

Modern Man: Love and Myth
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Walk down an avenue in a large city on a Saturday afternoon. Open your ears and try to understand the thunderous chaos crying in pain. Then, open your eyes and try to grasp the people-blurs which stream by in a terrible hurry to get nowhere. And with quiet sadness brush the soot from your face and try to love the whole mess.

Man was created in the image of God. After he blew it in the Garden of Eden, he found out many things about himself. He found many things to hate, to fear, to justify, to ignore, to escape. He came to love himself rather than God. He began to play games with God and discovered that reason was on his side. He decided that he was so powerful and so reasonable that he could even replace God. And as all these myths multiplied in number and scope, man decided that it wasn't enough that he should must meditate on how wonderful he is. It was necessary to prove it.

He started building skyscrapers, making artificial hearts, befriending computers, selling time killing the earth, dropping napalm nonchalantly. He determined that everything that existed and happened had a logical reason behind it and he was, of course, capable of finding it. Intuition was undependable and emotion, irresponsible. Mans' purpose was to build a larger city than the next guy, kill more people than the other country, get more money than his neighbor. Institutions became the building blocks and freedom was a misspelling on the ticker-tape of human history.

Gradually, instead of man being able to control myths, myths began to control him. Technology ran away with itself. Man's desire to control nature was the beginning of lust and greed which fed upon the entrails of happiness. He wanted to possess everything he came in touch with. Instead of contemplating the beauty of a rose, he picked it so that it was his rose. He prided himself continually in the belief that he was the goal of creation and this, his intelligence, was endless. All that was really endless was the unbearable stench of his accomplishments which rose to Heaven like the smoke from a martyr's funeral pyre.

Martyr? You say. Yes, it's hard to believe that there were some able to resist the myths that were ingrained in the deepest part of man's unconscious.

Even though man had made God very angry by his manipulation of his talents and creation, and very sad because man had defiled His image almost beyond recognition, God still loved man. Out of this intense love, God sent His only Son to the miserable earth to try to bring man back to Him. Christ was plagued by the blindness which was eating man's soul and was killed by the extreme arrogance of the men He loved. But in being willing to descend to become such pathetic creatures of a diseased world, He transformed man's potential. Yes, man could still hate with the same unswerving energy; but now he had a real alternative. He was shown by Christ how to love and hope and

pray and work for a different kind of world. For once, man considered something other than himself. And the more he loved God and the more he gave to God, the more he had. Christ responded to the supreme sadness of being hung on the Cross by killing the force which was choking mankind in life and rejoicing over him in death. With a boundless joy men shunned the myths of death and encountered life.

Love has not stopped the skyscrapers from growing or added limbs to the napalm burned babies. Yet, love cannot be explained. No matter how much one loves, one can still love infinitely more. Love is not perfect as it should be and as we should be. Love is not easy; one must try night and day with all one's soul.

But love is the power and the way and the strength by which man is forgiven for what he has done and endures what is to come.