



Wisdom from Grandpa

HSLDA Writing Contest Essay by Rachael Lynn Thomas (Age 17)

Imagine.

Imagine that there existed a person who had encountered a breakthrough with our fourth dimension: time. Imagine that this genius had toyed around with the space/time continuum enough that he had successfully created a device that could catapult a human being back through history. Imagine that he was my friend.

If I were to be invited to step into this device and to chose any person that I could have the amazing privilege of conversation with... what an opportunity! I am sure that my breath would catch in my throat and my heart would stand still. This is the only way I can describe my feelings about this awesome honor. One man springs to my mind. He is a direct ancestor of mine through my mother's side. He is my grandfather far back. He is President John Adams.

I know what I would ask him. My mind has been contorted with fears on a subject that has pained me for years. It was ever since I was old enough to realize that I was not the center of the universe, that the world does not revolve around my life and me. It is impossible to determine the age when my eyes were opened to sin...

If all went well, with a flash of lightning that would make me lose consciousness, I would be in 1797. I would awake and step out of my friend's masterpiece. There is Market Street House. With a trembling heart, I would mount the steps and knock timidly on the wide door. I want to see my Grandpa.

Someone would lead me inside and I would pray that Grandpa was willing and able to see me. If I'm admitted, I would walk in and see his white head held in his hands in meditation as he sits before a roaring fire in the fireplace. I would bow in reverence, overcome by what I see. There is President John Adams with his high brow, intelligent eyes, and soft smile before me. I would be silent. He would stand up and motion me to a seat. I would give my name. I would call him Grandpa and tell him how I came to see him. He would not believe me but it would be of no consequence. I would just ask him, holding back my tears, The Question.

What happened?

Why, after creating a country out of a few ragged dissenters and some godly Christians, did it turn away? Why, after so many men struggled for years over separating from the godless king of England, did we slowly become just like that king? Why, after we had Biblically formed a Constitution worth protecting, fighting for, and dying for, have we abandoned it to godless hedonism? Why, after having a godly, selfless president such as Grandpa, have we elected men whose selfishness has caused our country shame and mortification? How could we have strayed away? How could our education and schools have turned into mind-numbing, brain-washing, peer-influencing centers of humanism? Why is homeschooling considered strange, unsocial, or hermit-like? Why can't we pray in school? Why can't God's Ten Commandments remain in our classrooms? Why can't life be like it was in 1797?

My Grandpa would bow his aging head. All would be silent as I hold my breath waiting for his reply. Finally he would lift his head and his wise eyes would pierce through mine.

“The sin has always been there, my child.” He would say barely audibly, “We have only let it be made manifest.” Hopelessness would fill me.

“Is there nothing that can be done?” My eyes would burn with tears. A smile would light up my Grandpa’s eyes.

“You ask why you do not have men and women like me any more. You say it only takes a few godly Christians to make a godly nation. I say your answer is right in front of me.”

With calm faith he would say:

“You. It is up to you to change America. It is up to you to make the difference. With the Lord’s help, you can make this country even better than what it used to be. You, my child.”

Imagine!