

## COME ON DOWN ON THE FARM

by Rick Wingerter

“Hey, I turned on the television, tried to catch a little news.  
There was Stan the newsman, with all his liberal views.  
He was talkin’ about a wedding, but they only showed two men.  
So I fired off an email, with an invite just for him.

*Chorus*

“Come on down to the farm, come on out to the barn.  
You won’t see two roosters walkin’ arm and arm.  
They couldn’t make a chicken; they don’t have an egg to hatch.  
When **God** said, “Love your brother”, I don’t think He meant like that.

“Now in this little email, I commenced to tell ‘em how  
Two mares can’t make a stallion, and two bulls can’t make a cow.  
**Why it takes a male and female, for the species to go on.**  
There will be no reproduction if the plumbing is all wrong.

*Chorus*

**“We used to teach our children all about the birds and bees.  
Now the world is telling them, “Do anything you please.”**  
They need to get back to the bible, back to the gospel truth,  
cause a million happy ganders could not make a single goose.”

*Chorus*

“. . . When **God** said, “Love your brother”, I don’t think He meant like that.”

**Ray Lewis’** last words on the YouTube video:

“It ain’t normal, I don’t care what they say. It just ain’t normal.

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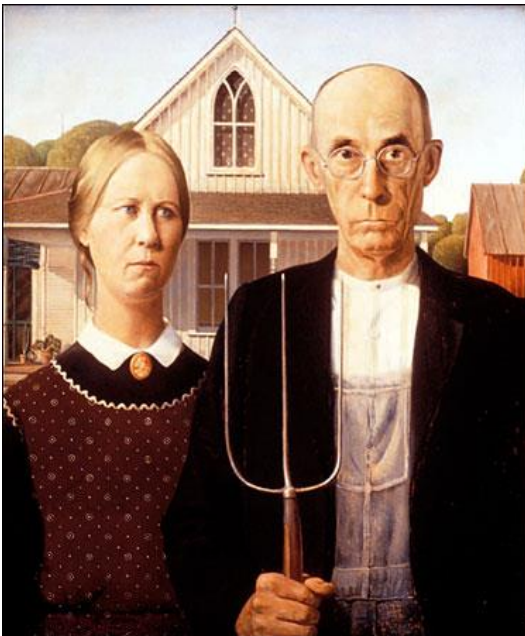


The lyrics above are to a very amusing Christian song about natural law, and of course against the popular sin of sodomy. It says in a lyrical, tongue in cheek way – sodomy is against God and against nature. And sure it is. Fine. I recently heard this song performed by a missionary couple and their NINE children, sung very well in harmony; they were blessed and beautiful. And that got me thinking about the insightful lyrics of this amusing song. It got

me thinkin' .... I guess....about the farm.

Uh-Oh.

You see this song, while I enjoy it, reminds me as much of the state of modern believers as it does of modern sodomites. Christians point to the disobedience of the absurdly transsexual world around us, and in a sense presume that what WE are doing is better. And I guess in some ways it is. But I'm not sure in how many.



For example, I'd like to give you folks a little invite.... Come on down to the farm, and come on out to the barn. Look around and see how many chickens and roosters live for years with each other without making any eggs. Do you find any? I mean, other than poultry with serious illnesses, are there any poultry like that? Can you find me a chicken and rooster pair next to each other for years who make as few as one or two eggs? Probably not that either? And why not? Because it just ain't natural.

You see when the male and female of the species get together, they procreate. That's what the plumbing is for. And unless they are ill, they produce the children God gives them. Sounds easy enough to

understand, but you'd hardly guess it by the marriages and families of the preponderance of Christians, who while quite pro-natural law in the sodomy area, refuse to get down to the barn themselves when it comes to natural law. Where are all the children, farmers? When God said multiply, I don't think he meant with math!

So come on down to the farm. Come on out to the barn. You won't see two roosters walking arm in arm. There will be no reproduction if the plumbing is all wrong. These lyrics are so true. Just like it's true that there will be no reproduction if the plumbing is all torn up and ripped out of the walls, just like Christians do shamelessly through contraception. A million happy husbands won't make a single goose!

You see if you change the hormones of the female, her body will not release mature eggs, and the baby will likely not be conceived. Look it up folks. That's natural law. And if you wipe out the lining of her uterus, like it were a human Hiroshima, that wiped-out uterus won't be able to hold the newly-conceived babe anyway, so he'll die at a young age inside the womb of his mother. That's what happens when you screw around with the plumbing. The plumbing doesn't work.

Is that natural too?

So come on down to the farm. Come on out to the barn. You won't find a rooster looking like a chicken or a chicken like a rooster. That's because God created them differently. They have their natural differences in behavior, physique and looks. You'll find those natural differences between genders start to disappear if you look at the modern church community instead of the farm. The sex differences just blend into each other. You might think you walked into the local homosexual parade, when in actuality you walked into the local Christian gathering. In fact it seems like many, somehow especially among women, are truly going out of their way to look like the opposite gender. Chickens like roosters. Roosters like chickens. Could that possibly be at the root of the problem?



So come on down to the farm, you little images of the Savior. Come on out to the barn. We've got chickens looking like roosters, roosters like chickens, all stopping up their plumbing or ripping it out of the wall so they won't have to lay any eggs. Sound natural to you? Sound godly? This isn't country Road Take Me Home folks. It's gender queer central. We have messed with nature, we have disobeyed God, and we are creating the same gender problems we loudly complain about. As the song says -- We need to get back to the Bible. Back to the Gospel truth.

