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Fire Eater! Editor

Nothing Lost: By The River Jordan

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> *"Then, with a trembling hand, the great preacher leads this young man down into the water, lowers him beneath the wave, and lifts him up again. He walks out. He kneels down upon the shore, and lifts his eyes and his hands toward heaven in prayer. While the people gaze and wonder, they hear a sound in the sky. They look up. There comes down, with the movements of a dove, white and beautiful, the Spirit of the great God. It rests upon the young man's head, and enters into him; and the sound they heard was the voice of the eternal God, breaking the silence of the heavens that had not been broken since that day of Mt. Sinai. The voice proclaims, "This is my Son, the Beloved, in whom I am well pleased." And thus, on the banks of that same river, where it had opened for Joshua's army, where it had opened for the prophets, there under the shadow of Mt. Nebo, the heavens were opened, and the great God makes known to the listening world that the son of Mary is His Son, and introduces in a grand and wondrous way the world's Redeemer. This was the last and the crowning glory of the river Jordan. And are not these enough to make it the famous river that it is?" (J. V. McGarvey, in A. B. Maston, ed., The Gospel Preacher: A Book of Sermons by Various Writers, 1894.)*

How often have you heard the phrase "lost cause", referring to the military defeat of the South in the 19th century? In its modern incarnation, the phrase is often tied to the flippant yankee "get over it", meaning, presumably, that Southrons have an obligation to somehow and mysteriously forget the past.

When I go to work out at the local gym, I hang my battle flag towel (heh) over my locker. Recently, I heard a man mutter, "What's with the Confederate flag in here? Get over it." Fortunately for this particular variety of ignorant yankee imbecile, I was showering (singing Dixie, of course), and wasn't about to run out naked, dripping water and spouting history at the slug. But it got me to thinking.

“Wake up, little yankee children. It is not my "Cause" that is lost. It is you who are lost.”

What exactly is lost? What exactly do we "need to get over"?

Materially, of course, much was lost, as my family proves. Like many other Southern families, my family lost their land and property, in our case forcing my kin to move up from Mississippi into Arkansas and the Indian Territory.

Then too, the sheer number of human lives wasted and destroyed by Lincoln's murderous power grab saddens the heart of any Christian man or woman. (Cant speak for Buddhists, Taoists, or any other ists out there.) Such a loss is almost unthinkable. A generation of young men forever gone, with all their hopes and promise with them.

And who were these men but simply men fighting for freedom, for home, and for God? I have always admired the sentiments expressed by H. L. Mencken's observation on the propaganda our children know as the Gettysburg Address:

> "The Gettysburg speech was at once the shortest and the most famous oration in American history...the highest emotion reduced to a few poetical phrases. Lincoln himself never even remotely approached it. It is genuinely stupendous. But let us not forget that it is poetry, not logic; beauty, not sense. Think of the argument in it. Put it into the cold words of everyday. The doctrine is simply this: that the Union soldiers who died at Gettysburg sacrificed their lives to the cause of self-determination – that government of the people, by the people, for the people, should not perish from the earth. It is difficult to imagine anything more untrue. The Union soldiers in the battle actually fought against self-determination; it was the Confederates who fought for the right of their people to govern themselves."

These men of the Confederate States of America left their homes, their wives, their brothers, and their children, to fight for, as Mencken put it, "the right of the their people to govern themselves." What they lost was not a "cause", however useful the expression is at times, for they never went out to fight for a "cause", but for real ends, like family, like home, like the Constitution of the original Republic we once called America.

“Go ahead and call it moonlight and magnolia. I'll take that moonlight and that magnolia, and the love of the God who created both, over your worthless empire any day.”

Most wars are fought for money and power. The War for Southern Independence is, I believe, a notable exception. This was a war fought for truly spiritual reasons: God-given and inalienable rights. Perhaps the fact that the War for Southern Independence is the most celebrated of all wars stems from its highly moral basis. After all, how many people dress up to reenact the War of 1812? Or the Spanish-American war? Even World War II pales, in terms of the sheer volume of literature

for one, compared to THE War.

I say that these men, these Christian warriors (and yes, I know the glib laughter that phrase will provoke among the leftists), lost nothing. Nothing at all.

> "Truly I say to you, there is no one who has left house or wife or brothers or parents or children, for the sake of the kingdom of God, who shall not receive many times as much at this time and in the ages to come, eternal life." (*Luke: 29-30*)

How apt these words, spoken by Jesus the Christ to his disciple, Peter. Our Confederate dead, those who left their homes, wives, brothers, parents, and children, could not possibly have lost a thing. Why? Because he who fights God's fight can not possibly lose. And is not freedom, the love of family, and the love of God truly God's fight? Of course it is. Only the godless would gainsay the point.

We, on the other hand, their descendants, their admirers, have lost much. Gone is the American Republic of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry. Ushered in is the IRS, the FBI, the CIA, and all the acronymic horde whose existence spells centralised power.

The biggest losers, ironically, are the yankees themselves. I hear their whining daily in the sorry confabulation of what we call the media. "The Patriot Act! What shall we do?", comes their moaning. "We're over taxed, over worked. Big government on our backs."

No kidding, little yankee children.

This is what happens when you take something holy, like the original American Republic, and reduce it to ashes to save it from being reduced to ashes. This is what happens when you use violence to force a "Union" upon people who do not want union with you. This is what happens when you deify a monster like Lincoln. Do you really think that God has overlooked that unholy of men whose equally monstrous statue is housed in, of all things, a pagan temple? (Love that irony as much as I love Greek architecture.)

Wake up, little yankee children.

It is not my "Cause" that is lost. It is you who are lost. Any man or woman who truly understands the reasons why an entire generation of young men gave their lives for the flag upon which your secular feet tread knows also that the sacrifice of that generation did not go unnoticed by the Lord God.

No, it is you who have lost all. You have traded your freedom and the dream that was America for the baubles of greed and empire. Enjoy them while you can. If you can.

As for our Confederate dead, they sleep in a green place far from your grinning yankee empire. Far from lost, they are found. Far from forgotten, they are revered. By the river

Jordan they kneel, these sons of God, His beloved, in whom He must be well pleased.

My "Cause" is not lost, and you dont even have a cause worthy of the word itself. I, the descendant of many a Confederate soldier, both of European and Indian descent, still believe in freedom, in family, and in a God whom you have abandoned to the worship of your materialist trinkets.

Go ahead and call it moonlight and magnolia. I'll take that moonlight and that magnolia, and the love of the God who created both, over your worthless empire any day.

And I'm not "getting over" anything, except, I pray, the river Jordan.