

A CONVERSATION WITH MY CELLPHONE

Yeh, the fidget spinners are the latest craze around here. Give them a fidget spinner in one hand and a cell phone in another hand and we can turn them into totally consumed catatonic zombies. Duh, duh you cannot talk to me. I am too busy having a personality conflict with my fidgeting cell phone. Most adults and children today cannot even look you in the eye or talk to you because of their illicit love affair with their cell phone. The biggest misnomer in history is what we call social media today. It would be more properly called anti social media. People do not know how to talk to one another anymore.

I don't have time to talk to you! Why?? Because my cell phone said so!

I don't have to study my Bible. Why?? Because my cell phone said so.

I don't have to fellowship with my brother in Christ. Why? Because I can fellowship with my cell phone instead. Today, instead of earnestly contending for the faith, catatonic, backslidden, zombie like Christians are earnestly contending for and with their cell phones.

I don't have to pray. Why?? Because my cell phone said so. Hello. Who is this? Oh, this is God. Honey, do we have time to talk with God right now? Oh, I don't think so. Can we just text him? God, can you send me a text message and I'll get back to you when I get through with my next session of Candy Crush. Oh, and I forgot. I have a pokemon session after that. God, I sure hope that you don't mind that your at the bottom of my list of priorities.

What do you mean, I am suppose to be redeeming the time? I already spend six hours a day on my cell phone.

Preacher, will you pray for me. I'm getting arthritis in my texting fingers. Preacher did you hear me? Oh, I see your busy texting on your phone.

Hello. Oh, it's the preacher he's finally getting back to me. What do you mean preacher? You say you are getting carpal tunnel syndrome in your texting hand. How in the world are you going to communicate with our congregation. You are kidding me. Get serious. God told you to preach to them? How can they hear except they have a cell phone and how can they call upon God with arthritic texting fingers?

Today we inaugurate CPADD day. That stands for Cell Phone Attention Deficit Disorder. Oh, oh what in the world is that? What?!? My cell phone is being pulled into the machine with my arm attached to it!

Seriously folks, our cell phones have taken total control of us. Years ago, we did not have a clue what a cell phone was and today we get real nervous at even the thought that we might forget our cell phone when we take off to go somewhere. Our cell phones have taken the place of talking to our families, fellowshiping with our brothers and sisters in Christ, but more important our fellowship and communion with God. What a rude world we live in. I would ask you today if God has become an adjunct to your cell phone? An adjunct is something joined or added to another thing but not

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essentially a part of it.

The following is excerpted from “Computer Crystal Meth: How Screens Are Killing Kids’ Minds and Souls,” *The New American*, Sept. 13, 2016: “It’s a common and sad story of addiction. Thoroughly hooked, John began to ignore and disengage from other aspects of his life. His behavior deteriorated, and his personal relationships suffered. But John wasn’t in the grip of drugs or alcohol, and he wasn’t a middle-aged man. He was six years old--and his ‘bottle’ was an iPad. Although the names have been changed, John’s is a true story. His mother, Susan, bought him an iPad in first grade at the recommendation of a technology teacher. He eventually found the popular game *Minecraft*, which the educator claimed was just ‘electronic Lego.’ ... John was hooked. As he became ever more addicted, he began losing interest in reading and baseball, the latter which he’d loved; his behavior deteriorated, and he refused to do his chores. And some mornings he’d even remark that he saw the *Minecraft* cube shapes in his dreams. But life was moving toward nightmare. John would throw tantrums when Susan tried taking the game away and, reflecting permissive modern parenting, she rationalized away her concerns and deferred to his wishes. Then, however, came the fateful evening that would shatter her illusions. As licensed psychotherapist Dr. Nicholas Kardaras, who treated Susan and John, wrote August 27 in the *New York Post*: ‘Susan walked into his room to check on him. He was supposed to be sleeping. She found him sitting up in his bed staring wide-eyed, his bloodshot eyes looking into the distance as his glowing iPad lay next to him. He seemed to be in a trance. Beside herself with panic, Susan had to shake the boy repeatedly to snap him out of it. Distraught, she could not understand how her once-healthy and happy little boy had become so addicted to the game that he wound up in a catatonic stupor.’ Dr. Kardaras points out that it’s no coincidence that tech designers and engineers make the most tech-cautious parents. As he writes, ‘Silicon Valley tech executives and engineers enroll their kids in no-tech Waldorf Schools.’ ... This could remind one of cartel kingpins who push drugs to others while keeping their own homes pure. Yet computers do have legitimate uses.”