



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH
NINILCHIK

SUNDAY CHILDREN'S READING

The HOLY WAR

Made by Shaddai Upon Diabulous for the
Regaining of the Metropolis of the World

or

The Losing and Taking Again of the
Town of Mansoul

by John Bunyan

Retold in Modern English
by Jon Cardwell

February 28th, 2021

(Episode 5)

"I have given symbols..." Hosea 12:10

....Diabulous, therefore, feared the Recorder more than anyone who was left alive in the town of Mansoul, because, as I said, his words shook the whole town; they were like the rattling thunder, and also like thunderclaps. Since the giant could not make him wholly his own, he had no other choice but to study all he could to corrupt the old gentleman, and by debauchery to stupefy his mind, and harden his heart more and more in the ways of vanity. And as he attempted, he accomplished his plan: he corrupted the man, and little by little, drew him into sin and wickedness, that at last he was not only corrupt, as at first, and so by consequence, defiled, and was almost (at last, I say) past all conscience of sin. Yet, this was the farthest Diabulous could go. For this reason, he thought of another scheme— to persuade the men of the town that Mr. Recorder was insane, and should be ignored. And for this, he provoked Mr. Recorder's fits, and said, "If he is sane, why doesn't he always do this? But," Diabulous continued, "as all crazy people have their fits, and in them their raving language, it is so with this old and delirious gentleman."

So, by one way or another, he quickly got Mansoul to disregard, neglect, and despise whatever Mr. Recorder might say. For, besides what you have already heard, Daibulous had a way to make the old gentleman, when he was merry, retract and deny what he affirmed in his fits. Indeed, this was another way to make him appear ridiculous, and to cause others to dismiss him. Moreover, now, he never spoke freely for King Shaddai, always by force and constraint. Besides, he would at one time be violently against that, at which, at another, he would hold his peace; so uneven was he now in his doings. Sometimes he would be as if fast asleep, and again sometimes as dead, even then when the whole town of Mansoul was in her career after vanity, and in her dance after the giant's pipe.

At times, when Mansoul was afraid of the thundering voice of the Recorder, and when they told Daibulous of it, he would answer that what the old gentleman said was neither of love to Him nor pity to them, but was merely idle talk of a foolish fondness he had; and this would hush, still, and put all in Mansoul to quiet again. And that he might leave no argument unurged that might tend to make them secure, he said, and said it often, "O Mansoul! consider that, notwithstanding the old gentleman's rage, and the rattle of his high and thundering words, you hear nothing of Shaddai himself;" —when, liar and deceiver that he was, every outcry of Mr. Recorder against the sin of Mansoul was the voice of God in him to

them. But Diabulous goes on, and says, “You see that he does not value the loss or rebellion of the town of Mansoul, nor will he trouble himself with calling his town to repent for their giving themselves to me. He knows that, though you were his, now you are lawfully mine; so, leaving us one to another, he now has washed his hands of us.

“Moreover, O Mansoul!” the giant continued, “consider how I have served you, even to the uttermost of my power. I’ve served you with the best I have, and the best I could get or procure for you in all the world. Besides, I dare say, that the laws and customs you are now under, and by which you revere me, do yield you more solace and contentment than did the paradise you possessed at first. Your liberty also, as you yourselves do very well know, has been greatly widened and enlarged by me; whereas I found you a penned-up people. I have not laid any restraint upon you; you have no law, statute, or judgment of mine to frighten you; I call none of you to account for your doings, except the madman— you know who I mean; I have granted you to live, each man like a prince on his own, even with as little control from me as I myself have from you.”

And thus would Daibulous hush up and quiet the town of Mansoul, when the Recorder would at times molest them: yes, and with such cursed orations as these, would set the whole town in a rage and fury against the old gentleman. Yes, the rascal crew occasionally wanted to destroy him. They have often wished, in my hearing, that he had lived a thousand miles off from them: his company, his words, yes, the sight of him, and especially when they remembered how in old times he used to threaten and condemn them (for all he was now so debauched), terrified and afflicted them greatly.

But all wishes were vain, for I do not know how, unless by the power of Shaddai, and his wisdom, Mr. Recorder was preserved in being amongst them. Besides, his house was as strong as a castle, and stood hard by a stronghold of the town: moreover, if at any time any of the crew or rabble attempted to cast him away, he could pull up the flood-gates and let in such floods as would drown all round about him.

But to leave Mr. Recorder, and to come to my Lord Willbewill, another of the gentry of the famous town of Mansoul. This Willbewill was as high-born as any man in Mansoul, and was as much, if not more, a freeholder than many of them were; besides, if I remember my tale correctly, he had some privileges peculiar to himself in the famous town of

Mansoul. Now, together with these, he was a man of great strength, resolution, and courage, nor on his best day could any turn him away. But I say, whether he was proud of his estate, privileges, strength, or what (but sure it was through pride of something), he now despises his slavery in Mansoul; and therefore, he is determined to bear office under Daibulous, that he might (such an one as he was) be a petty ruler and governor in Mansoul. And, headstrong man that he was! thus he began in short time; for this man, when Daibulous made his oration at Ear-gate, was one of the first to consent to his words. He immediately accepted his counsel as wholesome, and was all for opening the gate and letting him into the town. Because of this, Daibulous was fond of him, and therefore he designed a place for him. And perceiving the valor and stoutness of the man, he desired to make him one of his great ones, to act and do in matters of the highest concern.

So he sent for him, and talked with him of that secret matter that lay in his breast, but there needed not much persuasion in the case. Since he was so willing that Diabolus should be let into the town, he was now even more willing to serve him there. When the tyrant, therefore, perceived the willingness of my lord to serve him, and that his mind stood bending that way, he immediately made him the captain of the castle, governor of the wall, and keeper of the gates of Mansoul: yes, there was a clause in his commission, that nothing should be done in all the town of Mansoul without him.

To Be Continued....