

This is one of my earliest personal writings. At that time, I didn't think of myself as a writer, or an analyst. The traditional writing or typing process before computers was arduous and too distracting for me to think clearly. Well, I had just gotten my first computer the summer before; a hand-me-down from my step-father. It was a Kaypro-16. It had a DOS-3 operating system, and 32 kilobytes of RAM. Suddenly, I found a new voice.

By disposition of personality, I am a very unregimented person with a penchant for thinking outside the box. My peers during my military career were always uncomfortable around me, worried that I would become a loose cannon during a crises. Still, after what I saw during my military travels, I could never abide with the narcissism of contemporary humanist enlightenment. And, making it religious is only a recipe for self delusion, while the devil runs a con-game. I let these four stories carry the message.

"The New Age Solution"
by; Charlie Bissett
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Recently, while packing to move I found an old book. It was the book of stories and poems written the year I graduated high school by the students. In this book, I found some stories which related to discussions I have been having with a humanist friend who lives in Europe. He asked me why I, as an educated member of one of the wealthiest nations in the world, would believe in God?

The question is a good question. There are, within the academic community a large number of educated thinkers who have grouped belief in God along with mythology and superstition. These educated men say that we humans have the intelligence and quality of character to resolve our human needs and make a better world without depending on God or hoping for heaven. All these philosophies or ideologies are forms of humanism.

Generally, secular humanism does not deny the existence of God or the possibility of relating to God. It is therefore possible for a religious person to be a humanist.

There have been many attempts to incorporate humanism into religion or to give some humanist ideology an almost religious status. Religious humanists offer answers to human desires based on human effort, which maybe God checks in on. Yet, by avoiding the sensitive subject of man's need for God, it makes a relationship with God an unneeded option.

The secular humanist legacy of my grandfather's generation did not leave a very impressive inheritance for my generation. And, all the cosmetics aside, spiritual humanism is only secular humanism with religious words. So, what does it really have to offer?

The next three stories were written in 1972 by sixteen and seventeen year old teenagers. The poem was written more recently by another teenager. Using these stories as parables, the humanist philosophy with all its shortcomings becomes embarrassingly clear.

In 1972, our country was just concluding what had been a very turbulent time in our national history. The racial and ethnic problems that had been ignored during the first part of the century, blew up in our faces during the 1960's. The Vietnam War was all but over. And all the wonderful promises made by the humanist philosophies of the first half of the century had, by the beginning of the 1970's, shown themselves to be hollow wishful dreaming of naive educated men.

If a person has lost faith in his fellow men, does that mean he will find faith in God?

But that is a theoretical question. It would be better if the question were asked in a practical way: When a person has lost faith in his fellow men, where can he find new faith?

The humanist philosophers have based their logic on the premise that humans are basically good, or at least logical enough to do what is in their best interests. But, no matter how well a house is built, if the foundation is weak, it will fall in the first heavy rain.

Unless we are honest enough to admit our faults, our weaknesses of spirit will sabotage our most noble efforts.

"Words"

by; Kim Smith

Once upon a long, long time ago there was a man. This was before the time of words; in fact, it was even before the time of names; so, unfortunately, we must refer to him only as Man. Well, anyway, one day as Man was puttering around the cave, he discovered Word.

Now, to realize the importance of this discovery you must remember that Man had never seen Word before, nor, for that matter, had Word seen Man, but in this story that is not important. It was only through the greatest of luck that Man named Word "Word."

Just think what would have happened if Man had called Word "Horse" instead. Then when it came time to name Horse, there would be no name to call him, and he would have had to take another name like "Cow" or "Pillow", except that then Cow would have no name. You can see how confusing it could have become. Luckily, Man was a little smarter than other men and when he saw Word, he said "Word!"

This, being the first word ever, Man decided to keep it secret. Every night he would sit alone in his cave and practice Word. As time went on, he also discovered Sentence, and in no time at all became quite proficient in both.

After months of practice, it was finally time to introduce other men to the mysteries of Word and Sentence. So Man brought together his friends, stood before them, and said, "Man, in order to satisfy his all-encompassing need for self-gratification, must continually produce."

He was, of course, immediately stoned to death.

Men have told themselves that if we look to ourselves, we can be self-sufficient, "We are strong and smart enough to take care of ourselves."

So what if we have taken ourselves to the moon. We still have war, we still have hunger, and we still have ignorance in large quantity. In our insensitive lust for species dominance, we have driven into extinction other life forms, leaving

several hundred more put into danger. In the process we have polluted the air we breath and water we drink to the point where the earth threatens to turn against us.

We live in an age of an unprecedented growth in technology and material wealth. Yet what have we really accomplished when tonight two out of ever three people on this planet will go to bed hungry or unsheltered, or both. In one of the richest countries on the face of the planet, three million of its citizens are homeless, almost half of them children.

The following poem was written by an eighteen year old young man that worked for me.

"Her Nightmare"

by; Chip Benton

Scribbling ink marks
cover flattened trees,
Revealing all the madness
so easily to see.

Forged and blasted metals
unearthed from their tombs,
Fly and float and spin and turn
stolen from their homes too soon.

The juices of the earth
sucked dry by societies of leeches,
To burst upon the waterways
and blacken nearby beaches.

Countless mortared chimneys
pollute the mother's lungs,
And cesspools of destruction
lie bitter on her tongue.

Her eyes are black and swollen
from the ever treading feet,
Bloodshot and discolored
her tears are bitter sweet.

Welcome to her nightmare
her never ending dream,
For now you've caught a distant taste
of Mother Nature's screams.

Having traveled around the world, I've learned that religious people feel uncomfortable when men started making up their own moral codes. If mankind insists on disregarding God, where will it end?

So, what does the self sufficient man in his pride and arrogance dream of at night?

"The Arrest"

by; Wade Boteler

The scorching heat of six moons bore down upon the barren planet, and not a sign of life was to be seen. The hot winds blew the black sands across the jagged rocks and craters, Other than the whistling of the winds and sound of shifting sand, not a sound could be heard anywhere.

Then suddenly in the middle of a flat area, a column of smoke and flames scattered the sand and the winds caught it up and sent waves of sand washing around the surrounding cliffs.

A small creature approached out through the flames and glanced about nervously. When he realized he was out in the open, he ran to the barren cliffs as fast as he could. But he never quite made it. A loud voice bellowed down out of the sky and the scared creature stopped in his tracks.

"Stop! Or we will fire. We have orders for your arrest. For your own sake, come peacefully."

The creature glanced shyly up into the sky at the great machine hovering over him. He replied in a humble voice, as if speaking to a king, "But I have done nothing wrong, dear sir. You have chased me through the barrier and into the universe. I am tired of running."

And we are tired of chasing. So, come and face our courts.

The creature seemed to grow angry and insulted. He raised an accusing finger to the sky and screamed, "You cannot chase me or hold me prisoner, you fools! I am God!"

The voice then bellowed from the sky, "Yes, but we are Man! Please, come peacefully."

The orthodox or conservative Christian faiths believe that God in His love and concern for humanity has taken all the steps needed to make spiritual fulfillment available to humanity. We can choose to go our own way, or accept what He has to offer. All He asks of us is that we love Him as best we can.

Can we afford to disregard God, and build our futures on our human potential alone? Look at what men have to offer, and then see what God has to offer. Maybe from this last story you will understand why so many put their faith in God.

"Man, Creator of Heaven and Earth"

by; Glenn Harvey

Johnson sighed, looking out over the rail of the ship towards the horizon. He was tired, and he needed more sleep. He had worked hard the last few weeks preparing for the test. Now, on November fifteenth, another atomic test would rock the heavens. Again, he glanced over the rail, then down at his watch. There were ten more minutes before the test.

Tom Robbins, his co-worker, came up the walkway carrying two cups of coffee. He handed one to Dave, then turned silently to look out over the range.

Just a few more minutes, thought Johnson grimly, and another island would die. He reflected over the other atomic tests and what had happened to the islands afterwards. If the island hadn't been totally devoid of all life, that which was found there was incredible. Mutant monsters, animals warped and changed by the destruction of their genes, were found in profusion. Some of the islands died completely as Mother Nature struggled to save others from what man had done to them.

As the loudspeaker announced its standby, Dave walked over to his room, pulling the safety goggles down over his face. He went in, and then turned to face the window. Just a few seconds before the test, he saw a brilliant flash of lightning. He jumped, startled, as a peal of thunder rolled across the sky.

Thunder? How could that be?

The thought was erased from his mind as the whole sky disappeared in a brilliant flash of pure energy. An awesome cloud of radiation, gasses, and particles of the island were thrown into the sky.

After the shock wave, Dave went to the door and leaned against it as the giant mushroom grew in front of him. He then closed the door, walked across the cabin and lay down on the bed, sighing as he thought about the island....

Sally stood on the high stool helping her mother dry the dishes. After a minute, her mother turned off the radio that had been giving the news. She then went back and continued washing.

Mommy, what's an atomic bomb?"

Well, dear, it's a big thing that goes boom; a whole lot of people die."

"Why did the man on the radio say they were gon'na test it?"

"I don't know, dear. Maybe they want to make it better."

Mommy, how do they make a bomb better?"

"Well, I'm not sure, honey. Maybe so they can make it kill more people."

"But, who do we wan'na kill? Oh wait, I know that one. We wan'na kill the communists, huh? Johnny said he heard his daddy tell his mommy that all good

Americans want to kill communists. I'm a good American, huh, Mommy? I hate the dirty communists, don't you, Mommy?"

"Yes, dear. Now, why don't you run out and play?"

Sally climbed off the stool and put away the dishtowel. She ran over and pushed open the screen door yelling for her friends who played in the warm sunshine....

Padre, are you busy now?" Corporal Ramirez's words echoed in the quiet chapel.

The Padre turned from the altar and looked down at the corporal. "No, I'm not busy now. Is something the matter?"

"Well, we seem to have a problem. One of your choirboys, Ramiro, claims to have found something important. But, he says he won't show it to anyone but you. Do you think you could come and talk to him, please?"

"Certainly. Where is he?"

"He's out at the fountain. I'll take you there now."

They walked out of the chapel and into the bright sunlight. They climbed into the jeep and drove off toward the small cluster of trees at the edge of the fountain. As they neared the trees, they noticed a small bare-footed boy sitting on top of the wall.

The Padre stepped out of the jeep and walked over to where Ramiro sat. He seated himself next to the boy, and in the stillness of the morning, they could hear the fountain bubbling behind them. He waited a moment before he spoke.

"Well, Ramiro, what is the matter?"

"Padre," he said, "I saw an angel!"

"Now wait. You can't really...."

"No, Padre, really! He even talked to me!"

"What did he say, Ramiro?"

Well, he came down and sat here. He was real big, and he had wings just like the ones in the church. He put his head in his hands, and he was crying. Why do angels cry, Padre?

"I don't know, Ramiro. Keep talking."

"Well, he cried for a while, and then he saw me. He smiled and said, hello. I asked him who he was, and he said his name was Gabriel. But he looked sick, and I asked him what hurt him. He said that bomb thing that went off. Anyway, he said it hurt a lot and he cried some more."

Go on, Ramiro. What else?"

"Well, he said he was going to die, and he asked me not to be afraid. Then he gave me a secret. He gave me a book, a big yellow one. Then he put his head down, and all of a sudden there was singing, and when I looked again, he was gone!"

"Gone, Ramiro?"

"Yes, Padre, he was really gone. Just like he disappeared."

"You said there was a book, Ramiro. May I see it, please?"

"Sure, Padre. I hid it over there in the bushes."

Ramiro walked over and picked up the book from behind a bush. It was very heavy, but its Golden pages flashed in the sun.

As the Padre slowly turned the pages, he saw thousands and thousands of words. A phrase here, some symbols there. He marveled at the thousands of different words, each from every language in the galaxy. He turned the pages feverishly now, searching for something he knew he must find. And there, at the bottom of a page, were the very simple words, which read;

"Peace On Earth."

And then it was his turn to cry.

Humanism is an artificial construct of logic. It's most common sales pitch is that it offers a new or secret enlightenment. I guess that the idea of being on the vanguard of a reformation or possessing some special information excites people's attention. This all sounds good in theory, but in practice, its success is often dependent on psychological behavior modification or some technique very close to that.

Recently, religious humanism has been dressed up in a pseudo-spiritual overcoat and is being referred to as, New Age. The New Age philosophy goes into great detail about developing spiritual maturity, while at the same time avoiding the uncomfortable subjects of sin, atonement, reconciliation or forgiveness.

This philosophy is a heresy when mixed with Christian beliefs. It has assailed the Church several times before. The first time it was called Gnosticism. It has never borne fruit of any long standing worthwhile value.

Both secular and religious humanists fail for the same reason; they try changing man into something that he is not. No matter how uncomfortable this fact is, human behavior is not controlled by logic alone. Spontaneous passion is a natural part of the human spirit that the humanists ignore or reject.

The key word here is, spontaneous. Acts of spontaneous passion have been the cause of the most creative as well as the most destructive events in human history. Any attempt to circumvent, harness or destroy this basic element of human nature would rape us of our human identity turning us into something no longer fully human.

It is ironic that educated men, who have spent so many years of their lives developing the humanist philosophies, can end up with four teenagers seeing through them to show how false this type of philosophy is. A person's only real

hope left of finding true spiritual knowledge and wisdom therefore is back to being, a life guided by God. Without reconciliation to God, man's best efforts are of little value.