

## “Losing It All”

I’m going to scare you – not with zombies, the latest senseless murder or the thought of weapons in the hands of monsters, homegrown or foreign-born, who given the opportunity would happily unleash Armageddon. I’m going to do it with three words – It’s too late.

We’ve waited too long. Looked the other way. Taken the easy way out. Allowed ourselves to be seduced by high-tech gadgets instead of nurturing and protecting that which makes us human: emotion... compassion... and the ability to communicate in more ways than all the digital devices known to man could ever hope to replicate.

For all their obvious benefits, countless forms of technology that saturate our daily lives have accurately been labeled “interruption machines”. Random data that is limitless and immediately accessible, but serves no positive function, poses a danger to our ability to think. To solve problems. To empathize. To evolve. To elevate our lives.

With every keystroke or swipe of a screen, we become that much more isolated, and thereby, incrementally less human. The cost of a moment’s gratification is our ability to connect on a fundamental level.

Losing the fun of gossiping with a neighbor over the backyard fence. Losing the hours, just sitting, sharing your hopes, dreams and crushes with your forever best friend. Losing the chance to memorize the look in someone’s eyes as they say “I love you”. Losing the chance to listen to the world’s greatest grandpa tell that same story for the fiftieth time and then hearing someone’s voice crack as they tell you he passed away.

Instead of immersing ourselves in the pure delight of our child’s first laugh, first steps, first words – we grab our cell phones to capture the moment, not for posterity and treasured family memories, but to get as many hits as possible on YouTube.

Equally sad is the fact that we are losing the desire to be unique, to stand apart, to shine. Instead, we crawl into the dark corners of a website, content to be anonymous, hidden behind a screen name, cowardly; humiliating and attacking helpless victims whose misfortune it is to cross our paths.

We must find the strength, the courage, the resolve to take back our humanity. That will only happen when we begin the painful process of getting clean and sober. Clearing our minds and hearts of the clutter, noise and shackles of our own making. We must accept the necessity of losing technology. Leaving it behind just long enough to remember and reclaim the human spirit that so many have exalted and made the ultimate sacrifice to protect.

As Yogi Berra once said, *“When you come to a fork in the road, take it.”* Well, we’re there. We have to choose. Do we master the machines or become slaves to them?

So many great pieces of literature have tackled the subject, but none have said it better than this: *“You are my creator, but I am your master; Obey!”* – Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*