

Chapter 1 : Johnny Cash - I Was There When It Happened Lyrics | MetroLyrics

There are some people who say we cannot tell Whether we are saved or whether all is well They say we only can hope and trust that it is so Well, I was there when it happened and so I guess I ought to know.

Blog There were three books in my rural Michigan childhood home: Here was real time travel. This important human being, Jesus of Nazareth, who lived years ago, visits the future through the written word. As my mind matured I could see his wisdom more clearly: Love God; love the flowers; love the trees; love your fellow creatures. TV had opened the floodgates to an avalanche of hyper excited words and bigger-than-life pretty pictures of material goodies, millions of advertisements brainwashing the population into sleepwalking consumers “indeed into knowing ourselves, our worth, in terms of worldly accumulations. TV was a sudden, powerful force and I, barely an adolescent, was there when that door opened. People are herd animals. What is brainwashing anyway but constantly repeated messages playing on your need to belong. You will be liked. TV brought the herd right into the house, in the form of friendly news teams, morning chat shows, hucksters relentlessly trying to sell us something, you name it. Empty, compared to a real flesh and blood community, but passing itself off as never a dull moment. A laugh a minute, with laugh-tracks that sounded exactly like the laugh tracks sound today, sixty years later, the whole kit-and-ka-boodle” programming and ads alike “dumbing us down, until we were finally dumb enough to not know it was happening. Resistance was short lived. There was almost no corrective against this propaganda, except for reading; and lucky me, just in nick of time, I was also becoming a reader in earnest. Clear thinkers had seen this dark potential in humankind long before television. I have already mentioned Jesus, but he lived years ago, and eternal truths need to be reinvigorated into changing times. Without becoming a reader in earnest, I surely would have sunk into the mass consciousness of our times. But I did become a reader, and now I had another problem: As a reader, it was only a matter of time before I would uncover the rebel Thoreau, who from the very opening pages of Walden struck the right chord in me, in terms of this conundrum of how to live in the world but not be of the world. Or in my case, if I may say so, to keep me from falling into the collective deep sleep. Thoreau was crowing like Chanticleer to keep himself awake, too. He now and then tacitly admits as much. Thoreau gave me the hope that it was possible to personally stay awake to what was important; to not fritter my life away in trivialities. We are animal, yes. The cabin that he built with his own hands in the woods near Walden Pond was a mere ten by fifteen feet. He grew a vegetable garden, and then a bean field for his cash needs. Add in foraging and fishing, which were pleasurable activities, he could provide his material needs by working six weeks a year, the equivalent of one day in seven, thus improving in his opinion the biblical injunction to work six days and rest on the seventh. To the contrary, in the right proportions work was enjoyable, an indispensable part of a good life. No one has better caught the depth meaning of asceticism, the misunderstanding of which has devolved into self-denial for the sake of self-denial, as if asceticism in and of itself is a spiritual practice. To the contrary, Thoreau practiced simplicity in order to make a life of his own choosing. To be his own master. Being owned by what you own ends up making a life a pathetic joke. The portionless, who struggle with no such inherited encumbrances, find it labor enough to subdue and cultivate a few cubic feet of flesh. Nor do we get out from under that weight of our possessions by becoming a member of the super-rich where we have four or five homes even, and then pay servants to take care of them. In owning more than we need, or that we can take care of personally, lies the beginnings of class, the deepest divide among people, that descends all the way down to animosity sometimes in the form of envy and downright hatred. The battle for authenticity is the deepest human struggle. As a community college teacher. I teach a piece of Walden every semester, and, alarming to say, I find Thoreau more and more dead to my students. Twice a year, I crow like Chanticleer to bring his words to life for them. And to keep them alive in me.

Chapter 2 : Johnny Cash - I Was There When It Happened [*] Lyrics | SongMeanings

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Chapter 3 : JOHNNY CASH - I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED (I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED)

Gospel song performed by Jimmie Davis and later by Johnny Cash.

Chapter 4 : I Was There When It Happened Johnny Cash Chords and Lyrics for Guitar

I was there when it happened Chords by Johnny Cash Learn to play guitar by chord and tabs and use our crd diagrams, transpose the key and more.

Chapter 5 : I Was There When It Happened (Johnny Cash) â€™ Guitar- and Ukulele chords - calendrierdel

But I was there when it happened and I guess I ought to know. Photos. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent Other patents pending. You gotta check out.

Chapter 6 : I Was There When It Happened: My Life with Johnny Cash by Marshall Grant

I was there when it happened and so I guess I ought to know [Chorus 1] Yes, I know when Jesus saved me, (saved my soul) The very moment He forgave me, (made me whole) He took away my heavy burdens.

Chapter 7 : I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED TAB by Johnny Cash @ calendrierdelascience.com

There are some people, who say we cannot tell, Whether we are saved or, whether all is well; They say we only can hope and, trust that it is so, But Read the full lyrics for I Was There When It Happened.

Chapter 8 : Johnny Cash:I Was There When It Happened Lyrics | LyricWiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

I was there when it happened, and I ought to know. You ask me how I know that He redeemed me; And how I received the peace no gold can buy; How from the guilt and pow'r of sin He saved me.

Chapter 9 : I Was There When It Happened Lyrics

I WAS THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED is a highly imaginative and creative novel. As such, it sometimes stretches the boundaries of more conventional writing. However, its story of a secretive intelligence agent who draws on experiences from past lives is compelling, and at times, thought provoking.