



# SHIELD OF FAITH

"Take Up the Shield of Faith" - Paul

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Tuesday, December 3, 2019

*Everything has been entrusted to me by my Father; and no one knows who the Son is except the Father, and who the Father is except the Son and those to whom the Son chooses to reveal him. — Luke 10:22*

## **The Frozen Chosen**

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Maybe you've heard the quip about liturgical churches. Raucus brands of Christianity refer to those churches as "The Frozen Chosen." I'm using the term to refer to Western Christianity. Divided into two large groups — Protestant and Catholic — Western Christianity has devolved into something more akin to frozen Americanism than religion.

The West is frozen in it's chosenness. We are stuck thinking that we're the best because we're American. It's not patriotism. We are proud in an evil way. And Europe channels U.S.

At the heart of all religions are the mysteries. At the heart of Christianity is this idea of being chosen by God. Billions of people on earth choose NOT to follow Jesus Christ. They are NOT Christians. And Jesus Christ himself lets us off the hook for this reality. Christians have no duty to market Jesus Christ to those who don't know Him. Luke wrote of Jesus, "No one knows the Father ... except ... those to whom the Son chooses to reveal him."

We don't get to know who the Son chooses. Christians have a duty to live as Christians and to open the door of the Church to those Christ chooses. I want everyone to know Jesus Christ. The fact of the matter, however, is that Jesus Christ does the choosing. Not my job to decide who gets in and who doesn't.

My job is to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling. And that takes a lifetime of hard work and prayer.

Western Christians are frozen in the idea that we are chosen. Europe was first to tech. Innovations, experimentation and hard work over the past five hundred years established the West in creature comforts. Because of our pride and laziness the fruit of those comforts is increasingly rotten. It stinks to high heaven.

The beauty and virtue in Western Culture is no longer cultivated. I think I saw that France is considering installing a swimming pool in the roof of a rebuilt Notre Dame. What's left of what's worth preserving is being turned into cultural manure. It stinks, but *it will* nurture new sprigs of life.

I marvel at the ugliness of the American landscape. Everything is built to accommodate speed and commerce. Nothing is built to last even one lifetime. We organize our material world into something entirely disposable. This fits our increasingly shortened attention spans that demand nanosecond fads and fashions for us to feel psychologically healthy.

*Continued on the back*

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Attention spans have become so short that it is difficult to have a meaningful conversation or relationship anymore. And, with the internet of ugly things dominating our consciousness we are becoming animals — driven by instinct.

We've allowed ourselves to be duped into thinking that this ugliness just happens, that nobody is responsible for it. Some Christians excuse it as a consequence of the Fall of Mankind in the Garden of Eden. The world is ugly, and we have no duty to fix it, because mankind will be bad, ugly and fallen until Jesus Christ returns to fix it. This hopelessness is evil. It has nothing to do with Christianity.

Thank God that the Europeans who suffered through plagues etc. hundreds of years ago didn't think this way. The West wouldn't have their fecund cultural garden to pervert. At least there's still examples in music, art, architecture, philosophy, theology and literature of old Christianity's nourishing cultural fruit in the West. Millions of guilt-laden Westerners are rejecting the ugliness and death of contemporary fashion to rediscover the Faith of their Fathers.

Keenly aware of what I'm talking about here Frederick William Faber penned a hymn in the nineteenth century entitled "Faith of our Fathers, Living Still." I close with it here in its entirety.

Faith of our fathers, living still  
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,  
O how our hearts beat high with joy  
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,  
Were still in heart and conscience free;  
And blest would be their children's fate,  
If they, like them should die for thee:  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers, we will strive  
To win all nations unto thee;  
And through the truth that comes from God  
Mankind shall then indeed be free.  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers, we will love  
Both friend and foe in all our strife,  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how  
By kindly words and virtuous life.  
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!  
We will be true to thee till death!

Amen!

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