

Nimrod: The Rebellious Panther

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CHAPTER ONE -

NIMROD - THE REBELLIOUS PANTHER

WHO WAS NIMROD? WHAT DID HE DO? WHY DID HE DO IT? WHAT WERE THE CONSEQUENCES TO THE WORLD? WHAT WILL BE THE CLIMAX?

In these articles I try to lift these questions from the heavy lengthy writings of the great authorities and organize them into a connected story in language plain enough for almost anybody to understand. I make no pretense of being a scholar. I have never mastered a foreign language, of which I am not proud but sincerely regret. Having quit school in the eighth grade to go to work, I have always had to employ the hunt-and-peck system in my studies as in my typing. But, if I may say so, I have always read and studied. And always with humility and profound reverence for the great scholars and writers, whose finished products are available to me at so small a cost. And I shall ever be grateful to GOD for having in some way shown me, long years ago, that the greatest and most authoritative works seldom cost more, if any, than the inferior ones. On any subject in which I have been interested I have always tried to find the greatest works.

For my interest in Nimrod I am chiefly indebted to the clear, beautiful, fascinating pages of Professor George Rawlinson.¹ Until I began devouring these pages Nimrod was little more to me than one of the vague names in the tenth chapter of Genesis. But before I left the stimulating company of Professor Rawlinson I was convinced, although he does not say so, that Nimrod was one of the mightiest characters ever to live on earth. I am inclined to believe, everything taken into account, that Nimrod was the very greatest wicked man that has ever lived - or ever will live until the rise of Antichrist, whose wonderful prototype Nimrod was.

When I had finished Rawlinson I went back and read again the splendid pages of Seiss.² Then I got Rostovtzeff.³ Olmstead,⁴ Finegan,⁵ Jastrow,⁶ Brezsted,⁷ and others.

But after Rawlinson, Alexander Hislop has been my lead dog. ⁸

The closely knit, painstaking pages of Dr. Hislop led me along Nimrod's trail as it wound through the labyrinth of Babylonian, Assyrian and Egyptian idolatry; then on to Greece and Rome and, finally, straight up the steps and through the great doors of St. Peter's. As will come out later in articles, I do not follow Dr. Hislop all the way beyond St. Peter's. I believe the Roman Catholic church is one of the brood of Babylonian Harlots, but I do not believe she is the Mother of the brood. I believe she is a harlot, not THE harlot.⁹

And of course I have consulted the Bible dictionaries, the best of the commentaries, works on Genesis and the encyclopedia. To all of this I have added what knowledge I have picked up along the way regarding the essence, philosophy and ultimate objective of rebellion against GOD, a rebellion whose varieties of manifestation can be gathered into the one term - World System. We shall begin with the Book of Genesis, Chapter 10:8-12.

"And Cush beget Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord: wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth, and Calah, And Resen between Nineveh and Calah: the same is a great city."

Some of the reference works, as askance of the trustworthiness of the Scriptures as a Tennessee mule of a hole in a wooden bridge, will tell you that Nimrod is a "legendary" character of which we have no record except a "few brief passages" in Genesis.

That is not true. But if our knowledge of Nimrod were confined to the book of Genesis it would, assuming that we properly interpreted the Genesis record and correctly appraised the consequences, be very considerable. Let's look at it.

Nimrod. The name means to separate. "We will separate." It means a rebel. "We will rebel." It means a leopard. (Nimrod; from *Nimr*, a "leopard," and *rada* or *rad* "to subdue." - Hislop.) It also means the hunter - not hunter, but THE hunter. (Nin Rod - Ninus the hunter.)

A leopard is a panther. And so my title for this series of articles is not a fanciful title but a title based on etymological authority.

And what did this Rebellious Panther do? He founded the cities of Babel, Erech, Accad and Calneh in the land of Shinar - the Chaldean world.

And what else? We believe that he went forth into Assyria, and built Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen between Nineveh and Calah.

And so this Panther is the founder of four cities in the Chaldean world, and he is the founder of four cities in the Assyrian world. And two of these cities became the greatest of the ancient world - Babylon and Nineveh.

Babylon alone would have perpetuated Nimrod's name as one of the foremost known to men. Babylon is arched across civilization; one end resting in Genesis, where it begins; the other end in Revelation, where it is destroyed.

All through the Bible the name Babylon flares up at short intervals like mad flames from wet, smoldering fires.

Six of the longest chapters in the Bible are wholly concerned with Babylon: two in Isaiah, two in Jeremiah and two in Revelation. Her gold, her wine, her naked flesh, her precious stones and pearls and her siren voice have brought multitudes and nations and tongues into her bondage. All

the nations and peoples of the world have and are drinking of her cup of abominations.

But Nimrod was not only the founder of Babylon and Nineveh: He was the founder of the Babylonian-Assyrian civilization. This means that Nimrod was the founder and father of the civilization of the world. Personal characters, as Lange says, form the basis of the human world. And behind those personal characters there is always one predominant personal character. Civilization is not rooted in thoughts or ideas; it is rooted in acts and experiences. Behind Unitarianism are the act and experience of Cain. Nimrod, to repeat, was the founder of the Babylonian-Assyrian civilization. And we know that Chaldea is the mother of all civilization. Says Professor Rawlinson: "Chaldea stands forth as the great parent and original adventress of Asiatic civilizations, without any rival that can reasonably dispute her claims."

The moral and religious ideas of the world originated in the land which Nimrod conquered and governed. (Of course I am not speaking of Christianity, which is not of the world.) Arithmetic and astrology came from the Chaldeans to the Egyptians, thence to the Greeks. It was from Nimrod's land that Greece got her architecture, her sculpture, her science, her philosophy and her mathematical knowledge. Rome got what she had from the Greeks.

Nimrod gave to that wonderful land, Chaldea, her very name. Chaldea got her name from the Moon-God. They were "Moon-worshippers." And who was the Moon-God? The Moon-God was the eldest son of Bel-Nimrod. And who was Bel-Nimrod? He was the god of the chase. He was "**the mighty hunter.**"

Nimrod led the first open rebellion against GOD. He was the first conqueror, the first tyrant, the first dictator. The first monarch's crown ever worn on earth was worn by Nimrod. He was the first to be defied, thereby becoming the father of idolatry. His wife was the first "**Queen of Heaven.**" She is the grand original of the Madonna. and Nimrod (occupying the position of what is known in idolatry as husband-child) is the grand original of the Madonna's child.

Nimrod is the great original of Nebuchadnezzar, Sennacherib, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Frederick the Great. All of these were "hunters," and mighty hunters. Each and all hunted for territory, power and the souls of men. But none of them was THE "mighty hunter." That title belongs to Nimrod and to him alone.

Curiously enough, history has never bestowed that title on another.

And Nimrod is much more than all of that: He is the great prototype of Antichrist. Should Antichrist appear today, he would not speak of Nebuchadnezzar or Alexander or Caesar or Napoleon; he would speak of Nimrod.

After four thousand years the name of Nimrod broods over that vast expanse of sands and ruins where once stood the mighty Babylonian-Assyrian empires. "Wherever a mound of ashes is to be seen in Babylonia," says Professor Rawlinson, "or in the adjoining countries, the local traditions attach to it the name of Nimrod."

The Middle East is coming back to life. After two thousand years of waste, ruins and neglect the Star of David is unfurled over Palestine. All the eyes of the world are on Iran - old Persia. There

are stirrings in Nimrod's land. It is coming back to life. All that Nimrod attempted will be achieved, by a greater than he, in the days ahead.

Having successfully ridden out the judgment of the coordinated, unified, concentrated wrath of sky and earth and sea, in those watery sepulcher more than 3 million human beings perished¹⁰ "unhonored, unwept, unmourned, unknelt and unsung," the battered, weary, lonely Ark of Noah finally came to rest upon the mountain range of Ararat, in the middle of the earth near what is now the frontier of Soviet Armenia, 500 miles from where Noah built it, on the day that CHRIST rose from the dead.¹¹

The oceans waited 3,800 years before they were burdened with another craft the size of Noah's. The Ark was 562 1/2 feet long, 39 1/2 feet wide, 56 feet, 3 inches high.¹² Its capacity was 3 million 750 thousand cubic feet - the capacity of a modern freight train 13 1/2 miles long. Noah was a week loading the cargo.

Meantime, GOD Himself had been the first to enter the Ark and the last to leave. ". . . **Come thou and all thy house into the ark**" (Genesis 7:1). "**Go forth of the ark . . .**" (Genesis 8:16).

"**The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever**" (Psalm 29: 10).

They were in the Ark 365 days.¹³

The fact that GOD Himself, in some wonderful manifestation, was in the Ark with Noah should tend to console those troubled souls who still lose sleep over the question of the adequacy of Noah's lighting system. "**God is light, and in Him there is no darkness at all.**" GOD made the light to shine in Goshen when all Egypt was dark, and dreadfully dark. A pillar of Divine fire cut a pathway through the wilderness nights.

Did the Light which shone in the Tabernacle and filled the Temple shine in the Ark as it plowed its weird way through crashing thunder, quaking earth, churning waves, screaming beasts and groaning humanity? Did GOD talk with Noah in the deep solitude of those days as He talked with Moses at the dead-end of the desert?

When the judgment waves gathered their strength, lifted and hurled themselves against the Ark in furious, determined succession, did Noah hear a strange voice, saying, "**Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed**"?

We are not told.

And we are told nothing of the death-struggles; nothing of the sobbing cries of despair; nothing of the frantic agonies of husband and wife; nothing of the tear-stained face and aching, trembling arms holding the child above the waters and, finally, being forced to surrender it; nothing of the awful appeal of despair congealed in the old man's face as he watched his boy go down for the last time; nothing of erstwhile careless young men suddenly becoming mature, sober-minded and heroic, and the tragedy of their futile efforts to save their parents; nothing of the prayers and intercessions and promises struggling to assuage and hold back the wrath of sky and earth; nothing of roaring beast, screaming fowl and excited serpent told nothing of the last faint note of

human plea pebbling over the surface of the waters and, finally, fading into the vast and grim silence of universal and total extinction.

And we are told nothing of the aches and groans and sobs of GOD, echoes of which we hear even to this day in strange, mysterious and moving form: "**O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom!... O Absalom, my son, my son!**"

The Bible, like quiet and reverent hands drawing the sheet over the form of the dead, draws a veil of silence over the details of the Flood. GOD, if I may reverently say so, had done all that He could do to prevent it. Why would GOD blot out a world?

Not nearly so difficult as, Why would a world reduce GOD's back to a bloody mass, pull His beard out by the roots, spit in His face, press a crown of thorns into His brow, drag Him to a hill, spike Him to a Roman stake and leave Him there to writhe in fevered swelling pain and agonizing death?

Half a hundred years ago Walter Rauschenbush tried to describe in the *Sunday School Times* (July 6, 1901) the profound loneliness of Noah and his family as they stepped from the shelter of the Ark and set foot once more on the judgment-swept earth. "The flanks of the earth were sodden and scarred. The valleys where they had often seen the smoke of human habitations rising, were silent and lifeless. Before them lay the world, vast and unexplored, with a thousand lurking terrors, real and imaginary. There were trackless forests, with rushing rivers that swept from the unknown into the unknown. There were swamps that sent up an evil breath at night which smote men and laid them low, and against which no strength of arm prevailed. There were deserts whose scattered springs and oases had not yet been found and connected in caravan routes. Nature is stern enough today, but it was actually far fiercer then.

"But added to the real physical dangers was the terror of super-natural mystery that pervaded nature."

We know two things that Noah did do: he "**buildded an altar unto the Lord**" - and got drunk. The former recognized the grace of GOD; the latter was unable to nullify it. Regardless of Noah's failings, and the failings of all others, the rainbow, gowned in all seven colors, is arched across the frightened sky and now Divinely invested with the character of a sign: ". . .**neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.**"

Those first days in the shadow of the stranded ark, as deserted as a shaggy worn-out truck horse in a November stubblefield, were heavy with anxiety and fear. The smallest forms assumed formidable shape. A stray wind caught in a bough or crevice, like a broken-winged bird, sighed like a soul in distress. The rivers, like soldiers returned from the field of battle, were unable to calm and adjust themselves. The foliage was unkempt and ashamed. The clear, brilliant stars of the Mesopotamian world were as austere and formal as angels in Sodom.

The nights were restless and seemed to have been forgotten by dawn. All through them there was subdued talking and moving about. The roar of the lion rolled over the graveyard stillness of the depopulated world and growled on out to nobody knew where. The scream of another cat

sounded like a maniac screaming from hades.

Despite the rainbow, they could not forget that the heavens had revealed man's iniquity and the earth had risen up against him.

But one thing we are forced to say of man: he can eventually adjust himself to any situation this side of a hopeless hell. On the ancient battlefield he used a red-hot iron for an antiseptic. He has climbed on a naked kitchen table, in the smoky light of a kerosene lamp, permitted the "surgeon" to rope him hard and fast and use the saw and knife until he, the "surgeon," was worn out. Destroy his cities, burn down his homes and salt his fields - and in two weeks man will have adjusted himself: with a dog by his side he will start all over again.

They found more and more to do. More and more grass was growing; the foliage had got the tangles and mud out of their hair; flowers were appearing; and one day a new cry was heard - the cry of a baby. And pups and kittens began to appear; and one morning there was a new calf; and the hens began to set. Babies and pups and kittens, calves loping about with their tails rolled over their backs, red-combed crackling hens and droning bees throw about as much light on the world as theology.

And so the days and weeks and months were speeded up. They now began courting and marrying and quarreling - and talking about the "good old days." Not even a clap of thunder now disturbs them. Everything was getting back to Normal - except the lions and panthers and tigers were breeding at an alarming rate, and they all instinctively remained close by.

¹ Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies* (Dodd, Mead).

² J. A. Seiss, *The Apocalypse* (Zondervan Publishing House).

³ M. Rostovtzeff, *A History of the Ancient World* (Oxford).

⁴ A.T. Olmstead, *History of Assyria* (Scribner's).

⁵ Jack Finegan, *Light from the Ancient Past* (Princeton University Press).

⁶ Morris Jastrow, Jr., *The Civilization of Assyria and Babylonia* (Lippincott).

⁷ James Henry Breasted, *A History of the Ancient Egyptians* (Scribner's).

⁸ Rev. Alexander Hislop, *The Two Babylons* (Loizeaux Brothers).

⁹ This will be elaborated when I attempt an exposition of the 17th and 18th chapters of the book of Revelation. - N.S.

¹⁰ "There were ten generations from Adam to Noah inclusive. We cannot tell what the rate of increase was. But, supposing each couple to have ten children, and therefore the common ratio to be five, the whole number of births would be about five millions, and the population in the time of Noah less than four millions" (James G. Murphy, *Commentary on the Book of Genesis*, p. 193 - Estes and Lauriat, Boston, 1873).

¹¹ The day is according to George Williams. *The Student's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures* (Thynne and Company, London, 1932).

¹² Some make it a few feet smaller.

¹³ Some add ten days more.

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