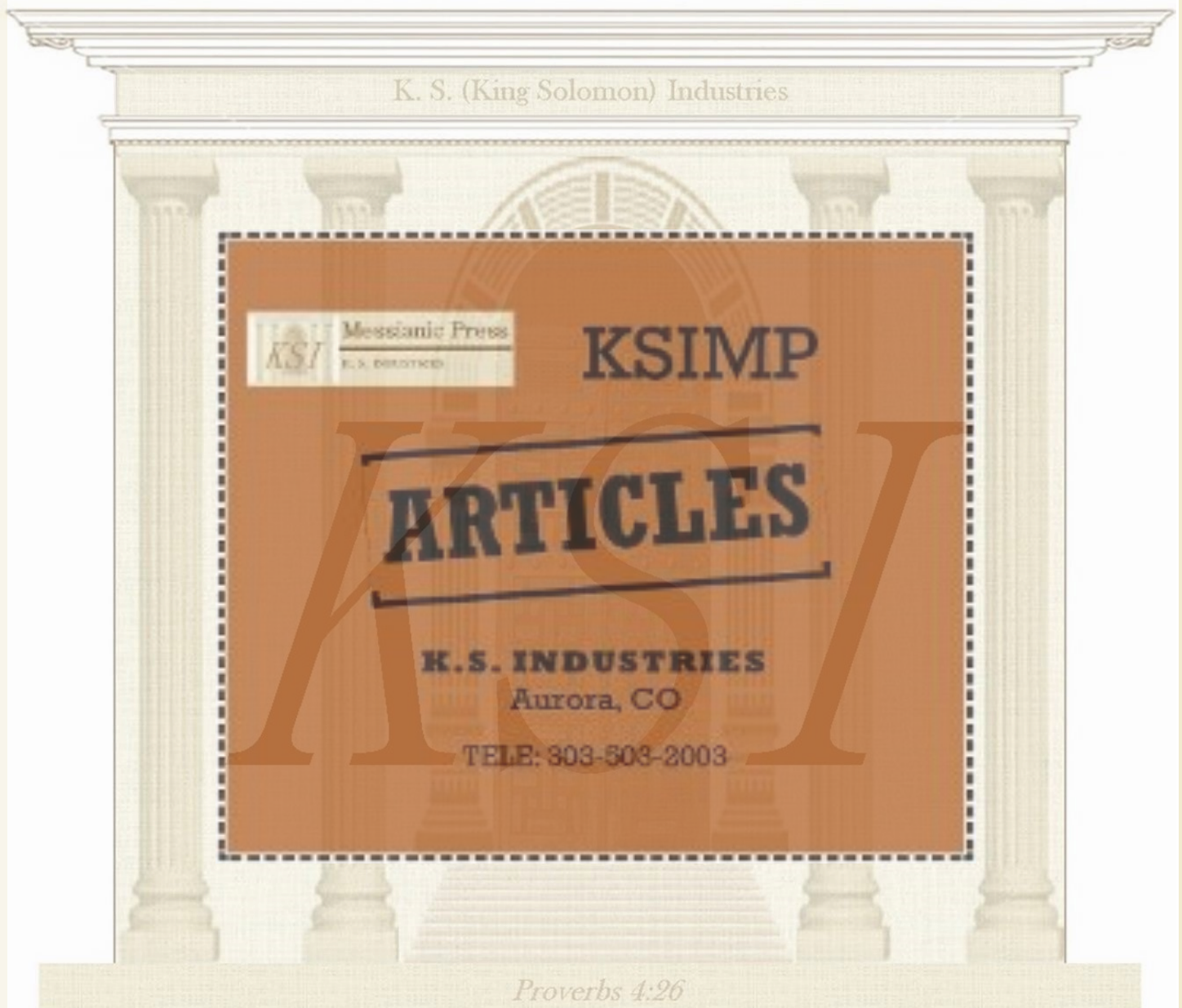


Believers In Babylon

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Proverbs 4:26

VANITA LYNN WARREN

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By the rivers of Babylon, There we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hung our harps upon the willows in the midst of it. For there, those who carried us away captive asked of us a song, and those who plundered us requested mirth, saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion!" How shall we sing the LORD'S song in a foreign land? If I forget you, O Jerusalem, Let my right hand forget its skill! If I do not remember you, let my tongue cling to the roof of my mouth-If I do not exalt Jerusalem Above my chief joy.

(Psalms 137: 1-6)

How **shall** we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? America has become a very strange land, indeed. She has become a land--foreign to that which our founding father's established. It has been said, that it is easy to be a Christian in America. So easy, you can be any kind of "Christian" you want to be. There are various cults who profess a belief in Christ and sport a Christian identity. Many so-called "Christians" are very tolerant of sin, such as regarding alternative lifestyles as a scriptural life-styles, abortion as a method of birth control, and euthanasia as dying with dignity.

I submit, that it is not easy to be a true disciple of Jesus Christ in America. It is so difficult that the word "Christian" has lost its true meaning—*a follower of Jesus Christ*. We live in a land where it is politically incorrect to be *intolerant* of sin; in a land where there you cannot proclaim that there is only **one God**; and in a land where there are no moral absolutes. We live in a land where public schools can teach mythology, astrology, psychology, and philosophy; but they cannot teach about sin and the saving grace of the Lord of creation—Jesus Christ.

When Israel was carried off into captivity, the Psalmist said, they *sat down and wept. Remembering the land from whence they came, they hung up their harps on trees.* Where is the land from whence America came? Where are our foundations? Where is the America our ancestors dreamed of? The true believer in Christ is in captivity in this nation. Israel prayed, *"If I forget you, O Jerusalem, may my right had forget its skill. May my tongue cling to the roof of my mouth if I do not remember you, if I do not consider Jerusalem my highest joy."*

Christian discipleship in America is a battle. It must be our highest joy.

We must not forget from whence we came.