



He Isn't Christ the Senior Adviser

For all that we proclaim our love of “democracy” and regard monarchs as relics of the past, at all times and in various ways we show our desire for a royalty called the King.

Schoolboys and girls do not have a President and First Lady of the prom, they have the King and Queen of the prom. Babe Ruth was neither the President nor the Secretary of Swat, but the “Sultan of Swat.” Elvis Presley was neither Prime Minister nor Secretary General of Rock ‘n’ Roll, but the King of Rock ‘n’ Roll. Benny Goodman was the King, not the First Secretary, of Swing. Even that colorful, carefree hobo celebrated in song by Roger Miller was not the commoner nor the commissioner, but the “King of the Road.”



So it should hardly be surprising that the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into this world as a babe and was born in a manger, will return as the long-awaited King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Thus, the Roman Catholic Church has designated the last Sunday of each liturgical year as the Feast of Christ the King. Other Christian communions may not mark it as a formal feast day, but they do acknowledge Christ as King. He did not come to Earth to be the party secretary.

Yet many Christians today seem reluctant to see Christ as King. Oh, they may think they will accept him as King when he comes at the end of the age. But they gladly put off any recognition of his kingship until then, imagining that in the meantime, the Lord Jesus Christ is staying out of the way and scrupulously observing the constitutional “separation of church and state.” They would like to keep him in the cradle at Bethlehem or in the dock before Pilate, though I am sure most are much too humane to want him back on the cross at Calvary. I suppose they would like him as a senior advisor or chief pollster or coordinator of focus groups.

Many appear to want a Christ who would resemble the Republican caricature of Adlai Stevenson, the “egghead” Democrat of the 1952 presidential campaign. Republican wags liked to tell the story of how Stevenson, waiting to go before an audience for a campaign speech, asked an aide if he had time to go to the bathroom. When the aide reported that he did, Stevenson thought for a moment and came up with another question: “Do I have to go to the bathroom?”

Many a politician might take a poll to settle such a question, but Stevenson was actually a man of some firm and fixed convictions. Were he around today, we might hear some condemnation from him of government surveillance and torture or the claim that the President may have someone arrested and detained indefinitely and without trial simply by designating that person an “enemy combatant.” But even that might be too much conviction for either liberals or conservatives today. They might want to take a poll first.



Written by [Jack Kenny](#) on November 20, 2009

“We have no King but Caesar!” So cried the chief priests to Pilate, when he asked them to behold their King, the preacher of Galilee, scourged and crowned with thorns. Today’s lukewarm Christians, Democrats, Republicans, and Independents, might well cry out, “We have no god but Gallup!”

God must have infinitely more patience with those who reject him completely than with those who would keep him on as a senior campaign advisor for ecclesiastical questions, should any arise. It is considered gauche these days to adhere to a specific religion. It is enough to be vaguely “spiritual.” Our role model is not so much Pontius Pilate, who actually showed some sympathy for Christ, the prisoner. We would rather be like Pilate’s wife, who advised him: “Have nothing to do with this man!”

Or perhaps we would be like Herod was with John the Baptist. The King kept the baptizer in captivity and was pleased to listen to him, as one voice, no doubt, among many in the intellectual and spiritual ferment of the day. But when it became expedient to do so, he beheaded him and was done with him. It is often that way with Christ in the modern world.

We are never that far removed from primitive man, despite our conceit about evolution. And we are never far from the Garden of Eden, despite the conceit that we have outgrown such stories. We are still asking, as the Serpent asked the first woman: “Did God really say...?” Did Christ, that “gentle Jesus, meek and mild,” actually say we are in danger of hell fire for calling our brother a fool? Did Christ really say that anyone who looks at a woman with lust has committed adultery with her in his heart?

“But that’s human nature!” the modern man (or woman) objects. Yes, but human nature is fallen, is corrupt. But, comes the befuddled response, did Jesus actually say...?

“Well, you have to interpret that.” Oh, interpret it until it no longer stings, until it no longer gets in the way. The lion is the king of the jungle, we say, and Jesus is the Lion of the tribe of Judah. We like our lions interpreted, meaning defanged and declawed. We want the Christ of the Christmas cards — a “kinder, gentler” Jesus, who will serve as the religious mascot of a secular new world order.

When, as Christians believe, Christ returns as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, we will be reminded that Moses came down from the mountaintop with firm commandments, not the Ten Suggestions.



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