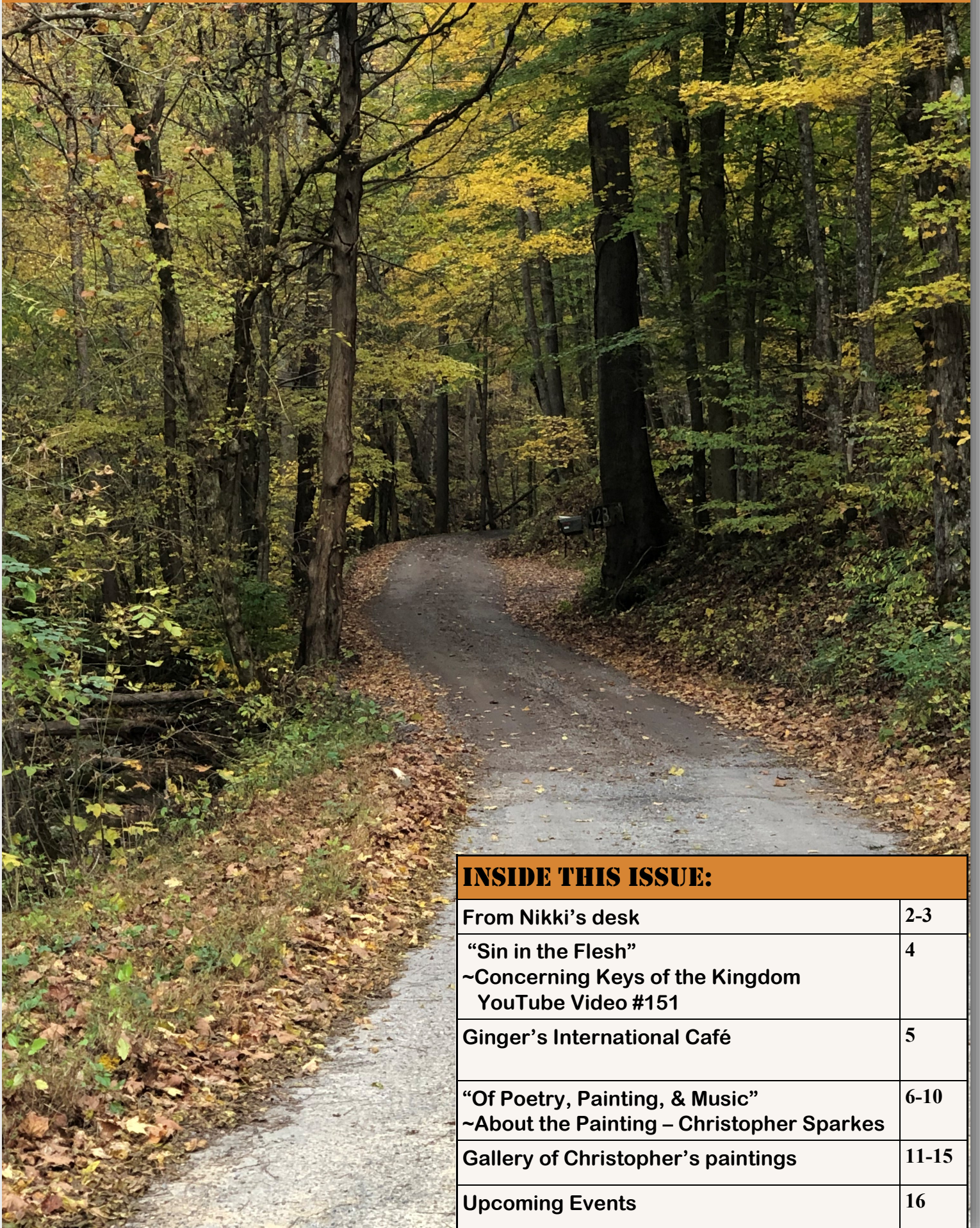


Nikki's Newsletter #4, November 2024



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“Of Poetry, Painting, & Music”

“Greet Tryphena and Tryphosa”
(Romans 16\12)



Tryphena (2017) ~Painted by CJS

POETRY:

Song of Moses

“My teaching will drop like the rain, my speech distill like the dew like the small rain on the tender herb and like showers on the grass, because I will proclaim the name of Yahweh...” ~Deuteronomy 32\2

PAINTING: Character of God — His creation as a witness

“For the invisible things of Him are perceived from the creation of the world, being realized through the things created, both his perpetual power and the nature of God, for them to be without excuse...” ~Romans 1\20

MUSIC:

“Let them praise His name in dancing;

let them sing praises to Him to the drum and harp.

For Yahweh takes pleasure in His people...” ~Psalm 149\3

What does translating the Bible have to do with the art of poetry, painting, and music? A good artist can see beyond the surface of things and has a good eye for detail and aesthetics. Every art form involves a unique set of skills. Artists see the world differently and process their senses in a much deeper way. Deep thinking is a very common characteristic of an artist. In order to think creatively, an artist must have an open mind. Being able to see things from different perspectives can arm an artist with insight that other people may not have. They’re the true visionaries, the ones who challenge us to see the world in a different light and expand the limits of what’s possible.

So, what does that have to do with translating the Bible, you might be thinking? “Oh the depth of the riches of both the wisdom and knowledge of God! How inscrutable His judgments and His ways past finding out!” (Romans 11\33). I feel certain we can agree that an impure translation and mixture of truth and error can have no place in the Sanctuary of God – as pure + impure = impure.

For 45 years of reading and studying the books of God Christopher Sparkes has spent 27 of them in translating. He has been laboring since 1997 towards making for God and Christ a translation that is pure, undefiled and honoring. The foundation for adhering to such a project, I feel, is his passion in writing poetry and literature, in painting and in playing and writing music. Combine that with his years lecturing in Higher and Further Education, being a free-lance editor and educator, running writing groups, a folk and poetry club, as well as being co-author of textbooks on writing and grammar.

Add his collection of published poetry, short fiction, academic essays on poetry and stylistics, reviews and artwork and the books for sale on his website to the list. All of this, combined with his eyes and experience to see the grammatical flaws in the English Version Bibles, and the literary ear and vision towards the lack in internal harmony, he is more than qualified to translate the Holy Bible. Today we have been gifted with the first English Holy Bible that translates back to its original Hebrew and Greek text.

“Then he opened their mind to understand the Scriptures, and he said to them, ‘So has it been written!’” (Luke 24/45)

The Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible is not only honoring to God and Christ, but also:

- it recovers the rich revelations of the prophets and apostles buried before in religious orthodoxy;
- the prophets and apostles would recognize their own writings;
- it represents the true Christ;
- the personality of the Holy Spirit is distinguished from the abstract gift of “holy spirit”;
- its integrity is evident;
- it wholly achieves its targets of accuracy and clarity and literariness;
- it contains no detested mixture;
- it is fit and pure for the Sanctuary of God;
- and that it will burn a new hunger for apostolic truth and set alight a new fire for Jesus in the hearts of millions and save millions.

I encourage you to take the time and read the prefaces of the Bibles. I did and what an eye opener. The preface to the NKJV for one speaks of the KJV as being the “mainspring of the religion ... of our civilization”. It’s something we can discuss more on in a future newsletter. We should, “be driven to wanting our translation pure and undefiled. We must examine it closely, not blindly accepting the impure mixtures of truth and error.” As it is written, “If anybody speaks, let it be in harmony with the oracles of God” (1 Peter 4\11).

Harmony? How many church denominations are there? Why is the church so divided? And, why have false works been accepted by the body of Christ? Does it not say, judgement begins with the house of God? Now is the time to leave the broad road of destruction and enter through the narrow gate which leads to everlasting life. The gates of the new eon are swinging open. “Lift up your heads, you gates, yes lift them up, you eonion entrances. Ps. 24/9

The real gates, not the gates of mythology, are the gates to the restored Zion. cjs

Enter His gates with thanksgiving, His courts with praise;
be thankful to Him; exalt His name for Yahweh is good;
His mercy endures throughout the eon, and His truth to all generations ~ Psalm 100\4-5

Christopher has formulated strict and defined targets and translating laws to retrieve the truth of the prophets and apostles. Only with these principles can a reliable translation be made, an ORGANIC translation. This ORGANIC principle is the righteous method, honoring to the original writers, to the texts, and honoring to God.

“For only the solid foundations of reproducing the original grammatical forms as closely as possible are of any use –the impregnable foundations of the Science of Deep Grammar, Internal Harmony, Transcendent Logic, Diamond-Mining Research, and Textual sense – so that no false teachings can be formed around it, and the rich and sparkling truths of God are revealed in power once more, as in the days of the prophets and apostles.”^{cjs}

**"Then the righteous will shine like the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father."
~ Matthew 13/43**

There are so many truths to unpack. I hope you will be open minded and take this journey with us as we study the Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible together. This truly is “the first pure translation into English of the actual words of the Apostles – not influenced by creeds, traditions or the preconceptions of the translators.”

Let’s journey onto the following pages. Next stop we will take a deeper look at “Sin in the Flesh”. From there to Ginger’s Café where we will meet Christopher for a tour and a chat over tea. Then onto a walk with Christopher as he shares his story “Of Poetry, Painting, and Music” speaking on “Painting” this issue. Following issues he will share on poetry, then music. We will then take a stroll through a gallery of his paintings before our final destination – upcoming events and news. I hope you will join us at the next issue. In His Service. ~ Nikki

“SIN IN THE FLESH”

~ Concerning Keys of the Kingdom YouTube video #151

“But we received not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is from God, in order that we might perceive the things freely given to us by God, which things we also speak, not in a taught subject matter of human wisdom, but in taught things of the holy spirit, making comparisons of spiritual matters with spiritual matters. But a natural man does not receive the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, and he cannot know them, because they are examined spiritually.” 1 Corinthians 2\12-14

The apostle Paul writes of our having “sin in the flesh”.

Romans 8\3: “For in whatever the law was powerless, in that it was impotent through the flesh, God did in sending His own Son in the likeness of sin committing flesh. And concerning sin, He condemned SIN IN THE FLESH.”

Romans 8\6: “the mind of the flesh is death”.

All sin is “sin in the flesh”. It comes from within us. Of this, the Lord Jesus speaks:

Matthew 15\19: “For out of the heart proceed evil reasonings, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnessings, blasphemies.”

Mark 7\20-23: “And he said, ‘The thing issuing out of the man, that defiles the man. 21 For from inside, out of the heart of men, proceed ill-natured disputes, adulteries, fornications, murders, 22 thefts, frauds, iniquities, guile, licentiousness, an evil eye, evil speaking, haughtiness, foolishness. 23 All these evil things issue from inside and defile the man.’”

And the apostle Jacob speaks:

Jacob (James) 1\14-16: “Everybody, though, is tempted when he is drawn away and allured by his own lust. 15 Then lust, having conceived, gives birth to sin, and sin, being full-grown, engenders death. 16 Do not be deceived, my richly loved brothers.”

And Paul speaks again:

Romans 1\24: “Because of this, God in turn gave them over to uncleanness through the lusts of their OWN HEARTS, for their OWN BODIES to be dishonored among themselves.” We are perfectly capable of our own disobedience to the commandments of God – not only capable, but we perform it regularly.

Jesus and Jacob and Paul are all showing us here that we have no need of any external tempter to draw us away and to be allured by our own desires away from God.

Just as much as we are responsible for our own acts of disobedience, so are we also responsible for the temptations that lead us into them. It is our own hearts that create the temptations. Scripture knows of nothing else.

“Do not be deceived”, the first chapter of the letter of the apostle Jacob says. Do not be deceived that temptation comes from some imaginary fallen angel called Satan who can tempt everybody in the world at the same time. Smarter than Father Christmas.

The temptations of Jesus in the wilderness were his own internal struggles against creations of his own mind.

- Temptations to turn stone into bread;
- Temptations to test his own divine protection, and
- Temptations to use his divinely given authority to take over the kingdoms of the world.

The voice that created these temptations is named as “the slanderer”.

This is seen at Matthew 4\5-11, and Luke 4\2-6.

The Greek word is “diabolos”.

Slanderer is a good English representation.

The word is used of human slanderers generally in the New Testament. For example, “Wives, likewise: grave, nor slander-mongers” (1 Timothy 3\11). And: “in the last days ... men will be ... slander-mongers” (2 Timothy 3\3).

In the temptations of Jesus, it’s personified.

Another word used for the “sin in the flesh” that created the temptations of Jesus inside him is “satanas”. This occurs at **Matthew 4\10 and Luke 4\8**.

This “diabolos” and “satanas” are useful terms for “sin in the flesh”. When Jesus says, “Get behind me, adversary!” (**Matthew 4\10, 16\23, Luke 4\8**), he’s addressing the lazy sinful nature. When Peter wants to restrain Jesus from being murdered by the scribes and Pharisees, it is again this word “satanas” that Jesus uses when he says, “Get behind me, adversary!”

SCRIPTURES TO LOOK UP:

Romans 1\24, 8\3 and 8\6; Matthew 4\5-11, 15\19, 16\23; Mark 7\20-23; Luke 4\2-6, 4\8; Jacob (James)1\14-16
1 Timothy 3\11; 2 Timothy 3\3.

INTERNATIONAL MEETING PLACE

GINGER'S CAFÉ AND ONE TREE BOOKS

A MESSAGE FROM CHRISTOPHER:

If people want to meet and discuss Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible, I direct them to Ginger's Café.

Ginger's Café is at the back of the bookshop called One Tree Books, the best café and the best bookshop.

One Tree Books is the spiritual grandson of Ray Sparkes & Son Bookshop, the shop my father and I ran in Petersfield High Street, 1977-1983, so I have more than an affinity with One Tree Books.

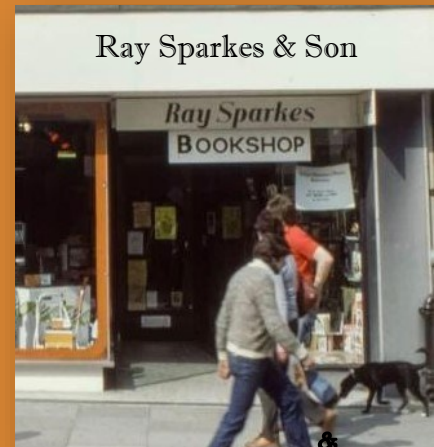
One Tree Books have supplied many of my research books, and much else. They sell all my books, of course, biblical and academic. I go to no other café but Ginger's, run, of course, by the golden sunshine of the ever delightful Ginger (also known as Alma).

Favourite regular customers in there have been Martin Muncaster and his son Ollie. Martin was a much-loved television presenter. I was with them in there the day before Martin died (15 May 2024). A gem of a man. He liked cricket and trout fishing.

I was plotting with Ollie on getting Martin to the riverbank in a chair, propping him up with a trout rod. Unfortunately he died just before it was about to happen, but at least he left us with the hope of his fishing for trout again. At the end of Martin's funeral Ginger whispered to me, "That was the most entertaining funeral I've ever been to." His joyous personality shone. I first met him over 10 years ago when I was seated next to him at a wake, and he told me a cricket story about the Earl of Arundel. Martin is missed in Ginger's.

Many have been the conversations in Ginger's concerning Biblical truth. What is "the logos"? What are demons really? Where did Jesus's temptations come from? What's different about Keys of the Kingdom Bible? What times are we in? Things probably unheard in any other café in the world!

Come and join me. And taste the wonderful lunches and cakes of Ginger's Café, while having your questions answered about the restoration of God's word in English. All books supplied there by One Tree Books. What could be better?



“Of Poetry, Painting, & Music”

~ About the Painting

*

A glorious thing occurred for me on 8 February 1986. My parents gave me for that birthday (thirty-fifth) *The Complete Works of William Blake*. A fat book I, a thin poet, devoured. I already had selections of Blake, but not the complete works. His “Nurse’s Song” I would sing with a keyboard at poetry events. Of one such performance I have a cassette recording that I made a private YouTube video from a passage from Blake’s Complete Works blazed in my heart:

“Poetry, Painting, & Music, the three Powers in Man of conversing with Paradise, which the Flood did not Sweep away.” ~ from “A Vision of the Last Judgement”

Heavens! I don’t know when that sank into my ears. It helped me understand a rhythm for my days. Poetry, Painting, & Music ... Those are what I do. And even in the right order for me. As if Blake knew. Perhaps they were the same for him. Poetry was my obsession, writing my life, my study, my training, profession. Music my third string. And Painting ...

Painting is in the Sparkes blood, and is not to be neglected. At least five generations now that I know about. Both my children are gifted. My son from infancy showed understanding of perspective and accuracy, my daughter of design and colour.

It only recently emerged that my Great Grandmother Baker, on my mother’s side, was a fine watercolour artist of still life; unfortunately, only two of her pictures survive, as far as I know. One I have, given to me by the executor of the estate of my aunt who died aged 99 this year. The other is in the possession of my cousin Nick in Virginia; the aunt left it to him.

My grandfather James Sparkes was, by full-time profession, a watercolour landscape painter in the tradition of Constable. He met his wife in the framing shop, Savage & Co, Handsworth, Birmingham. I’m fortunate to have a dozen of his pictures. I grew up with his paintings decorating the walls and landing of our house.

My father drew witty cartoons, usually lampooning some family event or eccentricity, or our various cats and dogs. I have a large folder of those cartoons. He painted watercolour landscapes from time to time, having grown up observing his father at work. He did not, though, have the application of his father. Besides, his time was taken with cricket, and teaching English and Drama.

For some reason, back in the 1970s I thought it a good idea to keep my drawings and paintings in the back of my Mini van. Some sort of effect of insouciance and artistry, I suppose. The comedy of that car was that if I pulled the keys out while driving, it would continue running, to the screaming entertainment of my passengers. In the back of that car was a scattering of cartoons, sketches, odd compositions in watercolour, abstract drawings and, on the side windows, *posters about rabies – la rage* – that I picked up in France while camping there with my brother. As if the back of the car were my creative studio.

By the time of my thirty-fifth birthday in 1986, I was painting and drawing only from time to time, mainly line drawings. I published in a literary magazine cartoon sketches of the great poets in a series I called Big League Poets. These were accompanied with text, outlining great poets' imaginary careers as baseball players, creating ambiguities with their literary styles. Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats, others.

Only time to time, though, like my father, were the sum of my painting and drawing. My brother, who had been better at painting than me as a child, now reserved his gift for making astounding cartoons of any of his legal clients if they were objectionable.

However, when in 2008 I gave up teaching in academic institutions (for private tuition, and to run Creative Writing classes for adults), I had more time to commit myself to my painting and drawing. It was a breakthrough for me when I converted to oils and acrylic. I would write in the daytime and paint in the evening, my guitar and harmonica fitting somewhere in-between, when I felt like picking them up, usually last thing at night.

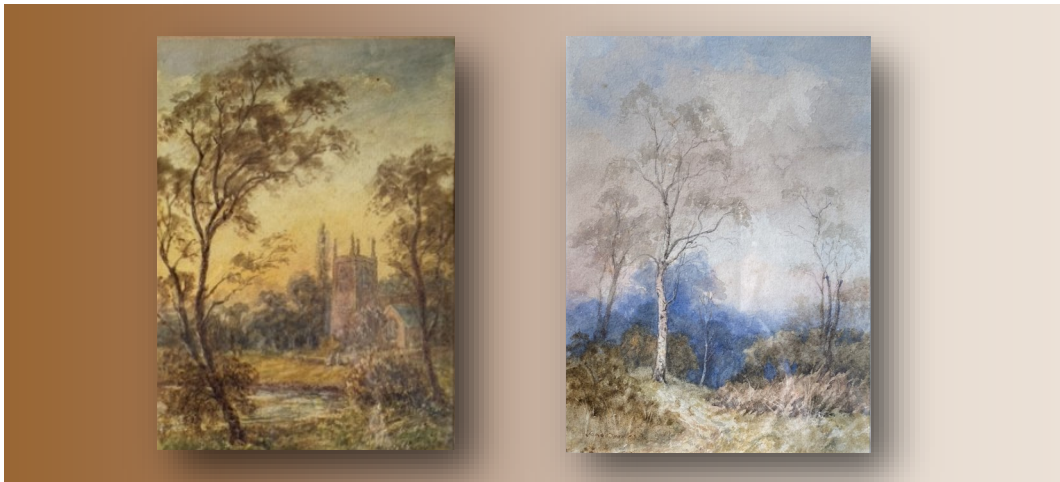
Grandfather James Sparkes died of cancer three years before I was born, so I never had the joy of speaking with him about his painting. I imagine him looking over my shoulder and I wonder what he'd be telling me. "Son ..." He was a prize-winning photographer. I discovered this from my sister-in-law, Jenny Sparkes, who had a carrier bag full of those photographs – and she gave them to me. The photographs have the prize credits printed on the backs.

I have two of his poetry books, Coleridge and Burns. His paintings had the poetry of his soul all right. My father used that expression, poetry in the soul. I have a photograph of Grandpa and Grandma Sparkes's wedding day, and two others. There's something playful in his facial expression, I like to think, something Chaplinesque.

My father told me comedic stories about him. He, my father, had a schoolboy friend Stanley Avery (one of his books I have is inscribed by him). One day he and Stanley Avery were helping themselves to the gooseberry bushes at the bottom of the garden, 7 Brunswick Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. When they went inside they were confronted by the father. "Stanley," he said, "you haven't been eating my gooseberries, have you?" "Yes, Mr Sparkes." "Well, that's a pity, because yesterday I sprayed them with arsenic." Stanley Avery rubbed his stomach, and said, "I don't feel very well, Mr Sparkes." It was all, of course, a big tease.

During the War my father was in the Army and he woke one night with a dream his parents' home in Handsworth had been bombed. It had. The dream was true. A bomb landed in the garden and failed to detonate. His parents were unharmed, and the property was undamaged. I wonder sometimes if the un-detonated bomb is still there.

The images of Grandpa Sparkes's paintings I'm presenting here are my two favourites of his. I so love these pictures. Tender, delicate, poetic. They stand for everything I treasure. I wouldn't sell them for the price of my own trout lake with a cottage. That would be selling my heart. There are no titles on these paintings. They're poetic and close to my heart.



Others of his I have show me that his influence was the English genius landscape artist John Constable. And, no, I wouldn't sell them to solve all the debts of the Western world.

Around 2010 I was coaching a young man for an advanced English course. His house was filled with stunning oil colour sea and river- and landscapes. When I asked about them he said, "Those are dad's. That's what he does." I remember those words. One evening his father was knocking on my front door, having made quite a journey. He gave me a catalogue and an invitation to his forthcoming exhibition at a gallery in Stockbridge, Hampshire, over three days. He was Paul Treasure, a celebrated artist, his pictures going for thousands.

I went to Paul Treasure's exhibition all three days. I took advantage of Paul's presence there to ask him many questions about his art. He was generous-natured and modest about it. He even ran his thumb across one thick area of still-wet paint, not at all precious. In short, Paul Treasure demystified oil painting for me. He took me into his studio several times and showed me his painting in action, how he pulled off certain effects and designs.

As it would happen, around that time my then mother-in-law gave me a box of oil paints. My first attempt, a still life of flowers, didn't work (an understatement). The second, a sunrise, was far better in my imagination than in execution. The third, though, a heron standing in cold-looking water, took me by surprise. I showed Paul Treasure. His response was, to say the least, encouraging. (I was startled myself.) Every evening after that I'd paint for hours, while for company listening to YouTube videos of talks, music, documentaries or ballet.

I enjoy experimenting with surfaces and styles, especially wood (a carpenter friend makes cuts for me), and anything giving me joy in the activity of creating. I've taken compositions from photographs, other paintings, sculptures, my sketches, sometimes just playing with colour arrangements, happy accidents with the brush, fish, ballerinas, the sea, any water.

My having learned that the Masters learned by copying, many of my paintings are derivative, some outright copies, such as the self portrait by Marianne von Werefkin. I must have painted her mouth a hundred times to get the proportions and the texture right. Sometimes I didn't know what was wrong, but when it did come right I just knew.



Jacqueline With Flowers, after Picasso



Self Portrait, after Marianne von Werefkin

I have a good collection of artists' biographies, enjoying the fine writing styles of art historians. The prime lesson from the histories of the Masters is that they learned by copying. I've made imitations from Monet, Picasso, Bonnard, Werefkin, Eardley, Kokoschka, Klimt, Manet, Paul Treasure, Grandfather Sparkes and others.

I apply the same principles to my painting that I used to teach in the Creative Writing workshops I ran over for over twenty years. (I advertised them as "the best Creative Writing classes in the world".) Particularly these principles: study the Masters; go over a picture a hundred times if I have to; get feedback. And, as the proverb goes, said to have arisen from the ancient master Apelles, *Nulla dies sine linea* – "No day without a line" (cited in Pliny).

In the art shop that frames my paintings, Jason and Elizabeth have become good friends. Trained artists themselves, they've given me countless hours of generous encouragement, help and advice.

My son and daughter, gifted naturals, have also not been without sharp insight when I've asked them for opinion or feedback.

My last painting, in 2022, was idly titled as a self-portrait, inspired by a Leonardo portrait. I have two nearly finished works I've asked my daughter to complete. One is an imitation of Graham Sutherland's *Noli Me Tangere* – Don't Touch Me – a modernist Christ and Mary Magdalene that's now electronically guarded in Chichester Cathedral (someone streaked it with a biro). I have a folder of projects. But the word of God took over. I just can't have time these days.

I had a solo exhibition in 2019, titled Goddesses. I wrote in the opening paragraph of my catalogue: "Figures, faces, dancers, trees, birds, flowers fishes, the land ... all goddesses in any language ... *les déesses* ... and one young god who strides among them, the prince of the lilies from old Minoa, and the prince of princes and shalom."

I don't think a day passes when I don't think about that Blakeian ordering of my days: "Poetry, Painting, & Music". As if it's scorched in my mind. I'd write poetry all day long back in those days, poems under files at work. I still write all day long, but little poetry, other than work on my scarecrow epic, which should be my next publication.

At the time of my parents giving me that Blake book, Painting and Music would be for relaxation in the evening. They became more serious.

It was not until later life that I became aware that our parents had given us exposure to a variety of interests and activities. Everything that I engage myself in has some root in acts of my parents. I made sure I copied that in raising my own children. We don't know what fruits might come from even the smallest things we might say or do for our children.

I'm daily thankful for the wonderful childhood our parents gave me and my brother Martin. The rural life, and appreciation and practice of the Arts as a natural part of living. All the rapture of the rural life appears in a long narrative poem, *Charlie's Schooldaze*, I composed around 1985. (I'll have another look at that sometime.)

It's because of this feeling that I've been given so much – parents always hard-up on teachers' low incomes, but enjoying health and happiness and constant activity, and being natural athletes – that I feel I want to repay everything to God. To whom much has been given much will be expected. Lord have mercy.

The volume of work on the translation of the Bible and all it involves, including the correspondence, means I have not had time for any painting for over two and a half years now. My daughter Lydia, though, paints regularly, and it's been an utter joy for me to see her progress. The poet TS Eliot spoke of his friend Ezra Pound as *il miglior fabbro*. The better maker. I'm absolutely delighted to have the same view concerning Lydia's artwork.

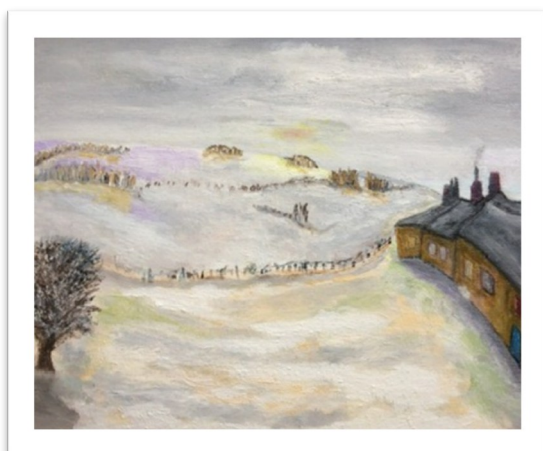
Christopher Sparkes

18 September 2024

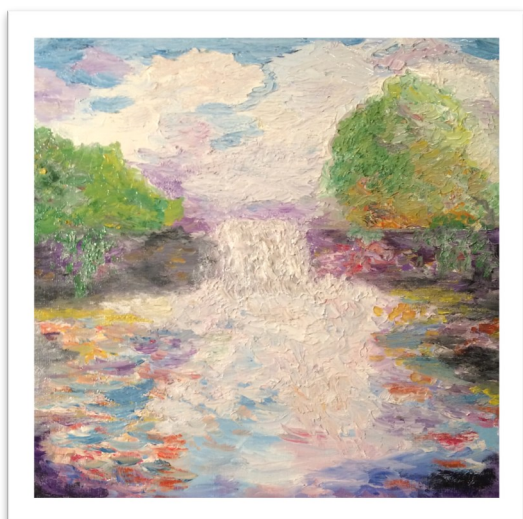
GALERÍA DE PINTURA A DISPLAY OF CHRISTOPHERS PAINTINGS



Snow in May ~oil on paper, 6 x 6 inches



Our Village ~oil on canvas board, 12 x 10 inches



I will make the wilderness a pool of water
~oil on paper, 10 x 10 inches



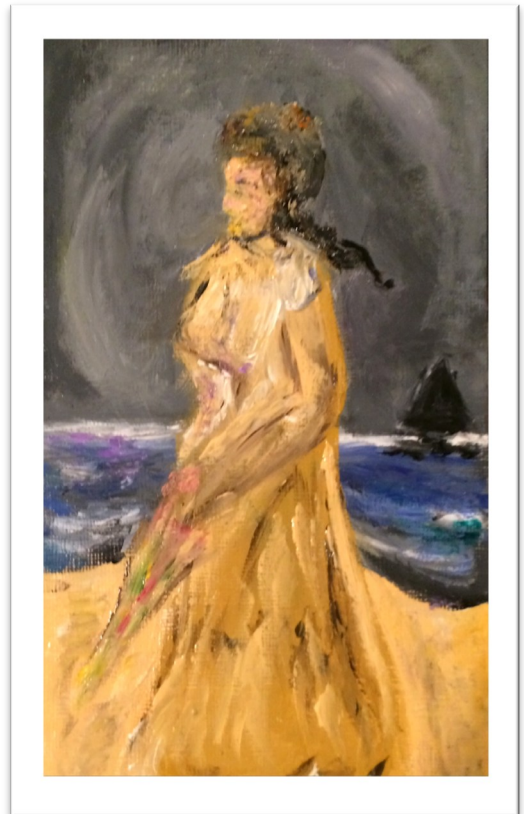
El Borde Del Mar ~oil on paper, 11.5 x 8.1 inches



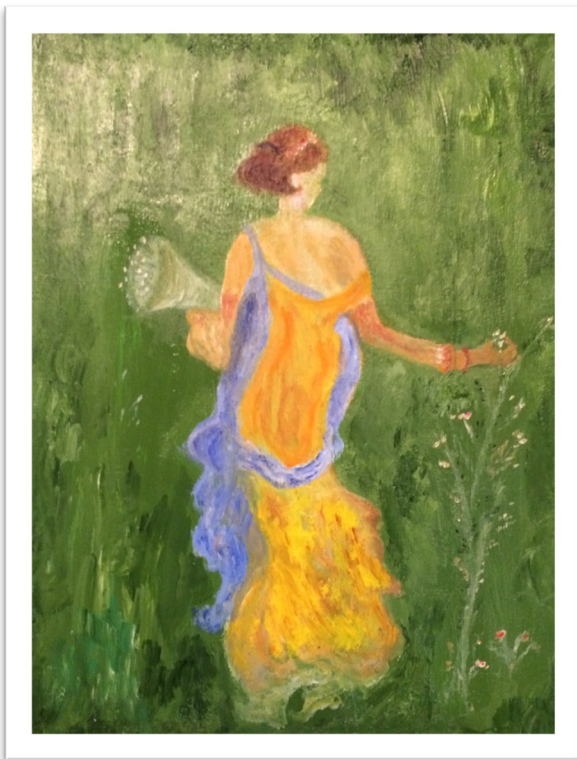
Shepherdess's Cabin ~oil on paper, 11.5 x 8.5 inches



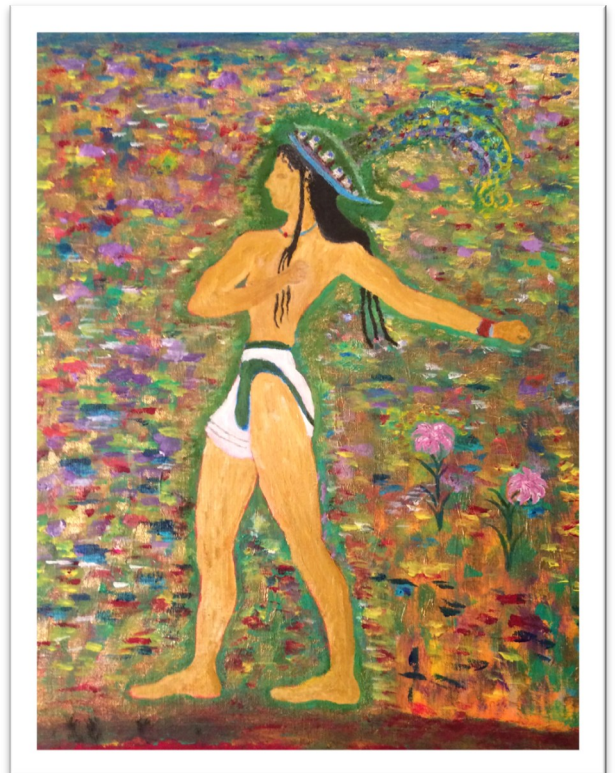
Tryphosa (Romans 16\12) ~oil on paper, 10 x 7 inches



Evening Walk: Promenade en Fin d'Après-Midi
~oil on paper, 8 x 4 inches



Goddess of Flowers ~oil on paper, 12 x 8 inches



Prince of the Lilies ~mixed on canvas board, 18 x 14 inches



Sun Setting Over Cornfield ~oil on paper, 6x6 inches



Consider the Lilies ~ oil on canvas, 5.8 x 6 inches



First Day of Autumn ~ oil on paper, 10 x 7 inches



Monitor's Secret Cove, Cornwall ~ oil on board, 12 x 10 inches



Vercingetorix ~ oil on paper,
11.6 x 8.2 inches



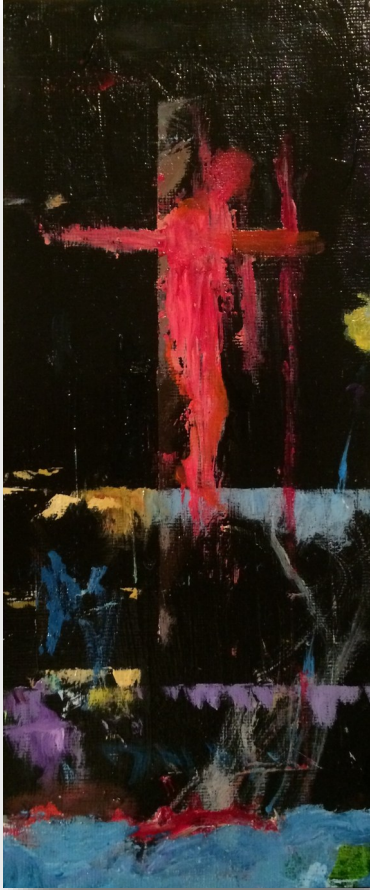
Heron and Birdbath ~ oil on wood, 3.2 x 2.3 inches



Bohemian Waxwing *Bombycilla garrulus*,
~ oil on paper, 7.5 x 3 inches



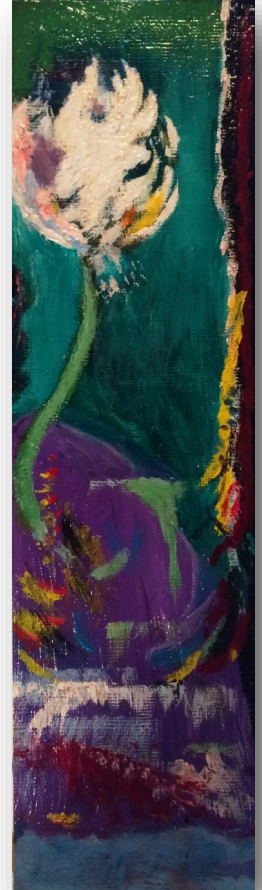
Heron and Carp ~ acrylic on paper, 10.8 x 6 inches



The Sun was darkened
~ oil on paper, 10 x 4.3 inches



Dancing Girl and Cactus ~ oil on paper, 10 x 8 inches



Growth of the Crocus
~ oil on paper,
10 x 2.8 inches

KEYS OF THE KINGDOM HOLY BIBLE

UPCOMING EVENTS

DECEMBER 22, 2024:

7:00PM – **CHRISTMAS CONCERT OF WORSHIP**

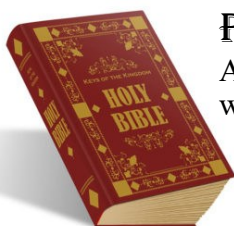
6:00PM – Hors d'Oeuvres
Tyrone Covenant Presbyterian Church
10235 White Lake Road, Fenton, MI
Tyronepca.org

MARCH 1, 2025 – Presentation of Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible, at Ely in Suffolk, UK
VENUE – The Maltings, Ely, CB7 4BB – 10am-2pm
Contact email: kkhb@jenlok.co.uk

UPCOMING NEWSLETTER

November 2024 Weekend Report – Weekend of Worship and Teachings at Hartland Michigan

Language of the Bible – Why KTK reads differently



PRAISE REPORT:

An audiobook is now in production by a brother from Tennessee, a professional musician who has stepped forward out of his love for KTK and how it changed his life.

STATEMENT OF FAITH

We believe the divinely-inspired writings of the prophets and apostles of God and Christ,
from Genesis to Revelation,
accurately translated, from the best divinely-preserved manuscripts,
correctly interpreted, internally, with impregnable organic translating principles,
without regard for any particular tradition other than that of the prophets and apostles themselves,
and understood literally where it is intended literally with no signifier of a figure of speech
(a literal Adam and Eve; a real Garden of Eden),
and understood metaphorically where it is intended metaphorically
(a figurative, fictional “Hades” in Luke 16\23);
God the Father, and Jesus His Son, being one in unity, but not in person;
God’s faithfulness to the twelve tribes of Israel now under a new and better covenant,
and the identity of the twelve tribes of the sons of Israel.