

The Elegant Enjoyment of Borrowed Time*

By Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr.

Lately, were we reminded: Satan is a Biblical figure. On this account, the miscreants who adopt his cause oft describe themselves as seized by religious sentiments.

Such is a clutch of eggs, now reeking, in the nest of Satan. Those dead creatures, while living, had sold their souls in most cowardly fashion, to adopt the style and patter of converts to a cult, which has earned its name and lot: The Deformed, American, Schismatic, Venal and Priapic, Church of Judas called Iscariot. Those wretches thought, and failed to lure, and that with a devilishly poor parody of temptations of Gethsemane, the man whose birth we celebrate today.

Such empty vessels as those poor wretches, mistook the temper of a man who reads à Kempis with a depth possible but to one who spends elegantly the benefits of borrowed time

If you might wish to ask, what prompted Satan to send such imps to the door of such a man, let the tale be told here, that you might profit from the tale.

Two hundred years, and more ago, that usurer, Satan, was served by the Adam Smith who esteemed a world governed by the Seven Deadly Sins the only arrangement suited to the devil's playground. In defiance of that Satan, in that time, and in this place we stand today, a noble race made a new law, to ban Satan's usury, and so to make this nation a temple of liberty, and beacon of hope for all mankind.

Later, sixty years ago, in foreign land, where Canaan's Moloch devours this world's poorest folk, there was born a man to become a hero risen from among the ranks of those people of whom usury most oppresses. The qualities of this child, this future man, were early to be seen. Moloch gloated to himself: this child would be a tasty dish, if suitably prepared. So, to Oxford's kitchen, our hero was assigned, where the academic cooks stuff and deck those morsels, which Moloch most enjoys.

Moloch then decreed, that game like this child should be devoured not all at once, but first released, to be the fox in sportsmen's game of fox and hounds

with men. Able the fox, Moloch thinks, more piquant the pleasures of the chase.

To our friend, honors were allowed, in the lord's realm, and in the nation whence our hero came. Within the woods and fields called Commonwealth, which Moloch stocks with creatures of his chase, our man was lifted to the rank of prize, among the victims hunted so. So, in time, this man became the wounded quarry of the chase, wounded once again, and yet again.

There came a later time: The masters of the chase decreed forfeit this man's life, and nearly all that our friend might prize as earthly treasures, were most cruelly destroyed. Our man had stalked his hunter, which broke the rules, and spoiled the pleasure of Old Moloch's game of fox and hounds.

Since that moment, to enrage the tyrant all the more, our friend has spent with elegance the privileges of borrowed time.

The happiest man or woman is, like our friend, he or she more sensible than all others of the mortal nature of mankind, and has no perceived self-interest but that which is not buried with us in our graves.

In the life of nations, there are heroes of many kinds. The true soldier is a hero, but a higher courage is required to be a hero in the fashion of our friend. He has pitted his life for his nation's justice, and for the cause of all this world's oppressed besides. For this cause, he has adopted the insults which the wicked and the fools of this world have come to heap upon the mere mention of my name. As for me, there is for him no safe place on this planet, to which he might flee from the deadly conflict we have joined.

Those who live so, being always at the verge of loss of mortal life, have no interest in it, but to spend it well, to risk it for nothing but that cause which makes the price worth spending. It is now more than ten years, that the Honorable Frederick Wills, like I, had first occasion to meet the test of pariah's death. It is a form of death more frightening than war's. The only certain great reward of courage, is to know from that encounter, that within our selves lies the strength to spend elegantly that fragile credit called borrowed time.

So, lately, there came knocking at his door, a poor Judas who threw away the greatest treasure of his life. He must have become the most cowardly and miserable of wretches, if he could presently believe, that one who lives so

elegantly were tempted to sell his soul to Satan at the low price that poor Judas sold his.

The man born sixty years ago will prevail. There is no nobler cause than that to which his life is pledged. This imperiled civilization, which the founders of this nation served so well, shall be redeemed, and in that way Satan's usury shall be lifted from the billions of those people it has oppressed so satanically for much too long.

I can think of no enterprise more worthy, than that to which we assembled here dedicate our lives. Let us end the reign of Satan, and thus, at last, bring the age of reason, to the anguished human race. We say to the dear friend we honor now, that those who spend borrowed time so elegantly, are God's noblest creatures, from whose living so all men and women will profit throughout time to come.

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*On the Subject of the Sixtieth Birthday of His Excellency, The Honorable Frederick Wills, Esquire