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Life: A Story about Greed, Walls, Doors, Trust, and Love

A positive message to all Homo Sapiens for Easter 2020

To be shared forward with Family and Friends,

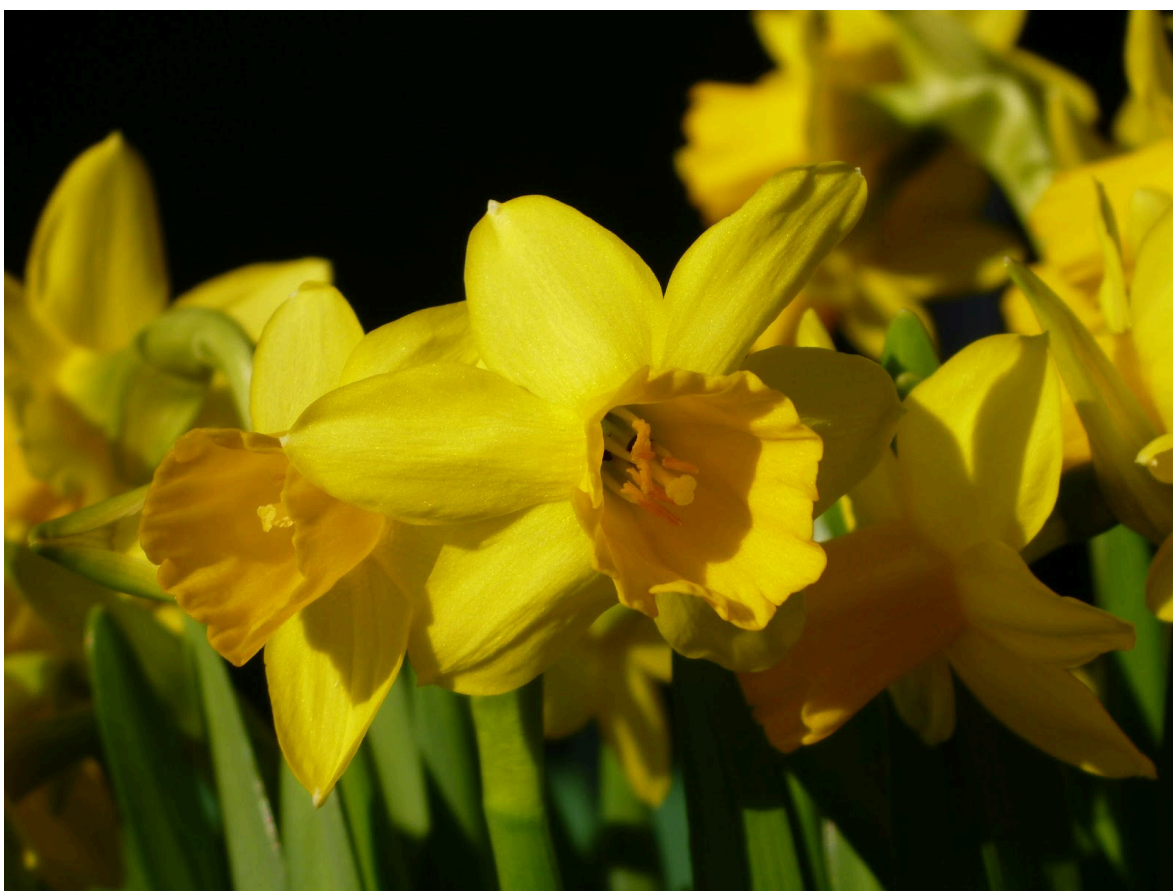
and their Family and Friends,

and their Family and Friends,

and their Family and Friends,

and their Family and Friends,

and their Family and Friends...



Prolog

Fellow Homo Sapiens. Before I share my thoughts, I like to first express my sincere gratitude that you have extended enough trust to this document that you opened your door¹. Today, we

¹ Even opening a pdf file these days is already dangerous! Which is sad. This document most likely passed through the door in a firewall. So thank you to the wall builder, and the door builder, to let this document through. No Coronavirus inside. Promised.

are so inundated by messages from our omnipresent communication devices that we all have to be selective. Maybe you received this message from somebody who cares about you. Like I do, even though we might have never met. We all live and travel together on Earth through the Universe, at a special time where our species has reached a pinnacle of technology and communication capabilities. At the same time, we witness how communication is not working well, despite all the technology that we have at our fingertips. Technology that is so amazing that it can deliver thoughts, ideas, and the truth around the globe in fractions of a second. Literally! I do care about the breakdown of our global communication and collaboration. This message is intended for anybody who can influence the future, and that is essentially all living members of Homo sapiens. When I get a message, I like to know who sent it and why. A lot of the messages we receive today are intended to cause thoughts and actions that are not in our own best interest. Or the interest of our children. Alternative facts fly business class, or Air Force One, while the truth is still tying its shoes. If we are not inoculated against bad viral messages, we ourselves may become spreaders of bad news and alternative facts. You can find more of my thoughts and motivations at www.TheTruthWithHumor.com.

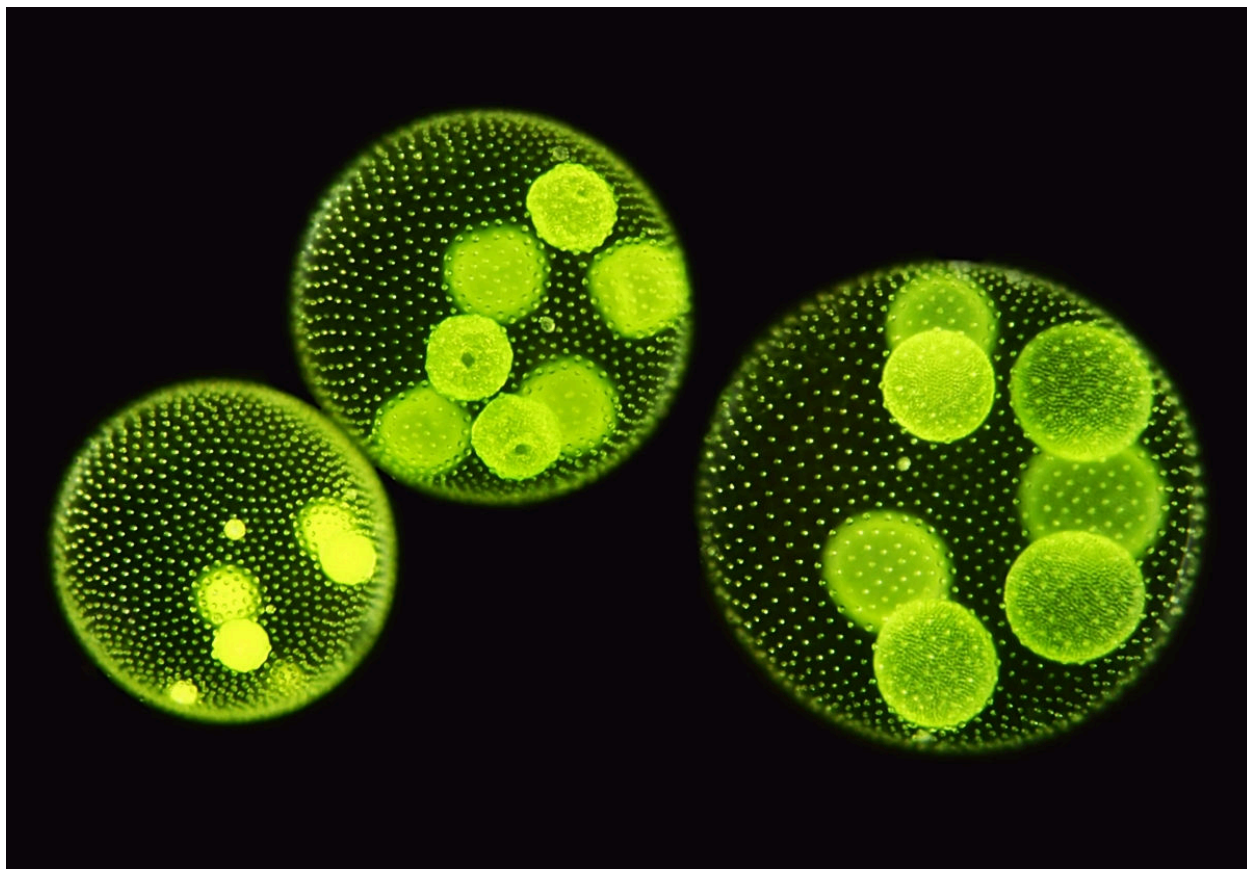


I also like to share some context how the thoughts that I will share came to me. On Saturday, April 11th, 2020, the day before Easter, I was riding my bike from our home in Irvine in Southern California to Crystal Cove State Beach. Due to the Coronavirus pandemic we are currently under strict social distancing guidelines. We live in extraordinary times. This means we have

erected virtual walls around our immediate family so that the exponential infection chain of the virus can be broken in our communities. I am grateful that I was able to enjoy a beautiful bike ride to the beach, and then along the beach, and back home. Since beach parking is closed to promote social distancing there are very few people around. You can see it in the picture above. Otherwise, on a beautiful day like this, it would be impossible to ride a bike without creating conflict with the beach crowd that would be there. So this was a special day. As with any crisis, the Coronavirus pandemic creates opportunities. Opportunities for solitude, separation from other people, in a positive way, the opportunity to pursue my own thoughts, untangled from the onslaught of the Internet and all the other media that want to grab our attention. The opportunity to ride my bike, not walled inside a car, feeling the air rush by, the sun on my skin, feeling the oxygen of the clean air absorbed in my lungs, taken up by my red blood cells, carrying it to all the cells in my body. Nourishing my cells and a lot of thoughts. Moving at my own pace, with my own effort, not boosted by a powerful but dirty combustion engine. An engine that destroys a precious resource that the sun helped to create millions of years ago at the same time as it was creating some of the oxygen that I was breathing. Looking ahead, as I roll forward. No screen distracts my focus. I felt connected to Homo erectus, our ancestor. How they must have roamed around all day, walking, taking in their environment, its beauty, its mysteries, trying to make sense of it in their large brains. I was thinking about the future of Homo sapiens and our exponential growth. Growth like a cancer that may be the reason for our final self destruction. Soon. The next catastrophe to hit us. Global warming. The collapse of our life sustaining ecosystems. Thinking about what is important in life. Clean air, clean water, nutritious food, friends, a purpose. Thinking about those who are currently in the hospital, battling the Coronavirus, after a cell in their body opened a door in its cell wall, extending trust to the virus, hoping for nutrition, oxygen, a positive message, only to have its internal replication engine get hijacked to produce more virus, to explode, spreading the virus to other cells, and leading to an exponential growth of the virus in many of the cells in their body. A virus they may have received from a loved one, or a stranger. A body, fighting to get oxygen. Oxygen like what powered my ride and my thoughts. I cried, thinking about the pain of the people who struggle for oxygen after a doctor had to shove a breathing tube down their throat so that a machine can help the body to get oxygen. And those who could not even get a ventilator, dying because the exponential growth of the virus has overpowered our defensive health resources. Even in a rich country like the US. We and our technology are no match for nature's raw forces if they get unleashed and run amok.

Greed, Walls, Doors, Trust, Love

At the beginning of life on Earth there was greed². Greedy molecules who were able to replicate themselves. Greedy molecules who were able to take atoms from their environment, “food”, and energy, to build perfect copies of themselves.



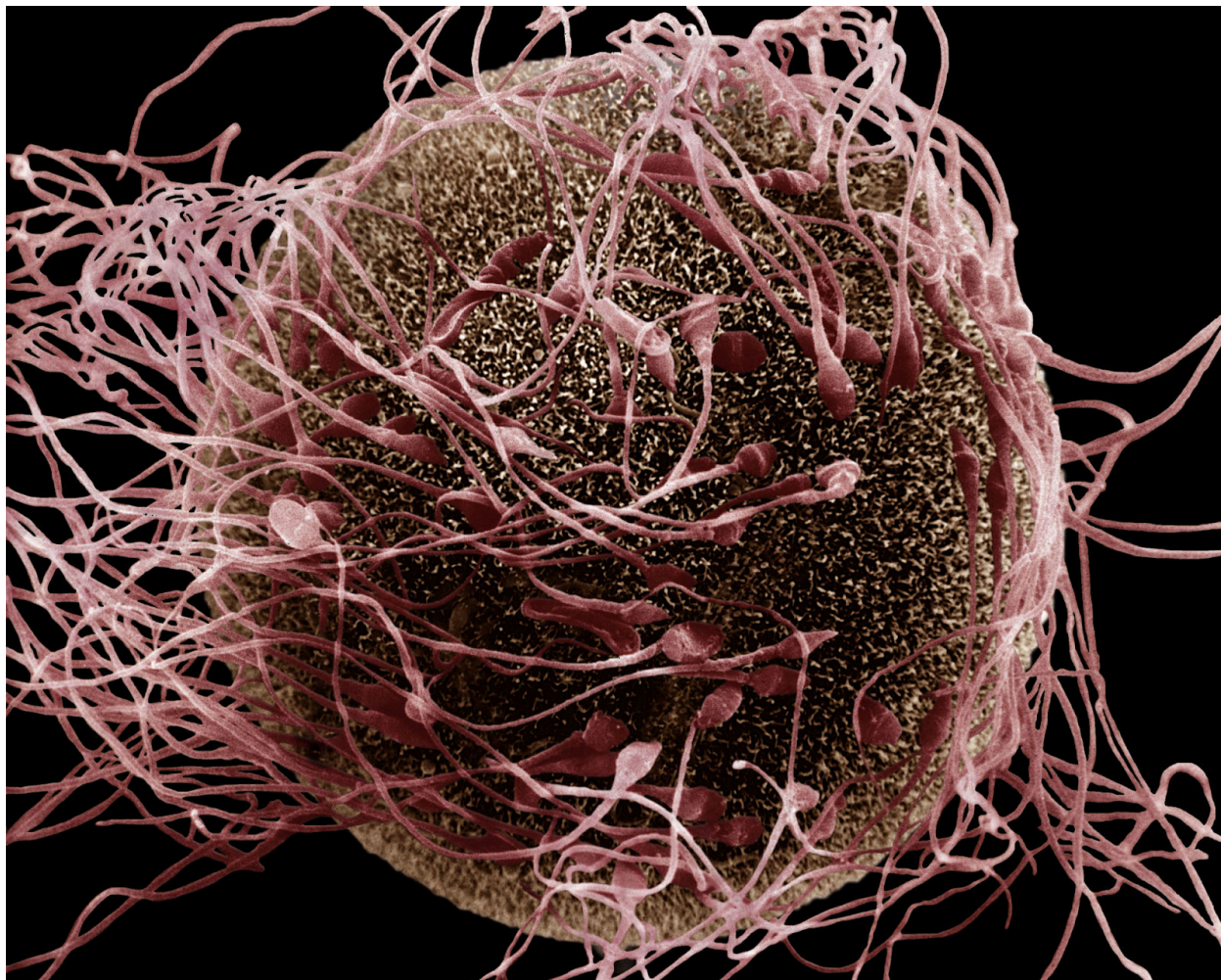
One of the first innovations in the life of the greedy molecules were walls. Cell walls that could protect their precious information. A wall that could protect their delicate replication mechanism from outside forces. Like a virus.

At the same time that walls were invented, doors had to be created. Doors that could be opened to let precious nutrition inside so that cells could replicate themselves. Doors that could let the waste of their metabolism out. Doors that could let valuable information inside, so that the cell could learn from the success of other cells in its family.³ A wall without doors, a hermetically sealed capsule, only works for a dead “it”. It is like a coffin. Doors made the cell vulnerable. Opening doors was always also a risk. So it required trust. The Coronavirus shows us again, opening doors can lead to death. Life needed smart walls to let desired food and information in, and waste out, while blocking predators and bad information.

² If you like to know more of my thoughts about life, please download “The Power of Exponential Growth and the Coronavirus” from www.TheTruthWithHumor.com

³ For example the mechanism that bacteria use to exchange immunity against antibiotics.

Your Journey



At the beginning of our own life, there was love⁴. Love between our parents that helped to create trust, to open doors. There was an ovary, opening a door to release a single ripe egg. Starting a journey, that would most of the time lead to failure. And there were sperm, 40 million to 1 billion. Greedy, looking for their destination. Some find the egg and look for the door, knocking. One finds the door and gets lucky. The door closes forever. Information is merged, defining us. One individual, never created before, never to be created again. Hopefully perfect. Nobody knows. We have to live with the mixed bag that we are. Or die, if the mistakes were significant. There can be more of us. We are all replaceable in one way or another. The fertilized egg, continuing its journey. Finding a receptive place in the uterus. Attaching itself. Starting to create a connection. The placenta grows, the umbilical cord grows. Nutrients flow. Your life can start. The amniotic sac is built. A wall to protect you and provide the perfect

⁴ Hopefully! I know life is not perfect.

environments for your cells to grow. Doubling rapidly over and over. Two, four, eight, ... Forming a heart that starts beating. Life! Organs form, bones, senses, your brain, all expressing the unique information that was assembled from your parents genes. Nine months pass. 26 billion cells. The journey has to continue. The protective wall of the amniotic sac tears up. A door. Are you in the right position? Round head first! Birth. A tight squeeze. Light. Your first breath. Oxygen. You scream. Alive! A milestone is reached. A long journey lies ahead.

Our Journey

This Easter I like to invite you to think about the mystery that created you. The doors that had to open to allow you to move forward through your journey in life. The trust that was extended to you. The trust that you extended to others. The love in your life. How random events made you who you are today.

And I like you to take a look at the big picture, the story of our family, Homo Sapiens. All sharing the same branch on the evolutionary tree. All threatened by the Coronavirus. Walling ourselves in small coucouns at this time to stay safe.

After an amazing journey we have mastered the atoms of the Universe. We can break them down in particle accelerators to understand their ingredients. We can assemble them to create powerful computers and ubiquitous handheld communication devices that let us access all of Homo sapiens' knowledge at the tip of our fingers, on the go, almost everywhere on Earth, our precious home. Knowledge that accumulated over many, many generations. Knowledge that could grow thanks to breakthrough innovations, made by geniuses among our forefathers. And mothers. Writing. Math. Science. Technology. Education. Medicine. Healthcare. It is a long story. Think about all the pieces that had to fall into place so we can be where we are today. Are we grateful for all the sacrifices our forefathers made? Children working in coal mines? Explorers risking their lives. Fellow brothers and sisters enslaved.

Do we behave like good stewards of this inheritance, preserving it for our children and their children? Or are we in the process of risking this inheritance by overexploiting the natural resources that Earth can provide?

I like you to think about walls. The wall that we built in ourselves when we made a bad decision. How difficult it is to admit mistakes. Walls that divide us from family and friends.

The walls that we create in our society. Walls preventing access to food stamps, education, healthcare, safe housing, for many in our society who might have been less lucky than us. At their conception, or later when they fell on hard times during the journey in their lives.

Think about the special rules we create to protect our interests. Are they fair? They may be the law, but are they just?

I like you to think about your greed. The primal force ingrained in all our cells. The will to survive. To take from others to survive. Does it still serve us as a species that is overstretching Earth's resources? Our branch on the evolutionary tree is bending, cracking. When will we all fall?

I like you to think about your legacy. What will you do at this critical time in the history of Homo sapiens to ensure the amazing story can go on?



I like to close with a picture that I saw on a wall in Cologne, Germany. The text translates to:

“The head is round, so that the thoughts can change their direction.”

When you hear frenetic chants “Built this wall!”, I like you to remember how life requires a well balanced mix of walls to keep us safe, doors that allow information and nourishments to come in, and trust, and love.

Homo Greedy does not have much of a future and will squander his amazing inheritance.

This Easter, please remember that Jesus said:

Love each other. Just as I have loved you, you should love each other. Your love for one another will prove to the world that you are my disciples.

Godspeed, Homo Sapiens!

Please share this message with other Homo Sapiens who have a round head.

With Gratitude for your time,

Christian Lutkemeyer