

## A Nativity View on Militant Atheists – Francis X. McKee, York PA – December 27, 2011

### 'Tis the season for Militant Atheists to be Jolly .....

Perhaps it is the most wonderful time of the year that draws them out of the shadows. In Psychology Today, Ray Williams reports that depression spikes during the Christmas season and is often accompanied by actions and cries out by the afflicted to be noticed. Call it man's lone cry, "Look at me."

Militant atheists emerge with abandon at Christmastime, seemingly flooding the news wires with efforts, often successful, to subvert this national holiday by forcibly removing crèches from traditional sites. Their message is consistent – spread darkness. Cloaked in the guise of protecting civil liberties, their "look at me" antics hollowly resonate coast to coast.

"Why Christmas and why the crèche?" one might ask. Several reasons come to mind but topping the list is that the most wonderful time of the year is likely the only time of the year when most people, believers in and servants of God, will pay attention to them.

Help me understand this, please. The Santa Monica cliffs, a prized location that for over sixty years, have been home to twenty one outdoor exhibit sites for Nativities and crèches, suddenly become victim to a Normandy like (sorry Dad) invasion. Scaling the cliffs, here come the militant atheists, lunging to the front of the lottery line that awards the sites each year to applicants. Holy Infant so tender and mild, back into storage purged from the public view. The score this year: atheists – eighteen, Judeo-Christians - three. How Grinch like!

Three locations harboring crèches and a menorah pour forth light and the reason for the season. The remaining eighteen atheist locations herald darkness.

And that, my friends, speaks volumes about the mind-set of the militant atheist. Darkness permeates their lives as they rabidly spread the void of nothing, and engage in their unlikable antics.

"I'm going to fight this till Hell freezes over." heralded one County Commissioner when approached by a group of atheists from the mid-West who demanded that a Nativity set that graced a court yard in Athens, the county seat, for decades be removed. The reason; it was offensive. Thank you Mr. Texas Commissioner.

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Confronted with a similar situation, officials in Chambersburg, PA yielded to darkness. Today, an empty town circle stands where a vibrant, lighted Nativity once stood for generations. Score one for the atheists. Not only did the spineless officials listen to them, they complied.

Little, if any, common ground seems to exist in this debate. Perhaps the Constitution and its numerous references to God-given rights would bridge the divide. Not likely with the militant atheists and their abhorrence of and zero tolerance for crèches.

When recently confronted by atheists about their rejection of God's existence, I concluded that they do believe in a god. The god they worship is themselves, the self-anointed, highest form of life in their stoic existence. Darkness versus light; Nativities vs. no Nativities; where then is the common ground?

Williams cites another reason why depression spikes at Christmastime. Christmas appears to be a trigger to engage in excessive self-reflection and rumination about the inadequacies of life (and a "victim" mentality) in comparison with other people who seem to have more and do more with their lives. Wow! Atheists are you listening?

Mobilizing a community to create, erect and sustain a crèche is a wonderful experience. Dragging figures out of storage, bolting a stable together, hooking up lights and adorning it with hay are not only symbolisms of service but also an expression of sharing the joy of the sin bearer's birth, the salvation of mankind.

As militant atheists grope with their own self-perceived inadequacies and lament rather dark, dank lives, their out lash becomes more understandable. The solution is simple. Remove all outward signs of the joy of the season – crèches - because, in viewing these manifest signs, the militant atheist becomes more aware of their own inadequacies and their mortal, dark, lifeless existence.

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They have foolishly turned away from the warmth of the hearth, the light and the bounty of the harvest. How cold, pitiful and terminal their lives must be.

The most wonderful time of the year for us becomes the most wonderful time of the year for them. Pathetically, Christmas seems to be the only time that these poor souls' circadian rhythm compels them to overtly wail and gnash their teeth, this time on earth. The next time, not even their god knows where it will be.

*Francis X. McKee is the founder of NativityUSA.org, an organization dedicated to promoting the outdoor display of Nativities particularly throughout the Christmas season.*