

D-Day: is this what we fought for?

Just a few days ago was the anniversary of D-Day, June 6, 1944: 72 years ago. To many it was “the longest day.” To many more, their last. But on that day the free peoples of the West, commanded by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, landed on the shores of Fortress Europe to wrest it from the hands of Adolf Hitler.

We wake as from a dream into the present time.

Shortly before the D-Day anniversary, Michelle Obama made a speech to graduating seniors at City College of New York. The president’s wife reminded the graduates, “I wake up each morning in a house built by slaves.” She means the White House. Violins, please.

Slavery in the United States ended 151 years ago. Michelle Obama vacations in Hawaii, Martha’s Vineyard, and toney ski resorts. She jets all over the world, accompanied by her entourage—hairstylist, wardrobe serfs, chef, yes-men, yes-women, and Heaven knows what else—and stays at the costliest luxury hotels, rooms for thousands of dollars a night. You could pay your mortgage several times over with what she spends on shoes and shiny objects.

And the beauty of it is, Michelle doesn’t spend a dime of her own money for any of it. No—she spends your money, that you worked for: public money raised by taxes.

But she—when she’s not staying at a five-star resort—wakes up each morning in a house built by slaves.

There are no more slaves here, unless you count the taxpayers

Donald Trump likes luxuries, too. The difference is, he pays

for his and you pay for Michelle's.

But the president's wife was trying, in her speech, to make a bigger point than that. She encouraged the graduates to rejoice because "the American dream" is still alive—her version of it. Our old version of it, if it lives at all, is on life support.

What is her "American dream"? If I read the speech aright, it has something to do with tons of people swarming into America from every country in the world, all refusing to assimilate, all speaking their own mutually unintelligible languages, all united by only one thing: the paternalistic rule of an ever-growing, power-seeking government. As another Democrat put it, four years ago, "The government is the only thing we all belong to." By "belong to" they mean "owned by."

Would you have waded ashore onto Omaha Beach, with shells and bullets flying all around you, and land mines planted everywhere, for that?

Meanwhile Michelle's hubby occupies himself with the task of "fundamental transformation" of America—most recently taking the form of giving grown men free access to women's public rest rooms. Wow. Let's scale those cliffs, men, with Germans shooting at us all the way up, for that. "You are whatever you call yourself!" No matter how ridiculous it is. Let's storm Rommel's pillboxes for that.

D-Day ought to be a national day of mourning for what we've permitted our country to become. In one lifetime we've gone from Eisenhower to Obama. If that's not cause for mourning, what is?

But more than mourning, it ought to move us to repentance. The God who preserved our country through terrible dangers, and crowned it with prosperity, peace, and stability, is waiting for us to turn to Him again—not to the swollen government, in hopes of special favors and big chunks of other people's

money, not to a lot of blithering “scientists” trying to scare us into further submission with threats of Climate Change, not to rich-as-Croesus liberals who climb out of their private jets to moan about “income inequality” and promise to fix it if only we give them much more power.

Not to any of those idols and false prophets, but to Him: who made the heavens and the earth, and gave us His only begotten Son, the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of all the world.

That’s worth dying for. And living for.

The other stuff is only garbage.

I have discussed these topics, and others, on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com>, throughout the week. Please stop by and read! All it takes is just one click to get you there.

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