

4 Reasons Why America Could Be Diagnosed as a Nation of Psychopaths

I have witnessed a plethora of news stories and commentary on the death of “Cecil the Lion,” a lion that had roamed freely in a preserve in Zimbabwe. Although I’ve heard the story and the outrage over the alleged illegal poaching of this lion by the Milwaukee dentist many times, I haven’t become jaded about the issue. It would be truly reprehensible if the charges prove to be true that this hunter would either bribe guides to use illegal means, or use guides knowingly who would use illegal means to lure a lion out of a wildlife preserve just to get a piece of taxidermy for the wall. I respect the right of hunters to engage in the sport, provide meat for the family and bond with their sons and daughters around the campfire of a legal hunt. The best practices of wildlife management have long proven to be the greatest support for the preservation of animals, especially the endangered ones. But, I have no respect for hard-core poachers. They are narcissistic lawbreakers who are usually inept at fair-chase hunting. They are cheaters, often willing to squander the life of an animal for money or a trophy.

What is a conundrum to me is the unequal offset in the balance of outrage over the death of Cecil as weighed against the outrage over the thousands of deaths of unborn children whose organs are being illegally harvested for sale in the marketplace of blood money. I was literally sickened as top officials in Planned Parenthood sipped wine and munched on salad as they cavalierly discussed the sale of body parts to undercover pro-life operatives. The idea of being “careful” to crush certain body parts so that others could be preserved for sale is incomprehensible to me. And, “let’s be sure if we want that baby’s brain intact, to crush other things first”—in

essence torturing the baby to death.

I've been alive since before and during the *Roe v. Wade* debates that occurred in 1973. Having heard hundreds of arguments supporting the law, I still can't wrap my mind around the legalizing of a practice based on a false story about "rape" that became the basis for a law that evolved an industry that has short-circuited over 54 million lives since that time.

But, setting aside the moral argument—if that is at all possible—I am perplexed at the hardness of the collective conscience regarding the expansion of moral boundaries in the abortion industry. It seems that as the sacred veil of human life was torn away, the conscience went with it.

In the counseling world, those without a conscience are called "psychopaths" or "sociopaths." In the DSM-5 (the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual for Mental Disorders), the four common traits are as follows: 1) A disregard for laws and social mores; 2) A disregard for the rights of others; 3) A failure to feel remorse or guilt; 4) A tendency to display violent behavior.

Let's see how that diagnosis fits. 1) Even though the law permits abortion, the violation of social mores is ubiquitous. The vast majority of Americans abhors late-term abortions and finds the practice of killing a baby that was born alive during an abortion unimaginably evil. Furthermore, Christians detest the idea of having their taxes fund a practice that is against their religious beliefs. That barrier was once a safeguard and a promise through the Hyde Amendment that "taxes will not be used to fund abortions." Now, the GAO reveals that in the past three years alone, \$1.5 billion has been spent on "reproductive health care"—code for abortion.

2) The second element of this psychopathology: I can't think of a more apparent disregard for the "rights of others" than

to discount the human life in the womb. However, again setting the moral argument about abortion aside, why would the beliefs of Christians or the rights of taxpayers, Christian or otherwise, be ignored? Or the laws prohibiting the deliberate intent to harvest baby parts—ignored? There's that seared-conscience issue again.

3) The third element of psychopathic behavior is the inability to feel remorse or guilt. As I listened to pro-choice commentators lament and protest for hours over the loss of old Cecil, I heard nothing from them on the reprehensible and illegal behavior of the abortionists "caught on tape." In fact, when the issue was even addressed, there was often great outrage at the "illegal behavior of the same extremists that bomb abortion clinics and kill abortion doctors in churches." In other words, the wholesale practice of killing babies to harvest fetal organs wasn't the real issue—it's those awful people who exposed it! Remarkable. By the way, Christians and ministers universally renounced the rare but reprehensible violence against abortion providers. The eight people who were killed since 1990 were precious lives too.

4) But that brings me to the fourth element of this diagnosis. Is there anything more violent than crushing, cutting or tearing apart the most innocent and helpless of human life? Life capable of feeling pain? Life with human DNA? Life with infinite possibilities? Life the likes of which God said, "Before I formed you in the womb I knew you; and before you were born I sanctified you, and I ordained you a prophet to the nations" (Jer. 1:5).

Diagnosis: Antisocial Personality Disorder. But, I'm sure the blindness of that disorder would never allow those so diagnosed to see that irony. The apostle John in his revelation once compared those who thought they were "rich and increased with goods" to blind people who were unable to see their nakedness and impoverished condition. That pretty well describes our spiritual condition in America.

As I thought about the narratives over Cecil the lion, it occurred to me that Cecil had a name. A name personalizes the noble creature. We name people, animals and even things that we love or cherish. In the pro-choice narratives about aborted babies, you'll never hear a name. In fact, you won't even hear the generic term "baby." It's only about "a woman's right to choose," or "a woman's body," or, if forced to evoke the idea of the unborn, "fetal mass" or "uterine contents." At least Cecil had a name.

I don't know if heaven will be inhabited with poached lions. But, I do believe heaven will be populated with the souls of millions of unborn babies. On this side of time, their blood cries out from the earth—"How long, how long, oh Lord?" On the eternal side of time, they have a name. And God knows it. He would say of them what He said to Moses one day when he, too, was feeling anonymous: "you have found favor in My sight, and I know you by name" (Ex. 33:17)

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