



## Christian Celebrities

Mark Moore

I write this article with the taste of several different cheap women's perfumes in my mouth. Today I went to a Christian bookstore, the largest and most popular in the area, and upon entering the doors stepped into a sea of overly excited women. The mixture of the perfumes alone was enough to knock me unconscious. It did not take me long to discover the occasion for this mass gathering of women with giddy schoolgirl smiles. Every available display table at the front of the store was full of the latest Joyce Meyer book entitled *The Confident Woman*. Beside the tables was a pallet with stacks of boxes, at least a hundred cases of the book. That's when it hit me. She was here. Joyce Meyer, the queen of charismania was here. I moved into the store to discover several hundred people, mostly women, waiting in line to get her autograph. As they stood in line they discussed how "anointed" she was while clutching her books, posters, and bobble head dolls. Strangely, there were a few men in line as well. Most of them had just come from the Thomas Kinkadee section where they were looking for a new picture to put above their aquarium.

A store official quickly greeted me, recognizing I was totally out of place, and asked if she could help me. I informed her that I needed no help and that I was simply making my way to the theology section. She wished me luck and I worked my way through the throngs of people, all of who watched me cautiously to make sure that I wasn't trying to cut in front of them in line. Not wanting to bore you with the rest of my adventures in this circus atmosphere, I'll get to the point. The book that I went in to get was *The Finished Work of Christ* by Francis Schaeffer. Ironically, Joyce Meyer does not believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross. The store I was in seemed not to believe in it either. They had thousands of Joyce Meyers' new book, not to mention multiple copies of every volume of America's most famous modalist bishop. The majority of Schaeffer's works, who is perhaps one of the most influential Christians in the past hundred years, have been relegated to special order or do not carry. I walked out of the store sad, angry, sarcastic, and laughing while wanting to cry. This is the state of "American Christianity."

The church is happy to drink stagnant water unaware that the results are spiritual staph infection. Not only does Joyce Meyer not believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross (she believes that Jesus was pronounced guilty on the cross, but did not pay for sin until he went to hell), but she also believes that she is no longer a sinner.

"I'm going to tell you something folks, I didn't stop sinning until I finally got it through my thick head I wasn't a sinner anymore. And the religious world thinks that's heresy and they want to hang you for it. But the Bible says that I'm righteous and I can't be righteous and be a sinner at the same time. All I was ever taught to say was, 'I'm a poor, miserable sinner.' I am not poor, I am not miserable and I am not a sinner. That is a lie from the pit of hell. That is what I was and if I still am then Jesus died in vain. Amen?" (Joyce Meyer, What Happened From the Cross to the Throne?)

Someone should probably let John, the Apostle who stood in the empty tomb of Jesus on the morning of the resurrection, know that he was wrong when he wrote his first epistle stating that if any man is without sin he is a liar and the truth is not in him. Someone

should probably let the Apostle Paul know that he is not the chief of sinners. Maybe someone should have told the thief on the cross that he was not really going to be in paradise with Jesus on that day because Jesus was, once again, confused; Jesus had to go to hell for a few days to pay for the thief's sin, he'll have to catch up with him later. Why sarcasm? Why sadness? Because it is not John, Paul, or Jesus who needs to be corrected—it is the church. Specifically it is pastors. Pastors who are weak and afraid. Pastors who are people pleasers and ear ticklers. Pastors who don't declare the absolute authority of Scripture. Pastors who don't lead their churches because they are being led by their churches. Pastors who don't want to offend the women in their churches by telling them to stop wasting their time in long lines at bookstores to secure the autographs of Christian celebrities who are more busy flying around on their private jets than studying to show themselves approved being workman who need not be ashamed because they have rightly handled the Scriptures.

The sad state of the church is that we are a cult of personalities rather than followers of the second person of the Trinity. Maybe its because one of those personalities doesn't even believe in the Trinity. Maybe its because those of us that do don't call those of them that don't what the Church has always called them—heretics.