7. **The royal family honor code is for all believers**: The code is God's system, *His* code, not yours. Both the laws of divine establishment and the honor code sustain your advance, blessing, and happiness. All believers rely on these two divine systems. Romans 12:3; 13:1–8.
8. **More is demanded of the strong than the weak**: We are all royalty, yet no two believers are equal. The principle of *noblesse oblige*[7] applies. *Maturity* imposes the obligation of honorable, generous, and responsible behavior that is the concomitant of high rank or noble birth. The strong are obliged to tolerate the nonessential, inconsequential, and occasionally obnoxious opinions and actions of the weak. Romans 15:1–4 cf. 14:1.
9. **Orient to authority**: Authority protects freedom. Like human freedom, Christian freedom is not an isolated quality. Your freedom as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is an integral part of a system that includes free will, privacy, private property, and authority. 1 Peter 2:13–18; Hebrews 13:7, 17; Isaiah 54:17.
10. **Reciprocate for the privilege of hearing doctrine taught**: Christian giving is a matter of honor under the royal family's code of conduct. God measures giving by the motivation behind the gift, not by its monetary value. Giving is commanded, but your giving must not be irresponsible. You must never jeopardize the health and welfare of your family or renege on your financial obligations in order to donate to the church. Mark 12:41–44; 1 Timothy 5:8.[8]

Loss of Establishment and Biblical Honor when Under Pressure

World War 1 was a traumatic exercise for Britain and its loss of thought was starkly realized in the horrors of trench warfare during World War I in the poetry of Wilfred Owen (1893–1918).

> **From age nineteen Owen wanted to be a poet and immersed himself in poetry, being especially impressed with Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats. He wrote almost no poetry of importance until he saw action in France in 1917.**
>
> **He was deeply attached to his mother to whom most of his 664 letters are addressed. He was a committed Christian and became a lay assistant to the vicar of Reading.**

[7] "Noblésse oblíge–used to denote the obligation of honorable and generous behavior associated with high rank or birth: nobility obligates" (*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*, 2d ed. (1953), s.v. "noblesse oblige."

[8] These principles of the royal family honor code are extracted from, R. B. Thieme, Jr., *The Integrity of God*, 3d ed. (Houston: R. B. Thieme, Jr, Bible Ministries, 2002), 141–44.

He escaped bullets until the last week of the war, but he saw a good deal of frontline action: he was blown up, concussed, and suffered shell shock. At the psychiatric hospital in Edinburgh, he met Siegfried Sassoon who inspired him to develop his war poetry.

He was sent back to the trenches in September 1918 and in October won the Military Cross by seizing a German machine-gun and using it to kill a number of Germans.

On November 4 he was shot and killed near the village of Ors. Owen is widely accepted as the greatest writer of war poetry in the English language.

Owen's best-known poem of World War I is *Dulce et Decorum est / Pro patria mori* ("It is sweet and right to die for your country" or "It is a great honor to fight and die for your country.") The poem is gruesome report on the horrors of war:

Dulce et Decorum est

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.
Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime . . .
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.
In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.
If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie; *Dulce et Decorum est*
***Pro patria mori*.**[9]

[9] C. Day Lewis, ed., "*Dulce Et Decorum Est*," in *The Collected Poems of Wilfred Owen* (New York: New Directions Book, 1965), 55.

Rudyard Kipling is another famous British author who also excelled in poetry. Some background on his is helpful:

> Rudyard Kipling (Dec. 30, 1865, Bombay, India–January 18, 1936, London, England) chiefly remembered for his celebration of British imperialism, his tales and poems of British soldiers in India, and his tales for children. He received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907.
>
> Kipling was taken to England by his parents at the age of six and was left for five years at a foster home at Southsea, the horrors of which he described in the story, "Baa, Baa Black Sheep" (1888). He then went on to the United Services College at Westward Ho, north Devon. It haunted Kipling the rest of his life: an unruly paradise in which the highest goals of English education are met amid a tumult of teasing, bullying, and beating.
>
> Kipling returned to India in 1882 and worked for seven years as a journalist. His parents, although not officially important, belonged to the highest Anglo-Indian society, and Rudyard thus had opportunities for exploring the whole range of that life. All the while he had remained keenly observant of the thronging spectacle of native India, which had engaged his interest and affection from earliest childhood.[10]

The poem I have selected from Kipling's oeuvre is "Gentlemen-Rankers." It is similar to the tone of Owen's, "*Dulce et Decorum est*," by referencing those he knew who fought in the wars of England.

> "Gentlemen-Rankers" was included in Barrack-Room Ballads, and Other Verses. The term "gentleman-ranker" was used in some of Kipling's other stories as well; it means an enlisted soldier who was a gentleman through education and/or birth and was qualified to be a commissioned officer. This poem has achieved fame through its chorus's usage in Yale's "Whiffenpoof Song." This famous a capella group's song was published in sheet music form in 1909. "Gentlemen-Rankers" was sung at Yale as early as 1902, according to Whiffenpoof historian James M. Howard.

[10] "Kipling, Rudyard," in *The New Encyclopaedia Britannica: Micropaedia*, 6:883.

Besides its fame in the academic arena, the poem is notable for its very bleak and bitter tone and its dire message about the way war can ravage a soldier's mind as well as his body. Kipling starts off his dark poem by referring to the soldiers he is addressing as his fellow "lost ones" and his "cohort of the damned." They are also "poor little lambs who've lost our way" and "little black sheep who've gone astray"; those phrases are repeated at the end of each stanza to hammer home the message. Kipling contrasts the hallmarks of being a gentlemen – being "cleanly bred," dancing well, and possessing virtues of duty and loyalty – with the reality of wartime experience in which they have little use for the vestiges of their old life.

What soldiers see, hear, and feel in war shapes them irrevocably. Kipling describes the symptoms of PTSD when that terminology did not even exist yet. The gentlemen-rankers do not write home anymore, they do not keep their oaths. They "soak [themselves] in beer" and "drug [themselves] from the pain." They are being punished for their sins of pride by having all pride stripped from them. They no longer embrace the ideals of "Hope and Honor" and are "lost to Love and Truth."[11]

Gentlemen-Rankers

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,
To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yes, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses,
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin,
But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.
We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—baa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

[11] https://www.gradesaver.com/rudyard-kipling-poems/study-guide/summary-gentlemen-rankers

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to empty kitchen slops,
And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops
And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be "Rider" to your troop,
And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy living cleanly
Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you "Sir."

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep,
And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-lantern gutters
And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching whitewashed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honor, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf enfolds us
And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.
We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah![12]

These two poems had their origin at the turn of the twentieth century, Kipling's in the late 1890s and Owen's during World War I. Why I selected these two is to provide from poetry a vision of what those who wear the uniforms of the armed forces often endure, often quite personally, the inhumanity of armed conflict while those of us who reside in client nation America enjoy the freedom, prosperity, and normality of life often without consciousness of how these emoluments are provided by the willing sacrifice of others.

[12] Rudyard Kipling, *Complete Verse: Definitive Edition* (New York: Anchor Books, 1989), 422–23.

In times such as these, we need to be reminded of the tremendous sacrifices others have made, some at the sacrifice of their own lives, to keep us comfortable, well fed, and copacetic in the divinely appropriated environment of client nation America.

Yet as Bob Dylan prophesied in the 1960s, there are things "blowing in the wind." Things not discernable to the untrained soul, but starkly evident to those with doctrine in their streams of consciousness.

God has blessed this nation with a man who is undaunted in his efforts to right the wrongs that have systematically deconstructed the freedoms that millions of armed warriors on land, at sea, and in the air, have defended for over 240 years. Our Founders took on the mighty British military whose Union Jack never saw a setting sun. When they threw down the gauntlet at Philadelphia, there was no turning back when they wrote, "We mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

However, honor is being replaced by evil as ideologies corrupt cultural standards. **This transformation away from absolutes has transformed expediency into a virtue.** With every passing month of May a new gaggle of Progressives enter the electorate. Their ideas are focused on change and that change is Lucifer's ace trump.

David saw the signs in his day and asked the pertinent question, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" (Psalm 2:1)

Our academic reformers have counseled together against the Lord and their minions have adopted a vain thing and thus are ripe for rebellion.

Today we salute those who have gone in harm's way, some to return to the homeland while others have departed to be with the Lord. We conclude our study today with an eye-opening recitation of what amounts to a prophecy but is simply a writer's ability to interpret historical trends.

This book was written in 1963 as a personal gift by the author to his six-year old child. He published it in 1981. In the 37 years since, this man's original idea has been transformed into a tragedy.

We begin with the original notation the author made following a conversation with his daughter. [13] Following that, I will recite the text of James Clavell's, *The Children's Story*.

(End MD18: *Heroes and Poets*)

[13] The recitation to follows is from: James Clavell, *The Children's Story*, (New York: Delacorte Press, 1981).