

A LONG TIME AGO IN A GALAXY FAR, FAR AWAY....

*Remember from where you have fallen; repent, and do the works you did at first.
If not, I will come to you and remove your lamp stand.... (Revelation 2:6)*

I don't know whether it's the Christmas season, my advanced age (58) or maybe some strange chemical imbalance in my system, but I find myself remembering with nostalgia the world in which I grew up, a world that no longer exists. I remember when:

- Only one of my childhood friends had divorced parents.
- Friday night high school football games were opened with prayer.
- You had to drive across the county line to buy alcohol.
- We seldom locked our doors.
- Every store and gas station in town was closed on Sunday.
- Those who wanted to gamble had to drive to Nevada.
- Homosexual behavior (sodomy) was not only considered immoral but was classified as a mental disorder by the American Psychiatric Association.
- Public school classes began every day with the Lord's Prayer.
- A girl in my high school (in Georgia) had to go all the way to New York to get an abortion.
- Receiving government aid was an embarrassment.
- There was no email, Facebook, cell phones, Twitter or texting and people actually carried on meaningful conversations face to face.
- Living together before marriage was a scandal.
- No one would dare think of organizing sports events on Sunday.
- Astronauts flying around the moon read from the Bible on national television.
- School assembly programs invited local pastors who sometimes finished their messages with an "altar call."
- Sunday evening service was more exciting than Sunday morning.
- Mormonism was a cult.
- I didn't know the meaning of words like pedophilia, anorexia and transvestite and had to look them up in the dictionary.
- The only medication in our medicine cabinet was adult aspirin and mercurochrome.
- "Gay" meant happy and "straight" meant honest.
- Children could ride their bikes (without helmets) all over town and come home at dark without parents worrying about their safety.
- Moral standards for television forbade scenes showing a couple together in bed, even if it was a husband and wife.

My, how times have changed! I do not want to glamorize the past or whine for the good ole' days, but something has been lost. And though I may grieve for that which is no more, I pray that my sorrow will lead to greater efforts at moral and spiritual reformation, not passive despair. Though some battles have been lost, the outcome of the war is yet to be determined. *We must work the works of him who sent me while it is day; night is coming, when no one can work (John 9:4).*