

Lovers Of Death

The wisdom of God, personified in Proverbs Chapter 8, tells us, “But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death” (v. 36).

There’s a lot of that going around, this month.

Across the Atlantic, [at the annual Amsterdam funeral show](#), some guy from Australia who bills himself as a “euthanasia activist”—can you imagine that as your life’s work?—displayed his stylish new suicide machine. Reportedly, it was a big draw.

Easy and fun to do, although if you do it right, you can only enjoy it once, all you have to do is climb into the pod and close the hatch after you, get comfy, and just press the little button that fills the space with nitrogen gas—and that’s it, you’re history. You can probably set it up in your living room, bedroom, or somewhere in your dorm if you’re still in college.

According to Mr. Activist, you’ve got a natural human right to off yourself if that’s what you feel like doing at the moment, so he’s there to make it easy for as many people as he can.

They love death—although some of them do seem rather short on sympathy.

Earlier this month, in Saskatchewan, a Junior Hockey League bus crashed into a truck and 16 people died. Someone started a GoFundMe page to help the victims’ families, and raised \$4 million in just two days.

This didn’t sit well with another “activist.” I’m beginning to think “activist” is some kind of bad word, on a par with “child molester” or “grave robber.”

I don’t know who or what Ms. Activist expected to be riding on

a Junior Hockey League team bus—illegal alien lesbians, maybe—but I think we have to quote her verbatim to convey the full loathsomeness of her mindset:

“I’m trying [not very hard!] not to get cynical about what is a totally devastating tragedy but the maleness, the youthfulness, and the whiteness of the victims are, of course, playing a significant role.” That was her two cents that she just had to throw in, just in case the families of the victims weren’t feeling bad enough to suit her.

It does take a real creep to say a thing like that, doesn’t it? Into this dreadful tragedy, she must inject her own obsession with racial categories. Like, the only reason people contributed all that money was because they’re all racists who only care about a calamity when it strikes down young white males.

They love death. Or is it that they just don’t have a lot of love for human life?

A mayoral candidate in a Japanese city has promised that he, if elected, will work to replace politicians and public officials with robots and computers because, you see, Artificial Intelligence is just so much smarter and cooler than the real thing—although he has said nothing, yet, about replacing himself, possibly with a toaster-oven.

True, a lot of government bureaucrats are kind of hard to distinguish from robots, especially when all you can get out of them are the unresponsive and unthinking words, “We have a policy...” But this whole idea is, to put it kindly, glaringly half-baked: the notion that human beings, sinful, fallible, not really all that clever and certainly not wise, can create some other kind of intelligence that’s far superior to their own. I mean, really—have you seen some of the things your computer gets up to lately? Do you really want it governing your city? Our flesh-and-blood officials are bad enough, but

at least there's usually a hope of finding some kind of common ground with them.

They love death, and don't think much of humanity.

They play God—as if God would try to create some other god mightier and wiser and more righteous than Himself.

But God doesn't do that. Frankenstein did that.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/> . Why not stop in and visit? A single click will take you there.

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