

# ***WATCHMAN'S TEACHING LETTER***

Monthly Letter #210 October, 2015; Teacher Clifton A. Emahiser  
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## **TO THOSE WHOM THE COVENANT BELONGS**

### **A NON-UNIVERSAL CULTURE AWARENESS INSTRUCTIONAL PUBLICATION**

#### **A MONTHLY TEACHING LETTER**

This is my two hundred and tenth monthly teaching letter and continues my eighteenth year of publication. In the last letter, WTL #209, I explained how I finally moved my barber business from a downtown location in a basement under the Candyland restaurant to a high traffic area on a four-lane street in a residential district. Not only did the greater part of my established patronage follow me to my new location, but I gained a substantial amount of new business from the surrounding neighborhood. In addition to that, I started to get commuter business from other cities, such as traveling salesmen, repairmen, or a couple of dozen other occupations working out of pickup trucks, delivery trucks, farm trucks and vans of all sorts, too numerous to mention here. After all, Countyline street was a main thoroughfare for U.S. route 23 and State route 199. In years past, all of that transit business had to pass through the downtown district, but after underpasses were built beneath all of Fostoria's many railways, that traffic was transferred to Countyline street. However, if they ever build a bypass around Fostoria, as they often suggest doing, that business advantage will dry up to some extent. But that has not happened in the last seventy years, and doesn't appear likely anytime soon.

Here I was with a heavy workload in the barber business, plus a home to finish up, plus a building to remodel for my barber business at my Countyline street location. Looking back at 1962 and 1963, it amazes me that I was doing so well in temporary quarters in the kitchen of that old rundown house. But things were about to change for the worse. There were two forces that would bring this about:

(1) I was not immediately aware of it, but about that same time large incorporated drugstore chains were starting to enfranchise barbershops within their drugstores to draw new customers to their branches by offering quick barber services at a very reduced price, though the service was usually quite inferior in nature. Up until that time, the barber and beautician were usually locally owned as a proprietorship. Occasionally, I would have a customer who would brag when they were vacationing in Florida, California, or some other state having these drugstore barbershops, they could get immediate service at any time of the day, and for half the price that the Fostoria barbers were charging. It was obvious those Edomite-jew owned huge drugstore chains didn't give a damn about the barber business, but was only using the barbers to draw people to their damnable pharmacies.

Like I explained before, I was doing quiet well in 1962 and 1963, and I felt quite secure that it would continue in the same manner. For me, it was getting to the point where by Friday late afternoon, my appointment book was full for all day Saturday.

Once Saturday came along, the only way I could schedule another appointment was if someone would call in and cancel their appointment. It turned out to be one of the busiest rushes I ever experienced in the barber business. I was getting so many calls, I couldn't get any hair cutting done, as no sooner had I hung up the phone for one call, the phone would immediately ring again, and this continued time and again. So the only alternative I had was to leave the phone off of the hook. Then I had potential customer after customer driving in and complaining that my phone was not working, as all they could get was a busy signal. And when I explained to them my problem, many went away miffed. It was one of those days that I didn't take any time to eat my lunch. About 5 P.M. that Saturday a man whom I didn't know, came into my shop and more or less demanded that I would cut his hair. He was dressed casually, as many would have after their work hours, and I apologized in a friendly manner and explained that I had already turned down somewhere between fifty to a hundred people that day, and I will never forget his answer. It was a threat something like this (and I will have to paraphrase it): "Well, we'll have to do something about that."

I cannot prove it, but I believe this man may have been involved in developing what had been formerly a farm field into Fostoria's first shopping center. This man, with his threat, may have been developer or stockholder of one of the businesses in Fostoria's first shopping center. Be that as it may, it wasn't long until there was an announcement that there was going to be a large barbershop coming to the shopping center in Fostoria. When it was finally built and opened up, it's operation appeared much like the drugstore franchises found in the larger cities.

Back then, we had a lot of mom and pop restaurants, grocery stores, and a multitude of other mom and pop services. All one has to do today is take a good look at the fast food franchises we now have in order to comprehend the evil these corporate chains have done to our mom and pop economy. For instance, today's beautician is lucky to keep 30% of her sales. Later, when I became aware of these barber shop chains in other parts of the United States, the thought came in remembrance to me when the "Plaza" barbershop opened up in our one and only local shopping center advertising quick service, no waiting, and cut-rate prices. This same shop failed in the shopping plaza and at a downtown location, and is now listed as "Jorie's On Main Salon LLC ..." in the Fostoria phone book in a very low traffic out-of-the-way residential area. In retrospect, I believe the only reason the Plaza barbershop was built and opened was to draw customers from the mom and pop establishments in Fostoria to the shopping center to buy their imported merchandise from only God knows where!

(2) The above "drugstore barber franchises" are small in comparison to what happened in 1964, and I will repeat in part from *Watchman's Teaching Letter* 192 for April 2014:

Yet, since Ed Sullivan introduced the Beatles on television in 1964, our impressionable, immature White Israelite men and women (mostly women) started to mix their genetics with alien nonwhites on a gargantuan scale! Data is found at the following website:

<http://www.edsullivan.com/artists/the-beatles>

“On February 9th, 1964, The Beatles, with their Edwardian suits and mop top haircuts, made their first American television appearance – LIVE – on The Ed Sullivan Show. A record setting 73 million people tuned in that evening making it one of the seminal [*i.e., relating to seed or semen – a Freudian slip?*] moments in TV history. Nearly fifty years later, people still remember exactly where they were the night The Beatles stepped onto Ed Sullivan’s stage ... [brackets mine]

“The story of how The Beatles landed on The Ed Sullivan Show began with the group’s formation in Liverpool in 1960. They spent their first couple of years playing in small clubs throughout Europe. During late night gigs in the city of Hamburg, Germany, sometimes playing as long as eight hours a night, The Beatles perfected their act. However, it was not until an appearance on the British television show, ‘Val Parnell’s Sunday Night at the London Palladium’ and the 1963 release of their first album, Please Please Me that ‘Beatlemania’ began to spread. That March the album hit number one on the British charts, and by the end of the year, The Beatles’ music permeated UK radio. The ‘Fab Four’ even performed for the royal family. It was only after this burgeoning success at home did The Beatles and their manager, Brian Epstein, choose to launch their American invasion. They decided when they had a #1 song on the U.S. charts, then they would lock in the date of their Ed Sullivan debut ....”

I well remember what I was doing on February 9th, 1964! My wife, Tillie, and I were visiting her sister’s family in Rudolph, Ohio, which we often did on a Sunday afternoon and evening. It didn’t take very long into Sullivan’s shoe (as he pronounced it), after introducing the Beatles that I understood that their long hair could become a threat to the barber business in general. As for the young boys and girls screaming at the Beatles was nothing new as the Broadway Edomite-jews had the young people staged to scream at Frank Sinatra in the 1940s! The screamers were more than likely well rewarded for their screaming in both cases! I didn’t realize it at the time, but Almighty Yahweh was getting me set up to learn two of the greatest lessons I would ever learn, and wake me up to the Christian Israel Identity Message. There would be a lot of jolting bumps in the road for me, but I would survive them.

Again quoting from *Watchman’s Teaching Letter* 192 for April 2014:

I will now quote from David A. Noebel’s *The Marxist Minstrels, A Handbook On Subversion Of Music*, from chapter 12, entitled “Tampering With Our Teenagers”, pp. 44-47:

“America’s children are not the only targets of the Communists. Also included in their ingeniously conceived master music plan are America’s teenagers. Since rhythmic activity music ceases to be effective by early adolescence, the music designed for high school students is extremely effective in aiding and abetting demoralization among teenagers; effective in preparing them for riot and ultimately revolution to destroy our American way of life and the basic Christian principles governing that way of life.

“The music has been called a number of things, but today it is best known as rock ‘n’ roll, beat music or simply Beatle-music. Even *Time* magazine admitted that ‘there was obviously something visceral’ about the music since it has caused riots in countless communities. Riot-causing it is, but it is also a noise which causes teenagers

to experience countless side effects, detrimental not only to the community, but also to the individual and the country.

“Henry David Thoreau predicted in 1854 that music would some day destroy England and America. With today’s beat ‘music’ churning destruction throughout the length and breadth of England and America, Thoreau’s prophecy could be fulfilled sooner than most would care to contemplate.

“It took Lenin little time to realize that music played a vital part in the cohesion of society. He also realized that one sure way to destroy an enemy society was to destroy that society’s music. This is exactly what his disciples have set out to do.

“In his *How Music Expresses Ideas*, Sidney Finkelstein, the recognized cultural spokesman for the Communists in the USA, sets forth the program with little ambiguity. Finkelstein calls for the destruction of the barrier between classical music and popular music and insists that African music is the true epitome of popular music. The goal is to inundate the American people with African music and disparage the importance of good classical and standard musical forms! ....”

In 1964, I had no idea the enormity of what was going on behind the scenes, but I was soon going to feel the effects of its impact. Actually, it took me several years to identify the very heart of the great conspiracy, and the parties who are secretly pulling all of the strings. Literally, it is a conspiracy that has been going on now for nearly seven thousand five hundred years, and dates all the way back to Cain, who murdered Abel.

In the summer of 1964, I started to get a taste of what lay ahead for me in the barber business, and I was only getting a good start at remodeling the building I intended to eventually use for my barber business. I thank Almighty Yahweh that the bottom didn’t fall out of my business all at once, but gradually changed so that I could take countermeasures as shifting conditions forced me to do so.

In the summer of 1964, various parents with children from ages eight to about fourteen would send their boys to my barbershop for a haircut with the money in their pocket to pay for it. Then one day a boy came to my barbershop and got into my barber chair and I placed a hair cloth over him, and I asked him as to what kind of a haircut he would like. The boy then answered that he didn’t want any hair to be cut off at all. Well, what was I to do, as the parent had called on the phone and made the appointment, and the boy had the money with him to pay for the haircut? In all of my barbering years behind me, I never had a situation like this before, and wasn’t quite sure how to handle it. So knowing the parent’s intent, I proceeded to give the boy a regular boy’s haircut leaving it a little on the long side, and I don’t remember that boy ever coming back to my shop again. Then when situations like this began happening time and again, I began to realize something detrimental was in the wind!

This type of thing kept happening over and over for a few months, when secondly the fathers or mothers (mostly mothers) started calling in ahead to make an appointment for their son and would say something like this: “I’m sending Junior in for a haircut (at such and such a time). Now he’s going to tell you what kind of a haircut he wants, but here is what kind of haircut I want you to give him...” Well again, what was I to do? So I decided that when Junior finally came in, I told Junior something like this:

“Junior, your mother called me and gave me instructions that I was to cut your hair (such and such)”, and inasmuch as the parent was paying for the haircut, Junior would have to fight it out with his parents. I would learn later by the grapevine that Junior and his parents had a long-drag-out-fight, and in almost every case, Junior won the argument! This type of situation happened over and over time and again!

Well that same thing continued and developed into a third stage where the father or mother (usually the father) would call for an appointment where the father would come in with Junior, and an argument would start as soon as my barber chair was empty, and I would call “next”. Then Junior would openly argue with his father for about fifteen minutes before Junior finally relented and got into the barber chair. As I worked by appointment, that set me fifteen minutes behind time the rest of the day on each succeeding customer. This also happened over and over time and again!

One of the outstanding cases where a father called ahead of time and made an appointment for his son, added something like this while making the appointment. “Now when Junior comes in, I want him to get something that looks like a haircut. When he comes home I want to see that it looks like a haircut. (This the father repeated three or four times.) When Junior came in, I told him exactly what his father had said, and I cut Junior’s hair accordingly, (and a little on the long side)! A few days later the father came in to get his own hair cut. And he told me something like this about his son’s haircut: “Well, you wouldn’t have had to cut it that short!” Evidently this was another long-drag-out-fight!

Like I said before, this longhair mania started with the younger school boys, and then very slowly spread through a portion of the general population, who like lemmings started rushing for the nearest cliff! It’s like one lemming asking another lemming, “Where are you going?” The other lemming answering, “I don’t know, but everybody is doing it.” There were those, though, who were immune to public opinion who never accepted the longhair obsession in spite of the peer pressure by many to do so, which proves there are still a few people left who can think for themselves. But as Yahshua Christ Himself said “It takes a narrow minded people to walk a narrow way.” (Matt. 7:13-14):

**“<sup>13</sup> Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide *is* the gate, and broad *is* the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: <sup>14</sup> Because strait *is* the gate, and narrow *is* the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.”**

But I will say this, the longhair was the most innocent part of the hippie movement, but it was a precursor (harbinger) of greater evils to come like drugs, immorality, miscegenation (race-mixing), abortion of White fetuses (whereas life starts at conception so this is abdication of producing offspring), homosexuality and lesbianism (the avoidance of children) and transgenderism. All of these greater evils fulfills Matt. 24:36-37:

**“<sup>36</sup> But of that day and hour knoweth no *man*, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. <sup>37</sup> But as the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.”**

Jude 6-8 enlarges on this theme thusly:

**“<sup>6</sup> And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day. <sup>7</sup> Even as Sodom and Gomorrha, and the cities about them in like manner, giving themselves over to fornication [*i.e., race-mixing*], and going after strange flesh, are set forth for an example, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire. <sup>8</sup> Likewise also these *filthy* dreamers defile the flesh, despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities.”**

2 Peter 2:2-6 brings Noah’s days and Sodom and Gomorrha together as one and the same moral degeneracy:

**“<sup>2</sup> And many shall follow their pernicious ways; by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. <sup>3</sup> And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you: whose judgment now of a long time lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not. <sup>4</sup> For if Yahweh spared not the angels that sinned, but cast *them* down to hell, and delivered *them* into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment; <sup>5</sup> And spared not the old world, but saved Noah the eighth *person*, a preacher of righteousness, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly; <sup>6</sup> And turning the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha into ashes condemned *them* with an overthrow, making *them* an ensample unto those that after should live ungodly ....”**

So this is the full situation I was up against in my barber business in the 1960s, but wasn’t able to identify, at that time, the reason/s it was happening. It would take several years of research on my part to come to a full understanding why all of this was developing. When I began to become aware that I needed a better traffic flow into my business, and one by one other barbers were going out of business on account of the long hair, I decided to build another “waiting sign” attached on top of my large barbershop sign on Countyline street to indicate how many, if any, customers were “ahead”. I still had the electrical control box that I had used at my former downtown location in the basement under the Candyland restaurant. At this time, I had my building that was formerly a recreation room remodeled for a barbershop ready (and had moved out of the old house I used for a temporary quarters), which still needed a little more finish work, but sufficed in everything I needed. I was probably three or four weeks building this sign between haircuts and in the evenings. This time the sign read “0-1-2, Ahead”. I omitted the “3-4-5” that I had downtown. Of course there was a 100 watt bulb over each of “0-1-2” numbers. If I had 3 or more customers ahead, I simply turned the waiting sign off. Inasmuch as this remodeled building set back about 125 feet from the entrance, I needed a pilot light on my control box to indicate whether or not a bulb on the sign was burned out. Since this waiting sign faced both north and south, it read the same on both sides, and there were three bulbs on each side to keep track of. The 0s-1s-2s were wired in parallel, so for instance if one of the “0” lights (north or south) burned out, the pilot on my switch box would turn dim, or if both “0” lights burned out, the pilot light would turn dark for lack of electric current. The first full week I used this new waiting sign, my receipts at barbering increased about one hundred dollars, and continued approximately at that amount for quite some time.

This wasn't the end of the line, though, for the downward spiral for the overall demand for barbering was continuing to decrease. The bottom line was, I was managing to hold my own in spite of the lack of demand. Then unbeknownst to myself, what few barbers there were left in business would be hit by one more heavy, inhibiting blow! I started to have longtime customers announcing to me usually after getting a last haircut from me, saying something like this: "Mr. Emahiser, I really like the way you have cut my hair over the years, but my daughter has gone to beauty school, and she will now be cutting my hair in the future." After all, blood is thicker than water, and what else could I do but kindly thank him for the patronage he gave over the years? The first two or three times I got this or a similar remark from a customer, I really didn't completely comprehend how it might affect my business. After all, I was doing quite well holding my own in spite of everything. I eventually found out that one of the occupational consultants at the high-school was recommending nearly every female should go to beauty school. Up to this time, Ohio differentiated a barber's license from the license of a beautician. For instance, a beautician was not allowed to display a barber-pole, but suddenly a beautician could place a revolving barber-pole inside her front window! This allowed a beautician to absorb a good portion of the already declining barber business, which they did!

From 1965 until 1971 the barber business as a whole continued to be a struggle with a constant shifting going on. More and more of my customers were driving longer distances to receive my service. I had several steady customers driving a 100 mile round trip just to get me to cut their hair. The Fostoria Chrysler foundry had closed its doors and moved its operation to Kokomo, Indiana with a group of employees who went along with them some 225 miles from Fostoria. Some of those employees who transferred to Kokomo found room and board there, and would return to Fostoria to spend an occasional weekend with their family. On their return to be with their family, they would often make an effort to stop around at my barber shop for a haircut. There were other factories in Fostoria which were either closing down or drastically scaling back their operations in Fostoria, where I had other former customers that would look me up whenever they had occasion to be in Fostoria. As a result of this shifting around, I began to have overly busy days and overly slow days. What that meant was, when the customers decided to come, I had to be prepared to take them. When I did have an overly busy day, I usually couldn't find the time to eat my lunch, or part of my lunch unless a customer missed his appointment at most any time in the afternoon.

About this same time my favorite barber supply man stopped around one day and introduced me to the Wahl vacuum clipper system. Here he came in the door with a unit already assembled, and ready to use. All I had to do was plug it into the electricity and lift the clipper off a tray attached to a standpipe over the vacuum cleaner. I proceeded to use the vacuum clipper for about five minutes, and I asked my supply man, "Willis, how soon can you get a unit like this to me,?" I was so excited about it, I could hardly wait until UPS delivered this new unit to me! The first few days using this Wahl vacuum clipper system, I noticed that I was cutting hair faster than my schedule, and I realized I could work in an extra customer each hour, and that would amount to ten extra customers on those overly busy days.

At first I was mystified as to why I was cutting hair faster using the Wahl vacuum clipper system. After thinking about it for quite some time I came to the conclusion it was somewhat like a carpenter building a house with a helper following him up by sweeping up the sawdust and keeping the working area neat, clean and orderly that the carpenter could get much more work done in a day. I also found that the customers just loved the vacuum clippers, as when they left the shop they didn't have any loose clippings of hair down their back to irritate them the rest of the day, until they took a shower. As a result, my customers who usually waited for a late afternoon appointment, started to come in or make an appointment during their noon hour. And as all the farmers used to say, "You got to make hay while the sun shines." And the sun was shining during the noon hour for me. I bought myself a small oven with a thermostat and hooked it to a timer to come on about 11 A.M. at about 125 degrees. That way I had a warm lunch when I could find the time to eat it somewhere between 12 noon and 5 P.M.

There were a lot of barbers who started to install vacuum clippers in their barbershops, but because they still used the scissors over the comb, they still left hair clippings to go down the customer's back and defeated part of the purpose of using vacuum clippers in the first place. Secondly, the other barbers used procedures taught in barber schools that weren't compatible with vacuum clippers, so they soon laid their vacuum clippers aside and stopped using them altogether. It just so happened that my barbering procedures were compatible with the vacuum clippers, and I had no trouble whatsoever mastering them from the very beginning. As the old saying goes: "One man's poison is another man's food."

I wasn't completely satisfied with the Wahl vacuum clipper system, and spent the next couple of years customizing both the vacuum supply and the vacuum clippers. The first customizing I did was to attach a vacuum hose to a fine toothed "Outliner" clipper to shave around the ears and the back of the neck. I first epoxied a  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch diameter plastic pipe about one inch long over the top of the plastic case right behind the cutting blades. This way the vacuum had to travel past the vibrator arm inside of the motor. It worked well, and there wasn't any hair buildup inside of the motor. Now the Wahl vacuum clipper system had a tray fitted to an aluminum stand pipe that was fastened to the lid of the Wahl vacuum motor. On this tray there could be placed two Wahl vacuum clippers. Wahl designed it that way so two barbers could share one vacuum motor. Inasmuch as I worked by myself, I didn't need that extra Wahl vacuum clipper, so I placed the customized outliner shaver in its place. At the top of the stand pipe which stood about 44 inches above the floor there was a plastic plumbing-like tee that supplied vacuum to two vacuum clipper devices, with leaf switches to turn the vacuum on and off automatically. I would later design a pigeonhole system with leaf switches to turn both the vacuum clipper and the vacuum motor on and off automatically. Not having to turn these devices on and off by hand saved me some time to concentrate on other important things.

The one thing I missed with the Wahl vacuum clipper system was my Oster AC/DC motor driven clippers. Finally, Oster designed a vacuum attachment that could be fitted over the motor, and the vacuum was fairly quiet, although I had to rework the



mouth of the vacuum to make the edges of the mouth pick up the hair as well as the center of the mouth. I finally ran all of my vacuum devices to the back room where there were three vacuum motors on a shelf (one vacuum motor for each vacuum clipper). Another thing I did when I placed my vacuum motors in the back room was to hang the vacuum hoses from the ceiling to the vacuum clipper, which reduced the weight of the vacuum hose about 80%, making the vacuum clippers much easier to handle. So the bottom line is, my vacuum clipper system more than offset the business I was losing to the beauticians. Although I was doing well, my barber business was fluctuating greatly. I found myself in a position where I wasn't sure just what might happen next, observing other barbers failing.

Once before, I had started a mail order clipper blade sharpening business to supplement my barbering income. I operated it in the back room between barbering customers, which I had to eventually quit because I couldn't find the time to continue doing it. I had purchased a used commercial clipper blade lap-grinder from my barber supply man, Willis, but the motor was missing, whereupon I went down to the local Army and Navy surplus store and purchased a used washing machine motor. I also reworked the v-belt pulley system to get the lapping wheel to turn at about 900 R.P.M. This clipper blade lapping grinder worked quite well, but I found out that if I could have the surface reworked with a slight taper, I could get the hollow grind on the clipper blades that I needed. So I took my lap grinder to a machine shop and had them to re-mill the cast-iron surface. It was a cast-iron wheel 11 inches in diameter. I had them taper a nine thousandth of an inch drop from the center to the edge of the wheel. When I got the resurfaced lapping wheel back, and ground a set of clipper blades on it, I was simply amazed how well the hollow ground clipper blades worked! It was like cutting cold butter with a hot knife! Dull clipper blades will push the hair ahead of the blade, whereas a sharp clipper blade will not, making for precision cutting, and not having to go over that portion of hair three or four times with non-precision results. These extra-sharp clipper blades were especially helpful when it came to free-handing flattop haircuts. Before, when I was still in the basement downtown under the Candyland restaurant, I advertised in *The Barbers Journal* to get started in my sideline clipper blade sharpening business. This second time I started by word of mouth to the local dog groomers, and expanded from there. I even wrote an article for the *Groom & Board* magazine for August, 1989 with several pictures of properly and improperly ground clipper blades on pages 14 and 15 entitled "Sharpening Services – How to Be Sure You Get Your Money's Worth".

Somewhat earlier, though, the biggest financial break that I got was when I was able to sell a portion of my large lot where my barbershop was located on Countyline street (while keeping the portion I needed for my business) to the Marathon Oil Company for a filling station. Actually the old dilapidated house I had used as a temporary quarters I was contemplating on tearing down anyway, and by selling that portion of my lot, it saved me the expense for doing so. Anyway, according to my records, I paid off all of my debt to the Citizens Savings and Loan Association, Tiffin, Ohio, by March of 1971. My wife and I then pledged to ourselves to continue out-of-debt from that time forward.

To say the least, after paying off all of our debt, I felt relieved but not entirely safe, so I continued my sharpening business and expanded it to include many other items. I purchased a lot of Foley sharpening equipment. Besides clipper blades, I sharpened everything from lawnmower blades to end mills and carbide saws and milling cutters for machine shops. If I wasn't busy behind the barber chair, I was busy in the back room doing some kind of sharpening! But the time would come when I would discontinue all of the sharpening, and use all of my spare time researching firstly the great conspiracy, and then eventually, the Almighty would open my eyes to Christian Israel Identity, and my life would never again be the same. Once I knew we White, Caucasian, European, Americans were the Israelites of the Old Testament, I tackled these subjects with the same vigor as I used to outpace my competitors in the barber business. In the barber business, I capitalized on the other barber's mistakes, and in Israel identity I am quick to disprove any false doctrine from whomever it may come! I am now using my competitive skills to promote Yahshua's Kingdom!