

Why I love America - A Father's Perspective

The other day my youngest son, Andy, coaxed me to watch a short documentary about a 6 year old boy from Pennsylvania who battles a rare ageing disease. The little boy loves playing baseball; and despite his tortured body's immense struggle, he presses on and keeps swinging and smiling....despite the constant pain.

At the end of the short film, the boy – only 15 pounds as a 6 year old – was joined by thousands of supportive local folks, other little league teams, and lots of encouraging neighbors, who turned out to cheer him on in his first (and probably his last) few hits and runs around the bases. After the game, his mother carried him around the ballpark for a round of high-5's, encouraging words, and congratulatory hollers.

As I wiped away the tears, I felt affection for my fellow Americans that's so often absent lately, especially with all the bad news we get each day. And it's easy to focus on the bad news...because there seems to be so much of it going around. I don't have blinders on. As I tell my 5 children when they try to pull something past me, 'I was born during the night time...but not last night'. It was just so great to see the support and love that was given to that little boy.

As a father and an American, I don't love America because she's great. She is great because I love her. And since I love her, I believe she is worth protecting...worth saving. I recognize her many immense problems. And I often disagree with the polarizing and silly views of CNN, CNBC, Fox, and the other major media outlets. I don't drink the democratic, or republican, or materialist Kool-Aide. Nor do I defend the indefensible. We have epic problems, ghastly unjust laws, and seemingly insurmountable hurdles to overcome. That's a given.

I just love America because she is loveable...and she's mine to love. I love her because my father pitched baseball to me on Pennsylvania baseball fields, my home rests under Pennsylvania skies, and my grandchildren laugh and play on Pennsylvania playgrounds. I could go on all day why I love America. And many of us would do well to practice dwelling on the many good things about our great land, instead of forever focusing on the bad. We can only perform great deeds when we're inspired by great things. And arm chair quarterbacks, doomsday prognosticators, and trucks in the mud all have something in common: they rarely get anywhere.

After lots of personal wasted time, I finally adopted my heavenly Father's view in regards to looking at America – and Americans. And since He offers the greatest example for each of us to follow, it may help a bit if we would each practice a bit on approaching each other from His perspective.

Because our Heavenly Father doesn't love us because we are great. Rather, we become great because He loves us. In effect, we are transformed by His love. Just like in the beautiful tale, Beauty and the Beast: her love transformed the Beast. Only with our heavenly Father, there is no fairy tale; His love is all too real. And His Grace and Blessings are eternal. He assures us to, 'Ask and you shall receive' and compels us to keep His commandments. Despite our sinfulness and treachery, He assures us that there is nothing He will not forgive.

As a father, I don't have rose-colored glasses. I recognize that the corruption on Wall Street and in Washington – and in our communities – is an epidemic. I write extensively about our \$700 Trillion dollar diseased derivative markets, the unreported scams perpetrated by the elite, and the insane and silly 24/7 propaganda spewed out by the major media. Our culture of death is apparent everywhere; but that's not my culture. And I'm an American as much as any other American.

On a more personal assessment, perhaps you may want to ask yourself when was the last time you sat down with your family for a meal together, spoke charitably with each other, and turned off the TV and iphones long enough to smile. Think about it, when was the last time you thoughtfully asked your brother or mother or child how you could serve them a portion of meat or get them a glass of water? When was the last time you heard someone ask to serve you? Perhaps it was Christmas or Thanksgiving? Was there peace at your table? Could it be that our government and communities always appear to be at war (and they are) because we are often at war with ourselves? Wasn't one of the primary messages from Our Lord a call to SERVE?

We can spend our lives simply reacting to the poison of society. We can spend every waking-hour commenting, and bitching, and moaning, and regurgitating all the bad news over and over again. God knows, there's a lot of it. And it's our duty to forever point out the corruption, and the problems, and the injustice.

But somehow, the mafia remark of 'swimming with the fishes' and the Arab saying of 'when you stir up stuff...all it does is smell' comes to mind. We can absorb the poison and hold on to it, by getting stuck in our pessimism, and bemoaning the travesties, and pointing fingers 24/7...and having an answer for everything and a solution for nothing. Or we can love America enough to transform her?

Our Lord became a creature and shared in our humanity. He endured poverty, humiliation and the cross NOT because we are great. He bought us back because He loves us. He came because we needed to be saved. And since he loves us, he took the pain. Remember, the only time he got mad was when he threw out the money-changers in the temple. It's OK to get mad at injustice and evil.

We Americans have a great sense of what we ought to do. We turn out to encourage an ailing 6 year old boy as he runs the bases, we donate lots of time and money to help folks, and – despite our goofiness and stupidity – we still try to find ways to make things better.

The tears rolled down my face watching that little boy round the bases. I was thinking how gutsy that little guy was, how proud his mom must have been, and how great it was to have everyone cheering...lots of things. And for some reason, I somehow equated it with our present-day America. We are sickly, and broken, and in need of help...but we need to keep running. We need to encourage each other, and get off the sidelines, and keep swinging. It's the only way to make it right.

Why do you love America?