

Looking for someone else

As most of you are probably aware I am pretty active on the cultural front. Although there are many folks who realize that our nation is at risk mainly because of the moral condition of the citizenry, there are very few people who are actually interested in doing anything to stop the moral rot.

As my buddy Jim likes to repeat...as goes the church so goes the nation...and as goes the pastor so goes the church. Most of the problems in this nation can be laid at the doorstep of the self-interested American church.

Actually, I would say that the American Christian Church has an identity crisis. Not only do they have difficulty providing an accurate description of the King they claim to serve, but they have an even greater inability to articulate to others the job description of their congregation.

About three years ago I was awakened to the prospect that the Supreme Court of the United States was preparing to "legalize" an atrocity called "homosexual "marriage. I had gotten wind that there were some radical anti-Christ "Judges" who had wiggled their way onto the nine judge panel in Washington DC and that they were intent on redefining the central institution responsible for the advancement of Western Civilization.

So, being a bit naïve' and a reputation as a nuisance to the forces of darkness I thought perhaps that I, as a servant of the Most High God, should do all that I could to "expose the unfruitful works of darkness." Some friends of mine joined me as we visited a local mega-church in Columbus, Ohio and attempted to awaken them to the railroad train running down the tracks in hopes that they would help us stand and fight against the forces of darkness.

Well, much to my chagrin, my buddies and I were confronted by

the local church officials, summoned into court for “trespassing”, and slapped with a restraining order prohibiting us from setting foot on the Vineyard Columbus campus ever again.

“We were just looking for the Church leadership to help us fight against the destruction of marriage,” I mentioned to one of their church “elders.”

“Sorry buddy” he hissed at me as he ordered us off of the property. “You are going to have to look for Someone Else to help.”

Discouraged but not defeated, I visited another church leader in the Ohio area and invited him and several of his “congregation” to accompany to the Washington DC for a prayer vigil outside of the SCOTUS building. I mentioned 2 Chronicles 7:14 and explained that maybe if we appealed to Heaven that God might give us a reprieve against the sodomite agenda.

“I would love to be part of it Coach Dave,” my pastor friend lamented. “But unfortunately that is the weekend of our annual Ice Cream Social. Perhaps you can make some calls and see if you could find Someone Else to go in my place.”

In late June of 2015, just as I had suspected, the SCOTUS poked the church in the eye and “legalized” homosexual marriage in all fifty states. Being a student of history and a lover of the Constitution I knew that courts cannot make law so I began to go on another manhunt...this time looking for a few good men who would stand up and defy the un-Godly, unrighteous, Illegal act of the SCOTUS by encouraging the legislature of Tennessee to nullify the decision.

I contacted some of the more famous “professional” Christians in our area and invited them to drive to Nashville with me to represent the Body of Christ before the Tennessee Legislature and demand that they defend traditional marriage. Most of the “Leaders” refused to take my call, although one of the nice

secretaries did pass along a message from her pastor. It seems that they don't get "involved in the culture" and that although he appreciated my spunk, I would have to find Someone Else to go with me.

Eight weeks ago I learned that our local TARGET Store had just announced a policy that permitted men to walk into a women's restroom in any of their stores. I was greatly concerned about the danger this proposition presented to innocent women and children who might be find a hairy-chested man sharing a stall next to them while they tinkled. I organized a protest and called several "pastors" to come and help with a public awareness project outside of our local TARGET.

Unfortunately, most of the "senior pastors" were unavailable to go and they referred me to Someone Else...who by the way was not a member of their congregation. It seems that most of them were tied up with "Bible School" arrangements.

Two weeks ago President Obummer doubled-down on the whole group restroom thingee and issued another illegal, unenforceable order to require "gender neutral" restrooms and locker rooms in the public schools in every town in America. I know I am considered a little bit radical but I was hoping that maybe the protection of the small children in their public school might be enough to get God's men to speak out against this outrage.

I did my usual procedure and picked up my phone and dialed some local churches. But I was a lot wiser this time. Instead of trying to speak with the Pastor I simply saved myself a lot of heart ache and appealed for help from the church secretary. I surmised that she probably knew most of those who attended the church regularly and I knew that she would probably be able to help.

"Hello, this is The First Church of the Chosen Frozen. How can I help you?"

“Good afternoon Ma’am this is Coach Dave Daubenmire calling again regarding the bathroom issue?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Daubenmire. I remember you from a couple of weeks ago. Unfortunately Pastor Watt Me Worry is not in right now.”

“Oh that is ok; I wasn’t calling to speak with him. I was hoping you could help me with another issue. Since you know most everyone in the church I was wondering if you could connect me with one of you members.”

“I’ll try.” She replied. “Who are you looking for?”

“I am looking for Someone Else. It seems most of the church leadership knows him but I have been unable to locate him. Do you know where I can find him?”

“I’m sorry Coach Dave but I am afraid he doesn’t attend here. The last I heard he was in leadership at the new church in town...the I Don’t Know and I Don’t Care Assembly.”

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