

# Spiritual Autism

Sensory overload. Sights, sounds, smells, touchings. Bombings.

## *Bible-Gift-Store Barrage*

### *Five senses*

Bible-scene candles effervesce holly berry, vanilla, and pine. Certified Holy Land myrrh and frankincense aid intercession.  
Edenic Green low-fat chocolates and fig bars.  
Meditation CDs of mountain streams, ocean tides, with Celtic hymn harps.  
Dead Sea salt soaps cleanse the whole (outer) woman.  
LED lampposts light up a country village where the Master walks by a shimmering lake at sunset on the wall above the couch.

### *Brain bombs*

22 Bible translations in 98 editions; paper to leather; \$2.99–129.99.  
Does the cheaper one give only grade C grace?  
Aisles of shelves of books and zines, DVDs and MP3s, and strawberry-colored blackberries pre-loaded with Strong's & TNIV with Daily Bread wakeups.  
Manuals on inner growth and body shrinking.  
One-minute sermons. Greek in 30-days.  
Planting seed-money→reap 100-fold harvest.  
Holding God to his promises→busting open heavenly windows→enjoying your son-of-King outpourings of health, wealth and celebrity status.  
Middle East prophecy countdowns (revised weekly from WND.com).  
Preparing for coming crisis; family shelter survival check-list (in case Rapture doesn't come in our lifetime – or isn't true doctrine).

*As of this writing: no top-10 book about we human beings being like grass in withering winds and dying and leaving it all tomorrow – or maybe tonight.*

### *Wrestling non-flesh and blood*

How to war with super-human beings – and win.  
5-, 7- and 12-step deliverance from Legion bondages.  
Artistic prayer plaques for door and wall. For the neck:  
silver and gold cruciamulets tell demons your affiliation.  
Know your guardian warrior-angel by name.  
How to vote-in political warriors and defeat earthly machinations of the Powers in High Places.

## *Sanctuary-Performance-Hall Programs*

### *Ground Zero*

Satellite, cable, web and WiFi worship services at 8, 9:30, 11 and 7.  
Or 365-24-7.

Sermon anthologies and seminar series on sale in the lobby near the coffee bar.  
Free tracts; sign up for daily email or Podcasts.

Grammy and Dove praise bands drum-beat Ephesians-6 war-songs.  
Crush the serpent's head, win a crown of glory.  
Segue to hypno, swaying, mesmerizing lyrics to massage those who want  
a "God experience."  
Then relive God: buy CDs after concert.

Barefoot Davidic Dancers in colored silk,  
Daughters of Herodias, dance and bring the heads and thoughts of men and boys,  
like John, on platters to the altar of Diana:  
"Watch them in remembrance of me."

Television preachers – black, male, white, female – assume prophetic posture.  
Strutting and shouting, gesturing wildly, they poke their Bibles and raise them  
up like fresh lamb skins.  
In breathless, staccato, Holy Ghost slang, they strafe their audience with  
rhetorical cluster bomblets to induce shock and awe.  
They stare and glare till Amen validations come – then flash robotic smiles and  
bomb again until, in submission,  
the civilians shoutfully surrender to any dogma or directive.

## *Christians in the Coliseum*

### *Gladiators Slay To Save*

The Headline Attraction:

Cue the organist and the choir. Focus spotlights center-stage.  
With applause and cheers the Healers appear  
in white priestly outfits  
And invoke holy names, holy phrases,  
Wave their hands with papal authority to call down the Anxious Power.  
They line up the chosen to whisper and touch: prepare them for the Filling.  
When the surge comes, the warriors bully-hit the naive head  
and down he falls; down she falls.  
Rows of hosts are slain; unconscious servants who cannot serve.  
And glory is given to the Presence.  
But H.G. Power is not quenched, so the M.C. H.G.-Medium strikes again,  
strikes again,  
and again.

And from the high back rows of real cripples who were not called on-stage,  
 jealous swoons and cries of envy  
 sweep like wind over white wheat.  
 Give us ours! Give us power! Give it to us now!  
 In the arena, chaos reigns, the strewn slain testify to a great crusade.  
 Then a glance at the clock signals time to slow the Dove's Fluttering.  
 Musicians are cued to fill the quieting room with relaxing mood.

### *The Show Ends*

And then it's over.  
 The waters of Jordan suddenly stop mid-flow.  
 The Ghost withdraws, and the waters close round, leaving no cavity or prints.  
 The slain and the observers grieve the growing absence.  
 Where is *his* Comforter who will come take *his* place  
 till the next crusade?  
 The performers and stage-hands disassemble the temple.  
 A curtain hiding heaven hangs thick and impenetrable  
 until the ministry campaigners decide when and where  
 God will appear again.  
 The parking lot outside is just like a cinema parking lot:  
 traffic and talk of where to meet to eat and emotions melt back to yesterday.

## *War-torn Landscape*

All this visual, aural, pan-sensual experiential noise is ... just ... violence.  
 It benumbs mind, spirit and body.  
 The holy *unholy* noise makes people spiritually autistic who  
 in time can *not* see,  
 or hear or speak fluently anymore or  
 even feel their normal skin.

Like wounded animals, Autistics try to say No and draw back. *But . . .*  
 Like prey's blood fills the wind and turns the heads of predators,  
 vulnerable Autistics get caught, not knowing how to flee their enemy in White.

Instead of pausing, compassionating, repenting,  
 the blood-keen, hawk-eyed, Word-hawkers  
 gesticulate and yell even more in mega-church-decibels  
 to invoke the heavens and revive the withering by withering them once more.

Music ministers write more stirring invocational hymns to the mysterious Ghost.

X-Mass Market Masters frantically huddle to devise better battle plans to subdue  
 their enemy:  
 the pew people,  
 the coliseum congregants,  
 the Bible store browsers:  
 the ones with money.

It's Holy War these masters wage. They must fill the coliseums with Spirit-slain  
to please their deity: to win the ratings, to fill the coffers, to spread the Word  
of the next crusade.  
Stack the bodies.  
Stack the cash.  
Mount up with wings like vultures and praise the Heavens for victory.

## *Autistic Prayer*

Bruised enough, Autistics finally flee the endless bombing, noise and slaughter,  
frantic for sanctuary:  
the sanctuaries of the God of Jacob.

Where is the Brook of Cherith to which the autistic soul can flee, there to be fed  
by quiet ravens who don't speak Bibleish?

Where is Mount Horeb where among the rocks one can hear the still small Voice of  
a kind God, far from the noise of rave religion in teeming valleys below?

Where is the hill above Kinneret, where one can kneel or sit or lie on cool grass in  
silence (except for breezes off the Lake), where the Master used to sit and  
kneel and lay prone to commune with his Father above?

Kinneret, where he learned to speak to Autistic souls,  
to bring them out,  
like Lazarus,  
from their dark, deep tombs.

Where now is the Lord of Autistics?

Amen, come Lord. Come quietly. Come soon.  
Hoshiana – Save us now.