

We May Never Get Another Chance to Save America



Dave Daubenmire

We May Never Pass This Way Again

Like Columbus in the olden days, we must gather all our courage

Sail our ships out on the open seas. Cast away our fears and all the years that come and go. Take us up, always up. We may never pass this way again. – Jim Seals and Dash Croft 1973.

I will turn 67 on November 26th. How is it possible that I could actually be this age? Sixty seven is what I would expect my father to be. But he is no longer with us. He would have been 100 on October 12th.

Dad would be surprised to be 100. That is something he would expect HIS father to be.

Time is fleeting. Time spent can never be recovered and time is slipping through the hour glass. Where did my life go? Better yet, what did I do with my life? Except for what I invested in our children, what thing of significance did I really leave behind? What GREAT thing did I ever do?

Most of us live our lives laboring in obscurity. The world conforms us into its own image. When most of us look into the rear view mirror we see nothing but speed bumps and skid

marks, sad reminders of what might have been had we taken the time to more carefully plan our journey through history.

But here we sit in 2019, some still searching for significance, as we become more and more aware of the emptiness of material things. It is so much more fulfilling to live on after we die through PEOPLE than it is to live on through THINGS.

What have you done for Christ? What moment of bravery most sticks out in your mind as you look back over the years and the myriad opportunities that you had to make a difference for the Kingdom? As old age and eventual death blow over the hills of your life what proud thoughts warm your neck? What thing of bravery have you ever done?

Courage is a rare quality, especially in today's world where everywhere you look you are being urged to conform, to remain silent, to keep your thoughts to yourself. Have you ever looked over your chilly shoulder and longed to return to a specific moment in time when you had the chance to make a difference and didn't? When you had the chance to SAY your peace and decided instead to KEEP the peace? Am I the only one who often longs for the one chance to go back and say what only I know I *should* have said?

Is there anything more regretful than a missed opportunity?

Perhaps it is old age, or maybe it is just crankiness, but I find that the older I get the less I care about what others think about me. Oh, I want others to like me. I want to be invited to all the right gatherings. But I have reached the point in my life where I would rather speak the truth and be hated than speak a lie just to be loved.

A wise mentor once told me that life would be much easier and my conscience much clearer if I simply asked myself one question before choosing to bite my own tongue.

"Will the person you are worrying so much about offending cry at your funeral?" That one answer so simplified my life and opened my mouth.

Apathy and silence is destroying America.

Why have Christians become so afraid to offend? Why have we sat silently on the sidelines while the Devil and his minions have run roughshod over everything we hold dear? Why have we remained mute in the face of evil, as if our silence somehow brings glory to our King?

Did you know that Jesus was called "the rock of offense?" Did you know that He warned us that the world would hate us because they hated him first? Did it ever dawn on you that they crucified Jesus because they hated his message? You often can measure a man by the quality of his enemies. Jesus had enemies. Does that surprise you? People actually HATED Jesus Christ?

Sadly, many still do today.

Why do Christians worry about the world loving them? Why are we so focused on loving those who hate the Cross? Jesus warned us to "love not the world nor the things of the world." Do you often find yourself loving what Jesus told us we should hate?

America sits at a crossroads and the hour glass is running dry. No matter who wins the Presidency, America will never be the same. If you think the haters of God are crazy now wait until the reality of "four more years" stiff arms them straight in the face.

If Trump loses...payback will be hell from the demons that occupy the swamp. Either way, America is in for some rough sledding.

It is time for Christians to stand up and speak up. Now is

not the time to go limp. Don't cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace."

My Dad was one of the Greatest Generation. They turned back the greatest threat to liberty that this nation has ever known.

But those were our foreign enemies. All American was united in their common hatred of our common foe.

But today, our enemies are domestic. Instead of bombs they use words. In place of guns they use courts. Mob violence is upon us. Heroes will be made in the next 362 days. Everyday Mom and Pops must rise to the occasion. Now is the time for the voice of the church to ring out.

Through the hour glass of time who can explain why the Lord allowed us to be here now. It is time for us to be brave. We must "sail our ships out on the open seas." Let us not miss this opportunity to defend our King.

Don't miss your chance to be a hero. All of Heaven is watching. Have you been called into the Kingdom for such a time as this?

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E-Mail Dave Daubenmire: ptsalt@gmail.com