

Colloquī

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A journal for restless minds

Breathtaking

Taking one's breath away

Colloquī is a Deacon's Corner weekly journal. Its mission and purpose: to encourage serious discussion, to promote reasoned debate, and to provide serious content for those who hope to find their own pathway to God.

Each week Colloquī will contain articles on theology, philosophy, faith, religion, Catholicism, and much more.

Be forewarned! Articles may and often will contain fuel for controversy, but always with the express intent to seek the Truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help us God.

Breathtaking

Taking one's breath away

From western windows the sun is dying, slowly fading behind the mountains; a royal tapestry paints the sky, a beautiful reminder of new life in utero, awaiting a new day rising. The sun sets a marvelous show, enough to take your breath away.

The Artist has a talent for outmatching any canvas that man could ever try to paint; his artistry is priceless — though never hung upon a wall or hidden from jealous eyes — the canvas captivates the chorus as no human master of the arts could hope to imitate or capture with any brush of oil.

Sunsets come and go with predictable regularity; their beauty transitive and fleeting, most of little remark or notice.



The greatest work of God the Artist is neither sunrise nor any sunset for his highest creation was yet to come, "then the Lord God formed man of dust from the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being" (Gen 2:7).

The Artist known as God created his greatest work of art from dust, breathing the "breath of life," the very essence of his being, into common clay, thus forming man in his image, a self-portrait of love infinitely more valuable than all which he till then had made.

The innermost aspect within every human person is the breath of life, the spiritual soul, which is the essence of God's image and the source of its inestimable value. Created in his image, the human person is wholly one union of spirit and soul and body.

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Saint Paul admonished the Thesalonians to keep themselves wholly sound and blameless in "spirit and soul and body," to not repay evil for evil but to do good, and to not "quench the spirit," but to do the will of God.

But we beseech you, brethren, to respect those who labor among you and are over you in the Lord and admonish you, and to esteem them very highly in love because of their work. Be at peace among yourselves. And we exhort you, brethren, admonish the idle, encourage the fainthearted, help the weak, be patient with them all. See that none of you repays evil for evil, but always seek to do good to one another and to all. Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you. Do not quench the Spirit, do not despise prophesying, but test everything; hold fast what is good, abstain from every form of evil. May the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be kept sound and blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He who calls you is faithful, and he will do it (1 Thess 5:12-24).

So much awesome beauty and yet we have come blind to the wonders of all that God has made. We see the mundane, the banal, the matter, but have low or no regard for the unseen spirit. That which gives human life its greatest value holds no tangible substance upon which to measure, thus, the soul, the breath of life, is disposable, inconsequential, so much wasted breath.

Man and woman have been *created*, which is to say, *willed* by God: on the one hand, in perfect equality as

human persons; on the other, in their respective beings as man and woman. "Being man" or "being woman" is a reality which is good and willed by God: man and woman possess an inalienable dignity which comes to them immediately from God their Creator. Man and woman are both with one and the same dignity "in the image of God." In their "being-man" and "being-woman," they reflect the Creator's wisdom and goodness (CCC §369).

In no way is God in man's image. He is neither man nor woman. God is pure spirit in which there is no place for the difference between the sexes. But the respective "perfections" of man and woman reflect something of the infinite perfection of God: those of a mother and those of a father and husband (CCC §370).

Life so precious and yet now derivatively disregarded, valued less than dying sunsets; save the parts for what they're worth. Human life, a dime a dozen. But wait! Buy now and get a second dozen absolutely free! Sorry, all sales are final, no returns.

This indifference toward life can best be seen in the tortured logic of those who espouse the philosophy of choice, such as Elizabeth Harman, a philosopher at Princeton, who explained her views on unborn life this way: "Among early fetuses there are two very different kinds of beings," she said. She then went on to explain the difference by claiming that she and others who had been born

had moral status in virtue of our futures. But some early fetuses will die in early pregnancy due to abortion or miscarriage. And in my view, that is a very different kind of entity. That's something that

doesn't have a future as a person and it doesn't have moral status.

Which, according to her, means "if you do abort, abortion is okay, but if you don't abort, abortion would have been wrong." Such a view might assuage a guilty conscience, but it further proves our casual indifference to our own kind, especially when you consider the sixty million American children who have been aborted since 1973, the four-thousand abortions performed each day in the U. S. or that eighty-five percent of those diagnosed with Down syndrome are now killed in the womb.

Harmon's argument may sound absurd, but judging by our lack of protest, our absence of mourning, we quietly share her judgment. The victims of abortion are not our dead; they must be creatures of another kind.

At least one state, Illinois, follows Harmon's tortured logic. Recent legislation (HB 40) *removes* language [from state law and policy] "that the unborn child is a human being from the time of conception and is, therefore, a legal person for purposes of the unborn child's right to life."

Each day it seems, there is something new which offers us ever more insipid, monotonous banalities upon which to satisfy our insatiable appetites for mind-numbing meaninglessness. What is it that drives so many to trivialize anything and everything; what calls for all that once was sacred and holy to now be looked upon with disdain, viewed as foolish nonsense; from where does the desire come to

debase, demean and denigrate all that is moral, ethical, beautiful, and precious?

Such philosophical musings – on the meaning and consequent assessed valuation of unborn human life – find little public notice outside the environs of academe; thus, they are too easily dismissed as inconsequential, the rant of extremism confined to a mental institution or the babbling brook of madness going nowhere. Such madness breeds with alarming alacrity among those who would argue life is but a vile joke, an awful joke on we the living. Shall I provide some small proof of this vile obscenity? I shall, but first, a disclaimer is required. What follows is not fit for human consumption. Some language has been slightly altered to avoid direct offense but for one word bleeped the rest is true. Read it at your distaste and disgust.

A supposed comedienne, Marcella Arguello, issued a vile tweet which vividly proves the inconvenient truth: human life is a disease which must be eradicated. Arguello tweeted what is shown in the middle of the page. While acknowledging – unintentionally, one might presume but I in all honesty and fairness cannot – that an unborn fetus is “someone” from whom she admits it would be beautiful “taking its breath away,” one can only ponder how beautiful it would be for her should that breath-taking be her own.

Yet another “comedienne,” Michelle Wolf, joked publicly on abortion with her “10th Annual Salute to

Abortions,” accompanied by a marching band, a balloon arch, while dressed in a patriotic costume.

Look, access to abortion is good and important. Some people say abortion is “killing a baby.” It’s not. It’s stopping a baby from happening. It’s like “Back to the future” and abortion is the DeLorean. And everyone loves DeLoreans.

And I know some people call themselves “pro-life,” but “pro-life” is a propaganda term that isn’t real, like healthy ice cream and handsome testicles. Get the terminology straight; first of all, these people are anti-abortion, which means they are anti-woman. If these people were actually pro-life, they would be fighting hard for health care, child care, education, gun control, and protecting the environment. But these anti-abortion people do not care about life; they just care about birth.



These days, abortion providers have been terrorized by the Right into downplaying their abortion services. You should be proud of it. You’re doing a good thing.

As the marching band played “You’re a Grand Old Flag” she intoned, “Abortion I salute you. Women if you need an abortion, get one,” then tossed confetti as she asserted, “God bless abortions and God bless America.”

We have arrived at a drear moment, once considered inconceivable,

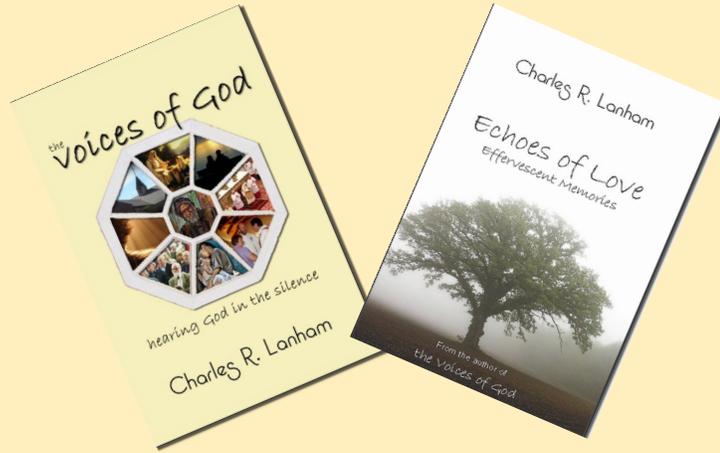
when even the unique qualities of our own humanity are called into question. No longer is man considered created in the image and likeness of God. No, man has now been made, by random chance, into an amorphous mass of chemicals and matter, worth less than a diamond or pearl or even a common stone. One final thought:

Working with people who are obviously non compos mentis is far less stressful than working with those who are only a little insane—who are “functional” in the world and know what sanity looks like, but use it as a tool for self-aggrandizement and the torment of others.

The great difficulty in communicating with people like this is that if you knew from the start they weren’t quite right, it would be easier to treat them with the deference one, for charity’s sake, gives the impaired. As it is, their madness is often discovered only some time after they pull you into it—to a depth corresponding with that of the doubt’s benefit you have already given them. All the while you were fooled into approaching them as entirely rational, but getting more and more heated at their amplifying outrages of rationality.

At a certain, often fairly advanced, point in the interchange, a mental switch flips and gives you the relief of moving the half-madman to a category in which he need no longer be taken seriously, as someone to be approached well, therapeutically—which would drive him to complete insanity if he knew it had happened, for the half-crazy are proud spirits who cannot abide patronization.¹

1. S. M. Hutchens, “*Quodlibet: The Joys of the One-Can-Short*,” Senior Editor, Touchstone: A Journal of Mere Christianity, Jan/Feb 2019, p.5.



Books are available on **Amazon.com** or from the author's web site at:

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