



SISTER ROXY'S GOSPEL OF DEMOCRACY EPISODE 1

CHORUS

[singing] I know what I want to say. I know what I want to say. I know what I want to say. I know what I want to say... [song fades]

ROXY

Greetin's, brothers 'n sisters! Welcome to Sister Roxy's Gospel Accordin' to Democracy. The radio show where we take a new 'n deeper look into that venerable doctrine, Democracy -'n other beliefs that we might all want to be hearin' 'n talkin' about. Or maybe not, if we all prefer to put our heads, like the flightless ostrich into the warm, gentle comfort of the sand, forgettin' that after a while it gets really itchy, gets into our eyes 'n ears, 'n eventually we gotta lift up our heads, take in a deep breath, 'n face the facts by Zeus! 'n that's what we're gonna try 'n do on this here show. We are gonna ask ourselves what in tarnation is so special about democracy, which means literally rule by the people, 'n what in heavens name does that mean? 'n where is it actually practiced? 'n why are we so worried about it? 'n herel would like to share a song with you all about democracy 'n what it might mean, written by a young person that shared it with me 'n gave me permission to share it with y'all. Bless her sweet heart. "Democracy for All" by Cindy Lou Smith. [music plays on organ] [harmony singing] Oh oh oh oh oh oh ohhhhhhhhhoh oh Ooo oo oo Ahhhhhh Oh oh ooooooooooh.

CINDY LOU SMITH [singing]

*Rule by the people,
Or rule by the one,*

*Rule by us all,
Or rule by the powerful
keepin' us small.*

Rule by the elected who answer to us all.

*Or rule by those
Who fan our hatred
Or rule by those who hold
Our rights [harmony] sacred.*

[organ chords]

*Rule by fear
That makes enemies of us all,
Or rule by those who sacrifice
for the love of their neighbors.*

Rule for the past

Or rule for the future

rule that protects

all children

or rule that destroys

Leavin' us lost in isolation,

not even a lone sparrow

Or blade of grass left

to offer bitter conso-la-a-a-tion.

Or rule

of n' by the people

raisin' hopes

that awakens

Our hearts

'n souls,

Protects the rights of life

and liberty,

the destiny of our small globe

standin' tall

Love, life and liberty

Embracin'

us

[harmony] all.

[music out]

ROXY

Ain't that heart warmin'? Now, some of you disciples of freedom out there already know that I am not from here, 'n not only am I from 'nother place, specifically speaking Ancient Greece, but also from another time. That's right, from what you all call 400 BCE, that's two thousand four hundred years ago or what y'all call "pagan times". Yes! my lovely listeners, bless your precious ears. It's the truth. How'd this happen, you wonder? Hey, is time travel now available 'n where do I sign up? Well, folks, it's a bit complicated. You see, this here psychic, by the name of Pythia Adelphi, who has some mighty impressive powers, conjured me, Roxanne Solaris, transporting me here by mistake. But you all can call me Roxy, former 'xpert cook 'n cleaning lady, 'n nurse to the illustrious ancient house of Jason 'n Medea. I took care of their boys. I loved them so, now tragically deceased, Hades bless their sweet little souls. If, by chance you never heard of the ancient superstars Jason 'n Medea, think of them as big time celebrities on the scale of Brangelina, of the house of Pitt-Jolie, or Harry 'n Meghan of the House of Windsor-Markle, orrrrr Jack 'n Jackie O of the House of Kennedy-Bouvier. A couple, like so many of our dear celebrities, then 'n now, destined to be remembered as the beautiful people with, shall we say, complicated 'n sometimes tragic lives, 'n think of me as having been their trusty au pair takin' care of their two boys, cookin' their meals, before of course Medea ended the boys' lives. Though Jason is as much to blame considerin' he deeserted Medea 'n the children leavin' them to the wolves 'n forcin' Medea to desperate action. [lullaby melody] Hypnos, god of sleep, bring sleep, bring sleep, bring sleep to these sweet boys. [automatic machine gunfire] Damn! that's the third time this week in the neighborhood. I hope no children were hurt. Ohhhh, now you may be wonderin' why I don't sound ancient Greekish. It's 'cause I learned real quick that soundin' like a stranger ain't real workable in these here parts. [Greekish accent] When I spoke like this, everybody pretended they couldn't understand me 'n I was mostly ignored. [Southernish accent] Then I tried to find the 'quivalent of my Greekish way of speakin' that folks talk here 'n well being new 'n havin' started off my research by catchin' some BBC show on the TV in the hopes of findin' the right way to speak, I first started talkin' like this. [Cockney accent] Allo, 'xcuse me-where do ya Yanks find a cup a tea 'n a toad in the hole, when you's feelin' a bit peckish? [Southernish accent] Needless to say, that did not go over real well. I finally figured out that I was supposed to speak Southernish, 'n what do you all think happened? Good folks started to warm up to me. Hallelujah!

Praise Athena! Yes! Now, back to Pythia. She not only transmitted yours truly, Roxy Solaris, from ancient Greece to this here place 'n times but, also conjured my cohorts in servitude back in Corinth, namely Vlad, a poor misguided loyal servant to the wannabe hero Jason, 'n Al, self-important tutor to the children of Medea 'n Jason - bless his larger than life ego. Imagine one minute Vlad, Al 'n I were in the courtyard in Corinth, Greece, waitin' for Jason, who was about to be forced into exile. Mindin' our business, eatin' some of my delectious lamb stew with dates, tomatoes, 'n red peppers. Hmm. Oh, my, my, my. Doo, do, do ba ah deedle do day do do ba do, do, do doo. Oh, you can find my special recipes spiced up with information on ancient Greece, soon to be available online at Roxy's Favorite Dishes from Ancient Times. So there we are, tellin' each other stories of our lives with Medea 'n the great tragedy that unfolded, with her killin' her sons 'n all because of that gold diggin' Jason 'n next thing we know, before we was even able to finish our last meal together, we was sucked up [loud long slurp] like a root beer float through a straw into this tunnel somewhere between the full moon 'n the constellation of Sagittarius. 'n after a soul defying journey, we landed here in Corinth, USA at radio station WNIKE, over two thous'n years later. Well, I'll be darned. Now soon, Vlad, Al 'n I reckoned that we would all have to fin' work since there was a limit to folks welcomin' 'n hostin' strangers in this here parts. Then we realized that givin' ourselves up to enslavement like in ancient times weren't possible given that it's been outlawed here. 'n at first we were mighty grateful, though we hadn't a clue as to what we could do to earn our keep. We was so poor in ancient times bein' enslaved was the only way we could survive. But then we learned that what we used to call enslavement you now call "service industries?" Fascinating! So that means today folks is paid minimum wage? 'n have to feed, clothes, 'n house themselves 'n their families on very little? So they's got to work at two or three different jobs? Now, if that ain't enslavement, what is? [birds chirping], [car and helicopter sounds], [lighter sound, inhales on pipe] I was sitting on the porch puffing on my corncob pipe, puffing oregano like we used to in ancient times to quell the nerves. 'n I am lookin' through the Corinth Gazette 'n in particular the want ads when I see this advert: "Start your own Church today!" I learned that in this here city-state I can start my own Church? All you gotta have is what you all call, "initiative"? So, I decided to start my own Church in my own way. Now, there is just one big problem, 'cause I am what you call a pagan 'n in my faith we have many gods 'n goddesses 'n we don't really have what you all call a Church? We can decide by ourselves which god we want to honor dependin' on what is happenin' 'n what one's needs might be. [pause] Now hold up. If that don't sound like a form of deocracy? [pause] What do you all think? For 'xample, one day you might want someone to respond so you leave a little somethin' like a poppy seed cake 'n a blue corn flower at the altar of the god of messages, Hermes, or maybe you

hit send on an email that you wish you hadn't sent, 'n you hope Hermes will erase it before it gets to its destination, which might require a whole fruit pie plus a glass of wine, which the gods are partial to. Or the next day you might be having to cook a banquet. 'n so you offer some rice, barley, 'n figs to the goddess Demeter to make it extra tasty. You see how it works? Dear listeners, I hope my enthusiasm about my own ways didn't rile you up. It must be the oregano. It has that effect on me sometimes. So where was I? Oh, yes. There are only a few of us pagans around here. 'n the theme of my first broadcast is-if you haven't figured it out already -it's faith, 'n the question is: what should I believe? What should we, in this day 'n age, believe? What should we have faith in? Now, I don't really call myself a Church, but instead I think of myself as buildin' a house 'a questions, rather than a house 'a doctrines. Think about this, brothers 'n sisters, some folks believe in one god 'n that god is a He, Him, His as you all say nowadays. 'n this has been goin' on for quite a while: over two thousand years or so. He seems to be nameless. Y'all just call him "God." Ain't that interestin'? It's like he's just a guy without a personal name or story, 'n he makes all these trials 'n tribulations for us mere mortals. But, if we pray hard 'nough he might give us a break! But he ain't satisfied with just a humble poppyseed cake. But he do like cold hard cash in the basket every Sunday as far as I can tell. We never hear about a Mrs. God but he has a son born of a young teenage girl called Mary. We ancient ones believed in many gods. 'n to my surprise, there are other faiths around this here globe that still believe as we old timer Greeks did. In fact, dear listeners, there are apparently billions of people that believe in more than one god. 'n I must confess that I am confused because I have witnessed that even those who say they believe in only one god sure do worship more than one at least that's how it appears to me. I have witnessed these large rallies where folks jump up 'n down 'n yell just like we ancient Greeks do when we celebrate the god Dionysos, god of jubilation, god of inebriation, god of the theatre. But as far as I can tell, these meetin's are about what you all call "politics"? What gods are you worshipin' then? It just ain't clear 'cause it seems, 'n I may be mistaken, that these are mortals you all are worshipin'? This is a puzzlement to me my dear listeners as in ancient times this was called hubris-treatin' men like gods-'n we prided ourselves on knowin' the difference between gods 'n mortals. You could be fined, put in jail or even exiled for such hubristic actions. But here 'n now, hubris seems to be valued, extolled, even encouraged. I think you call it "self-promotion"? Now, some of you is askin' what in tarnation is hubris after all? Well, the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle, who seems still to be taught in schools today, described an act of hubris like this: "...that naive men thinkin' that by ill-treating others, they make their own superiority the greater. Hmm. Now, many of us know what it's like to be treated like this-bein' mistreated by someone else so that person feels superior. It can

be as simple as not paying someone what they is truly owed. Or denyin' someone their democratic rights, while one takes advantage of one's own rights. Is this something we want to do to others? Would we really want to treat others with hubris? Now you might ask what has religion got to do with democracy? I gather that you all here pride yourselves with the fact that religion 'n government do not mix? At least that's what your Founding Fathers thought? [police sirens] Oh, my! Sorry for the interruption. Sounds like the authorities on the way to shuttin' down another women's health clinic. Sirens day in, day out. [sirens fade out] Now let's get back to thinkin' O I ask myself, does separation of state 'n religion mean that religion 'n democracy do not mix? Well, my lovely audience, does that mean that in my politics I should be for democracy but in my religion, I don't need to be? Confusin'! Right? In Athens, where democracy was born, or so they say, we had a patron god...ess, Athena, a female deity. 'n as a pagan tourist of 21st century US of A, I ask myself, I ask you all, how is it that in this land, where democracy is held with such grrreat regard, this democracy that we worship, birthed under the watchful eye of? You got it right! Athena! patron goddess of wisdom. How is it that in the west that has made so much progress since the days of ancient Greece, y'all restrict yourselves to only male deities? At least officially. I am perplexed. No, I really am. I am perplexed. Shouldn't faith in democracy born of the wisdom of Athena make for faith in female deities as well? That's how it was in ancient Greece. I mean, I don't know if you all know this, but Athena was the starrin' goddess of one of the great stories of all time, the Odyssey guidin' Odysseus 'n his son through many dangers. 'n in fact, the deity ruling over democracy itself is also a female deity, Peitho. 'n get this, the ruler of freedom [fireworks] the ruler of freedom is the goddess Libertas, which you represent with the Statue of Liberty. Did you know that you have a pagan goddess welcomin' folks to your country? Praise be! Hallelujah! Now I've heard some of you, when fightin' global warmin', in-voke the ancient Greek goddess Gaia, both protector of the earth 'n ancestral mother. 'n I was curious, how do you honor her? Do you celebrate her? How many statues have you erected in her honor? How many libations do you offer her in the hopes of preserving our precious earth? [pause] How can we practice mindfulness about Mother Earth if we don't have regular ways of honorin' her? Or for that matter any goddess or god-dependin' on your religion-that is responsible for helpin' us protect the earth? 'cause really, as far as I can tell it's not the name of the deity that matters but how we attend to them. Is an Earth Day once a year gonna really make enough of a difference? Maybe that's why Gaia is turnin' her back on you all? How many times do you all call on Athena to preserve your dear democracy? [pause] Never? Is it no wonder that y'all are moaning 'n gnashing your teeth over the future of democracy? [long pause] What do we really worship 'n what does this mean for ourselves 'n our world? Is it Gaia 'n Libertas that we really hold

dear or is it hubris that we worship? [sung to "Maria" melody of West Side Story] "Athena, the most beautiful word I ever heard. Athena. Athena. Athena, I just met a goddess named Athena." You know what, y'all? I just heard this melody recently 'n well, I'm thinkin' Athena fits, don't you? I mean, if sayin' a name soft is almost like prayin' then Athena is also a name to be prayin' to. What do you all think? [pause] [telephone rotary ring] 'xcuse me, you all, I've gotta take this. Hello, Roxy here! [thunder and lightening] Oh hi Zeus!

ZEUS

[garbled god-like voice]

ROXY

Of course I don't mean to forget you in all this.

ZEUS

[garbled response]

ROXY

Yes, yes I know it was you who made Athena 'n all by yourself!

ZEUS

[more garbled response]

ROXY

Hmmhn, just sprouted her out of your head!

ZEUS

[garbled response]

ROXY

Yes, I have heard that claim.

ZEUS

Give me the credit!!! [loudest thunder cracking]

ROXY

Of course, I will be sure to give credit where credit is due!

ZEUS:

[keeps talking-garbled]

ROXY

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh sorry Zeus? [cell phone buzz] I've gotta take this! Now you take care of yourself! [to phone] Hello?

GAIA

Roxy?

ROXY

Gaia!! Darling how goes it?

GAIA

The planet's in ruins.

ROXY

Ooooooh, so sorry.

GAIA

Humanity is too careless.

ROXY

I did hear that you are havin' a rough time of it.

GAIA

Roxy help me get the urgent word out!

ROXY

Happy to promote your cause.

GAIA

Thank you, dear Roxy.

ROXY

Of course, of course, a total pleasure. After all, without you where would we be? Floatin' 'round aimlessly like pieces 'a dust? Now don't become a stranger!

GAIA

Love you Roxy!

ROXY

Love you too! Talk soon. Bye! Well, that's it for today. I hope I have not offended with my questions 'n my struggles ta understand the future 'cause you are all my future as I am your past, 'n I am countin' on you all! Stay tuned my friends till next time when we will look more deeply into the question of, such as how do we protect each other? How do we solve quarrels 'n so forth. 'n 'xpect to hear surprise special guests from present times, our past, 'n the future. In the meantime, please let us know what your favorite god or goddess is 'n what topics you would like to hear us discuss on Twitter at Roxyocracy. That's @ R o x y o c r a c y! Lastly, dear listeners, I want to leave you with a Greek word, Agape. Originally it meant an endearin' love for family but through your Bibles, the Old 'n New Testament, the idea of family has become bigger 'n so this love has become a universal love 'n through one of your heroes, the Reverend Martin Luther King, who died for this understandin' comes this new definition of agape, 'n I quote the hero Reverend King: Agape... "it is an overflowin'

love which is purely spontaneous, unmotivated, groundless, 'n creative...It is a love in which the individual seeks not his own good, but the good of his neighbor. It is love in action...Agape is a willin'ness to go to any length to restore community...It is a willin'ness to forgive not seven times, but seventy times seven to restore community...If I respond to hate with a reciprocal hate I do nothin' but intensify the cleavage in broken community. I can only close the gap in broken community by meetin' hate with love." I leave you with those words from the hero Reverend King till next time. 'n let's all ask ourselves as we look at our world, hey, how's Agape doin'? How's it bein' practiced? 'n does it matter when it comes to democracy? May Athena bless you all in your endeavors. Your devoted servant, Roxy!

CHORUS

[singing] I know what I want to say. I know what I want to say. I know what I want to say. I know what I want to say... [song fades]

CREDITS

*concept, script, direction - Helen E. Richardson
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