

Sometimes I don't understand why I do what I do from day to day. We as humans are in pitiful shape. We don't sleep enough, and we blame our lifestyles and work schedules. Honestly, now, were we created to work through the winters? No, we were created to work through the summer hard, store up and rest through the winter. We were made to work while the sun is out, sleep when the sun is down. We were made to work the soil, raise and harvest crops and sleep when we're tired. We were made to eat home made bread, have children and drink fresh water.

Sure, we've cured diseases, lengthened the life expectancy of humans, but for all of that, we are more depressed, less happy, divorce more, and die worse than any of our ancestors combined. We watch television endlessly to drown our lives out, yet we take medicine to stop our depression. We find ourselves bored too often, yet we have more entertainment than every previous generation.

I would give up every moment of my life after 40 in order to get better quality out of the few years I have left. But that is no longer an option. I will be kept suffering long after my time has past so that a hospital can milk every penny out of my children.

So cry, cry hard, because our lives, although we think they're comfortable, are miserable piles of sludge. We have replaced education with entertainment. We have replaced quality of life with quantity of life. We have replaced an honest days' work with slave labor to afford the bed we sleep on and the food we put in our mouths. God help us, for we have lost ourselves and our purpose...