:43; Ex. 2:8; Ps. 68:25; Prov. 30:19, Song 1:3, 6:8; Is. 7:14). Edward Hindson states “Though it is true that *‘almah* is not the common word for virgin, its employment always denotes a virgin.” Moreover, “Bible usage of *‘almah* is clearly never that of a married woman, but always of an unmarried one.” This is seen from the Bible passages in which the word occurs.

Since we have determined that the *‘almah* of Isaiah 7:14 is a young woman of marriageable age who becomes pregnant through supernatural means, we can safely conclude that the only woman in history who fits this criterion is the virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus Christ. Hindson is right: “Only Mary the mother of Jesus can meet the qualifications to fulfill this prophecy. The virgin is not the prophet’s [i.e., Isaiah’s] wife, the wife of Ahaz, the wife of Hezekiah, nor some unknown by-stander. She is the only Virgin-Mother history or Scripture has ever recorded.”

Some Bible scholars have countered this conclusion, arguing that Isaiah’s prophecy “was to be a sign from God to King Ahaz indicating the nearness of the conquest of both the Northern and the Southern kingdom’s by the king of Assyria. Since the birth of this child was to be a sign to Ahaz, it is only logical to conclude that the birth took place during the lifetime and reign of Ahaz. This would, therefore, necessitate an immediate, partial fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah 7:14.” While this view seems reasonable to some, I think it founders on several key points.

First, to be successful this position must adopt an understanding of *‘almah* that does not require it to include virginity in Isaiah 7:14. Otherwise, the advocates of this position would have to find the impossible: *two* virgin births in history—one during Ahaz’s time and the other identified with Jesus’ mother, Mary. But we have already seen the abundant evidence for arriving at the opposite conclusion: The evidence clearly shows that *‘almah* in Isaiah’s prophecy means a young *virgin* woman of marriageable age, not simply a young woman. Isaiah’s *‘almah* is definitely a virgin who is pregnant.

Second, the immediate-fulfillment view does not take seriously enough the tense of Isaiah 7:14, which support the conclusion that the *‘almah* is at the same time a virgin and pregnant.

Third, the nature of the sign in Isaiah 7:14 is supernatural, not natural. A woman conceiving a child through sexual intercourse with a man would be insufficient in authenticating God’s word. A miracle is required, and a virgin birth is that miracle. Fourth, within the larger context of Isaiah 6-12, the Immanuel child to come from the womb of the virgin had to be a God-man, not simply a man (see Is. 9:6, 7; 11:1-16). No other person in history could fill this bill except Jesus of Nazareth.

And finally, Isaiah’s prophetic utterance in 7:14 is directed to Ahaz as the temporary head of David’s kingly line and to the Davidic kings who would follow him. In part, the prophecy was designed to demonstrate to Ahaz and his descendants that the Davidic line would survive them. This supports a far-fulfillment perspective rather than a near-fulfillment view. Bible scholar Charles Feinberg makes this point well:

Ahaz and his courtiers were fearful of the extinction of the Davidic dynasty and the displacement of the king by a Syrian pretender. However, the longer the time needed to fulfill the promise to the Davidic house, the longer that dynasty would be in existence to witness the realization of the prediction. It is well stated by Alexander. “. . . The assurance that Christ was to be born in Judah, of its royal family, might be a sign to Ahaz, that the kingdom should not perish in his day; and so far was the remoteness of the *sign* in this case from making it absurd or inappropriate that the further off it was, the stronger the promise of continuance of Judah, which it guaranteed. The conclusion, then, is inescapable that “. . . there is no ground, grammatical, historical, logical, for doubt as to the main point, that the Church in all ages has been right in regarding this passage as a signal and explicit prediction of the miraculous conception and nativity of Jesus Christ.”

We can therefore see that the doctrine of the virgin birth of Jesus Christ presented in the New Testament is in accord with the teachings and messianic prophecies of the Old Testament.

—Josh McDowell, *The New Evidence That Demands a Verdict*. Nashville, TN: Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1999, 287f. Your editor recommends this volume very highly. Available at www.summit.org/store.

John Bunyan's Pilgrim's

Progress

by Barton Swaim

There was a time, now just beyond living memory, when everyone had read *Pilgrim's Progress*. Bunyan's great work was, as Paul Fussell writes in *The Great War and Modern Memory*, "the one book everybody knew.

"Because Dante has never really been domesticated in Protestant England, when an English sensibility looks for traditional waste and horror and loss and fear, it turns not to the *Inferno* but to *Pilgrim's Progress*. It would be impossible to count the number of times 'the Slough of Despond' is invoked as the only adequate designation for churned-up mud morasses pummeled by icy rain and heavy shells."

Bunyan's book isn't altogether forgotten; it's perpetually in print, and scholars are still attracted to Bunyan generally and to *Pilgrim's Progress* particularly. But it hasn't been a book read by "everybody," or even most people, for nearly a century. This new Penguin Classics edition, [edited by Roger Pooley], won't change that, unfortunately, but it is an outstanding work of scholarship and deserves attention.

The task of annotating *Pilgrim's Progress* is a complicated one. To begin with, the text is saturated with biblical allusions, many of them subtle and unreferenced in Bunyan's text. ("Prick him anywhere," said the Victorian preacher Charles Spurgeon of Bunyan, "and you will find that his blood is Bibline.") Then there are the theological concepts and the myriad works of "controversial divinity" with which Bunyan was in constant interaction. Roger Pooley has done a splendid job of noting relevant material without burdening the reader with useless data or irrelevant speculation. If you haven't read *Pilgrim's Progress*, (a) you should be ashamed of yourself, and (b) this edition is an excellent introduction.

John Bunyan was born in 1628 in Elstow, near Bedford. He had a few years of schooling, but was for the most part self-educated. He was a tinker, as his father had been. In 1644 he was conscripted into Cromwell's New Model Army, in which he may have had some contact with radical ideas but in which the religious disputes then vexing the nation seem to have made no impression on him.

At some point in the early 1650s he began to worry about the state of his soul. *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*, a spiritual autobiography of extraordinary emotional intensity, relays the series of events by which

he became a Christian writer and preacher. The encounter with the poor women of Bedford is the book's key moment:

And me thought they spake as if joy did make them speak: they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world, as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned amongst their Neighbors.

(There's an allusion there, to Numbers 23:9: "Behold, a people dwelling alone, and not counting itself among the nations.")

Soon he was an energetic member of the separatist Bedford Baptists, a writer of anti-Quaker pamphlets, and a lay preacher. In November 1660, just after the Restoration of Charles II, Bunyan was arrested during a service he was conducting in a barn. He was offered freedom on the condition that he promise not to preach any more, which was a promise he would not make. He remained in jail for the next 12 years, and he supported his family by making shoelaces and writing books and pamphlets.

He was imprisoned again, briefly, in 1676 and 1677. It was during this latter imprisonment that he finished the first part of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The story's point of departure is the prison cell: "As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept I dreamed a dream."

He goes on:

I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled: and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry; saying, "What shall I do?"

Pilgrim's Progress is among the most powerful arguments ever made for the primacy of the individual conscience. The story's villains don't want to kill Christian so much as persuade him to abandon his pursuit. Apollyon himself offers to spare Christian's life, "if now thou wilt turn again, and go back." In that respect, at least, *Pilgrim's Progress* is as essential to the American character as the Declaration. No book had greater influence over the development of American piety. And the evidence of that influence is all around us: There is no higher virtue in our politics than "staying true to your principles, regardless of

the cost.”

What makes the book so special? How is it that an allegory told by an unlettered latter-day Puritan—a Baptist whose intellectual interests extended to the Bible and a few other books—can hold so much power for believers of every Christian tradition—and, indeed, for agnostics and unbelievers as well?

Part of the answer lies in the sheer simplicity of its idiom. It is surely the least self-consciously literary book in English literature. Bunyan’s story isn’t quite an allegory in the usual sense, for the word allegory—a story intended to illustrate something else—implies an element of artifice that’s plainly absent from *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

An allegory is the thing signified, not the thing itself, but Bunyan constantly threads between the two. Sometimes Christian is a pilgrim traveling to the Celestial City; sometimes he is a Christian believer laboring to maintain his belief in a world of doubt and cynicism; somehow he is both simultaneously. The effect is magical: The reader sits poised between the real and the unreal, with the result that “suspension of disbelief,” as Coleridge had it, seems weirdly unnecessary.

But what really makes *Pilgrim’s Progress* a great book is what makes all great books great: its author’s insight into what makes people behave as they do. Bunyan had a marvelous gift for presenting human propensities in the abstract, but doing so in ways that strike one as deeply—indeed uncomfortably—familiar. Everyone has a favorite passage; my own appears in part two when Christiana (Christian’s wife, who makes the journey in part two) visits the house of Interpreter.

Interpreter shows Christiana and her fellow pilgrims a room where there was “a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up, nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, the dust of the floor.”

Interpreter—this is an allegory within an allegory—explains that the spectacle “lets thee know that earthly things when they are with power upon men’s minds quite carry their hearts away from God.” He continues: “‘Give me not riches’ is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws and sticks and dust with most are the great things now looked after.”

With its archaic diction and its severe, sometimes terrifying vision of religious life, *Pilgrim’s Progress* isn’t an easy read. But it has the power to lift one’s gaze, if just for a moment, from straws and sticks and dust. It’s worth the effort.

Pete Seeger: The Red Warbler

by P.J. O’Rourke

*We are the folk song army,
Every one of us cares.
We all hate poverty, war, and injustice,
Unlike the rest of you squares.*

*So join in the folk song army,
Guitars are the weapons we bring
To the fight against poverty, war, and injustice,
Ready, aim, sing!*

—Tom Lehrer

This is an important book. [*The Protest Singer: An Intimate Portrait of Pete Seeger* by Alec Wilkinson] As with any book about which this needs to be said, what’s meant is that it isn’t important at all. It’s a hagiography of Pete Seeger—and not even a proper, thorough one with sheet music, lyrics, and recording history. But there are important aspects to the book, none of them intentional.

Pete Seeger is a modest, unassuming, cheerful, and kind-natured man. He’s a good folk singer, if you can stand folk singing. And he’s such an excellent banjo player that you almost don’t wish you had a pair of wire cutters. His abilities as a composer range from the fairly sublime (“Turn, Turn, Turn”) to the fairly awful (“If I Had a Hammer”) by way of the fairly ridiculous (“Where Have All the Flowers Gone?”).

He built his own house—rather badly, as far as I can tell. And he lives in it—rather well, with a loving wife and frequent visits from dotting friends and relatives. He’s spent his life being in favor of the right things, such as decent wages, racial equality, peace, and a clean Hudson River, and being opposed to the wrong things such as hunger, bigotry, violence, and a dirty Hudson River. He was also a member of the Communist party long past that organization’s youthful-idealism sell-by date. Seeger is candid on the subject, his initial adverb notwithstanding:

Innocently I became a member of the Communist Party, and when they said fight for peace, I did, and when they said fight Hitler, I did. I got out in ’49, though. . . . I should have left much earlier. It was stupid of me not to. My father had got out in ’38, when he read the testimony of the trials in Moscow, and he could tell they were forced confessions. We never talked about it,

though, and I didn't examine closely enough what was going on. . . . I thought Stalin was the brave secretary Stalin, and had no idea how cruel a leader he was.

Thus is raised a momentous question, maybe the most momentous question of the modern era: How is it that legions of modest, unassuming, cheerful, and kind-natured people pledge their troth to political systems that burn continents and bury innocents by the hundred million?

No doubt the companionship of Pete Seeger is to be preferred to the company of country club Republicans like myself—proud, grasping, crabby, and with hearts as hard as three-wood clubheads. But at least our idea of world domination is to conquer the dogleg on the seventh hole (from the ladies' tee, if no one is looking). Yet when it comes to hagiographies we have to hire some out-of-work English Ph.D. to ghost-write our own: *How I Made a Fortune in Downloadable Estate Planning Software—My Triumph of the Will*.

Anyway, nice, sweet, and well-meaning busybodies have been wreaking havoc with the globe since at least the days of Rousseau. *The Protest Singer* offers a pretty good explanation of how the hopeful and the helpful manage to wander into a position of support for a Committee of Public Safety, a Nazi party, a Soviet Union, a Sarajevo, an al Qaeda, and a typical American university education. You don't even have to read the book to gain this understanding; simply scan page three and the dust jacket. The secret of the too-good's complicity in the too-bad seems to lie in a certain feckless disassociation from the real world. This is Alec Wilkinson's sketch of Pete Seeger's early history:

He went to Harvard, joined the tenor banjo society, and studied sociology in the hope of becoming a journalist, but at the end of his second year he left before taking his exams and rode a bicycle west, across New York State.

And this is the publisher's thumbnail biography of Alec Wilkinson:

Alec Wilkinson began writing for *The New Yorker* in 1980. Before that, he was a policeman in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, and before that a rock-and-roll musician. . . . His honors include a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Lyndhurst Prize, and a Robert F. Kennedy Book Award.

Wellfleet, by the way, is a resort town on Cape Cod where the principal crime problems are nude sunbathing and dune buggies crushing plover nests.

Fold two portions of scrambled egghead personal journey into one quote from Seeger's journal. "I seem to stagger about this agonized world as a clown, dressed in happiness, hoping to reach the hearts and minds of the young."

Mix vigorously with a statement by Wilkinson. ". . . all human beings are created equal and have equal rights. In the early and middle parts of the twentieth century, such a conviction made a person not a patriot, but a socialist."

And you get a taste of the sharing, caring, lame-o lefty mind omelet that spreads mood-poisoning to the masses.

The other momentous question of the modern era is what to do about it. *The Protest Singer* tells us what *not* to do. The slim volume is padded with a 28-page transcript of Seeger's August 18, 1955, testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee. (This committee is sorely in need of reconstitution, considering how many new activities have emerged that are un-American. The other day I saw a fellow turn off his BlackBerry before sitting down to a restaurant meal—and I had no one to report him to.)

Seeger was questioned by HUAC's chairman, Democratic congressman Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, a New Deal hack and coauthor of the McCarran-Walter "Yellow Peril" Act that tried to limit non-European immigration. Assisting the inquiry was the committee counsel, Frank S. Tavenner Jr., who seems to have been an idiot. The result of Seeger's being grilled was a sort of reverse waterboarding that, had it gone on much longer, would have had committee members and staff confessing to attempted suicide attacks on Joseph McCarthy.

Here are a few tidbits.

MR. TAVENNER: What is your profession or occupation?

MR. SEEGER: Well, I have worked at many things . . . and I make my living as a banjo picker—sort of damning, in some people's opinion. . . . It is hard to call it a profession. I kind of drifted into it and I never intended to be a musician, and I am glad I am one now, and it is a very honorable profession, but when I started out actually I wanted to be a newspaperman, and when I left school—

CHAIRMAN WALTER: Will you answer the question, please?

MR. SEEGER: I have to explain that it really wasn't my profession. . . .

CHAIRMAN WALTER: Did you practice your profession?

MR. SEEGER: I sang for people, yes . . . and I expect I always will.

MR. TAVENNER: I have before me a photostatic copy of the June 20, 1947, issue of the *Daily Worker* [containing] this advertisement: “Tonight—Bronx, hear Peter Seeger and his guitar, at Allerton Section housewarming.” I ask you whether or not the Allerton Section was a section of the Communist Party? . . .

MR. SEEGER: I am not going to answer any questions as to my association, my philosophical or religious beliefs or my political beliefs . . . or any of these private affairs. I think these are very improper questions for any American to be asked. . . .

MR. TAVENNER: I have before me a photostatic copy of . . . the June 1, 1949, issue of the *Daily Worker* [containing] this statement: The first performance of a new song, “If I Had a Hammer,” . . . will be given at a testimonial dinner . . . at St. Nicholas Arena. . . .

MR. SEEGER: I shall be glad to answer about the song, sir, and I am not interested in carrying on the line of questioning about where I have sung any songs. . . .

CHAIRMAN WALTER: . . . I direct you to answer . . .

MR. SEEGER: I am sorry you are not interested in the song. . . . I am saying that my answer is the same as before. I have told you that I sang for everybody.

CHAIRMAN WALTER: Wait a minute. You sang for everybody. Then are we to believe, or to take it, that you sang at the places Mr. Tavenner mentioned? . . .

MR. SEEGER: . . . I will tell you about my songs, and I am not interested in who listened to them.

We all know the types who listen to Pete Seeger songs; even Pete admits they aren’t interesting. Nonetheless, Seeger has labored long and hard among these featherheads. As Wilkinson says, “He hoped that by making people feel themselves to be elements of a collective identity, he could intensify their experience—enlarge and encourage them and help hold oblivion at arm’s length.”

Oblivion being what Robespierre, Mao, Pol Pot, *et al.* pressed to their bosoms. Pete Seeger fans do, indeed, keep such gruesome results of their ideological turpitude at arm’s length, as Pete himself did. And we sensible conservatives should be thankful to Seeger for all he’s done to help make himself and the rest of these nitwits less effective at generating oblivion.

It’s hard to build a gulag when you’re busy organizing a hootenanny.

—*The Weekly Standard*, October, 12, 2009, p. 36, 37

Che Guevara: America’s New Campus Hero

by Humberto Fontova

Forty two years ago this week, Ernesto “Che” Guevara got a major dose of his own medicine. Without trial he was declared a murderer, stood against a wall, and shot. Historically speaking, justice has rarely been better served. If the saying “what goes around comes around” ever fit, it’s here.

Consider the kind of man Che was. “When you saw the beaming look on Che’s face as the victims were tied to the stake and blasted apart by the firing squad,” a former Cuban political prisoner told this writer, “you saw there was something seriously, seriously wrong with Che Guevara.”

As commander of La Cabana execution yard, Che often shattered the skull of the condemned man (or boy) by firing the *coup de grace* himself. When other duties tore him away from his beloved execution yard, he consoled himself by viewing the slaughter. Che’s second-story office in La Cabana had a section of wall torn out so he could watch his darling firing-squads at work.

Romanian journalist Stefan Bacie visited Cuba in early 1959 and was fortunate enough to get an audience with the already quasi-famous Ernesto “Che” Guevara. Upon entering Castro’s chief executioner’s office, Bacie noticed Che motioning him over to the office’s newly constructed window. Bacie got there just in time to hear the command of “*Fuego!*” and the blast from the firing squad and to see a condemned prisoner crumple and convulse. The stricken journalist immediately left and composed a poem, titled, “I No Longer Sing of Che.” (“I no longer sing of Che any more than I would of Stalin,” go the first lines.)

Even as a youth, Ernesto Guevara’s writings revealed a serious mental illness. Take these macabre musings from Guevara’s famous Motorcycle Diaries, somehow overlooked by Robert Redford while he was directing the movie version of the book.

My nostrils dilate while savoring the acrid odor of gunpowder and blood. Crazy with fury I will stain my rifle red while slaughtering any that falls in my hands! With the deaths of my enemies I prepare my being for the sacred fight and join the triumphant proletariat with a bestial howl!

The Spanish word *vencido*, by the way, translates

into “defeated” or “surrendered.” And indeed, “the acrid odor of gunpowder and blood” rarely reached Guevara’s nostrils from anything properly describable as combat. It mostly came from the close-range murders of unarmed and defenseless men—and boys.

Carlos Machado was 15 years old in 1963 when the bullets from the firing squad shattered his body. His twin brother and father collapsed beside Carlos from the same volley. All had resisted Castro and Che’s theft of their humble family farm; all refused blindfolds; and all died sneering at their Communist murderers, as did thousands of their valiant countrymen. “*Viva Cuba Libre! Viva Cristo Rey! Abajo Comunismo!*” “The defiant yells would make the walls of La Cabana prison tremble,” wrote an eyewitness to the slaughter, Armando Valladares.

Rigoberto Hernandez was 17 when Che’s soldiers dragged him from his cell in La Cabana, jerked his head back to gag him, and started dragging him to the stake. “Rigo” pleaded his innocence to the very bloody end. But his pleas were garbled and difficult to understand. His struggles while being gagged and bound to the stake were also awkward. The boy had been a janitor in a Havana high school and was mentally retarded. His single mother had pleaded his case with hysterical sobs. She had begged, beseeched, and finally proven to his “prosecutors” that it was a case of mistaken identity. Her only son, a boy in such a condition, *couldn’t possibly* have been “a CIA agent planting bombs.”

“*Fuego!*” and the firing squad volley shattered Rigo’s little bent body as he moaned and struggled awkwardly against his bounds, blindfold, and gag. Remember Che Guevara’s instructions to his revolutionary courts: “judicial evidence is an archaic bourgeois detail.” And remember Harvard Law School’s invitation and rollicking ovation to Fidel Castro during the very midst of this appalling bloodbath.

Not that the victims of this Stalinist bloodbath were *exclusively* men and boys. In their refusal to discriminate among potential victims, the Castroites were well ahead of the Taliban. On Christmas Eve 1961, a young Cuban woman named Juana Diaz spat in the face of the executioners who were binding and gagging her. They found her guilty of feeding and hiding “bandits” (Che’s term for Cuban rednecks who took up arms to fight his theft of their land to create Stalinist kolkhozes.) When the blast from

that firing squad demolished her face and torso, Juana was six months pregnant.

The term “hatred” was a constant in Che Guevara’s writings: “Hatred as an element of struggle”; “hatred that is intransigent”; “hatred so violent that it propels a human being beyond his natural limitations, making him a violent and cold-blooded killing machine.”

The one genuine accomplishment in Che Guevara’s life was the mass-murder of defenseless innocents. Under his own gun dozens died. Under his orders thousands crumpled. At everything else Che Guevara failed abysmally, even comically.

During his Bolivian “guerrilla” campaign, Che split his forces whereupon they got hopelessly lost and bumbled around, half-starved, half-clothed and half-shod, without any contact with each other for 6 months before being wiped out. They didn’t even have WWII vintage walkie-talkies to communicate and seemed incapable of applying a compass reading to a map. They spent much of the time walking in circles and were usually within a mile of each other. During this blundering they often engaged in ferocious firefights *against each other*.

“You hate to laugh at anything associated with Che, who murdered so many,” says Felix Rodriguez, the Cuban-American CIA officer who played a key role in tracking him down in Bolivia. “But when it comes to Che as ‘guerrilla’ you simply can’t help but guffaw.”

Che’s genocidal fantasies included a continental reign of Stalinism. And to achieve this ideal he craved “millions of atomic victims”—most of them Americans. “The U.S. is the great enemy of mankind!” raved Ernesto Che Guevara in 1961:

Against those hyenas there is no option but extermination. We will bring the war to the imperialist enemies’ very home, to his places of work and recreation. The imperialist enemy must feel like a hunted animal wherever he moves. Thus we’ll destroy him! We must keep our hatred against them [the U.S.] alive and fan it to paroxysms!

This was Che’s prescription for America almost half a century before Osama bin Laden, Mullah Omar, and Al-Zarqawi appeared on our radar screens. Compared to Che Guevara, Ahmadinejad sounds like the Dalai Lama.

So for many, the questions remains: How did such an

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incurable idiot and sadist attain such iconic status?

The answer is that this psychotic and thoroughly unimposing vagrant named Ernesto Guevara de la Serna y Lynch had the magnificent fortune of linking up with modern history's top press agent, Fidel Castro, who—from the *New York Times*' Herbert Matthews in 1957, through CBS' Ed Murrow in 1959 to CBS' Dan Rather, to ABC's Barbara Walters, to NBC's Andrea Mitchell more recently—always had the mainstream media anxiously scurrying to his every beck and call and eating out of his hand like trained pigeons.

Had Ernesto Guevara not linked up with Raul and Fidel Castro in Mexico city that fateful summer of 1955—had he not linked up with a Cuban exile named Nico Lopez in Guatemala the year before who later introduced him to Raul and Fidel Castro in Mexico city—everything points to Ernesto continuing his life of a traveling hobo, panhandling, mooching off women, staying in flophouses, and scribbling unreadable poetry.

Although a fixture on modern college campuses, Che was no hero. It is thus fitting that when death came for him, on Oct. 8 1967, Che went not with a bang but with a whimper. “Don't shoot! I'm Che! I'm worth more to you alive than dead!” he pleaded when approached by two Bolivian soldiers, dropping the fully loaded weapons he had not hesitated to discharge against unarmed victims. To the very end, Che Guevara remained a coward.

—*FrontPageMagazine.com*, October 9, 2009

Kevin Jennings: Queering Elementary Education

by Matt Barber

Obama's inner-circle is shaping-up like the bar scene from Star Wars. It's a swollen throng of unaccountable czars and policy advisors comprised of some of the most bizarre fringe leftists imaginable. As mom always said, you're known by the company you keep and Obama keeps some downright creepy company.

Here's a sampling: First, we have disgraced former green-jobs czar Van “tin-foil hat” Jones. Jones, a self avowed communist and 9-11 “truthier,” was forced to resign after revelations of his extremism became public.

Then there's science czar John Holdren, the unzipped Harvard professor who wants a “Planetary Regime” to control world population through compulsory sterilization and forced abortion.

And of course there's the administration's very own

Dr. Dolittle: regulatory czar Cass Sunstien, who advocates that animals be allowed to sue people.

But perhaps the creepiest of Obama's advisers is “safe schools” chief Kevin Jennings. Jennings—an open homosexual activist—is former director of GLSEN (the Gay, Lesbian and Straight Education Network), a highly controversial group of adult homosexual activists who promote sexual anarchy and tacitly work to normalize the criminal practice of pederasty.

GLSEN's primary purpose is to push dangerous and even deadly homosexual and cross-dressing behaviors in our government schools on children as young as five. So bold is Jennings in his promotion of homosexual behavior among children that he even penned the foreword to a book entitled *Queering Elementary Education*. (I don't know about you, but Jennings and his ilk will “queer” my elementary-age kids over my dead body.)

A number of Jennings' past activities disqualify him from holding any position relating to children; but a recently revealed scandal involving an exchange between him and a former tenth-grade student leaves no doubt that he's unfit to serve in his current capacity. Jennings has admitted that while he was a teacher, a boy—whom he understood to be 15 years-old—shared that he had been sodomized by an “older man” who lured him home from a bus stop toilet.

Of course any reasonable teacher would have immediately called police and notified the student's parents. But Kevin Jennings—an anti-Christian bigot who once said of Christians: “F--k 'em! . . . Drop Dead!”—is anything but reasonable. Instead, he affirmed both the man-boy homosexual encounter and the boy's “gayness,” flippantly telling him, “I hope you knew to use a condom.” (Jennings recently admitted that he “should have handled this situation differently” but, as of yet, has arrogantly refused to step-down or even apologize).

—*www.townhall.com*, October 6, 2009

For more shocking details of Kevin Jennings' associations and philosophies, see our website, www.schwarzreport.com, for the complete article.



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Still, Jennings cavalier attitude toward adult-child sex should really come as no surprise. In a 1997, speech he voiced his admiration for Harry Hay, longtime advocate of the homosexual/pedophile group NAMBLA (the North American Man-Boy Love Association.)

According to NAMBLA's website, Hay made the following statement in a 1983 address: "I also would like to say at this point that it seems to me that in the gay community the people who should be running interference for NAMBLA are the parents and friends of gays. Because if the parents and friends of gays are truly friends of gays, they would know from their gay kids that the relationship with an older man is precisely what thirteen-, fourteen-, and fifteen-year-old kids need more than anything else in the world. And they would be welcoming this, and welcoming the opportunity for young gay kids to have the kind of experience that they would need."

Sickening, right? Shocking, no? Well, not to Kevin Jennings. His take? He gushed, "One of the people that's always inspired me is Harry Hay."

But, again, this should come as no surprise. Homosexual/pedophile groups like NAMBLA and homosexual activist groups have long been brothers-in-arms. In many instances, members of both groups are one-in-the-same. According to the non-partisan homosexual activist watchdog organization Americans for Truth About Homosexuality, NAMBLA marched alongside "gay" activist groups in "gay pride" parades for years until it became politically burdensome for homosexual activists to continue allowing them to do so.

As with "gay" activist pioneer Harry Hay, legalizing adult-child sex has long been a goal of many homosexual activists (for years, overtly and today, covertly). Boys and teens utilized for homosex are referred to as "chicken" in "gay" lexicon.

In fact, part of homosexual activists "1972 Gay Rights Platform" called for the "repeal [of] all laws governing the age of sexual consent." This should send a chill down the spine of any parent. Such a repeal would legally allow homosexuals and pedophiles to access your children and teens for their own predatory sexual gratification—so long as those children "consented" to having sex (like the boy who confided in Jennings).

To be sure, Jennings is no stranger to scandal. In a 2000 GLSEN sponsored event, adult homosexual activists were caught in an ACORN-style sting teaching children as young as 13 the horrific practice of "fisting." (For a definition click here, it's not fit to print). Jennings, response? He defended the event and even filed suit in an attempt to cover-up the scandal.

But "cover-up" is at the very core of Jennings strategy. In 1995, while summarizing his political approach of manipulation and indoctrination, he warned fellow homosexual activists to hide their true motives and avoid using language about "promoting homosexuality." Instead, he astutely observed that "the effective reframing of this issue" through the disingenuous use of propagandist euphemisms such as "safety" and "violence" was "the key to...success."

It's worked like a charm.

But rather than being appointed by Obama to such a position of power and prestige, both Kevin Jennings and GLSEN should be held liable for engaging in reckless educational malpractice. By promoting and facilitating homosexual behavior among children, they demonstrably place children at risk.

Multiple studies have established, for instance, that homosexual conduct, especially among males, is considerably more hazardous to one's health than a lifetime of chain smoking.

One such study—conducted by pro-"gay" researchers in Canada—was published in the International Journal of Epidemiology (IJE) in 1997. (see the study here:

<http://ije.oxfordjournals.org/cgi/reprint/26/3/657.pdf>)

While the medical consensus is that smoking knocks from two to 10 years off an individual's life expectancy, the IJE study found that homosexual conduct shortens the lifespan of "gays" by an astounding "8 to 20 years"—more than twice that of smoking.

"[U]nder even the most liberal assumptions," concluded the researchers, "gay and bisexual men in this urban centre are now experiencing a life expectancy similar to that experienced by all men in Canada in the year 1871. ... [L]ife expectancy at age 20 years for gay and bisexual men is 8 to 20 years less than for all men."

The risks associated with homosexual conduct are so drastic, in fact, that U.S. health regulations prohibit men who have sex with men (MSM) and women who have had sex with MSM, from ever donating blood. (Yet Jennings and GLSEN encourage children to engage in the very behaviors that—for quantifiable health related reasons—would preclude them from giving blood ... ever.)

Consider that, according to the Food and Drug Administration, MSM, "have an HIV prevalence 60 times higher than the general population, 800 times higher than first time blood donors, and 8,000 times higher than repeat blood donors."

Adults and children who engage in homosexual conduct—especially males—are also susceptible—at an astronomical rate—to nearly all other forms of sexually transmitted disease (STD). For example, the Hepatitis B virus is about five to six times more prevalent among "gays," and Hepatitis C is twice as common.

Furthermore, a 2007 study conducted by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention found that, although homosexuals make-up only a fraction of the population (one to two percent), they account for an epidemic 64 percent of all syphilis cases.

So, all of this begs the question: Why on God's earth is this Kevin Jennings nut—whose entire life's work has irrefutably placed children at risk—in charge of promoting "safe schools"? He's even bragged in his personal memoirs about his own drug and alcohol abuse.

Indeed, Obama's Jennings appointment was a gold medal blunder among a litany of Olympic-sized missteps. If his administration seeks to salvage any modicum of rapidly waning credibility, the President must force Jennings to step down and denounce his reckless behavior.

Every day Jennings remains in place is another day he hurts Obama; but more importantly, it's another day he hurts children.

The real scandal is that Jennings was ever appointed in the first place. He must go and he must go now.

—www.townhall.com, October 6, 2009