

For with You is the fountain of life; in Your light we see light.

Psalm 36:9

the LifeWord

with Michael Green



October 17, 2008

Dear Friends:

A HIGHER PLANE

Things are so different these days.

By the time we boarded our 7:30 am flight, we had already been up for three hours, paid an extra \$50 fee for the privilege of having our clothes to meet us at our destination and had been drilled in the security gauntlet.

I'm a big proponent of tight security and taking out the bad guys but the Vegas odds against a blond hair, blue eyed, mother of two, needing the extra scrutiny are greatly in our favor. Guess they needed to make sure she wouldn't try to smuggle some of that dangerous Estee Lauder stuff under her burkka. The lesson here, in the bowing and bending to multiculturalism and political correctness, we've become a dysfunctional pretzel and our eyes are off the ball.

When airborne, the cart came down the aisle and I said, *"Two breakfast sandwiches, please", "That will be \$16."* Our feast came in a plastic wrap, one slab of ham, a dab of mayo, smeared with a bit of egg salad on a cold bun.

I know the airlines are hurting for money and I'm wondering if they are thinking about installing credit card scanners on the emergency oxygen trap doors. Yeah, things are so different.

Soon it was movie time. The magazine had listed four or five possibilities like *"Get Smart"* and *"Speed Racer"*. Neither appeared. However, what then splashed on the screen was not very smart and it wasn't anything to laugh at.

Some Delta dork had decided to give the captive audience a forced feeding of some silly, *"We are the World"*, political dribble. Propaganda at its most pathetic.

Low in budget, with production standards just a tad over cable access, our in-flight entertainment was a 100 minute barf of Anti-American bile. The Palestinians, Syrians and others, although admitted lawbreakers in the story, were all warm and fuzzy. Of course, they were all victims of the evil Red, White and Blue Empire.

The angst ridden, milque toast, American character finally *"found himself"* among this gang and did everything but exchange friendship rings and break into Kumbaya. Praise Somebody and pass out the air sickness bags!

Many of America's airlines are hanging by a thread. Most have needed emergency bailouts, governmental help and concessions from you and me to survive. Why in Heaven's Name would any of them want to air a propaganda sympathy call? After all, wasn't that the gang that skated through the security checks seven years ago?

Yeah, things are so different.

Next up, perhaps someone might be tempted to make up some kind of implausible movie story in which America would become blissfully enamored with a neophyte political activist who gets anointed

and launched by a confessed, unrepentant, bomb throwing, American terrorist. (Who, by the way, is also a great babysitter.) I think we could call it, *"The Audacity of Veracity"*.

Then for 20 years, he would tithe to and sit at the feet of a crazed cleric who seemed to spew nasty as regular as *"Old Faithful"*. Thus invigorated, our shallow savior would humbly apologize to the world for the sins of awful America and the European Union would stand and cheer.

Along the way, he would cavort with Farrakhan and funnel American grant monies to socialistic favoring, educational groups who have mastered the latest voter fraud techniques. He, himself, would also be well schooled in the important concepts regarding distribution of wealth.

Later, the story would go, he would collect nearly 200 million dollars from suspiciously untraceable international internet sources and his surrogates would put the *"Zionists"* (Jews who seek their God promised land) on immediate alert.

As the plot thickens, they would package him in an Armani suit, teach him some cotton candy phrases, coach him to say, *"paKEstan"*, to sound erudite in a Middle Eastern way, and Presto!, you've got yourself a President! Balloons drop, music swells up and the credits roll.

Nah, it would never sell, not in America.

But things are so different.

Michael



"Building Christ Into Every Life"