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Swapping Identities:
The Temple Mount *Is* a Hoax



Annexing Jerusalem

THEY CALLED it the Green Line due to the color of ink used to draw boundary markers on the map, thereby dividing the land between Israel and its neighbors while the armistice talks were going down. On June 7, 1967, Israeli forces advanced *beyond* the 1949 Armistice Agreement border, taking both Jerusalem and the City of David. **Shlomo Goren**, chief Rabbi of the Israeli Defense Forces, advanced upon the Western Wall, and eventually the Temple Mount, leading his soldiers in exuberant religious exaltations. Within days, some 200,000 Jews flocked to the Western Wall in what was described as the first mass Jewish pilgrimage to the Mount since the destruction of the Temple in 70 AD.

The question you will be asking yourself before this is over is *why* Goren chose the Temple Mount rather than Mount Zion, by which Zionism gathers its name. At the risk of ruining the ending, I'll give you the answer. Because the Temple Mount is a Roman fort and *not* the

location of Solomon's Temple. You *see*, even Zionism is a slave of Rome. *Also*, even at the foot of the mountain, Ba'al received his worshiped.

Oh, and another thing. All we are ever given is the illusion of choice. Rome is playing both sides. *Follow* along. The Wikipedia claims of Goren's victory procession: "Islamic authorities did not disturb Goren when he went to pray on the Mount until, on the Ninth Day of Av, he brought 50 followers and introduced both a shofar, and a portable ark to pray, an innovation which alarmed the Waqf authorities and led to a deterioration of relations between the Muslim authorities and the Israeli government."

Rather than claiming the Temple Mount as their own, once and for all, the *then* Prime Minister of Israel, **Levi Eshkel**, simply gave control of the Temple Mount over to the Jerusalem Islamic Waqf rather than the military. And that is because Zionism will only succeed in a world without *shalom*.

The Austrian Connection

WE WERE in Austria, just south of Munich. It was Sabbath. I had only recently fallen into a Venice canal and was still recovering from that emotional *boo-boo*, but that's an entirely different incident. We were reading our Torah portions as a family and listening to commentary, with a spectacular view of the Alps to engage us, and it suddenly occurred to me that the commentator did *not* believe the *first* and *second* temples of **Solomon** or **Herod** had ever sat upon the Temple Mount. This intrigued me. Namely, because I have been to Jerusalem on multiple occasions and the Wailing Wall never sat right with my ruach. Therefore, I have never once journeyed upon the Mount. I can tell you *now*, it had something to do with Yahusha's words and believing that every stone of the temple in Jerusalem was *literally* thrown down. But we're *also* dealing with days past, when cognitive dissonance got the better of me. Nowadays, I hone into the soft whispers of the soul like a *screaming* tornado siren.

The commentator said something about *Fort Antonia*, which I'd undoubtedly heard about before but never in this context. *Also*, the *City*

of *David*, the *threshing floor*, *Zion*, the first book of *Maccabees*, and some guy named **Bob Cornuke**. Those were my only clues to start with. As a writer, I rarely go anywhere without my leather notebook, even if it's from the bed to the toilet or the fridge. *So*, I scribbled down whatever information he offered and then kept my pen suspended directly above the page, hoping something else might come along. My wife sat by my side, listening intently to everything that was being suggested while simultaneously—and rather energetically—falling into vociferous agreement, as if he were speaking to us in the same room rather than our computer screen.

"*Uh-huh!* That's right! *Fake!* It's totally fake! Yup! *Mm-hmm!* Absolutely! It's an imposter! *Uh*, so true!"

I consider my wife a research partner, which is wonderful, except for moments like these, when she turned with an extra helping of spousal disgust, particularly due to the fact that I was scribbling notes down, and said: "*What*, you didn't know that already?"

Bob Cornuke sounded like the sort of informant I should be listening to. I was able to track down a video interview with **Chuck Missler**, but I really despise researching weighty matters through video, and what I *did* watch helped little. Not much else of his was coming up online. I needed *words*. Cornuke had written a book some years back, probably about the time of his Missler interview. It's called *Temple*. But we were living in the European Union and *Temple* was not available for sale in any of her countries. That was a *huge* red flag. I knew I was onto something. It also



meant I'd be inquiring for further information on my own. *Thus*, I began my investigation.

And *this* is what I found.

Looking to Zion

MY FIRST *destination* was—as you can probably imagine—the most *obvious* source of information. Hebrew Scripture. I had always *assumed* Scripture pinpointed the temple's *exact* location, and that the Temple Mount was the *obvious* x-marks the spot. I was wrong. Obviously, the tabernacle had once resided in Shiloh (Joshua 18:1). I knew that much. What I wanted to understand was *where* precisely Solomon had erected the temple. A *threshing floor* was scribbled down in my notebook. Seemed as good a place as any to start. A quick search brought up the following:

Now Solomon began to build the house of Yahuah at Jerusalem on Mount Moriah, where Yahuah had appeared to his father **David**, at the place that David had prepared on the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite.

2 Chronicles 3:1

Mount Moriah. Jerusalem. Lots of history there. *Got it*. Abraham almost sacrificed his son Isaac upon Mount Moriah. Later on, through the centuries, some guy named **Ornan the Jebusite** groomed a threshing floor there. In turn, Solomon built Yahuah's house upon it. 2 Chronicles says a lot and seemingly very little. All I could visualize here was the Temple Mount. But I made a mental note of *Jebusite*. That may be important. *The City of David* was *also* scribbled down in my notebook, and since David had prepared the plot, that seemed like the next natural place to turn. Another thorough combing of Scripture reaped the *following* reward.

Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion (that *is*, the City of David).

2 Samuel 5:7

Zion *and* the City of David. That's two birds with one stone. This is of critical importance, as Scripture tells me they are *both* the same. Another reference could be found in 1 Chronicles. It reads:

And David and all Israel went to Jerusalem, which is Jebus, where the Jebusites *were*, the inhabitants of the land. But the inhabitants of Jebus said to David, "You shall not come in here!" Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion (that is, the City of David).

1 Chronicles 11:4-5

And *there* it is. *Jebusites*. The stronghold of Zion was taken from *Jebusites*. Mount Zion was the name given to the Jebusite fortified city on the lower part of ancient Jerusalem's south-eastern hill. Here's one more verse I found which speaks to the strength of the argument.

In Salem also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling place in Zion

Psalms 76:2

The Akra, Millo, and Ophel

FINALLY FEELING well versed on the topic, I thought it might be a good idea to grow better accustomed with the terrain. Though I have been to Jerusalem *twice*, as of this writing, I did not think it was

