WHY I AM AN ATHEIST

Like the vast majority of atheists, I was raised Christian. I dutifully memorized my verses while attending Sunday school and church service every Sunday through high school.

It is a source of embarrassment to me now, that I was able to read such obvious idiocy ... without questioning. What I did, was to blindly accept the parts that I could understand, and ignore the parts I couldn't. But this would prove invaluable to me later on, as it gave me the ability to understand how so many other people could be as naive and unquestioning as I had been.

I was in my early 20’s when I finally realized that the god I had been taught to believe in, could not possibly exist, because that god was in direct contradiction to the evil monster who threatened to torture billions of innocent humans for the "crime" of disbelief. With my religious blindfold finally removed, I saw that there was only one explanation: the whole story must be a lie.

But the power of Pascal's Wager was strong. I considered myself an "Agnostic" for many years thinking that I was "playing it safe" (I thought agnostic simply meant "not knowing" and that if there were a god, he wouldn't punish me for not being sure).

Eventually, a proselytizing coworker forced me to re-examine my beliefs. It became clear to me that I no longer had any doubt ... or fear; I did not believe in god - I was an atheist.

More years passed. My life had been devoted to attaining personal goals and achieving self-satisfaction. I felt I had no power to affect others; certainly not to change the world. I was just going to live out my life, and then die - and thanks for the ride.

Then a world-shattering event changed everything. After 9/11, atheists began emerging from hiding and pouring into the arena for battle. Atheist literature began filling bookshelves. The internet became the main battleground as it provided a degree of anonymity, and therefore safety, not previously available to nonbelievers.

I became obsessed with learning everything I could about science and religion. One book that especially ignited my passion was Atheist Manifesto because it went into detail about the witch-burnings that plagued America and Europe only a few hundred years ago. I realized that, had I been a little boy in 18th century America, there would have been nothing I could have done to stop those devout Christians from murdering my mother; a horror many little children must have experienced.

As my heart was torn in pieces for those poor, innocent women and their families, something within me was growing. It was intense hate. Yes, I understand that hate can be self-destructive, but if controlled and focused, it makes one hell of a fuel.

For the first time in my life, I have purpose: when I leave this cesspool, it will be a better place than when I got dropped into it. Just like the thousands of my ancestors who sacrificed, and even died, so that I could enjoy a life they could never imagine, I will now fulfill my responsibility to future generations.

I have become a warrior who prowls the internet in search of prey; and I have a message for my enemies:

"Don't waste your time trying to find me ... I will find you."