

The Danville News  
Robert John Andrews  
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"Dorothy"  
Word Count: 750

Dorothy's Emerald City really wasn't emerald. Yes, as Frank Baum wrote in his first book about Oz, the gate to the city was "studded with emeralds that glittered so in the sun." The lobby too was adorned with emeralds. Yet every citizen and visitor was required to wear green tinted spectacles locked onto their heads day and night. When you wear green lenses, everything and everyone appears green.

Think of the lenses through which Donald views the world. As a convicted felon and sex offender, you'd think he'd be deportable.

What's so pathetic about Donald Trump is his skewed sense of what it means to be wealthy, what it means to be powerful, what it means to be successful, what it means to be happy, what it means to be religious. What's so pathetic about Donald, ever captive to his baser reptilian instincts and a prisoner of his own distortions, is how he views the world as a battleground of enemies: get yours before they get theirs. People, thus, are to be used. If you're not on top of the heap, you're under it. What a pitiful way to look at life. But then, that was how he was reared. That is why he is such a frightened, little man.

Please, stop foisting your perverse world-view on us, on the world.

Bruce, my friend and softball teammate from seminary days, once explained his dabbling in the occult before becoming a Presbyterian pastor: *And I began to realize that the classic forms of occultism are really an attempt to take your will through a spiritual means and force the world of people around you to bend to what you want and what you believe is true. That it is not an offering of the self up to something higher and more significant, it is in fact an actual attempt to gain power over and control over the forces that are unseen, unknown. ... I began to realize that forcing others to do what you want ends up being something very demonic.*

Anyone forcing others to bend to your will, is indeed demonic. Worshipping one's own will is the original idolatry, where we want to be like God. Bruce learnt how to say, "Thy will be done, not mine." Bruce discovered how his Jesus redefines what it means to be powerful, to be wealthy, to be successful, to be happy, to be religious.

We require clarity. We require clear lenses to see clearly. When I turned 40, I went immediately from no eye-glasses to bifocals. I didn't want to wear these glasses, but they helped me see better and read easier.

Which lenses distort reality and taint our perception of these universal truths as outlined by C.S. Lewis: caring for humankind; caring for those to whom we are especially obligated; duty to parents, elders, ancestors; duty to children and posterity; treating others with decency, respect, where they can count on you for good faith and veracity; upholding the poor, sick, vulnerable; magnanimity with courage and compassion.

Can we begin by accepting that however we may dislike the truth, we must accept it. Can we begin by being honest about our history? Driving back from Fort Collins, 22 hours on the road, I listened to 17 hours of "Demons of Unrest," Eric Larson's book about Fort Sumter, southern succession, and Lincoln's inauguration. He describes how northerners failed to understand the southern mentality. Larson describes the elite plantation owners, called the 'chivalry,' who had convinced themselves that slavery was morally good, morally justified. When the north viewed slavery as morally evil, the chivalry felt their honor was impugned. Only a national duel would bring satisfaction. Unrest results when rampant emotions rule, when passions are let loose, unrestrained. This explains why Lincoln at his first inauguration closed his speech with these words:

"We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

I thank Lincoln for reminding me to pray to be touched by better angels.

Donald's anti-American, gangster behavior and lawless decrees might make my blood eager to sharpen the blade to the guillotine, but what our nation requires isn't revolution. We require redemption.