



*THE*  
**MOANING**  
*OF THE*  
**FOSSIL**  
*(LAMENTING LAODICEA)*

WRITTEN & COMPILED BY  
PASTOR KEITH JOEL WALKER



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## THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST WHO IS THE DEADLY ENEMY OF JESUS



The system—the Beast of Babylon—is a religious-political-denominational entity, a false religious system of the Anti-Christ, the false apostle, the false prophet, the false evangelist, the false pastor, and the false teacher. This false fivefold ministry, mentioned in Paul's writings, includes false brethren and false gifts of the Spirit, which are acts of divination

and witchcraft within the political-religious system. The moaning of the fossilized Laodicean Church is evident. Paul warned of wolves that would mix the Apostolic Pentecostal Church with the philosophy of men and paganism. We are witnessing false revivals that are not true revivals, where one can hear the sound of the golden calf music—a revival of paganism mixed into the worship and preaching on the platforms of the American Church. The head of the snake is at the pulpit, and there will be lying wonders

and miracles as listed in Revelation 16.

A strong delusion is coming to the minds of men and women marked with the mark of the beast, 666. The psyop of the deep state and the one-world order spreads disinformation, manipulation, and control through false propaganda, brainwashing the minds of people with TikTok influencers and the infiltration of leftist ideologies in schools and colleges. This includes the promotion of Satanism, transgenderism, homosexuality, lesbianism, and bisexuality, along with young people identifying as cats, dogs, or non-binary. The soul and identity of individuals are being taken by the system of left-wing ideology and socialism. The morals of humanity are declining to the point where a dog has better morals. The psyop of psychological warfare on the minds of Americans is demonic. While men slept, the enemy sowed tares among the wheat, hidden like a snake under the carpet. These ideologies have infiltrated the pulpits of the false Anti-Christ Church and youth groups, where boys look like girls and girls look like boys. Politicians, large corporations, billionaires, and presidents of countries are behind these agendas, including sex trafficking and the abortion agenda, sacrificing babies on the altar of Baal for blood rituals to their false god, Satan.

This is evident in the Catholic religious system of

paganism and Trinitarianism, the worship of three gods, and the worship of idols. The Catholic Church is viewed as a cult of pagan worship. The agenda of the false prophet will gather his lost daughters unto his bosom, called the Protestant Church of denominationalism, organizationalism, and religion. Martin Luther did not restore the gospel. None of the so-called reformers or revivalists restored the gospel. They all adhered to the Trinitarian concept and doctrine of the Catholic Church. The pope claims they are the lost sheep of the Catholic Church, the daughters who will return to the fold, as declared in his memoirs and writings, going back to the Council of Nicaea in 325 A.D. This council changed the practice of water baptism from the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, as stated in Acts 2:38, to the titles “Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.” The Catholic Church admits in their writings and encyclopedia that the first church, up until 325 A.D., baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of sins. Eusebius of Caesarea writes in his works that Matthew 28:19 is an added verse and was not in Matthew’s original gospel. Matthew’s gospel in Hebrew reads, “Go, therefore, baptizing them in my name,” which is found in the original inspired scripture of the Word of God. The Catholic Church instructed the addition of 1 John 5:7, which only appears in the King James Version of the Bible from the fourth to the fifteenth century. Matthew 28:19



originally read “baptizing in my name.” We are to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, as there is no other name given among men whereby we must be saved, according to Acts 4:12 and Acts 2:38. Denominationalism is dying. The Catholic Church is on a respirator, while the Apostolic Pentecostal Church is alive and well, experiencing revival all over the world.

The Jesus Name Apostolic Pentecostal Church is at war with the religious system of political and spiritual powers. While men slept, the enemy came in. The Lord Jesus Christ’s Church was never an organization, religious institution, or denomination. The definition of denomination or denominationalism refers to a religious system that is political, with tags, titles, and positions. The true Apostolic Pentecostal Church is the New Testament bride—the body, the Jesus Name ecclesia, the called-out ones. We are to be a fellowship of Apostolic Pentecostal believers. Ephesians 2:10-22 states that we are His habitation, His temple, through the baptism in the Holy Ghost and fire, with the evidence of speaking in tongues. We are His Church; we are in the kingdom, and the kingdom is within us through the new birth of water and Spirit, as described in Acts 2:38. We are a chosen generation and a royal priesthood, first called to salvation to be sheep and saints called to holiness, and then some in the body are called to the fivefold

ministry in the Apostolic Pentecostal Church today.

We, as true fivefold Apostolic Pentecostal ministers and the church of the living God, must kill the beast. We are going to war with the beast, and most fivefold Apostolic Pentecostal preachers, like myself, after 43 years of preaching, are tired, weary, and worn out. Most of our warfare has not been in the world; it's been in the local church, fighting with the carnality of saints who are lukewarm and backslidden on the pew. They don't want revival; they want a social club of entertainers, performers, and exhibitionists on the platform, with the music and the worship of a Golden Calf Revival. Our battles and fights are within Apostolic Pentecostal circles. They call themselves a fellowship, yet they are really a denomination or organization, a religious institution with bylaws, rituals, and splits off other splits. Preachers go at it over things on the floor at their conferences, arguing and voting for their next so-called tag and titled business meetings. This beast of man-made, fleshy competition, comparison, tags, and titles of a religious-political system will kill revival, kill the true fivefold ministry, and destroy and divide the Apostolic Pentecostal Church, leaving nothing but the five different mafia families at war with each other. We must respect good brotherhood in the UPCI, ALJC, AFF, Apostolic Assemblies, PAW, and other fellowships and independents in the Apostolic

Pentecostal movement. However, we must never argue over trivial matters that have nothing to do with the Apostles' Doctrine. If they leave truth and go charismatic or apostate, or liberal, and leave true Bible holiness or cause division, then mark them and disfellowship, but not over the color of your shirt, lol.

I have no axe to grind; I am not offended, and I love and appreciate men of like precious faith, no matter the name of the Apostolic Pentecostal fellowship they are in, if they are straight in the doctrine and holiness. Even if they don't see things the way I may see things, I love the fivefold ministry and fellowships. I have preached at or attended camp meetings, revival services, and conferences in almost all of them and independent Apostolic Pentecostal churches. I don't care about the name of the group; there are good men in all of them, and they must minister in their place to work in the vineyard. What I am against is denominational organizational hitmen that have killed good men. Some were prophets and apostles, and some are dead now and in heaven if their spirit was right. We can lose our souls in these political systems of mafia hitmen and die bitter. I can say I am not bitter, but I have been to war with the liberalism and political religious system that denies the Apostolic Pentecostal truth. For that, I will not apologize. I am for restoring and reformation, not division.



I went to war with the Trinitarians when I came to the truth of the Oneness and Acts 2:38 message. I fought the beast of denominationalism with the AG and the Pentecostal Church of God. They came like hitmen with drive-bys to destroy me and my church that came to the revelation, and I re-baptized over 600 in Jesus' name and taught them the Oneness and holiness message at WHPC Fresno. I was with the AG at that time. I was like G.T. Haywood was when he saw the full revelation and was Jesus Name baptized when he was with the Assembly of God. I too was with the Assembly of God. I was baptized already at that time in Jesus' Name and baptized in the Holy Ghost with the evidence of speaking in tongues. I saw the Oneness when I was 13 years old and was baptized in Jesus' Name at 18 the first time, and later was re-baptized by Elder Vaughn Morton in Jesus' Name. The beast I have been fighting is in every country and the USA where I preached the truth, and I have become their enemy. Believe me, the Trinitarian church is a demonic cult. When you pull the mask off, they fight you and lie about you and say all manner of evil against you. But I love them and pray for them, like Paul did for the salvation of Israel. I lost every so-called friend; they shut every door and called and told everywhere I went to preach that I'm a heretic for preaching Jesus is God and Acts 2:38, lol.

I want to be a breach mender and go by the UPCI's early teachings until we all come into the unity of the faith that was once delivered unto the saints. I will love all my brethren but will never condone what I may disagree with. I don't want to use my sword against my brethren. I want to use my sword to restore and reconcile, not to kill my own of like precious faith, even if we don't see it the same way in standards. If they don't have the revelation in certain areas of holiness issues, I don't want to waste my time killing my brother Abel. I want to win the lost and use the sword to heal, not to wound. I do realize there are times we are forced to use the sword when we don't want to, but they make you use it. We must be wise in how we use the sword; we must be masterful in the skill. I must be honest—I have had to ask Jesus to forgive me through the years when I used the sword in zeal, not wisdom or masterfully, but wildly and carelessly when it wasn't necessary to kill. I could have walked away from the debate, but it was spiritual pride, not seeing then that it was a blind spot. As all of us fivefold ministers who are Apostolic Pentecostal preachers should be skilled and masterful, like a martial artist at a black belt level, we acted in haste and not wisdom, and we killed our own just because they weren't in our circle of fellowship, yet they believed the Apostles' Doctrine. But their elder wasn't ours, so we had neighborhood territory gang fights. As a soldier in the mafia, like Paul, I spiritually shed

a lot of blood and spiritually killed people, thinking I was doing God a service in my zeal for service. I put my work in and got my scars and stripes to prove it.

Most of my days now, having preached all over the country—revivals, camp meetings, Holy Ghost and fire meetings, and crusades overseas—yes, thousands and thousands have received the Holy Ghost with the evidence of speaking in tongues, and thousands and thousands re-baptized in Jesus' Name and come to the revelation of the Oneness of God. Entire congregations re-baptized in Jesus' Name, miracles, signs, wonders. Now most of my time is spent by myself studying, praying, and writing from morning to night. I have been in the barn working on my sword and letting the sword work on me more than anybody else. A lot of tears, a lot of repentance, and a lot of cutting away and seeking Jesus to be like Him. At the end of the day, when it's all said and done, I want to be saved, ~~and I want to stand~~ before Him as a soldier who came home from battle and say I gave my best, my all, and my everything to Jesus. To leave this world and be able to say, I have no enemy but the enemy of the Lord Jesus Christ is my enemy, and be able to say like Jesus as God in flesh, "It is finished."

Written and Compiled by Keith Joel Walker

# “THE MOANING OF THE FOSSIL”

(Lamenting Laodicea)

Pastor Murray Burr; May 1997

## FOREWORD

### A MOANING FOSSIL WHO REFUSED TO GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT.

I am not a dreamer. Throughout the years of my ministry, I have always greeted dreamers and visionaries with a measure of reserve bordering on scorn. But many years ago, God gave me a vision. I share it here for the first time in print. It came in the early morning when I lay partially awake and partially asleep.

The ground was soft, mellow, and alluvial—made for digging—and I was industriously doing just that. Spadeful by spadeful, with gusto, I shoveled out the rich soil. My car was parked nearby, a late fifties or early sixties model. Some of my little church children ringed the pit I was digging, curiously watching. Why was I digging? I really do not know, except that the mellow soil challenged me, for assuredly it was made for digging. My very nature demanded proof. There were so many inconsistencies about the organizational system that was ruling us with a rod of iron that it took more than a grain of salt to

swallow it. We were feeling the taskmaster's lash, and it hurt. But what else can be expected from "bramble priests"?

Suddenly, my shovel broke through into a huge, secret cavern. The ground around me began to cave in, and where I was standing became very unstable. There, to my horror—buried for centuries—was a monster, a mastodon or elephant-like creature of huge proportions. He was angry. I had aroused him from a long and secure peace—full repose. Fire flashed from his malevolent eyes. "Mystery Babylon" cannot stand the light of day. His rage turned into a roar as he surged forth to crush and kill the miserable object who would dare expose him in his carefully hidden lair. For buried out of sight, in the most fertile and alluvial soil, he had lurked, mysteriously concealed, until this upstart dared dig in certain forbidden areas and expose him. I had rocked his boat.

I screamed, "Oh God, he will destroy the children!" I rushed to my car, and when I awoke, I was about to ram him. But a hopeless feeling lingered still. I knew my efforts were futile; I could never hope, in the least, to stop him. But perhaps I could slow him down and buy a little time for the children to get out of there. I have never written a single article exposing religious organizations for what they are that I did not feel that I was pitching straws against the wind. Come

twenty-seven more months, and man's six thousand years will be past—"666." Then comes God's day—the seventh millennium—and we shall see who has been telling the truth.

The vision burns still in my memory. It is as vivid and real today as it was over forty years ago when God gave it to me. Curse me as a fool and a dreamer; mark me as a reactionary, even a visionary. Tell me that I am a hypochondriac. I have had that epitaph hurled at me many times. You see, I refuse to "go gentle into that good night" with error and tyranny safely ensconced in the saddle of the Jesus Name Pentecostal movement—"jealously defended by a counterfeit priesthood."

"Mystery Babylon"—these political, hierarchical, Nicolaitan religious organizations react violently when exposed as "frauds." She is alive and well within the body politic of the Jesus Name Pentecostal movement. It is high time that the "mystery of iniquity" be exposed for every Apostolic to see. As long as there is life in me, I shall continue to dig. I have felt the heated blast from the fiery nostrils of this old Nicolaitan beast. I shall never forget. The scars are too deep; the humiliation too painful. I have no need to doubt their intentions—I was marked for destruction. Had they possessed the secular powers of their Spanish Inquisition, I would have been



burned at the stake. “The old beast is the same, and the spirit is the same.” Even though they masquerade under the name Pentecostal, they profess the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost. I have been the “sacrificial victim” of more than one of their inquisitions—really only a “kangaroo court” designed as a district-board meeting. Strange that the Holy Ghost was never in evidence in these “Nicolaitan torture sessions.” But could He be expected to be? “These were Nicolaitan brambles sitting in judgment, with fire often going out of them and consuming the cedars of Lebanon.”

There are 58 pages in this epistle, and someday I hope to publish them all. Some of you will understand my boldness, sometimes harshness, in dealing with this beast of the UPCI. Pastor Burr is gone. His witness and testimony are all but forgotten. His friends, who once shook his hand, went back to the UPCI. They stabbed him in the back. I know the price and cost of being a voice in the midst of Mystery Babylon and her daughters. Backstabbing is a part of novices and men who are nothing in the great work of Christ. I will say, as Pastor Burr said many times, the UPCI is not the New Testament Church. It is not the Bride of Christ. Pastor Burr uncovered the political hierarchy religious system in the UPCI. It was that beast he uncovered. It attacked him viciously, trying to destroy him. The men I thought would stand by his

side and carry on the “clear note and certain sound” did not. Many went back to the beast. I refused. I refuse to this day.

I don't want to use my sword against my brethren. I want to use my sword to restore and reconcile, not to kill my own of like precious faith, even if we don't see it the same way in standards. If they don't have the revelation in certain areas of holiness issues, I don't want to waste my time killing my brother Abel. I want to win the lost and use the sword to heal, not to wound. I do realize there are times we are forced to use the sword when we don't want to, but they make you use it. We must be wise in how we use the sword; we must be masterful in the skill. I must be honest—I have had to ask Jesus to forgive me through the years when I used the sword in zeal, not wisdom or masterfully, but wildly and carelessly when it wasn't necessary to kill. I could have walked away from the debate, but it was spiritual pride, not seeing then that it was a blind spot. As all of us fivefold ministers who are Apostolic Pentecostal preachers should be skilled and masterful, like a martial artist at a black belt level, we acted in haste and not wisdom, and we killed our own just because they weren't in our circle of fellowship, yet they believed the Apostles' Doctrine. But their elder wasn't ours, so we had neighborhood territory gang fights. As a soldier in the mafia, like Paul, I spiritually shed a lot of blood and spiritually

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