

And so we can think of this book as the book of life, the book that explains not only what is going to be in the future, but what does it all ~~xxx~~ mean? What is the purpose of life? This is a difficult question for the unaided mind of man. To the average mechanist materialist of today man is just like ~~at~~ a little ant who which comes into existence because there are other ants there. These ants produce new ants. The new ants crawl around looking for food. They bring the food together. The a sort of (a) communal life. A horse comes walking by (where are there any horses and the foot tramps on the edge of the ant hill. Hundreds of them are killed. (these days except on It might as well have been another group of hundreds. One ~~any~~ ant hill is ~~xxxx~~ (racetrack s? in a place where there is plenty of food. Another ant hill is in a place where there is hardly anything available and the ants ~~starve~~ starve. Any difference Any meaning in why some succeed and some fail, why some starve and some continue (punc?) We look at the human beings and we find selfishness, greed and misery. We see men who We have a few people in life who are greatly praised because of their great success. For every one who has succeeded there are ten others who have almost succeeded, who have almost reached the top, and failed. In history those who know anything, even a little about American history, are familiar with the life lives of a few of our great presidents. Some know the names of all the ~~pres~~ presidents and a few facts about them, but ~~for~~ further study of American history will ~~w~~ show many men who have gone forward and accomplished a great deal, had a tremendous effect on the country, but who are today practically forgotten. For every great success there are a dozen who also ran, and for every one who attained some measure of success and also ran there are fifty whose lives were humdrum and seemingly unimportant. Are we just like ants that crawl ~~about~~ about, or is there some meaning to it all? Does it really matter what we do? Does what we do really matter? We look at ourselves, and we find lusts, we find cravings for what is wrong. Some of us have tremendous alcohol cravings. Some crave drugs. Some have ~~a~~ a craving for personal self-indulgence. Some know they should serve the Lord but see the good things other people have and feel that they ~~must~~ must be able to live just as well as the Jones in every regard. Some of us are terribly crushed because someone else gets acquires a little more fame, a little ~~more~~ more ~~if~~ if praise