

## Are We Still One Nation Under God?

There's nothing quite like the smell of raw chicken livers stewing in the mid day sun. About twenty years ago I was sloshing through a slimy tub of em' when my little brother Heath hooked into a fish to remember. "Oh yeah!" he exclaimed, "This here's big daddy!" Indeed, his pole was bent in half, and his feet braced so as not to be snatched into the pond. It looked mighty convincing, but given the fact he'd already used that "Big daddy" line four times, I replied snottily, "Yeah well, you'll forgive me if I don't come running over."

When I'd finished threading a warm runny piece of liver onto my hook, I looked up to find Heath still fiddling with his drag, and working that fish up and down the bank. "Stop over acting dummy," I shouted, "You're gonna draw attention to us."

"I'm not kidding this time Guy," Heath pleaded, "This has gotta be a world record."

I just shook my head. Teenagers! I'd be glad when he finally grew up like me. I wiped my slimy fingers on my white shorts and threatened to tell momma if he didn't stop.

At this stocked catfish pond you were *supposed* to pay for whatever you caught, so Heath's dramatics were the last thing we needed. He'd have the owner over here sniffing around until he realized we'd only been pretending to slide all those catfish onto our stringer. I didn't want to get kicked out until we'd used up all our livers! I'd caught two more fish before I realized Heath was still clowning around with that same one. Finally I threw my rod down and stomped over.

"It's probably just a big turtle," I huffed. Heath was looking even more convincing now. Fire was stabbing from his eyes, sweat boiling down his face. "Alright, alright..." I relented, "Pull it on up to the bank here and I'll grab it."

I was casually reaching down, when from out of the murky depths, emerged the ugliest pre-mortal monster catfish I'd ever encountered. That steely eyed whisker lip slapped the water in retreat. I fell back in the mud with a plop, suddenly onboard with Heath's "Big Daddy" theory! With a little patience and long stick, we were able to sling him ashore; although that thing was meaner'n a feverish wild boar with a sore tusk.

"He's got to go thirty or better," Heath sputtered.

"Probably," I heaved, "But let's throw him back before we have to pay for him!"

That, being sound advice, didn't register with Heath. He was already imagining his picture posted up in the bait shop as the new pond record holder. As soon as I turned my back to check my pole, Heath grabbed his big trophy and took off up the hill to the weighing station.

"That fish'll cost us our whole life savings!" I pleaded.

It weighed in at just over 12 pounds, but just shy of that week's record. (Obviously set by some other dork.) It was too late now. Heath and I both reluctantly dug into our tube socks and brought out our life savings. All for what, some old scarred up, rank, bottom dwelling monstrosity. I won't repeat all the things I called Heath on the way home. He just nodded, proud to be the broke new owner of several bags of scarcely edible meat.

I reckon Heath's teenage rebellion against common sense is not a lot different than the one we've currently undertaken here in the United States. You see, to me it appears most folks these days would rather reel in an early grave, broke, broke down, and broke out, before ever admitting God's ways are right.

Sure, my ways smelled a lot like a tub of stink bait in the Lord's nostrils too before Jesus came into my heart, but it seemed that honor, respect, and patriotism were held in much higher esteem back when I was a kid. A fellow at least knew where he stood. Today these foundations of our society are being shoved out of the public arena by *dishonor*, *disrespect*, and a myriad of special interest spinsters rehearsing their talking points.

I love America with all my heart. It was built on the backs of good God fearing men and women who were willing to give their lives for a cause greater than themselves. It's still held together by good people cut from the same cloth. But God's enemies, like little foxes, have nibbled away at the fabric of everything we have always stood for, and they've convinced a majority of our citizens that we can now stand apart from our Creator, and His hand of blessing. Consequently, our schools become like war zones, while roving bands of lawyers stalk the halls to make sure the poor kids can't even pray for themselves. The average American seems so bombarded with negative news, or the antics of Tinsel town starlet, he appears to have grown overwhelmed and disconnected.

Where's the outcry? Where is the Church? Cowered behind padded pews? Scared we might offend someone by loving them enough to speak the Truth? Listen, no one seems to have a problem offending us! Maybe we're just scared we might lose their money? God help us.

While we've sat back, power hungry career politicians and loudmouth minorities, who flaunt their sins without shame, have systematically reeled this nation in; hook, line, and sinker. Has even the Church esteemed political correctness over common sense? Somebody has to stand up and say, "No more!"

America is one of the most blessed and powerful nations God ever established. Yet we find ourselves in a war today that our military might can't win; a spiritual battle, a battle for the soul of this nation. Are we still one nation under God? Or are we are a nation, like so many before us, who has decided to exchange the Truth of God for a lie?

But anyway- In the mercy of Jesus Christ there is always hope. (*If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land. 2 Chronicles 7:14 KJV*) Right now our fate weighs heavily upon the shoulders of those faithful few down on their knees, and those out on main street America living and proclaiming the Truth. However, they are in dire need of reinforcements. On what side of the fence are you standing? Will you hitch up your tube socks and get out there and help us cast the light of the glorious Gospel to this darkening nation? It's what our Commander says do.

I say let's take this nation back. We may have dragged up an ugly monster from the depths, but there still may be time to roll that booger back in before we have to pay for it. I can promise you it ain't worth eating.

-Guy Sheffield 10-09-07