

Agree to Disagree
Christmas Eve Day, 2014
by Kris Freeberg

“Agree to disagree”:
An absurd idea to me;
A dodgy trick, it's sick and reeks
Of partiality.

Nihilism says,
There is no Truth; we can not know;
Perception IS reality . . .
It's all about the show

It's Christmas Eve. I read the news,
See war, and death, and strife;
I'm saddened and dismayed.
We should be celebrating life.

After thirteen years of war,
[Fallujah falls. Friends are betrayed.](#)
Blood and treasure wasted . . .
Who wouldn't be dismayed?

Behold: the high cost of bravado.
Count the cost before you fight.
Don't build that tower half-way, my friend.
It's obviously not right.

Make promises that you can keep.
Be sure you know the cost.
Stay cool, calm, and collected,
Lest friends and lives are lost.

Over-estimate the consequence
Of being a global cop.
Count all the costs, then triple them.
Expenses seldom stop.

Examine your own bias.
Ask yourself if you are wrong
Before rushing to fix neighbors
With ponderous lectures, long,

Reckless deeds, and war, and strife,
Unforeseen bills to pay
Perhaps it would be better, just
To close your door, and pray.

“Agree to disagree.”
Homs tried. What do we see?
A town obliterated
By its partiality.

Christians, Muslims living side by side:
It seemed to work okay
For quite a while; but now we see how
[Homs is gone today.](#)

We lost a lovely, ancient town
Because we were deluded
That "agree to disagree" could work.
The deception is refuted.

Behold, you stubborn people,
The high cost of misled views!
Happy now? Your town's gone, marring
Christmas with bad news

. . . And I wonder, oh, I wonder
What it'll take to get to Truth
So that we might bless posterity,
That we might bless our youth

I first heard this foolish notion
As a Presbyterian.
We were in a Bible study.
Knowing God was the s'posed plan.

Can't remember what we studied;
The how, wherefore, or why
All I know is, there was discord.
Someone didn't see eye to eye.

Instead of joying in the Truth,
With love, humility . . .
People clung to their opinions
And "agreed to disagree."

Then, like now, I was dismayed.
"How does that work?" I wondered.
"Agree to disagree?" I mused.
It seemed that we had blundered

Into murky territory.
With minds obtuse, and fat.
Disingenuous, it seemed to me.
I thought I smelled a rat.

Years later I learned it had a name,
This thing that caused our schism,
Belief in unbelief, this thing:
Its name is Nihilism.

If there's no Truth, then there's no lie
To violate it. See?
You can cling to your delusion, and
Agree to disagree.

You have your "truth" and I have mine;
They're different. Who cares?
Pretend we live in separate worlds.
Ignore the one we share.

Let's play pretend, like children.
Imagine, and escape.
And childishly, together,
Commit planetary rape,

Then complain of "feeling" guilty,
Let's un-feel it from afar
Listen, rat: guilt is a fact.
You "feel" guilty 'cause you ARE.

The grown-up thing, when guilty, is
Feel shame, and change your mind.
Don't pretend a fact's a feeling.
Face up. Be true, and kind.

Disabuse yourself of Nihilism.
Don't agree to disagree.
Trust that God is sovereign.
Accept the Truth. Be free.

He's big enough to handle it.
He won't oppose Himself.
So yield. Repent. Be humble.
Leave opinions on the shelf.

Love rejoices in the Truth.
The Truth will set us free.
Let's love wisdom. Let's philosophize.
Love Epistemology,

And Axiology, which is
The study of what's good,
Of how we know what's "better."
It can save your neighborhood

From the fates of Homs, Fallujah,
Ferguson, and Palestine.
Put to rest the notion
That Truth can be yours or mine.

Stop denigrating Truth.
Put it back in its right place.
The cost is too expensive.
It destroys the human race.

Elevate it. Put it back.
Feel the freedom that it gives.
Accept it's universal.
Rejoice in it, and live.