

Foreword

Ray Comfort should have been born with a warning label on his forehead: “KEEP AWAY; HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH.” My world was a safe one until I met him, and I’ve never known a dull moment since.

When Ray’s around, there is always some mess to clean up, some broken bone to mend, some gaping wound to bandage, some worldwide catastrophe to avert. If there is a button that says “DO NOT PRESS,” he is sure to press it; if something is labeled “INDESTRUCTIBLE,” he will somehow manage to destroy it; if anyone is within 10 miles of him (wearing full-body armor), they are sure to sustain serious bodily injury.

So if you see a fast-moving, 5'5", 150 pound, mustached Kiwi on the loose . . . KEEP AWAY! Ray Comfort is dangerous to your health! In fact, Ray is so dangerous,

he inspired me (years ago) to write a song that contained the following line:

When everything is breaking,
and everyone's left aching,
then there is no mistaking:
Ray Comfort's in town!

Of this one thing I am sure: the day will come when Ray Comfort will somehow, in some way, set off a chain of events that will lead to the destruction of the entire universe. When this happens, remember: you heard it first from me.

EMEAL ("E.Z.") ZWAYNE



1.

The Mosquito

Life has been anything but boring since I started getting “floaters.” Floaters are little specks that actually float in or on the eyeball. I was told by my eye doctor that they are very common, and can disappear as quickly as they appear.

It was a Monday night, and I woke up around midnight and got out of bed to read. I have been getting up most nights each week for about twenty-five years. Earlier that night my daughter, Rachel, had been telling her kids about how I had perfected walking in the dark. If I couldn't see, I would extend my crossed arms to keep me from walking into any open doors. Pretty clever.

I didn't need to cross my arms this night because I was going into the sunroom. I carefully shut the door making sure not to wake my wife, Sue, who was soundly sleeping upstairs. After thirty minutes I stood up, turned the light off, and in the now pitch dark *walked straight into the closed*

door! The bang was so loud I thought for sure that I had awakened Sue.

In the morning I was surprised to find that she didn't hear the big bang. I guess she is used to hearing stumbling noises in the night. She did, however, notice the blood on the bridge of my nose. We were both amazed at how hard I would have had to hit the door to flatten my nose and get a wound on the bridge between my eyes.

That night I trimmed my fingernails, not bothering to file them after trimming (that's a "woman" thing), and then leaped into bed. However, somehow between the bathroom and the bed I managed to cut my left thumb with a sharp nail and draw blood. Sue wasn't surprised.

The next day I fell off my bike, and only slightly injured my left knee. My consolation was that it wasn't as bad as when I rode into a five-inch-high edge of the sidewalk and went over the handlebars.

After sending half a cup of tea down my windpipe and nearly drowning myself during the evening, I jumped into bed that night and began reading a good book,

thrilled that I had made it through another day without injuring myself too badly. Suddenly I was distracted by a huge mosquito that flitted between my face and the book. It was one of those blood-filled ones, and because it was so heavy laden and therefore slow, I knew I could kill it.

With the reflexes and agility of a world champion Kung Fu expert, I slapped my open hand against my chest at lightning speed, trapping that beast with such force that it not only startled Sue, but it *really* hurt my bare chest. But it was worth the pain. I focused my eyes on my stinging chest as I searched for its crushed body. I never found it. It was a “floater.”

2. ***Went Over With a Bang***

Two men in their twenties met with a group of singles for a Fourth of July celebration. Of course, they wanted to impress the young ladies. And they did. They filled a plastic container with dry ice, and made a dry ice bomb. When it exploded with a

loud bang, it really impressed the girls. The explosion also impressed the neighbors. They called the police who arrested the pair for making an explosive device. They were jailed for the weekend at \$500,000 bail.

3.

Save the Whales

In Oregon, some clever state Highway Division authorities decided that they would use dynamite to blow up a dead beached whale, rather than go to the trouble and expense of burying the rotting 8-ton mammal. They surmised that after it was blown up, the hundreds of hungry seagulls that were hanging around would then eat the bite-sized portions of the big creature, and the problem would be solved. The crowds and news media were moved back a quarter of a mile and the dynamite was exploded.

Unfortunately, thousands of pieces of rotten whale flesh landed on the crowd, with one 3-foot by 5-foot whale portion landing on a spectator's car, caving the

roof in about 18 inches. The noise of the explosion caused the birds to completely disappear, leaving authorities with the exciting job of picking up the thousands of pieces of stinking whale and burying them.



4.

Perfection

I was in Southern California waiting to speak at a Sunday night meeting, when I decided to go to the restroom to make sure I looked presentable. I checked in the mirror to see if my tie was straight. It was perfect. I also had a matching handkerchief in the top pocket of my jacket and a gold pin holding down the knot part of the tie. It was hard to leave the mirror, but I pulled myself away.

As I was about to leave the room I saw a piece of paper on the floor and thought, *If I don't pick that up, someone else will have to.* So I bent down to pick it up, and dunked my tie three inches into the toilet bowl.

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavor, and dish washing liquid made with real lemons?

5. ***Mistaken Identity***

A pastor in Southern California was asked to visit a woman named Margaret in the hospital. Although she was able to speak with him, she was gravely ill. Therefore it was no surprise to him to have someone call a few days later and say, “Margaret died today. Could you take the funeral?”

At the service, the pastor spoke kindly of the woman, giving a little background about her moving from the East Coast to live in California many years ago. This was something he did regularly at funerals. It was an “added touch”—a special gifting he had to comfort relatives by reviving warm memories of the person who had died.

During this time, he noticed that some of the family members were whispering to each other. As he ended his comforting sermon, he casually walked over to the casket and, to his horror, saw that *it wasn't the woman he had visited in hospital!* It was *another* Margaret who had died.

As the relatives quietly filed out the door, he shook their hands and gently whispered, "I'm sorry," to each one.



6.

Hot Car

In the late seventies, I ran a Drug Prevention Center which was located on High Street, which is an unfortunate choice of street names for such a place.

One day, I answered the telephone to hear that a member of our drug team had failed to show up at a school to give a talk.

I said that I would get there as soon as possible, and do it myself. Someone in the center threw her keys at me and said, "Take my car. It's a Volkswagen on the third floor of the parking building." I caught the keys, ran up to the third floor, jumped in the car and drove to the school. An hour later, I returned to the building, parked the car and went back to the center.

As I walked in, I threw the keys back and casually said, "What are you doing with a Radio Avon sticker on your car? That's a secular station." She looked curiously at me and said, "*I don't have a Radio Avon sticker on my car!*"

We both ran back to the third floor of the parking building. Sure enough, the keys had fit, and I had taken someone else's car and driven around town for an hour!

Why do we drive on parkways and park on driveways?