

In the third chapter of the Holy Book, a willfully autistic & therefore sinful creature becomes, as punishment, a total amputee, condemned to go slithering-crawling-creeping, a living anti-totem of the horror snakes produce in most humans & sin should produce in all humans. So the noun, "a creep," a repulsive person. And so the gerundive "creeping," as in "creeping socialism" (or, in Communist nightmares, "creeping capitalism"). Well, I've a horror of America's creeping atheism today--among the intelligentsia, in the media, in public education & private conversation. I seize my opportunities to nail it, as in this CCT letter to the editor today.

1. How do I know that snake in the Garden of God was autistic? A sinner is unwilling to reach outside of self to God: an autist is unable to reach outside of self to others, as is Dustin Hoffman as Raymond in the poignant, brilliant film "Rain Man."

2. As the snake converted Adam & Eve to atheists, ie autists vis-a-vis God, the essayist I'm attacking in this letter (& in #2291 ["How to Make an Atheist of Martin Luther King, Jr."], of which the letter is a popular version) tried to revisionize King into an atheist-autist. She's a lovely person, as beguiling as that snake was; & I agree with almost everything she writes. Nothing personal in my personal attack on her: she used King dishonorably (pervertedly) to preach her gospel, & I used her honorably (factually) to preach mine. Personal attacks in print grab editors' & readers' eyeballs, as personal attacks on radio grab earholes & personal attacks on television (eg, MacNeill-Lehrer & McLaughlin & Buckley) grab both eyeballs & earholes. (Cultivated goys despise personal attacking, which is one reason they find yids easy to hate & the Bible hard to read.)

3. As you can see in the title, this Thinksheet extends the pathological condition called autism to our whole sick, flatland, godless society, in which God-avoidance is pandemic. It's swimming upstream now to be a theist with your mouth, in writing, & in print. The practice of the presence of God is impossible without the practice of God-talk & participation in a God-talking community, in which speaking of God is natural because necessary.

4. Today I had a public exchange with the director of a psychiatric clinic who'd said he'd said, to a patient claiming to have committed the unpardonable sin, "It's a symptom of your disease." I: "How did you know she'd not committed the unpardonable sin?" Shocked silence. I: "You want her to begin her sentences with some other subject than 'I.' How about God, the subject of subjects, the 'I' who in addressing us as 'thou' calls forth our true 'I'? What do you suppose would have happened had you, instead of imprisoning her in your paradigm, opened a door by asking 'God doesn't love you any more?'" Life's basic business is the divine-human relationship, & the chaplains can help you to help her be about this business. You may rejoin that this turn would only capture her for another paradigm, the theistic. I say this turn may free her toward a right relationship with God, & free you from the autism of your medical paradigm."

Perverse revision of King's legacy

I knew Martin Luther King, and he was not an atheist. He would have been saddened to see, in Mary Zepernick's Jan. 10 column, his alleged conversion to atheism.

Brother Martin wouldn't have recognized himself in her description of him as one "who listened to his heart." A man of prayer, he tried to listen to God, and was self-critical enough to surmise that the messages from his heart were frequently misleading. An evangelical Christian, he believed that "the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked: who can know it? I the Lord search the heart" (Jeremiah 17:9-10).

Zepernick perverts King by converting him to the viewpoint of Joseph Campbell, who did indeed listen to his heart and advised us all to "follow your bliss." As Martin Luther King Day approaches year after year, commentators will try various revisions on King. So far, Zepernick's is the most perverse.

King was a God-filled, God-intoxicated man. Not given to Jungian introspective mythologizing as Campbell was, Brother Martin was given rather to prayer. His favorite sacred song was, "Precious Lord, take my hand, lead me on, let me stand. . ."

His unpublished doctoral dissertation, which I have read, is about God. He was God-centered as scholar as well as in all his other roles. And he would have resented being cast into the role of Promethean hero, the role into which — with or without the aid of Campbell — our civil religion tends to cast all Americans it offers up for public admiration and emulation.

As Martin Luther King Day approaches year after year, let's thank God for him and treat his memory honorably, without ideological distortion.

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