

Subject: Re: AA ROSTER FORMAT

Date: Thursday, May 3, 2001 10:34 AM

From: Setac [Removed by VNCA]

To: Chuck Green <ncgreen@stic.net>

Cc: [Removed by VNCA], Judy Porter

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Oh, my mama used to quote those fables to me often...and they have merit. But there is another lesson. People grew tired of the smell of horse manure and the length of time it took to get to the next town. The automobile was invented and travel took on a whole different dimension. There were people during that time who stated emphatically that there was no reason to invent anything because it had already been invented. Those that wished to make improvements were branded as fools and banished.

Many people fought improvements to travel and communications with tooth and nail. Comments like, "we are losing touch with who we really are" and others of the same ilk. And, those people continued to ride horses and deal with dung. Religion came into the picture and it was decided by some that God said it, I believe it and that's the end of it. But, it was not good enough for them to live by that creed. They decided that their fellow men should do like wise...in fact it was dictated that the minions must adhere to a narrow brand of morality determined by a few.

People were actually put to death if they dared to believe or act in a different manner than what was determined by this self proclaimed elite. After all, one could not hardly argue with God. Others used the teachings and lessons passed on by the deceased. One could hardly argue with the past either. The fact the deceased might have subscribed to new and better is moot. Who was that person who was excommunicated for teaching the Earth was round? What a fool he was, huh?

I asked a friend the other day how he viewed heaven in terms of a golfer. He is a devout Christian and can't understand why I don't attend his church. The question was easy for him. You made par or better on every hole and never broke a sweat.

"That's heaven?" I said.

"Absolutely!" He replied.

"Count me out." I said.

"Why!?" He asked incredulously.

"Because, heaven to me would be where you struggled and practiced to improve your game. Each day you found ways to use a different swing. A different tempo. A different technique. But you would never reach perfection."

"Why not perfection?" He asked.

"Because with perfection there would no longer be a challenge and the joy of the game would be lost, and that would not be heaven. It would be hell."

Allen