

# The Family Friend

*A collection of articles and quotes to aid your family in daily living.*

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## Modern-Day Molechs

Before Israel entered into the land of Canaan, God warned His people about the idolatry of those who dwelt in the land. One of those idols that the Canaanites worshiped was a god called Molech. God told the people, “You shall not give any of your children to offer them to Molech, and so profane the name of your God: I am the Lord” (Leviticus 18:21, ESV). He later said that anybody who sacrifices their child to Molech should be stoned to death (Leviticus 20:2).

Molech was a brutal beast. This giant metal image had the appearance of a man with a bull’s head, stretching out its arms. The ungodly would take their little babies, place them on Molech’s hands, and light a fire beneath it in order to sacrifice the child to their god. Naturally, the pain that the child received led to horrifying screams until the child rolled over into the fire. To drown out their cries, the people

would beat on drums that surrounded the base of the idol.

The Canaanites worshiped Molech by sacrificing the blood of their innocent, pure children. Sadly, even the Israelites gave into this form of idolatry (1 Kings 11:7-8; Jeremiah 32:34-35; Ezekiel 16:20-21).

If someone were to set up a giant image of Molech in the middle of your town and sacrifice a baby on it for all to see, how would you react? Would you stop your car in disgust and attempt to rescue that helpless being? Would you cry tears of heartache over the atrocity going on right in front of you? Would you want justice done on the man or woman who did such an act? I am certain that every single one of us would be horrified if we witnessed the sacrificing of a child in that way, but how many of us are currently horrified by the modern day sacrificing of children?

In our society, we have modern-day “Molechs” all around us in two major forms. The first is the act of abortion. So far in 2015, estimates show that over 12 million abortions have taken place worldwide.\* Other studies have estimated that since 1980 over 1.3 billion abortions have

taken place worldwide.\*\* There have been nearly more deaths to abortion in 35 years than there are people currently living in China, the world’s most populated country. God tells us that children are a heritage from the Lord (Psalm 127:3), children are innocent (Psalm 106:38), and children belong to the kingdom of God (Matthew 18:3). They are precious souls who deserve life. When people make the decision to eradicate their offspring through abortion, they are just as guilty as the people who offered their children to Molech. Instead of worshiping a physical metal image, they are sacrificing the life of their child to the gods of choice, convenience, and self.

The second is the act of neglect. Neglect can rear its ugly head in many different forms. Parents sometimes leave their newborns in dumpsters or on the side of the road because they don’t want to take care of them. Other times parents leave the responsibility of child raising to their own parents. And other times parents are there for their children in very real senses, but they simply neglect to train their kids up in the way they should go spiritually (Proverbs 22:6). And that might include you. God doesn’t want us to neglect our

children, but to bring them up in the discipline and instruction of the Lord (Ephesians 6:4). Every single parent on this earth is raising their kid to be a disciple of something, and far too many children are brought up to be disciples of the world. When we neglect to raise our children up correctly, we selfishly create our own drums that drown out the cries of children who desperately need someone to help bring them to spiritual fruition. We sacrifice their souls when we let the world raise them. When parents either abort their infant or neglect to raise their kids according to God's precepts, they have essentially sacrificed their child to the gods of choice, pleasure, convenience, narcissism, and self.

Parents, stop sacrificing your children on the altar of self. Stop making your own desires and wants into a modern-day Molech. If we witnessed the horrible actions that took place at the image of Molech, sorrow would flood our hearts and minds. Sadly, some parents look at themselves in the mirror every day and don't realize that they are looking into a "Molech," yet they don't shed a tear. Take a long, deep look at yourself. Are you a modern-day Molech?

—Luke Yates, Neosho, MO

\*[www.worldometers.info/abortions](http://www.worldometers.info/abortions)

\*\*[www.numberofabortions.com](http://www.numberofabortions.com)



## 205 Virginia Avenue

205 Virginia Avenue...That's the address of just one of the 1292 houses in the small town of Chester, WV. But it's more than that to me. It's "my" house. It's the house I grew up in from the time I was two years old until I went off to college and got married. For the past 30 years, it's been the house I went to when I visited with my mom and dad. In all, this house has been occupied by my family and me for the past 51 years! However all that comes to an end this weekend when my mom vacates this house and goes to live with my sister two hours away. I never dreamed that leaving behind bricks, mortar, and shingles would be so difficult.

The thought of never again coming back to 205 Virginia Avenue and never again dialing 387-1680 leaves a lump in my throat that I just can't seem to swallow. You see, for me, 205 Virginia Avenue isn't just a mailing address, it's home. It's where I was loved, raised, praised, and disciplined. It's where I was taught how to live.

It was in this house where my mom would read me Bible stories, and even teach the neighborhood children. It was in this house that I would "holler" to my dad from my bedroom late at night to ask him Bible questions. And instead of telling me it was bed time, he would take the time to "holler" back answers and explanations until I was satisfied. It was in this house that my sister and I would fold church bulletins on TV trays every Saturday night, and fuss

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about who had to fold the most.

It was in the shadow of this house that I played hide-n-seek, "army," baseball, basketball, football, and street hockey. It was on the sidewalks of this house that my dad taught me how to ride a bike. It was here where I learned to mow a yard, and trim/edge a sidewalk (without a weed-eater). And it was here that my dad taught me how to meticulously care for a car.

So you see, this is why 205 Virginia Avenue is more than bricks and mortar to me. To me, it's about family. It's about Grandparents, the Nicola's, the Rine's, and the Seelbach's and our New Year Reunions. But mostly, it's about my mom, dad, and sister and the memories we created there; memories that I wouldn't trade for the world.

So I say goodbye to 205 Virginia Avenue this weekend. Although we will never occupy this house again, at least in my mind, I can still clearly hear the voices of my mom, dad, and sister, echoing within its rooms.

May the next occupants of this house experience the same kind of joy, love, and pleasant memories with which I have been so blessed. And if they find any scratches in the hardwood floor, cedar closets, or plaster, I want them to know that my sister did it, not me!—Steve Higginbotham, Preachinghelp.org, 10/29/14