

F.A.C.S. REPORT

"A Monthly Newsletter on the Relevance of the Christian Faith"

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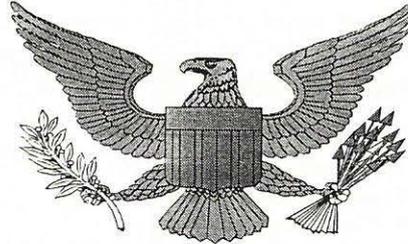
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AMERICA

by Matthew Hodge



Late 1996, my father asked me if I wanted to go to America and work for Howard Phillips, head of the U.S. Taxpayers Party and the Conservative Caucus. The U.S. Taxpayers Party is the only American political party that's 100% pro-life, pro-Constitution, and pro-family. Mr. Phillips ran for President in the 1996 Presidential Election, and is building up for the 2000 Presidential Election. As well as that, he constantly takes a stand on issues such as abortion, ownership of the Panama Canal, and U.S. entry into the United Nations.

His goal is to be elected President of the United States.

My father felt it would be good experience for me to work in a Christian organisation and see how everything runs. He was also keen to expose me to Christian influences which he thought might be helpful to me in life. Well, who would knock back a free trip to America?

So on Tuesday, November 17th, 1997, four days after I'd finished my last exam for university, I found myself flying to America. I'd never flown before, so it was a bit of an adventure. By the time I arrived in San Francisco, after about 15 hours (plus waiting time) of flying the adventure was getting a bit old. By the time I flew across to Dallas, Texas, I was sick of planes.

In Texas, I stayed with the Marshall family. They were a lovely family, and their two eldest kids took me out shop-

ping the next day. It was my first introduction to shops in America and I walked around with my mouth hanging open most of the time—if I wasn't running into people, because I was walking up the wrong side of a staircase. Everything was so *big*! I quickly decided I could get used to this sort of thing.

The next day, Thursday, November 19th, I left Dallas, and a few hours later arrived at Dulles Airport in Virginia. Jerry Tromantano from the Gun Owners of America picked me up. He took me back to the GOA offices and introduced me to everybody. It was incredible. As soon as they heard I was from Australia, everyone there would im-

mediately go off about how terrible it was that the Australian government was

taking our guns off us. (Remember, this was shortly after John Howard's gun buy-back scheme.)

It was actually rather unusual, because most people that I know back here in Australia, even the ones that were in favour of keeping guns, didn't make that much fuss about the whole matter. If I were to think of some reason why, I would say it's because many of us over here never actually *owned* a gun to start with.

At the moment, in Australia, the majority of people with guns (excluding criminals) are still farmers and sportsmen. But most ordinary people

don't own guns. Therefore, what you don't have, you don't really miss when it's taken away from you.

In America, not only are many citizens gun owners, but they've been brought up believing firmly in their right to bear arms and defend themselves. I can't speak for all Americans, but most Americans I met (especially in northern Virginia, where nearly everybody is political) are quite vocal about their rights and the role of the government.

The head of Gun Owners of America was Mr. Larry Pratt, an old friend of the family. On my first night in Virginia he took me into Washington D.C. to the University Club where Howard Phillips was hosting a dinner.

The dinner was being held for R.J. Rushdoony, and other friends and acquaintances of Howard Phillips who were speaking at "The Separation of State and School" Conference (Sep-Con) the next day. I was rather awestruck, not only at the surroundings (the University Club was rather up-market) but also by the people gathered there. As well as Rushdoony and Howard Phillips, also present were John Lofton, Sam Blumenfeld, and others.¹

Unfortunately, jet-lag (which I was beginning to think I'd somehow avoided) hit me like a ton of bricks right in the middle of the dinner, so I can't remember much else from that evening. Larry Pratt took me to Sterling, Virginia, to meet the man I was to be staying with for the next two and a half months.



1. You could probably call this a Reconstructionist smorgasbord! – ed.

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Steve Whitener was Supervisor for Loudoun County. (It's a bit like a Council Member.) As well as that, he had just accepted a teaching position at a local Christian school, and he also headed an organisation called Local Government Council.

Steve's room-mate was Neil Eckard, who worked for Howard Phillips. Neil came from Danville, Virginia, "the last capital of the Confederacy." What with Steve's fast-talking Californian accent, Neil's Southern drawl, and my Australian accent ("What accent? I don't have an accent! You people are the ones with the accent.") the house had a very multi-cultural feel to it.

I was knocked out for most of the next day (Friday, 20th). But Friday evening I was feeling awake again so Steve took me to Washington D.C. again for the evening program of the Conservative Leadership Conference.

It was huge. There were several hundred people gathered at the Washington Sheraton for the conference, all of them enthusiastically talking politics. I didn't have the foggiest clue about American politics at all so most of it went over my head. However, when I mentioned I was from Australia, they usually got pretty enthusiastic. "That where Mel Gibson's from!" I think the mental connection was Australia=Mel Gibson=*Braveheart*=the greatest movie ever made. (You know,

fighting the English, "Freedom!" and all that.)

The next morning (Saturday the 21st) I went to the second day of the Separation of State and School Conference being held at the Doubletree Hotel in Arlington, Virginia. I was still jet-lagged (actually, I felt jet-lagged till about mid-January) so I wasn't as alert as I could have been for this conference.

This conference was smaller than the Conservative Leadership Conference, but there was still the same enthusiasm that I'd seen among the right-wing conservatives the night before. But this time, the enthusiasm was directed towards different aspects of the question of separation of state and school.

There were lots of different lectures and programs running that day, but the one that stayed in my mind was a panel of mainly African-American teachers who were going to be talking about the prejudice shown by the government against black children in the public schools in the inner-city slums. This piqued my interest, because in Australia, "prejudice" usually means that ethnic children aren't being given special education, or there's not enough funding going to ethnic children, etc.

The panel suggested the exact opposite. The speakers actually suggested that by giving underprivileged children "special" schools and "special" teaching the end result would be to convince the child that he or she is inferior to white children, or anybody else getting a normal education. Basically, if you treat a child as though he has a serious learning problem, he will eventually believe he has one. It was a bold statement, and the sort of thing that would have caused a huge stir if it wasn't for the fact that black people were actually saying it.

Later, I got to hear Joseph Sobran, the Catholic columnist speaking on religion in public schools, and also E. Michael Jones speaking on sex education. (E. Michael Jones wrote the brilliant book on music *Dionysos Rising*.) All the speakers had one aim: to get the government out of education so that true

Dionysos (Still) Rising

by Ian Hodge, Ph.D.

Those who watch late night television news and commentary may have seen a recent *Lateline* episode in which the great grandson of composer Richard Wagner was interviewed, along with another German commentator and an English music historian. The Englishman had written on the life of Wagner, and spoke in high admiration for Wagner's music and for him as a person.

His grandson, on the other hand, wanted the record set straight. Wagner, claimed the great grandson, was a racist, hated the Jews, and thought the Jews should be exterminated. It is not surprising, then, to find a connection between Wagner the composer and anti-Semite, and Adolf Hitler and the Nazis. Such a connection has been known for a long time and debated within intellectual circles.

E. Michael Jones, in his very important study, *Dionysos Rising: The Birth of Cultural Revolution Out of the Spirit of Music*, went even further and argued that Wagner's music became the catalyst for revolutionaries since that time. Not revolutionaries of the military type, but of those revolutionaries who have successfully subverted the Christian culture of the West.

Jones's brilliant insights show the changes that Wagner undertook in his music, deliberate changes that would assist in the political revolution that almost landed him in gaol. He abandoned political revolution for musical revolution, but nevertheless had the same end in view: out with the old order, in with the new. And the new order would not have the same Christian moral overtones that governed the old order.

Within this context it was necessary to be critical of Judaism, since Judaism, in word if not in deed, still holds to the moral values of the Old Testament as summarised in the Ten Commandments. It is these moral values that are an offence to so many who find them restrictive and prohibitive of their autocratic life styles.

Dr Jones traces Wagner's influence through Nietzsche the philosopher, who joined the revolution to rid the world of its Christian and Judaistic moral influences. Philosophy, as Francis Schaeffer has so eloquently pointed out, leads to changes in art and other areas. So the revolution was picked up and carried in

education, not political indoctrination, might occur in the schools.

Then, I braved Washington D.C. public transport and caught the Metro over to the Sheraton to hear the evening program of the Conservative Leadership Conference. There was another huge banquet dinner on that night. (I hadn't had a single meal at home since I'd arrived in Virginia.) The speaker was Tony Snow, from Fox News Sunday. I'd never heard of him, but Tony was a very entertaining speaker, and he made some good comments, though half of it went over my head.

Monday 23rd, I started work. It was this day that I got introduced to the various companies and organisations that all ran from the upstairs offices at Vienna, Virginia. The US Taxpayers' Alliance is set up primarily for information and collecting donations, and sends out Howard Phillips' newsletter, *Howard Phillips' Issues and Strategy Bulletin*, his *Visions of Victory* tapes and other information. In addition to this, there was the Conservative Caucus Foundation, which existed to collect tax-deductible donations.

The U.S. Taxpayers Party was the campaigning organisation. USTP was concerned with setting up USTP candidates on the ballots in all 50 states of the U.S., and to run Howard Phillips' campaign to be elected President. I was to be working for USTA under the supervision of Howard Phillips' son, Brad.

My normal duties were filing, distributing memos, answering the phone, and helping with the mailout twice a month when *Howard Phillips' Issues and Strategy Bulletin* went out to the many thousands of subscribers throughout America. (It certainly seemed like many thousands by the time we'd finished stuffing the envelopes.) Besides this, I occasionally helped with other activities.

One of my first tasks was helping organise the Andrew Jackson "Champion of Liberty" Award Celebration. Every year the US Taxpayers Alliance gives out the Andrew Jackson "Champion of Liberty" Award to someone who has in one way or another taken a stand for liberty. For example, a couple of years ago the award was given to Michael New, a young American medic in the army who refused to wear the United Nations uniform. This year

[1997] the award was to go to Larry Klayman of Judicial Watch, author of a paper on 100 ways to impeach the President. (This was at a time when a lot of people were calling for the impeachment of Bill Clinton.)

Also, the Award is a good way of generating publicity for the U.S. Taxpayers so I was kept busy for a few days sending press releases to all the major newspapers, and phoning various political organisations, advertising the Award Celebration.

A new experience was on the 27th November, Thanksgiving Day. Howard Phillips invited me around to his place to join his family and friends for Thanksgiving dinner.

For a start, in Australia, I wasn't used to eating dinner with anything more than a knife and a fork. Now I was confronted with about four sets of cutlery. I got around it by watching everyone else most of the time, and if I still slipped up I'd excuse it by pretending it was Australian eating style. (After all, if I hold my fork in my left hand, I'd probably be expected to do everything else differently, right?)

The food was fantastic, and between courses Mr Phillips read from a book on the history of the Pilgrims. I realised then that we really don't have anything like Thanksgiving Day in Australia. It's not like Australia Day, because that's generally treated more as a day off (as long as it doesn't fall on the weekend) than as a serious time of looking back on the past. Anzac Day would be closer, because it usually forces us to think back on the past, but it's not the *same* as Thanksgiving Day.

Battle Fields

On the Thanksgiving long weekend, Steve Whitener took me out to the Civil War battlefield at Manassas (or Bull Run, if you're a Northerner). I'd always been interested in the American War Between the States since seeing the movie *Gettysburg* in 1994 (twice) and again in 1995, and in 1996, and . . .), so the opportunity to see Manassas was too good to pass up.

Two major battles were fought at Manassas. The first one was in 1861, and was the first major battle of the American Civil War. It was incredible. A very enthusiastic Northern army,

music by Arnold Schönberg and his development of the 12-tone music system. The essence of this system was to abandon the identification of a particular key with music (e.g. C major or minor, A flat major etc.). The selection of keys in music can assist in conveying different ideas; minor keys convey sadness, for example. Some keys lend themselves to more brilliant sounds, hence there is a judicious selection to be made by a composer to ensure his music is conveyed in the best possible manner.

The 12-tone system abandons all this and throws open the range of keys to be used willy-nilly. The result has not been better music, but a cacophony of sound that is painful to endure for more than a few minutes.

The story does not end there, however. Wagner's influence extended further, to theologians such as Paul Tillich, whose fascination with pornography has been documented by Dr Jones.

The final story in the musical revolution is modern rock music, with its abandonment of all musical sound, its rejection of any moral standards, and an influence way beyond its abilities to create good music.

Dr Jones argues that music has been the major vehicle for carrying on the revolution against Christianity. This means that we need an alternative music, one that will help build the faith and a new Christian culture. Our churches, steeped in their current attraction of banal rock rhythms, tunes that cannot be remembered, and words that are often childish, have not been able to provide an antidote to Wagner, Nietzsche, Schönberg or Mick Jagger and their influence.

If atonal music has been the instrument to wage war against the old order, then it is easy for us to know what kind of music we need to stage a comeback against the new order. We need harmony, not disharmony. We need to use chromaticism judiciously and re-establish a primary key in our music. We need to return the rhythm to the primary beat in the bar and reduce the off-beat emphasis that is associated with other atrocious lifestyle activities. And most of all, we need to learn again the grammar and syntax of music that alone lets us create not just ordinary or mediocre art, but great music — music that will match, and maybe one day surpass, Handel's *Messiah*, or any of the great religious compositions of J.S. Bach.

Our prayer should be so directed that God might raise up for us an army of musicians, philosophers and theologians who will become the new revolutionaries against the current Humanist order.

and an equally enthusiastic Southern army met at the fields of Manassas that day. As far as the Northerners were concerned the war would be finished that day, because they'd beat the Southerners in that battle, they'd learn their lesson, and the little rebellion would be over.

Neither side had really seen major battles before, and I don't think either of them really knew the horror of full-scale war. This is especially evident from the fact that local townfolk actually drove up to the battlefield in carriages to spectate. They thought they'd see a bit of action and then it would all be over.

It didn't happen. The Southerners, even though they almost got beaten, hung on tenaciously, especially due to the efforts of a rather ruthless Presbyterian Confederate officer by the name of Thomas Jackson (later to be known as "Stonewall" Jackson, for his stand at Manassas). In the end, it was the Northerners who were defeated in this battle.

It was at Manassas that the Northerners realised what kind of opponent they were up against.

It was also at Manassas that the war stopped being "fun" and became deadly serious.

Then again, a year later, the two armies met on the same field again. One of the skirmishes in Second Manassas was fought along an unfinished railway track, basically a long mound of earth. I walked along the unfinished railway, and was staggered by just how close the two armies were to each other. The Yankees and Confederates were on either side of the railway mound and they couldn't have been more than 10 metres apart from each other.

We've never had anything like the Civil War in Australia either. We've had the occasional uprising like the Eureka Stockade, but nothing like this. It's hard, as an Australian, to understand what kind of people would be so impassioned about their ideas and their way of life that they would actually be prepared to die for them. I couldn't think of any ideas in Australia that we'd get that excited about.

One Friday evening Steve took me to Washington D.C. to see a Christian performing arts group perform Han-

del's *Messiah*. We went to Constitution Hall in Washington D.C. which is larger than any concert halls I've seen here in Brisbane. The performance was free (they took up an offering instead), and they had a gospel message at the end.

I'd always thought that some of the old religious oratorios would be great for outreach because everybody has heard of them and most non-Christians don't feel uncomfortable listening to them. (Most non-Christians would probably feel uncomfortable sitting in church listening to church music, but everybody's heard the "Hallelujah" chorus.) But only in America would they be able to put this kind of thing together. I can't see it ever happening in Australia.

The choir and orchestra were only small, and they were amateur, but there were several hundred people in the room that night who heard that message. I was impressed.

I also did some sightseeing round D.C. that night. I went and saw Ford's theatre where Abraham Lincoln was shot, and then after that to the Lincoln Memorial and the Jefferson Memorial. The Lincoln and Jefferson memorials both staggered me. Their size and design was incredible. We just don't build statues like that in Australia. (Hmm. Maybe we haven't found an Australian that we like enough to build a big statue in their honour.) We also visited the new Franklin Delano Roosevelt memorial. That was visually impressive, but a quarter of a mile of fountains and walls with FDR quotes and slogans about welfare, world peace, and all the other liberal ideas that FDR's time in office was enough to irritate Steve. "This is so liberal it isn't funny."

Culture

During all this time, I was slowly getting used to the American lifestyle. That was the good thing about staying for 10 weeks. If you only stay in America for two weeks, you're not going to really do much, because you'll

be so busy coping with the culture shock you won't be able to find out what it's really like.

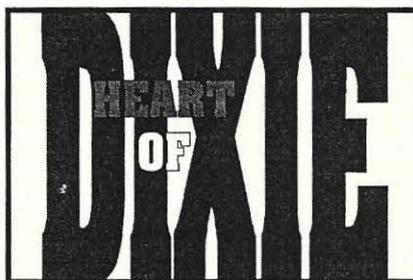
You'll be expecting the cars to be on the wrong side of the road. We all knew that. It's when you see the Americans eating with their fork in their right hand, and have to flick a light switch up to turn it on, it's then that you start to realise just how different it is from Australia. (I thought the Hot and Cold water taps had switched as well, but I think I might have been wrong about that one.) My theory is that the Americans put everything backwards to spite the English. Being Australian, I certainly would believe that.

One of the most commonly asked questions was, "So is Australia planning to get rid of the English monarchy?" This was a lot like the gun question. To the average Australian, the English monarchy doesn't actually intrude on his life that much. He doesn't pay taxes to them, and he doesn't get drafted if the English go to war. It doesn't really affect him.

But the Americans were quite enthusiastic about this part of their history. They hated the English, they hated monarchies, and they couldn't understand how anyone would want to live under a "foreign power" like we did. It was rather interesting, because in a way, the Americans acted as if the English monarchy was exactly the same now as it was in 1776.

I was also getting used to the pace of life in America. It might be different in the country areas, but in Northern Virginia where I was, everything happens at a furious pace, especially on the road. They drive much faster in America than they do back here in Australia.

About mid-December, Steve took me to the school that he taught at. (He became headmaster a few weeks later.) I was a show-and-tell item for about 4 different classrooms. It was a lot of fun, but also rather worrying, because I soon began to realise that for most of these young little Americans, everything they knew about Australia,



they'd learned from *The Man From Snowy River* and *Crocodile Dundee*.

On Sundays, I used to go to Steve's Orthodox Presbyterian Church in the morning, and on Sunday evening I used to go out to the Harvester Presbyterian Church at Springfield, Virginia to mix with the young people there. The Sunday before Christmas, the entire youth group went out to sing carols and distribute bread at a homeless shelter. Also, the Harvester youth group used to go out to an old people's home every year. I'd never heard of that kind of thing among an Australian youth group.

Christmas came around. I spent a lovely Christmas Day with the Phillips' family and their relatives. The food was still brilliant, and by this stage I was getting used to the cutlery. I must have done something right, because I was invited back again on New Year's Day as well.

On January 2nd, 1998, I got a real treat. Steve took me up to Pennsylvania (north of Virginia), to the town of Gettysburg. Since I'd seen the movie I'd always wanted to go there.

Gettysburg was the site of the biggest and bloodiest battle of the Civil, fought on July 1-3, 1863. Over 50,000 men died during those three days. (They didn't lose that many Americans in the Vietnam war.)

It was a tragic piece of American history, and even after 135 years, Americans still came out to see the fields where their ancestors slaughtered each other. (There was a fair number of people around and it was mid-winter which meant the temperature was usually below five degrees Celsius most of the time.) Since the battle, over 1,000 statues, monuments, and markers had been placed around the battlefield.

I just walked around and listened in on other people's conversations, because everybody seemed to be a Civil War expert and knew the battle down to the smallest detail. (You've got to meet these Civil War enthusiasts to believe them.)

Of course, the flip side to this is that the town of Gettysburg itself (which would only be the size of a small rural town) seems to have made quite a profit from the battle. Nearly every second shop sells Civil War memora-

bilia or souvenirs. It was approaching tacky. (Though you haven't seen my Confederate flag t-shirt, either.)

Work at the office was going well. I was getting a lot better at answering the phone. I didn't talk about "ringing" anybody on the phone any more. In America, you "call" people on the phone. I also learned how to handle those callers who, as soon as they heard me say, "Good morning, U.S. Taxpayers," would burst in with, "Now you're English, aren't ya?" (It was rare that somebody would guess, first off, that my accent was Australian.)

One Friday night, to give me a bit of variety, I was allowed to operate a camera to film Howard Phillips' television show, *Conservative Roundtable* which broadcasts on free-to-air television. On this show, Howard Phillips talks one-on-one with a guest about various topics. The last speaker of the night was very interesting because he was talking about global warming.

I'd heard a fair bit about global warming in university so I was interested to hear what they had to say. Surprisingly enough, Howard Phillips' guest, and also other people I'd spoken to in America, believed that global warming was a huge scam designed to hit American industries. By enforcing the restrictions on pollution, a lot of American industries would be forced to cut down on production, and suffer losses. On the other hand, a lot of non-Western countries that produced the same amount of pollution were not being forced to make the same cuts. That was something I had not heard before.

On Thursday, January 22nd, I went on the March for Life. This annual event started back on January 22nd, 1973, when the U.S. Supreme Court handed down the pro-abortion decision in the *Roe v Wade* case. Every year since then, on January 22nd, thousands of pro-lifers had marched up to the steps of the U.S. Supreme Court to protest about the decision.

This year's March for Life was special because it was the 25th anniversary of the *Roe v Wade* case. So, Howard Phillips, other staff from the office, and myself gathered together with a huge crowd (over 75,000 people) to make the march up to the U.S. Supreme Courts. It was an inspiring sight, and again, something I'd never seen in Australia.

Big City

The weekend after that I visited New York City. There's definitely *nothing* like that in Australia. Sydney city seems rather small and tame by comparison. I had great fun and did all the usual tourist things: Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building, Broadway, etc.

However, despite the excitement, something I noted about New York was the atmosphere of the place. Maybe it was because I was a tourist, but I tended to walk around with my hand firmly in my pocket, wondering if I was going to get mugged. Seeing the number of homeless people and beggars around the city didn't help. It was unusual for me because I normally feel relatively safe around most places in Brisbane and Sydney, and certainly neither of those cities have that many beggars and homeless on the streets.

That was the last highlight of my trip to America. The next week I finished up my work at the US Taxpayers Office and left on Friday 30th January. I stayed in Texas for a few more days before flew home. It was a good trip, but I was glad to get back.

Assessment

And now, six months later, what's my opinion of America? The main difference between Australia and the United States is size of the population. Everything in America seemed big compared to Australia, but most of these were related to the size of the population. If America has big shops, it's because there are a lot of people who want to buy things. If the cities are huge, it's because there are a lot of people who want to live in them.

The size of the population has advantages and disadvantages. Some of the obvious advantages are in terms of Christian ministry. For instance, if a Christian political organisation like the U.S. Taxpayers Party were to start up in Australia, what would be the result? Most people in our country are either non-Christians, or apathetic Christians, so the organisation would only get a handful of supporters. As a result of the lack of support, the people running the organisation will either end up getting discouraged and let the organisation fall to pieces, or they'll

keep going, but only remain mildly effective.

In America, however, even if only a handful of people support the organization, a handful of the American population is still a sizeable number. Howard Phillips is able to make things happen because there are enough people there to support him, even if they are only a small fraction of the population.

The same thing goes for churches. In Australia, there seem to be only a handful of people in churches who are really enthusiastic about applying their faith and scholarly in their approach to the Bible. (The American term for this is "hard-core".) Now, if you were "hard-core" in America and disgruntled with your church, you'd find other like-minded people that lived near you, and you'd get together and form your own church. If you were "hard-core" in Australia, you'd be lucky to find enough people near you to have a Bible study with, let alone start a church. In both countries, both groups would probably make up the same proportion of the population, but because the American population is so much bigger, the minorities can make a difference.

Of course, the size factor does have serious disadvantages such as overcrowding, crime and other factors. Also, the overall nature of a place tends to change when there are more people living there. It's hard to describe it in concrete terms, but in Northern Virginia where I was living everything was fairly self-contained. You didn't take too much notice of anybody else around you.

Now, where I live in Brisbane, I could go for a walk down to the local shopping centre, and say "hello" to about 3 or 4 people that I pass on the way, and they'd more than likely say



"hello" back. Where I was in Virginia, you wouldn't even pass anyone on the way down to the shopping centre, because you would drive down, park your car, shop, then go home.

The cities don't feel safe. I was at the Metro station in Washington D.C. and had three people come up to me in the space of five minutes and try to beg money for their Metro fare. Most of the Americans are used to this, but we don't see anything like it in Australia. (Especially Brisbane.)

Overall, America is a great country. God has blessed them in many ways, and because of the size factor, many great Christian ministries have arisen in America that would not be possible in other countries. However, the American cities that I saw do seem to have more homeless people and beggars on them than I have seen in Australian cities. I would be inclined to think that this is related to the fact that the number of people living in those

cities is much greater than the number of people living in the Australian cities.

Australia on the other hand seems to have the opposite set of problems. Because the population isn't very large, our cities and suburbs are relatively safe, but at the same time, we don't have the numbers to be able to accomplish a lot of things. Unfortunately, this can often be a discouragement to those Christian minorities in Australia who would like to accomplish things.

But Australia is a growing country. Our population is growing. We may one day be in the same position as America.

It was a privilege to be able to work for Mr Phillips and his organization. I would like to think I helped them in some small way, even if only improving their filing. To see first hand how a political organization operates was an interesting experience, as it was to be involved in learning to call people on the phone and invite them to a dinner or to work a television camera. In comparison to major political parties, USTP, standing firmly on Christian principles, is small, very small. This indicates just how far the Christians need to go before they will be able to exert a major influence on US politics by having their own candidates in office.

Most of all, I met some great friends and had some wonderful times with all the Americans I met. Would I return? Well, if you have any frequent flyer points you want used, you can send them to me at any time!