



God Is Dead, and No One Cares

How past traditions have been reduced to blurred lines of scripture in a modern age

I'm pressed into the crowd, staring up at the stage - surrounded by thousands of red hats stamped with the same slogan. The man bellows above us, rambling an incoherent speech that hangs like smog - promises in exchange for votes. There's a framing here - that God wants him in power. To not follow him would be to go against his very will.

At least, that's what a flamboyant and frenetic woman keeps screaming in between his rambles as she darts about the stage.

False sentiment. Then another. I thought I was observing a political rally when this first started, but now I'm thinking I missed the sign saying 'Church' on the way in.

Jesus saves; or so they say, but I'm not able to find any true semblance of him here. No rescue incoming.

No sanctuary. No true evocation of God. He's just a tagline, with his son used as convenient branding. The kind that fits a new form of power - or is it a familiar one? There is a feeling of nostalgia, but not the warmth that comes with it.

There was a time growing up when religion felt like a bastion of morality - I was proud to be a Christian.

There was a framework - reward the good, and punish the sinner. Despite the polarising reward system, there was still

a sense of community, humility and a possibility of transcending.

Back then, it seemed that the force of the Holy Ghost challenged the individual, and their actions, instead of what it appears to be doing today; validating.

I can't help but feel as though these political actors I watch on stage, are simply bastardising words they were never interested in reading - let alone understanding. Because if they actually read it, they might have to live by it.

They don't care that faith is supposed to demand something from you - all they care about is what their 'faith' can give them.

To these grifters, God no longer exists in any traditional sense. He stopped being something to fear and wrestle with.

He's now something simply deployed.

He isn't just rhetoric on a stage, or slogans on banners in the crowd.

It scales.

God starts showing up in policy. In decisions. In the quiet language of private rooms that justifies the unthinkable;

Bombs dropped on schools and called collateral.

Deaths framed as necessary.

Violence wrapped in the language of righteousness.

And people call it faith.

Belief, to them, is something you load into the chamber - then fire to justify and assert their own belonging.

A justification for why they deserve the power - and why others, do not.

Too many now see Christian Nationalism as a way to build support - playing on values that feel virtuous, but are really just supremacy repackaged.

Scripture becomes a political tool. Not guidance - just ammunition.

Hatred contorted to wear the skin of morality - demanding dominance, exclusion and ultimately control.

Many are sincere believers. They do not leverage their faith to assert anything other than kindness, compassion and togetherness. These people see Christ's teachings as something to extend to all - regardless of race, belief, or class - and view those who weaponise faith as a form of oppression as blasphemous.

They also understand that once God is fixed to a banner, someone is always standing beneath it - telling you where to march.

Sadly, these combative faithful voices get buried online - drowned out by algorithms and outrage. True faith has no real place on platforms like X.

Inspirational messages are forced into the valley of the viral shadow.

Those that weaponise the holy book in this modern age - hurling scripture like a virtue signalling grenade into the houses of their brothers and sisters, are inadvertently proving one core thesis of their movement:

This is no longer about being right with God. It's about using him and his words to be right against everyone else.

This version of Christianity - practiced by these Nationalists - has been diluted, reshaped, chewed up, and spat back out as something else entirely.

God is being forced into association with these people, and in a way he is appearing compliant with movements who hide behind the mask of the divine. Smirking like Lucifer.

God isn't dead.

But what these bad actors have made with his image is as good as.

Personally I am now an agnostic, and a strong advocate of the concept of thought-form. If there is any kind of God, then I have confidence we probably put it there.

Imagination made real just as our entire human influenced world is.

As a kid, I was a proud Christian, but began to distance myself and denounce as I got older - not because I lost faith in something greater than me, I am still open to the possibility, but because I:

Watched children around me die of incurable cancers.

Have observed someone's son, blow up another's son with IED's.

And have watched parasites eat others I've known from the inside out.

These were enough. Enough to make me question whether, if there is a God, he's lost control - or stopped listening.

Regardless of these facts, I see the positives in faith, which is why I still technically have one and am open to there being something greater than me - even if that is just the cosmos itself.

Despite my shift in belief, I still find those who twist scripture to their whim utterly abhorrent.

Our earliest ideas of God have been reshaped to fit each new era.

What began as a way to explain the unknown - and reach for something higher - has too often become a tool for those chasing power. With God appearing to become more absent from everyday life.

But, maybe God hasn't left.

He's just been rebuilt so many times we no longer recognise what he was supposed to be. And if that's true - whatever we're following now, isn't him.

And if he ever did truly come back - we wouldn't recognise him anyway.

Maybe that's why nobody really cares what has happened to him.

Because the nationalists that continue to weaponise him are no longer asking us to.

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