

Happy Birthday America...

I confess I feel no excitement about celebrating our nation's independence this week. I feel like our nation's leaders have checked out from reality, and our country is being run by AI imposters, only the imposters are worse than the real thing. This is supposed to be an election year, but I can't even bring myself to think about going to the polls, because there is no one worth voting for. To be honest, the only one who can turn this mess around is Jesus, and I say, Lord, come quickly.

I wrote the following poem back in 2016. It seems to me that things have grown worse. I don't mean to sound negative. This site is intended for encouragement, so with that, I will share this poem because I believe it is appropriate, and it still encourages us all to look to Heavenly Father. I'm pretty sure our founding fathers are turning over in their graves. May God forgive us.

Our Founding Fathers

Our founding fathers, so long ago, resolved to make us free.

They penned the words, a familiar note, declaring liberty.

How brave they were, risking life and limb, to stand against a king.

Their acts meant treason, prison and death, sacrificing everything.

No longer under British rule, it said, no longer to cower in fear.

A proclamation of independence! We commemorate every year!

So what has changed? Are we still free? Are we one nation, under God?

At times I fear, we have given up, and our freedom is just a fraud.

A nation that prays can only prosper. Our blessings are found in Him.

But a house divided, it cannot stand, our future is looking dim.

Some laws have passed in recent days, that God defines as sin.

We've kept silent, in the name of peace, but the evil one has moved in.

What makes a family is no longer clear, and 'purity' is a bad word.

The rights we've had to defend our homes, all but gone, it's so absurd.

The founding fathers, if alive today, might ask if they fought in vain.

Was their cause so small that we'd forget, and choose tyranny once again?

The debt we owe to those before us, must not be counted as loss.

I pray we hear the founder's voices and stand firm beneath the cross.

Blessings,

Lisa Jo

