

Requiem to America's God

Thirty-seven years ago, I embarked on an ill-fated campaign to become Governor of Maine – ill-fated by the naiveté of an abundance of ideas backed by an empty wallet and zero political experience. Social engineers on the left were about to wipe out poverty by codifying the right of procreative choice. Social engineers on the right were about to save the world economy by controlling the flow and price of Mideast oil. Interest rates were hovering around 25%. Vehicles lined up at the gas pumps. America had, apparently, at last come of age.

From the left, we now are enjoying the fruits of a stagnant labor force and the rise of an elder population dependent on government support. From the right, we now are enjoying the cudgel of Al Qaeda and ISIS in the wake of 9/11 – a nation and the Mideast in turmoil.

Ridding ourselves of yesterday's discomforts appears to have led to a place of *perpetual* discomfort: Welfare rolls are overburdened by the unemployed and unemployable. Jails and prisons are full of society's discarded "other". Religion is in search for a relevancy it had sacrificed long ago by entertaining itself with the appearance of good rather than acts thereof. God has been comfortably sidelined in all but political speeches.

It is our hope that the Columbia Street Project, *Where faith gets down to business*, might give life to a new era of social justice and evangelical faith coming together without the one overwhelming the other.

I penned a satirical poem in the '70's that may never have been more relevant than it is today. It is a wakeup call to the Church to return to faith and practice:

America! America!

By: Stan Moody, 1976^{+/-}

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee!
It's time to step aside, Dear God,
And leave it up to me!
We're really not ungrateful, Sir;
You did real fine back then,
But things have changed lot, You see.
The world's not what it's been.

We've all gone off to college;
Learned how to read and ponder.
We've even read Your book, You know.
If you don't mind, we wonder, Sir,
Why you don't rewrite that thing –
Bring it up to date.
Your plan just didn't work for us;
We can't afford to wait.

Your church is doing well, though,
You'll be glad to hear.
The brightest folks are deacons;

The temple's free and clear.
It's all become big biz today;
The coffers do You proud.
The Jesus group in on the tube
Whipping up the crowd.

We've licked the population scare,
Which had us in a fright.
Land was getting scarce, You see;
Food was out of sight.
The pill has really done the job,
But in case we make a slip,
We have a way to change our minds
That's painless, sure and quick.

You must be proud as punch
When You look down and see
How we've turned our fields and streams
Into productivity.
We've tamed our natural resources,
And we're quite prepared to fight
When anybody tries to curb
Our growing appetite!

There is a nagging problem, Sir.
We wish You'd concentrate
On wiping out those nations
That thrive on fear and hate.
We've done so very well ourselves,
We're quite appalled to see
People all around the globe
Denied their dignity.

Why can't they be like us, Lord?
Our people we have freed.
That leaves us time for helping You
Stamp out lust and greed!
How can we keep it going, Lord?
They're shutting off our crude!
(We'll turn our wheat to ethanol
And whip them with our food!)