

In advance of the observance of Independence day, you can hear the firecrackers popping through the quiet of the night, people are scurrying here and there to finalize their plans to get together with one another yet it is truly a rare occasion when Independence Day falls on a Sunday.

We live in an age that questions constantly the intentions of the founding fathers, yet, on the early anniversaries that followed the first day – the approval of the Declaration of the Independence, you can be sure that Americans, regardless of what branch of Christianity they hailed from, took the time to go to the church and bow before God in thanks for their freedom.

John Adams had written to his wife Abigail: “The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever more.”

Certainly, we can be honest and admit that we take our freedoms for granted, that honestly it is more about a day to put all work aside and have fun. Certainly it is a day that children rightly look forward to, but this author cannot help but think of fiascos like the gulf oil spill and wonder how we can look at those children with honesty that we are really doing all we can to ensure that they inherit a world that, in practice, does all that it can, before it plays, to ensure that it will be fit for them and for their children and their children’s children.

We have two mountains of conceit today, each claiming to stand on moral ground, yet impossible messes like the gulf oil spill keep on happening. I won’t pretend listing some of the more recent and impossible human created problems will aggrandize this message – a common media disease. In fact, isn’t it sick how we stand in awe of our disease and rerun reels and reels of footage on our handiwork... AKA the disaster du jour.

When will we spend some time in sincere and deeply felt solemnity about where we are as a nation and where we are headed? When will we really resume the posture of a nation on its knees before its Creator in acknowledgement of our inferiority and our sins of self indulgence? When will we acknowledge that we not only are we totally clueless as to His plan, but we really are making little to no effort to sojourn in meditation with the Lord and seek His wisdom, His counsel, and His favor? !

It is really hard to feel motivated to celebrate when so much is broken. It is as if we are a nation of adults with the mind of children – or at the very least children who have grown up but refuse the responsibility that comes along with it – pretending birthing children and struggling in our marriages and jobs are the best we can do. We can’t even be dedicated toward any goal – be honest with yourself – what promise have you personally made to make this world a better place and how consistently have you spent constructive time contributing results that achieve that goal?

We have at least 150 million people classified as adults in this country, how many of them even donate one hour a year to some type of charitable work?

One indeed finds themselves in a dilemma when we consider the Gospel for this week, for the fact is all around us “The harvest is abundant but the laborers are few.” Unfortunately we prefer the harvest rather than realizing Jesus was talking about the work needed to be done. Indeed this people honor their lips but their hearts are far from the requirements at hand.

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