

THE FOUNDERS'
SPEECH

TO A NATION IN CRISIS

SAMPLE ONLY

STEVEN RABB

THE FOUNDERS' SPEECH

This is a free sample of the opening of the book, concluding with the prologue. The full book can be purchased at your favorite book retailer.

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THE FOUNDERS' SPEECH

For all the men and women who have fought to defend our
nation and rescue liberty from tyranny.

For my sons,
Kevin and Connor

And for the preservation of liberty for all.

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INTRODUCTION

If the Founding Fathers surveyed our nation today and together composed a single speech to America, what would they say? To answer that question, author Steven Rabb has meticulously curated the words of The Founding Fathers from their documents and letters and crafted them into a beautiful narrative that defines and defends America's founding principles. *The Founders Speech To a Nation in Crisis* is a tapestry of liberty woven into ten themed chapters that culminate with a robust defense of the Constitution, private property, the rule of law, and a call to action for every American.

The Prologue chronicles a current day fictionalized reunion of America's Founding Fathers at Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Through a stroke of providence, the Founders have assembled once again to take up their pen and save the country they love. Their resulting work, *The Founders' Speech to a Nation in Crisis*, is a celebration of America's founding principles, a primer on the genius of the Constitution, a clarion call to defend our God-given natural rights, a bold defense of religious liberty, a caution on

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human nature, a voice for economic freedom, and a rallying cry to reclaim our country, once again, from the outstretched arms of tyranny.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The Founders' Speech to a Nation in Crisis has been written and should be read as a single speech, flowing and developing in thought and point from one text to the next. As you read, imagine an orator standing at the front of a church, and you as a member of the audience, hearing for the first time the Founders' words as they are delivered by the minister, a town leader, or, in this case, the Founders' Scribe.

Although the Founding Fathers disagreed on several points, this book illustrates how much they agreed on the core principles of liberty. To advance this premise, each text is enumerated and cited in superscript for immediate attribution to the author. Several texts are curated to preserve the original intent, support the narrative flow, or for pronoun consistency and modern usage standards.

The purpose of this book is to bring to life and make accessible the historic and world-changing principles and ideals of America's founding in a single resource, while reminding us all of who we are as an e Pluribus Unum nation of citizens.

PROLOGUE

Through a cosmic stroke of Providence, the Founding Fathers have been transported across space and time to deliver one final service to their country. The Founders have been called to survey the state of America today and recall its people to their founding principles through the crafting of a single speech.

Once again, they stand outside Independence Hall in Philadelphia. The intervening years have changed its gardens. The flag on its pole has noticeably more stars. And where once its backdrop was clear sky, now buildings of glass and concrete pull the eye.

The Hall itself, however, appears unchanged, its red brick unfaded, its white window casings untarnished.

All of this, together with the beauty of the day, is taken in by the Founders. Respectfully I follow, selected as their humble Scribe, as they enter the Hall by ones and twos – some deep in thought, some in private conversation – stepping once again toward the Assembly Room.

Quietly, I listen to them discuss all they have surveyed: our schools and communities, churches and culture, and economy and governments. Some speak with more energy than others.

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Some with more awe. But all are equal parts amazed at society's progress, and disturbed at the loss of its liberties.

Their conversations trail off as they file into the Assembly Room, pausing as a group as they take in the fond familiarity of the room. Tables and chairs fill it. Cloth drapes partially cover the windows. Twin fireplaces flank the far wall, which is covered in rich ivory paper and clean white molding.

"Just as it was so long ago," Alexander Hamilton, his blue eyes shining with restrained emotion, says in deferential tones. He looks toward the high ceiling and adds, "Not even the chandelier has changed."

"And yet," Thomas Jefferson – tall, stately and staid, as in his prime – counters, "so much else has."

The seven men continue to stand. They consider the weight of Jefferson's words as they contemplate their surroundings, its history, and their place in both.

"The power man has achieved over matter," Franklin marvels, his eyes staring out the nearest window – and at the inconceivably tall buildings they frame. "The engineering alone... truly I was born too soon," he finishes with a smile at the group.

"You worked your marvels enough," Samuel Adams ribs. "Let these inventors have their day too."

Franklin's grin grows sheepish. Then, his eyes sharpen as he focuses again on the task at hand. "Gentlemen," he says, "it is for us to write something this generation will read. To say something they will hear."

"To that I must object," Hamilton, offended, argues. "The Constitution and Federalist Papers are certainly worth reading."

"No duel with me, Mr. Hamilton," says Franklin. "I only mean to note that this generation of Americans has clearly read neither. So it is for us to reach them, as we did their forefathers so long ago."

Hamilton considers Franklin's words before offering a begrudging, "Sadly, I must agree." At that cue, each of the seven men move to their historic chairs.

Mr. Washington stands alone on the raised platform at the front of the room, his statuesque physique as commanding as ever. He moves behind the dais's long table. His hand rests briefly on the back of his mahogany chair, on the sun-shaped crest which Franklin had once described as a rising sun. He then looks out fondly at his fellow compatriots, and when he sits most follow suit.

Some remain standing though, including John Adams. Before speaking, he surveys the room from above the dark rims of his glasses. “So much that must be said, gentlemen.”

“And you would say it better than any, Mr. Adams,” Jefferson responds. His chair – a traditional sack-back Windsor – creaks as he eases himself into it.

The discussion begins in earnest then, words exchanged almost faster than I, their Scribe, can write.

James Madison, noticeably shorter and thinner than the rest of the group, leans with his elbows on his own chair’s armrests, clears his throat, and waits for all eyes to fall on him. “This speech, gentlemen,” he says with clipped, determined, though quiet words, “must be from all of us. One voice. United.”

Before he’s even finished, Mr. Hamilton, from his place across the room, agrees. “Of course, but not only in our words, but also in the words of the great minds that preceded us, and perhaps from those who followed...”

“Yes yes,” John Adams, with his infamous impatience, says. “Those generations who followed must be heard. So many sacrificed so much that all might be free.”

“I presume, Mr. Adams, you refer to our *civil* war,” Jefferson replies with biting wit. The room grows quiet as everyone tries

to discern whether he means those differences between Adams and himself or the horrible conflict none in the room had lived to see. Jefferson flashes a smile to his old friend and rival, softening his words. "And I agree. They must be heard. Many generations now of patriots have watered the tree of liberty with their blood..."

"The foremost question, gentlemen," Mr. Franklin interrupts. His gray eyes, discomfitingly steady, fall in turn on everyone in the room – even me, their Scribe. "Is not who should be heard, but where to start."

"The Revolution," Samuel Adams says emphatically. His eyes quickly scan the room as if daring anyone to argue. "We must remind the people of the blood spent to purchase their liberty."

"Agreed, Mr. Adams," his cousin John says with placating nods. "Though not only the War of Independence, but also the revolution in the hearts of the American people."

"That must be said, surely," Mr. Madison acknowledges. The rest of the room quiets to hear his words. "But we must start, gentlemen, with the development of Common Law and the philosophical genius that preceded our Constitution."

"Naturally," Mr. Hamilton says, taking to his feet and crossing the room to stand next to Madison and count him an ally. "The

people must understand the rule of law and our system of checks and balances...”

“Gentlemen,” Washington interrupts. “If I may?” He looks over the room and, taking their quiet for assent, stands.

Those still sitting respectfully take their feet.

John Adams breaks the lengthening silence. “And what are your thoughts, Mr. Washington?” he asks.

With all eyes on him, and the Rising Sun Chair beside him, Washington reaches into the breast pocket of the blue wool uniform he’d taken to later in life. “I humbly beseech you, gentlemen,” he says with certain authority, laying his Bible on the table, “to consider beginning here.”

The room remains quiet. Each man is deep in thought.

“Of course,” Jefferson says in his understated tones. “The God-given rights of mankind.”

“The foundation of the rule of law,” Madison follows.

Contentious even in agreement, John Adams adds, “What I see, gentlemen, is the virtue of the people.”

Mr. Washington steps in, “All true, gentlemen. But first we must remind the people of the spark of divinity within each of them, the dignity bestowed by the benevolent Creator on every human soul. We start in the beginning.”

Again, a quiet fills the room as Washington’s words sink in.

And again, it's Jefferson who speaks first. "Of course. The beginning," he says, his eyes lost in thought. Then he turns to me and formally asks, "Sir, will you be so kind as to help us write this speech?" With a wry smile at Mr. John Adams, his friend and rival, he adds, "I would hate for anyone again to complain of my handwriting."

Everyone chuckles – Adams the hardest – as they gather round to begin their work.

Pen in hand, I set to continue taking down their words, but am restrained by a hand on my shoulder.

"Not so fast, young man," Mr. Washington says. "For without His blessing, we would not have come this far."

I sheepishly set down my pen and lower my chin as Mr. Washington reminds us in prayer of whose blessings we enjoy. Over the hours that follow, the Founding Fathers quote philosophers from generations past, friends from their own time, and writings from the great minds of the few generations who followed them.

Disagreement comes to the room but leaves just as fast, as does despair. But their passion never wavers, and the hope always returns for the future of the nation they founded and love.

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We work with a deep sense of urgency, quotes rolling off their tongues so fast I can barely keep up. And just as the midnight oil burns, the Founding Fathers complete their speech and depart as suddenly as they arrived. And so my friends, my fellow guardians of liberty, it is my great honor as their Scribe, to present the heartfelt emanations of the Founding Fathers; *The Founders' Speech to a Nation in Crisis*.

THE FULL BOOK CAN BE PURCHASED AT YOUR FAVORITE BOOK RETAILER.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Steven Rabb is a social innovator who has focused on missions that align with his passions. With two decades of experience as an executive in major non-profit brands, Steven has led development groups, consulted for and trained charity clients, and raised millions of dollars to power missions and save lives. Now, Steven utilizes his background in training, in distilling complex topics to their essence, to pursue the high cause of liberty in his latest projects, *The Founders' Speech* and the *Liberty for All* organization. Both share a vision to deepen the understanding of America's founding ideals and defend civil, economic, and religious liberty.

