

# The Air Force Kid Update

By Holly Lisle

Aaaaaghh! I should have details, but I am so grateful for what I do have that I'm posting it anyway. Have not heard from the AFK in ages, because he's been doing missions—he warned me in advance that this would be the case, and in theory I should have been at least relatively calm, because he has so far been okay, even while doing missions.

But I'm a mom, and theory falls down hard in the face of reality a lot of the time, and I have been...worried. I'll leave it at that, because my kind of worried does not just drive me crazy, but also the people around me, and, well...yes.

I have been worried.

So.

We went out to dinner at Ryan's yesterday and then, because I wanted to see Ben Stein's *EXPELLED: No Intelligence Allowed*, a documentary in which my personal interest was my distaste for the current trend to teach Darwinism as religion, we went to the movies. We have not been to an evening movie since the midnight showing of *Transformers*. This one was well worth seeing, but I still wish I'd had better timing in pushing to see it.

[ –DIGRESSION FROM THE AFK STORY– ]

I rate *EXPELLED* in two parts, first half, and second half, give the first half a C- for use of emotional manipulation and poor, poor presentation of the actual argument, and give the second half an A- for getting its head out of its ass and actually presenting the issue along with the consequences of the issue, while still unnecessarily defaulting to emotional manipulation when the arguments were strong enough to stand on

their own two feet. I loved the moment when Richard Dawkins, evangelist of atheism, admitted that he could allow intelligent design if we wanted to posit that really, really smart aliens seeded the worlds with life...if THOSE aliens spontaneously generated. (*Aliens, dude? Really? That's the best you can come up with?*)

For my money, the alteration of species over time via natural selection and punctuated equilibrium is well-documented in the fossil record, as well as through observable changes in species on the planet demonstrable in our lifetimes. The spontaneous generation of life from inert primordial soup has not been proven, and until humans can replicate it, claiming spontaneous generation of life as science without one shred of evidence is as ludicrous as claiming that God created the earth in seven days and all life on it in the last few. The instant you demand faith to explain what science cannot, and demand that all other possible explanations be ignored in favor of your faith-based one, you have a religion, whether you get all red-faced and stomp up and down and call it science or not.

[ -END DIGRESSION- ]

Anyway. While I was watching the movie, I missed two calls back at the house from the AFK. *Two.*

So I know that he's okay, and not one damned thing more. **But** I know that he's okay, and that's huge. Not just for me, but for my guys, both of whom I have been driving crazy by worrying.

## **Added some hours later:**

The Kid just got through. They got hit this time out, but everyone is okay. And his biological father—the molester (felony, convicted, plea-bargained down from MUCH worse charges)—is not doing well, and the Kid is having a hard time dealing with it. This particular issue is a lot more

complicated than it sounds. But basically, when the molester dies, it is the death of hope. Hope that the molester will say he's sorry for what he did, that he'll take responsibility, that he'll, even just for a day, be the father and human being he should have been instead of the lying, abusive *creature* he was. The death of hope is not an easy thing to face. Not for any of us.

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