



September 11, 2009

Dear Friends:

9-11 SCABS

When the second plane hit the Towers, Linda and I looked at each other and said, at the same time, "THAT was no accident." It was 9-11, and another landmark event had imprinted another previously innocuous date on our brains forever.

The fear, grief, uncertainty and anger was clearly discernable; you could feel it everywhere. We were stung and stunned by the scum level of blind rage and demonic hate unleashed as we watched buildings crumble and planes crash with folks who, on that sunny September morning, never realized that America would soon have another "Day of Infamy" and that they would forever be linked with the tragic proceedings of that awful day.

"Let' Roll!" two heroic words that galvanized us and gave us a bit of a peek at some who had been so brave before they were cowardly cut down. May their stories always be told right along with those of the other heroes in our history.

For those first few days after, I heard other words more than once, "Would you pray for me?", "Would you pray for my kids, they can't sleep", "What do you think will happen next?" No one was ashamed to pray and the prayers were even invited on secular outlets and the flags started waving again. Detractors be damned.

I remember standing at a mass rally and quoting the words of the hymn, "On Christ The Solid Rock I Stand, All Other Ground Is Sinking Sand". Sadly, the affirming cheers of response that followed on that day are more likely to be followed by PC jeers today. We said we would never forget but, after a few weeks, we got bored and busy. It didn't take long.

We Americans have a way of wanting to get back to our drill of the familiar and, fairly soon, we were back in our routines. We think in terms of days but we seem to forget that we have a natural and spiritual enemy that will think in terms of centuries in order to win their fight.

The pictures of that day will stay with us as long as we will live and hopefully the historians will tell it like it really was, but I'm not optimistic on that front. In 20 years, it will probably occupy 2 pages in history books by telling how awful we were. It already happens in classrooms today.

After a few days, when the coast was clear, the havoc loving imbeciles started creeping back out of the woodwork like some of those Louisiana roaches who lurk about in the darkness. Even while we were still drying our tears, burying our dead and smelling the smoke of charred buildings and bodies, those fools, who, while enjoying the freedom and liberty blessings that other brave citizens had secured, were working their subversive schemes.

Just think, what if I had come to you in October '01 and said to you, "Now in 2009, we will have a guy, exempt from Congressional oversight, who is appointed to a role of governmental influence with unfettered White House access, who, in the moments after those buildings crumbled, in a braggadociously treasonous act, would sign a public document denouncing his country and clearly implying that America was "asking for it"? I don't think John Lennon could even "Imagine" that.

During those initial days of the 9/11 experience, I began to tell all who would listen that this reception to the Word was going to be short lived. It was soon snuffed out as leaders on every level began stumbling all over themselves with, "Some of my best friends are peaceful muslims" rhetoric.

This has all progressed to a point where the prejudices against those who dare profess allegiance to the Christian sect, are subject to allowable scorn and the critical microscope. Maybe we need our own anti defamation league.

How far down we have come? Pathetic, isn't it? But, when dealing with sinful man, it is not unusual. Left to our own devices, we do some stupid stuff.

In Exodus 1, God's wonderful people were in the Egypt part of their experience. The Word says they were in bitter bondage and their wailings were at a fever pitch. You know the story, God sent Charlton Heston to get them out and they were singing, "Jesus I'll Never Forget What You've Done For Me".

Not so fast.

In Exodus 16, they are already screaming, "Oh you should have left us to die in Egypt, we had some good meat and bread there. You brought us out here to die in this desert!" No, they had been slaves, captive against their wills without union representation. The old days hadn't been very kind to them but they were ready to jump back in. How sad, but how apropos today. They plum forgot the pain of captivity and the goodness of God.

On September 11th, I get sad twice. Once, when I relive the memories of the tragic moment of horror and loss. Twice, when I realize how much we have ready forgotten.

Michael

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