

So God Made Manufacturing

And on the ninth day God looked down on his America and said, “I need a goods maker.” So God made manufacturing.

God said, “I need someone who can get up before dawn, go to the plant, stand in the hot oily shavings of a turning machine, eat from a lunch bucket as machines grunt out parts, timecard punch out after a twelve-hour day, travel back home for a hot evening meal and spend an hour or two with their children in four-room homes before lying down to prepare for the next day’s dawn again.” So God made manufacturing

God said, “I need someone willing to work night shift while the rest of the world sleeps and hammer raw steel and cast the iron ore that scars the flesh of many a man as he pushes through ‘til the end shift change comes. When the sweat on their brow drips down like the blood from their hands as the goods that they make create American dreams. And the back-to-back shifts that deny their kids parents, builds reactors and tractors and trains and planes and cars and plows, for a nation so powerful.” So God made manufacturing.

God said, “I need someone to dream of the stars, build the rockets to break earth’s bonds that free man of the shackles of gravity’s hold, and go to the moon. Someone to build the machines that make mankind grow, to shape future for this great land with each tool held in his mighty hands, to forge the materials that make American strength from a Liberty Bell to Golden Gate Bridge’s length.” So God made manufacturing

You see it had to be someone who’d rivet and weld during darkest war days and sacrifice and build to save the terror-filled worlds. Someone who can drill, mill, turn, burn and cast and blast and shape and form and make it accurate and deliver on time, no matter the obstacle. Somebody whose sanctuary is called factory floor and at the end of the day spent bodies head home to weave a family of love where a small dose can heal them till next their shift starts. The one who can smile with pride in their eye as a son returns home, meal box in hand, shift work at end, to say how was your day, boy? Acknowledged by the calloused shake of hands and hug with a “Good, dad” response, clenched flesh on flesh and chest to chest. So God made manufacturing.

Ted Driggs