

In & Out of Babylon

Unveiling God's Power
and Transformational Agenda
in the Life and Prophecies of Daniel



A Study Course By
Roderick Graciano

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The preceding page is
to insert in the front cover
of a view binder.

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Section A

Introduction & Table of Contents



This Syllabus Belongs To:

There is evil cast around us
But it's love that wrote the play...

— David Wilcox
“Show The Way,” from the *Big Horizon* album

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Section B

Session Work Sheets



The place of Messiah's "cutting off," Jerusalem

We can trust a God who bleeds,
even when we can't trust
anything else.

From *When God's Name Was Linda*
by Lonni Collins Pratt

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Section C

Commentary on The Book of Daniel



Looking into the Holy Place of Herod's Temple

“The vision of the evenings and mornings
that has been given you is true,
but seal up the vision,
for it concerns the distant future.”

Dan 8.26

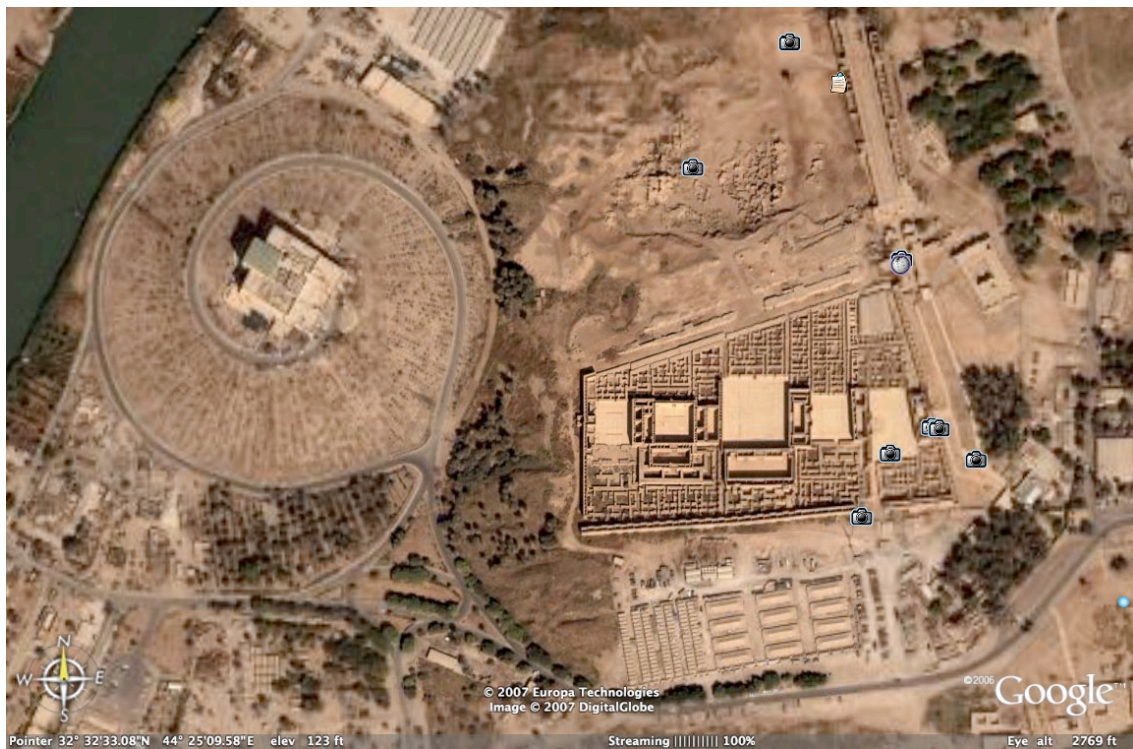
Then he told me,
“Do not seal up the words
of the prophecy of this book,
because the time is near.

Rev 22.10

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Section D

Charts & Diagrams



Google Earth view of ruins of Babylon, Iraq

A church or an individual
with no clear eschatology
has no well-defined purpose
for the present.

— Roderick Graciano

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Section E

Glossary of Terms for the Study of Eschatology



Dome of the Rock entrance, Jerusalem

Now we're exiting Mystery Babylon,
watching for the rise of 10 kings,
The end of mammon worship and
Return of Temple offerings...

With all we've learned, we've been equipped,
God's called us to eat our Wheaties
Watch signs and times and even note
The ratification of treaties.

— Christine Bender, 2007

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Section F

Resources



Shrine of the Book, Jerusalem

The King of Bablone

From a manuscript discovered and translated by
Roderick Graciano, © 2007

There once was a King Nebuzeer,
Whom God gave the mind of a steer,
He moed for his scribes,
and ambassadors' wives,
Till the court threw him out on his ear.

He'd lived and he'd laughed fancy-free,
Till he dreamed of a mighty big tree
The tree fell, alas!
The proud one ate grass,
And he moed but he couldn't give brie.

He thought himself more than his betters,
till driven to live in all weathers,
A birdbrain he was,
Till covered with fuzz,
And hair that grew long as fine feathers.

God gave him the mind of a nut,
This king so accustomed to glut,
He assayed to be
The top dog, you see,
But he barked and he drooled like a mutt.

He once was the King of Bablone,
But attained the IQ of a stone,
He drank in the dew
And stank, oh dear, phew!
Till God gave him back his great throne.

Again he did reign in Mosul,
No longer the brain of a bull,
For now you can see
silk-screened on his tee,
"The High God of Heaven doth rule!"