

BIRTH

Birth is the beginning of an individual human life. It starts some' nine months earlier, in Mother's womb. For nine months, that is, the infant is sheltered in a cozy nutrient rich environment—if the infant is lucky--and given a benign ambience of fond words and even fonder thoughts. Birth, in short, can be the finest harvest of a protracted sowing operation. If that lucky outcome is the case, the world is likely to receive a happy new citizen. We cannot have too many of those.

Should this closet drama come to the happiest conclusion, we may expect that good times in the womb will have translated into music, equable spirits, a willingness to forgive, even flashes of inventiveness or genius. Should, however, the luscious flow of life be nicked along the way, one false millimeter of rogue genetic be introduced, Leonardo's perfect man may have been reduced to a killer. A perfect man threatens the totality of God's universe, and won't be tolerated there.