

Original sin

A very wise relative, my mother's cousin, who is also my godfather, gave the simplest explanation for sin.

He said, "Sin is when you hurt someone else."

Pretty straight forward, isn't it?

I don't know how many readers believe in the garden of Eden and Adam and Eve. I do. I used to think original sin was disobedience. Then I remembered pride was part of it. Ego for sure, the wanting to be like God thing. And of course we had deception. Pretty sure there was some peer pressure too.

One thing I am convinced of, is that somewhere way back in the beginning of us, all those created in His image and Likeness, somebody blew it.

Whoever they were, they dropped the first pebble in the pond. And then came the ripples. From that one singular act came ripple upon ripple upon ripple through the fabric of the Great Tapestry of humanity, causing untold tears, rips and the literal destruction of millions perhaps billions of threads.

A man was interviewed for eighteen hours by a Lieutenant Colonel seeking a Ph.D. Her main thesis was why some POWS survived and others did not. The main elements this man described of war, which we are again witnessing in Ukraine, were the unbelievable atrocities that humans inflicted on other humans, the initial ineptitude and lack of preparedness of the West versus the evil coming from the East.

So how did they survive? Because they had faith, hope, and most of all love. One small quote out of what is literally more than one hundred eight by eleven transcribed pages of this interview says everything. It talks about the infamous Camp O'Donnell in the Philippines where over four hundred American soldiers and two thousand Filipinos were dying a day....

That was the most beautiful thing about that... those first weeks in prison camp. The help that most people gave each other. The tender care, the love that came out under that unbearable... unbearable (forceful tone) situation. It was hot and you had this continuous death around you and with the death come this stench you know.

And that is what got them through. Love.

Do we have enough faith, and hope, and most of all love (including the tough kind of love where you have to take on the bully) to finally stop the repetition of the horrendous parts of our history as people? Can we finally learn? Do we have the guts to lean? And as we learn, do we have the grit to act.

The people of Ukraine are showing us how, in the face of what can only be described as overwhelming evil, the sin of sins, hurting people relentlessly, for the sake of ego.

Enough.

If you can't pressure our leaders to act out of love for our conglomerate humanity at least pray relentlessly someone does. Pray for the Russian soldiers who were fooled into this barbarous action. Pray for the Ukrainians who are showing the world what it really means to 'do whatever it takes' to make things right, to restore freedom, to strengthen love of country and fellow country women and men.

To stop the madness.

To finally calm the ripples.

So what we do now is take a cue from the Greatest Generation... From the same POW quoted earlier in this missive...

Okay, now I have to get back to one of my favorite subjects. This is a philosophy I have and a thought. My feeling is that the generation that was born after World War I that became the soldiers of World War II came through some very, very rigid times in regard to the times. Plus, the fact the society of that time is not exactly Victorian-like but once the roaring 20s is over, they took on a very rigid attitude because of the depression and everything.

As a result, going back to the fact that you had this deep respect for authority for your parents, for your teachers, I think that helped make one of the finest armies this country ever had. I don't think you'll ever assemble another group of men of that number... you are talking somewhere around ten million people that had the dedication and commitment to soldiering like that group did at that time.

I really didn't find too many bad soldiers. I can't think of a really bad soldier I had. Hey! There was plenty of them that had fear. I had fear. And if someone wanted to run, some of them did run. But the commitment to get the job done, to do as you were told, even in the face of death crossing that field,...

You had to be crazy to cross that field when they were firing! !!!

That the commitment was such, the dedication was such, I've never seen it since and maybe never again. I think it was one of the finest armies ever assembled, the WWII forces. Had to be.

Considering the odds they had to face.

Just like Ukraine.

And today I met a group of warriors, many in society would dismiss them as either wishful thinking or hocus pocus. They meet and many live, in the least of places, where you would find warriors.

A monastery.

But I know with all that is in me, they are our greatest weapon now, as we face the threats of evil most recently manifested in Ukraine, but pervasive in all our societies.

And what do they do?

They pray.

Unceasingly.

With the Greatest of Love, His.