

Something great must happen to save us - We are in midst of something terrible

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Photo date and location unknown

Mankind is in the midst of something very terrible. We are in the midst of a spiritual holocaust: a whirlpool of forces has us in its grip, and we say to ourselves, who are we to fight it? Let them get on with it; or why doesn't God interfere? Life is a series of battles, and it should be that way. We have to fight for what is good and right. Those who are weak, who do not fight, will soon be overrun by the strong. The strong will dominate them for their own ends: good or evil. 'Be strong and of good courage' are the biblical words of encouragement. The individual must clad himself with spiritual armor, the armor of personal sacrifice.

That the great forces around us appear formidable should not daunt an individual human spirit -- male or female, old or young. This is the time for every individual to look himself squarely in the eye. Why am I here? What am I doing? Everyone finds himself in a position of having to work, and the more he works, the more he finds the energy to do more. The more he lazes around, the more lethargic his mentality will become.

What we are really searching for is the correct thought, the correct approach to life, and we look around and see how everyone else is living out their lives. Do you want to continue to be a lost sheep, a meanderer, or are you raring to get up and go? Are you content as one of the crowd, part of the mass, or do you want to be something great, something really special? We can all do it, if we really want to. Everyone, deep down, wants to be great, unusual and special, and that is because we are meant to be that way. Everyone is a masterpiece of creation and each one has his own peculiar beauty -- unique and inimitable.

God in Mankind

Nevertheless, the struggle goes on for supremacy. Who is the greatest? The first disciples of Christ argued among themselves about who was the greatest. Yet Jesus had said, become as a child and you will enter heaven. Have we really thought seriously about those words? Generally speaking, a child speaks the simple truth without prior thought or analysis.

He speaks his feelings directly and unless he is told off will continue to express himself freely. Though some cultures allow more freedom of expression than other cultures, parents feel some of their greatest happiness in watching and sharing in the free expression of their children. This natural and beautiful happiness must surely be something to live for -- a goal and a purpose for everyone. In procreating we are re-creating ourselves.

The question is sometimes asked, Who am I? Or, What am I? Nobody really knows. Has the full potential of any individual human being ever been displayed? Yet, the child is the next stage to our own life. He or she is our own after-life, and we live on in the lives of our children. Without children to love and care for, there is no future. How grateful we should be, then, for these little ones, and if there is a God anywhere, surely he must dwell in the hearts of the offspring of our deepest love.

Usually, no one expects a king to arise in his own children; it would be a very unusual parent who expected that! Yet we are usually rewarded with something very beautiful, true, and innately good in our own children. We may spend a long time wondering about what they will become, and what they will do, knowing that they have a will of their own, their own individuality, their own mind, and ultimately the choice they make is their own.

As parents, we have the responsibility for guidance, and care. This should be taken very seriously, as it says in the Bible: Whoever leads one of these little ones astray, it would be better for him to have a millstone put around his neck and he be drowned in the sea. It would be better for him if he had never been born.

Our children are not to be lightly borne, for they are the ultimate in the creative life of man. In fact, they are not entirely our own creation. Do we understand how the bones are formed in the womb? Birth itself has always been something of a mystery, even viewed as something of a miracle. The man and woman who come together to unite in love and bring forth children are not the ultimate cause of that relationship: they are the result of their ancestors' relationships. Their own reasons for uniting may be very small in comparison to all the conditions that have made their union possible. We do not worship our ancestors any more. But we still love our families.

Parental Love

We give our parents love and gratitude because they already worked to provide our needs. Before we knew it, they were working for our benefit. Because of their plans and their love, their sacrifices, we were given the right to live, and we follow on in the same course. If then, our ordinary parents go to so much trouble to give us the best in life, how much more work must have been done originally to have created the initial environment where the first beings of mankind were created? Looking at the universe, how much time and thought and work was involved? If we want, we can say that it is on a colossal scale almost too big for our minds to comprehend.

The child never stops asking, yet a wise parent does not always tell the child directly the answer to his question. Somehow the parent wants the child to go through his own experiences, so that he will be understood, and subsequently loved. Yet would a parent want his children to suffer? The way that the parent answers his children depends upon whether he is thinking more of himself or his children at the time.

Perhaps one of the worst positions to be in would be to be entirely alone, with no one to love and nobody to love you. Anyone, righteous or unrighteous, would be unhappy in such a situation. The pain would become more acute if that lonely person saw around him so many groups, families, organizations, making merry and having such a happy time, while he himself was entirely cut off from them and, in some inextricable way, unable to communicate. He would long with all his heart that someone from the group would invite him over and accept him as part of them. However, even he, grateful as he may be, will still look for something better -- more love, more truth, more beauty -- elsewhere, if he does not find it in its entirety within that small group.

The beginning of an individual is in his learning to think, and it is in this -- in his very thought processes -- that the age old complexities of God or No-God arise. The disturbed mind of man searches for the solution to the present holocaust of world events; the tumultuous whirlpool in the news broadcasts befuddles us all as day after day we are subjected to other people's violence and other people's misfortunes. Why can't people be quiet and let us get on with our peace?

The daily havoc that is wrought in other countries gets ominously closer; the nightmare existences of the broader populations of the world become horrifyingly more real. How will it all end? How did it all begin? We are all quick to blame our leaders. When do we praise them for what goes right? How often do we stop and think and put ourselves in their positions? Most of us shirk any real responsibility, content to sit back, criticize, accuse and blame those who have the courage to make decisions, think for themselves, take responsibility and act out a chosen course.

It may be that the Creator of this world is pruning out the dead wood. Like the dinosaur, stale philosophies become extinct. If the love of God has failed to inspire Christians completely to act out their philosophy, perhaps they have forgotten the love of man. The ferocious wars being fought now are not really religious wars any longer but wars to wrongfully dominate our fellow human beings. Instead of so violently expressing our energy against each other, men of violence must learn to take a very humble position, before those whom we consider to be our inferiors, lest their descendants rise up in rebellion. Life has a long memory.

A Gift from Heaven

A fantastic day is dawning in the lifespan of mankind when the individual human conscience itself has come to the point where it must be weighed in the balances. Tried and tried again in the fires of the uniquely human situation the world over and through the centuries, each and every one of us must come to grips with himself on his own, as it were, "Judgment Day." Forgiving ourselves, we forgive others; loving ourselves, we love others. Realizing the limits of our own conceptions, prepare to begin again as a child, to learn everything from scratch, and in childlike surprise not be too proud to receive gifts from heaven.

Let the powers of darkness be,
Let the powers
of darkness crumble,
Slowly lights a dawn in him
He who cannot be too humble.
He who lets a glory shine
In the simple things of life
Let whoever be, be thine -
Possesses all, and ends the strife.