

# Threat Risk Assessment

A Threat Risk Assessment, commonly referred to as a TRA, is a method used in the field of Information Technology for bringing to light the dangers that a digital system is exposed to. TRAs are such useful tools in the hands of IT professionals that the Truth Beauty and Goodness Commission has decided to adopt the term and adapt the concept to our own assessment of the overall state of affairs on a global scale. A TRA is a living document that is updated as the environment and operational requirements change.

We have broken down our assessment into major categories and dedicated a page to each one.

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# Technological progress and the welfare of mankind.

An overview of the illness of the world, and the path we must take.

Bereft of the noble tasks of our forefathers, cast as nomads upon a concrete desert, and receiving no guidance from the filthy, false neon night, we must somehow undertake to find ourselves, each other, and in so doing fix the broken soul of man. This is no small task. Rather, it is a quest of relentless burden and unparalleled importance. Perhaps then, by merely recognizing the weight of what has been set upon our shoulders, we can take the first step in reclaiming what has been lost....

And, Oh my, what has been lost!

The corner stone of our philosophy must be steel set in granite. We shall build a fortress of thought whose central keep is not any work of man, but instead the mountains themselves. Like a stone with even a hairline crack, any proposition less than entirely and holistically sound will be cast aside, and so shall we become unassailable.

So it begins, humbly:

Technological progress and the welfare of mankind, though they may someday be reconciled with each other in a glorious future, are at present, in no way equivalent. The machine is the great mutilator who has plucked man's head from his shoulders, invaded it with shiny tendrils, and set it, mockingly upon a pressboard cubicle altar - helpless, conquered, staring in submission and thoughtless worship at the master of his own creation. Meanwhile, the body chokes and spasms and bloats and dies in decay. The spine curls and cowers in defeat. Every tumor, every clogged artery, would cry "betrayal!" had they a voice. Lungs that once carried men to heights of ecstasy on their soaring winds now wheeze lifeless, paltry, rasping gasps, as would cause Spanish sailors to throw their horses into the sea. And so the body becomes an undifferentiated mass; a gelatinous blob that is not a servant nor companion of the mind. Now it is a burden: a useless mass requiring excision or incision inevitably, and as hopelessly dependent upon the machine god for its continued existence as the mind which was enslaved firstly.

We are not discussing how man could, or should use technology, but how he DOES use it. The relationship is not defined by moments of transcendent good. Unfortunately, it is defined by the lowest common denominators of human nature. Strength is exceptional. Weakness is commonplace. Men may overcome and excel, but man succumbs to base instinct, at least more often than not, which is decidedly the problem. The lethality of technology is instant gratification. Result, without struggle, atrophies the apparatuses of struggle, both mental and physical. In destroying his resistance to his own impulses, in allowing his patience and self-control to be broken, man is not moving forward, but backward, into an ever more bestial state. Is this progress?

To master your surroundings and lose self-mastery? What consequences does this hold for our surroundings?

As a child, I had a beloved pet dog who chanced to escape from the boundaries we had set for her. We lived in the city, so to keep the animal healthy, it was necessary for us to control and regulate her environment: limitations to simulate the conditions in which the animal's nature had first developed. We provided her with a den and adequate space to run and chase things, even leniency to dig and bury a little. What she was given to eat came in healthy proportion. With her conditions regulated to suit her nature, she lived healthily, though not ideally, for many years. However, upon escaping these conditions, she was dead within a few days. The instincts of the animal did not prepare it for the grotesque abundance of the city. Garbage bag after garbage bag was torn open, and their rotten contents consumed greedily, until she became fatally ill and laid down forever. An animal whose ancient nature led her ancestral species to triumph against scarcity for centuries, brought low and destroyed in days when exposed to grotesque abundance.

All of man's most damaging interactions with technology appear to me as variations on the theme of the gorging dog. His own neurochemistry has deceived him into believing he is facilitating his survival in a bountiful way. Man's environment has changed far too rapidly for suitable adjustments in his instincts to take place. This is a thing that takes generations upon generation of progressive exposure. We eat the high calorie food, that digests most easily (stripped in processing plants of much of its real value) because we are wired, from thousands of years of hunting and gathering, even planting and harvesting, to perceive it as rare and precious. The systems that regulate dopamine don't know what mass production is. It will give us immediate energy, without discomfort, to deal with immediate threats. We have it prepared and delivered to us at the push of a button because this conserves precious time and energy necessary for survival. But what if there are no *\*immediate\** threats? When something is chanced upon that is easy, we must feast, for their will *\*surely\** be famine, correct? Being able to avoid movement indefinitely, while simultaneously feeding ourselves relentlessly, is not a reality human nature was ever prepared to encounter. The energy that was supposed to help us run from wolves, now becomes a waste deposit that would only slow us down. Eventually, it may even destroy our organs and end us that way. So it begins to become clear that the conditions in which we live, do not suit our natures. We are missing something. We are missing struggle of the proportion and type which we were designed to encounter.

Yes, and similarly on a mental level, the ease and relative dissociation with which we are able to perform so many of our daily tasks has robbed us of much of the substance of life; much of the substance of self. The various actions (and the manner in which we perform them) demanded by external circumstances for our survival add up to the internal circumstances we call identity. It is no wonder then, that modern man suffers from an epidemic of emptiness. His storehouse of skill is populated typically by one learned specialty or innate predilection/talent that he has monetized, and the rest of his relationship with the world is button pushing. His identity is thin. Limited. Never fully developed, because so much ability is left untapped in favour of the pursuit of a single, highly specific sub-class of a sub-set of a particular skill. Do not misunderstand me, I am not saying that there is anything wrong with having dominant or primary skills, mastered above others, as passions and personality dictate, no. I am saying simply that the hyper specificity of techno-modern occupations benefits the system, but atrophies the individual.

“What do you do for a living?”

The desk-jockey cubicle commuter consumer replies, “I troubleshoot photoshop plug-ins for eight hours of my day to earn digital tokens. I fulfill a need of the system so I can pay for machines that fulfill my needs.”

“And what do you do for a living?”

The pre-industrial revolution homesteader replies, “I live for a living. Week to week, month to month, year to year, my wife and I, we build fences, wash clothes, till the soil, paint walls, sharpen knives, shear sheep, churn butter, can vegetables, render tallow, butcher meat, brew beer, shoe horses, make furniture, hunt deer, chop wood, plant seeds, knit sweaters, bake bread.....I fulfill my own needs, to the best of my ability.”

Which career holds the stronger sense of self? Which holds the confidence of independence, and which bears the anxiety of dependence? Which one is stimulating in the most complete way?

Which person experiences his humanity, his existence as a living, breathing part of nature, to its fullest and most profound extent, by testing his limitations against the demands of survival?

There are many tasks, once performed with the simplest of tools over a long time, that are now performed in a shorter period of time using much more complex tools. An electric drill does in seconds, what a hand cranked drill does in minutes, but the first hole is the shared work of many men, while the second hole is the work of only a few. What I mean by this, is that many minds contributed to the design and manufacture of the electric drill, such that the end result requires very little effort from the carpenter, but mostly gratifies the engineers and technicians who in various stages brought the electric drill from theoretical schematic to physical reality. A hole was created in seconds, but numerous adjoining skillsets own the result. With the hand drill, the result is owned by, perhaps, two men: a blacksmith and a carpenter. The electric drill asks little, but gives little in return. The hand drill asks much, but in return gives strength, skill, and satisfaction. One contributes much to self-mastery, the other contributes little. Which is better for the advancement of man? In deciding how a task is completed, it is now, perhaps more than ever in history, imperative that we consider not only the speed of the result, but the mental and physical impact the particular operation has upon the individual.

Now, I do not mean, at all, that power tools should not exist, or not be owned, entirely. Certainly there are times when they hold a very real survival value; when their use is the difference between life and death. I will reiterate: It is man's relationship with technology that causes the destruction. We are not blaming the spoon for obesity, and likewise, we will not blame the machine, as a lifeless object, for the death of craftsmanship. That being said, every piece of technology has a networth, and there are many instances where its liabilities exceed any positive value. There are no uses of household utility for a nuclear bomb. It is our responsibility to understand the choices we make and the FULL extent of their ramifications. It is our responsibility to exert will over our impulses, and cultivate the discernment to know when the chisel or knife is the best option holistically. We must recognize that the will of man was not prepared for the exponential rate of technological change over the past two hundred years, and now even more acutely in the past few decades. In our

adjustment and repair of this relationship with our own creation, the work done on our selves is the greatest share, since we ultimately decide what technology exists and how it is used.

Techno-modernity has amplified the evils of self-indulgence upon the Earth to a hitherto unknown extreme, and we have become ill, physically and mentally, because of those evils. Every need and base desire is instantly gratified through appeal to the work of other men. Our need for food, drink, recognition, companionship, sexual gratification, warmth, shelter, clothing, entertainment - it comes to us instantly, mass produced and lacking depth or conviction, through screens and buttons, and leaves us empty, fragile and depressed, because deep down we know we deserve none of it, and are owned because of it. We know we have forsaken self-mastery.

Are we to continue on this course of subjugation forever?

To escape the prison of comfort we have engineered for ourselves, to heal our bodies, but especially our minds, we must go to war with our own corrupt impulses. We must undertake a great pilgrimage, not to any physical location, but in to the past, where mastery lives eternally. We must redefine pleasure to correlate directly and only with effort. We will find the old paths of the hunter, the warrior, and the builder, old as the stars, carved into the firmament above. We go to history in search of wisdom, and from it, we will carry forth the pillars of a new religion - a religion of strength:

“Let he who hath trials rejoice, for in them is the means to strength.”

We must relish the hard road with fervor.

We will make ourselves choose the food we know to be best, not the one we crave.

We will cook it ourselves. Grow it or hunt it if we can.

We will learn to love it for what it does for us.

We will not drive when we could walk, run, or hike.

We will not look for the quick fix, when we could learn a skill.

We will not skim read.

We will not avoid confrontation when there is a wrong we could right.

We will not buy something when we could make it, or do without it.

We must not let things be done for us which we could do ourselves

We must introduce blessed, life affirming physical struggle into our lives, so that we may build ourselves up. We will breathe free air atop Crom's mountain, free from the disorienting smog of mechanized industry. Now is the beginning. The path of re-uniting mind and body starts at the Temple of Iron; the overthrow of technological subjugation begins with discipline.

Let us go forth, shunning weakness and decay, and embrace the one true joy to which a man may ascend - the will to overcome himself.

Adapted from: [The Daily Barbarian](#)

# Humanity has become hostage of advertisement.

You see it by yourselves what most different and beautiful products, goods, and articles are manufactured in the world, how all this is being presented in glamor to your eyes and ears, how all this is being pressed upon you so that your mind would be ever more tempted to seek these things with all the efforts possible. And that you call advertisement. Advertisement is your self-destruction, rejection of your real self in the name of the slavery to illusion. You do not even think that every commercial run is imprinting into your sub-consciousness one more vibration, a low vibration, not yet conceived by your consciousness, to direct your efforts to seeking similar things. It is not necessarily the definite things shown in commercials. Maybe these ones are not within your reach, but it is possible to purchase not that attractive, not that fashionable thing, but a simpler one. But all the same you are being pressed by an idea – to buy.

The commercials, being offered by you in order to knock at your consciousness, thru your sub-consciousness, make use of a multitude of subtle things that are even unnoticed by your ordinary eye, but your sub-consciousness registers them – some advertised article is presented in such a manner as if it were your closest friend, if a commercial is on a bigger product, let us say, an automobile, then it is its swift thrust, aggressiveness, that is emphasized for it is this type of a commercial that attracts the people of a similar character.

This is a means of deception invented by you that has also enslaved you. Now you are not able to liberate yourselves out of the slavery of commercials because for those who make and run them they bring a big fortune. And even though it violates man's free will you cannot change anything to eliminate it from the television or radio programs. And the valuable programs according to you are namely those that run the most expensive commercials. And it is of no importance that they are disliked by some of you, but you are still dancing your death dance within the commercial whirlpool, and you do not even ponder that this dance is real, that it shall have tragic consequences to all humanity.

You are still little and inexperienced children therefore you do not have anyone to counsel with, you do not have a wiser and loving family Father that the children have in their family so that whenever they do not know something right away they run to him and ask him. Now you are the fathers of your children while you have not yet discovered your own real Father within yourselves, and therefore you are playing a very dangerous game with a fire that shall burst a blaze. It has already been lit up only you do not see it yet since the fire is ablaze still in your sub-consciousness, however, when it breaks thru to your consciousness it will be, in any way, impossible to put it down without running casualties. And the suffering shall touch all; absolutely all; even the most innocent and beloved little ones of yours who do not know anything about the commercials.

Taking all humanity hostage of advertisement when even the time of the world sport events is agreed with the whims of one television that has purchased the broadcasting rights as you put it, when you have no mechanism throughout the world as to how to get delivered from this trap of the commercials, this way humanity is doomed to experiencing a disaster all over the world. The low vibrations of the producers and broadcasters of commercials striving for a profit to themselves only, and as big as possible at the cost of all the others, are being emitted by the those who make the commercials and who broadcast them both as individuals and as groups, and even more, these low vibrations are also emitted by the commercials themselves that are being broadcast throughout the world. And thus each person watching these commercials is impacted by these very low vibrations that sink into the sub-consciousness of any viewer or listener. And they are accumulating in all the time. And there are moments when they also reach the level of consciousness, but only for a short while. During these moments the viewer or listener begins to feel irritation that the commercials do not allow him to watch quietly some program, movie, or sport broadcast. It is an evidence of the fact that there are plenty of the low vibrations accumulated in his sub-consciousness. The more so that even certain programs also add their own ratio of their vibrations. Some of them produce the higher vibrations while others produce the lower ones. And those programs that show the achievements of the human selfish ego, and it is all the sport broadcasting that belongs to this type of programming, make these low vibrations still stronger. And all this chain of the low vibrations is destroying the human physical health in a similar way like the drugs or bribing; and not only of an individual separately taken but also of all society, and of all humanity. And it is destroying their health and even their chance to physically survive.

In addition to this, advertising, like any other selfish activity, has a tremendous impact on the human genetic fund. Therefore, those of you who regularly watch commercials or films of violence or any other programs that are abundant with passion, fighting, and any other type of promoting a selfish human animal ego, are running a risk that your children and the children of your children shall be born weaker and less immune to illnesses in comparison with the ones if you did not watch such programs.

These things have not been explained to you up to date therefore you have been behaving unwisely. The time has come to think not only about the goals of your life but primarily to think about how to replace them by the qualitative ones. Such is the reality that you do not see for you live in illusion that erroneously you take for the reality.

And very scarce number of you shall manage to liberate themselves from this illusion because only too few will believe my words; but only at this moment. The time shall come when the reality of my words shall be witnessed by your own personal experience. Only it shall be painful and shocking to you. But the other path was unacceptable to you therefore you shall have chosen this experience by yourselves while I have offered you an absolutely different path – The Father's path. And it is only while walking on it that man is protected even from these very low vibrations that currently so mercilessly and destructively are being emanated from all the commercials.

You already know of the harm of the radioactive rays to man's body, even though you cannot feel either their scent or taste. The body is unable to register them. However, you begin to protect yourselves from them. Meanwhile, you do not feel the low vibrations that are emanated from the



commercials, and the other programs of the selfish human animal ego, and you do not even know anything about them at all. Therefore, their danger is much bigger for they envelop all the planet, since television is now popular throughout the world, rather than some one definite place. And the on-line commercials and entertainments offered to the human animal ego are catching up with television at a very fast step.

Source: <http://www.urantija.lt/en/books/view/655>

# The failure of superhero films.

So, every day I pray for a hero.

By this point, most of us are aware (at least to some degree) that our surroundings in modern society are bloated and saturated with stimulus designed to exploit our natures to the end of producing a sale, a vote, or in some other way manipulate us into the surrender of the self. From nearly the moment we wake to the moment we are asleep, we face volley after volley of advertising. Like a slow and relentless mugging, the shadow of greed stalks us, endeavoring to transfer every last scrap of our wealth, power, and autonomy into the cold clutches of some corporate ledger, and ultimately into the hands of people who are neither our friends nor family, nor even view our existence favourably. We know that the tactics of conquest used against us, more often than not, require our weakness to succeed; that is, our inability to resist the lure of instant gratification, particularly in the base realms of food and sex, but also ego and comfort. However, not every campaign against us succeeds by simple moral failing. Some of the most insidious exploitation is not that which is set against the lowest parts of human nature, but actually the highest. One such case is the current prevalence of the superhero genre in film, primarily through Marvel and DC.

Mankind needs heroes. Or rather, I should say, mankind needs to *\*believe\** in heroes. Yes, heroic legend is a requirement of the soul. The first form of education ever available to man, was simply the experience of other men, retold, as stories. As countless generations around the campfire pass, the best deeds (heroic) and worst deeds (villainous) are naturally selected, as the numerous mediocre are filtered out, providing a guiding light to survival. The result is oral tradition, and the very fundament of culture. From it, we learn what can be, and from knowledge of what can be, we begin to distinguish good from evil, which ultimately guides our actions, and over time, translates into identity. The campfire becomes a hearth, and the home is built around it, just as oral tradition is written down and society is built around it.

“Fairy tales do not give the child his first idea of bogey. What fairy tales give the child is his first clear idea of the possible defeat of bogey. The baby has known the dragon intimately ever since he had an imagination. What the fairy tale provides for him is a St. George to kill the dragon.” - G. K. Chesterton

A culture which does not have heroes and villains does not have identity, and as such is not really a culture at all. Post-modernism is this absence of culture. It is a bestial state. Open, but empty, confused, and terrified; each person out alone, staring into the void. No hearth. No warmth. No guiding light. Everything, and ultimately nothing. Modern man seeks the bonfire for even just a whisper of the path that greater men before him have taken, because modern man's greatest and most painful need, is to be shown how and why to live. And make no mistake, where there is a need, there is a market.

Enter, the superhero hero film: a rude caricature of ancestral wisdom, designed to capitalize on modern man's desperate search for guidance. In the Marvel film, the soul detects a faint glimmer of the essence of good and evil, but only a bare minimum, and the majority of the film's substance is useless fluff. The analogy that comes to mind is a Szechuan chicken ball in a recession, where some meat is technically there, but all you taste is dough. Junk food marketed as junk food is less evil than junk food which postures itself as nourishment. Modern superhero films are the latter. It is one thing to say, "I taste good, I alleviate hunger quickly, and I am effortless" and say nothing of your deficiencies, like the marketing for a bag of chips (crisps) or candy. It is another thing altogether to claim that your deficiencies do not exist, like the chocolate covered granola bars or processed peanut butter or sugary breakfast cereals that market themselves as health food with words like "nature" or irrelevant phrases like "part of a complete breakfast" or "gluten free". Corn syrup is gluten free. "One-serving contains 17% of your daily folic acid requirement" as though this were special or significant. No, the Nature Valley chocolate covered granola bar is a worse evil than the Oh Henry candy bar, because in addition to its failings as nourishment, it is also a liar. A pretender. False. Deceptive.

Superhero films fail us by operating on a scale so unbelievable, that they become unrelatable. The best myths, the ones that keep us inspired in perpetuity, are the ones which stretch the truth, only just beyond what we perceive as our natural limitations. This germinates the seed of potential, because such a thing, may after all, be achievable... I would believe a hero, who in an hour of incredible need, jumped higher and farther than any man ever had, if only by a foot or two, but I would not believe, for an instant, a hero who flies. One could make me value the labour of training to jump, but the other will never inspire me to try to fly. Rather than being motivated to greatness, we come away with a sense of being hopelessly ordinary in comparison.

Heroic myth and incredible labour are inseparable. The heroic journey shows us that the hard road is usually the best road (or the only road that leads where one needs to go), and that innate advantage MUST be combined with incredible effort and discipline in order to overcome. The journey to power in modern superhero media is often horribly under-represented. Too often superheroes gain their power through happenstance/chance, rather than through work and effort, or the work and effort is underdisplayed. Training montages are better than nothing, but not nearly enough. To be a lab accident, or a test subject, or a one in a million anomaly, and become immortal is just a power fantasy; to face your fears, to conquer the self, and work relentlessly is heroic. If power is not associated with strength of character and resolve, the story is worthless.

Keep in mind that, not every film is equally bad. Some have far more redeeming moments than others, (For example, occasionally, true self-sacrifice occurs), but the bottom-line is that the genre as a whole offers very little in the way of actionable example. If you witness great deeds and attributes but these deeds and attributes offer zero hope of being replicable, you are simply watching false gods, and at the end your position in the universe will feel just as small and meaningless as it did before, if not more so.

Men need heroes, so that they may have hope and purpose in themselves, and be inspired to grow, learn, rise, and overcome, and thus build identity. In the modern world, our grotesque lack of identity has triggered and amplified this need, but the storytellers who have stepped in to fill the void, are marketed to us with profit as the primary goal. Like fake health-food, we are sold fake

heroes, stories that are all screen flash and CGI and no character building substance. What starts as a search for guidance, becomes an addiction to ludicrous power-fantasy, and a higher desire is transmogrified into a base desire, and the cycle continues until we all raise our standards and just say no.

There came a young man, much like you and I, to a movie theatre one night with his friends to watch the latest marvel film, until about halfway through he began to hear a still small voice inside himself, pleading,

“You must go. Get up and leave this place. You are called to better things. You must go.”

And he clenched his jaw and shut his eyes for a moment, and decided. His friends tried to stop him, to pull him back down, saying,

“Aww, you can't go! At least stay and get your money's worth! Don't abandon us!”

“My time is worth more than the ticket price”, he replied and, with resolve pushed past them.

This young man hadn't found fulfillment in his usual activities with his friends for quite sometime, and he had finally reached his limit. Lost and a little forlorn, he exited the theatre, pulled his hood over his head and began to walk - not with a destination or direction in mind, yet with a sense of purpose, as though he *\*must\** walk. Though he didn't know what he was looking for, he knew he would never again spend money on a marvel production. He crossed several bridges on that forty block walk before a paper sign in a book-store window caught his attention.

“Classics over-stock sale, all soft-covers \$1”

The same voice inside him that had caused him to leave the theatre was speaking again. With clear enthusiasm it said,

“Go in. Here, this is it, this is the place. Go in.”

It took about ten minutes of the young man reading titles before the shopkeep spoke up,

“You look a little lost son, can I help you with something?”

“Well, I uh... I sort of just ditched my friends at the new marvel movie... been wasting a lot of time lately... long story short, I think I might need a better hobby.. or something.”

The shopkeeper gave an understanding nod,

“Listen, you like superheroes, huh?”

“Well I mean.. I used to..”

“I think we can find you some new heroes. They are old heroes, but they will be new to you. Listen, how much was your movie ticket?”

"I think, like, fifteen dollars?"

"Do you have another five on you?"

"Uh, yeah I guess.. why not?"

"You give me five, and I'll choose five books for you. After each one you read, bring it back to me, and if you thought it was a waste of your time, I'll buy it back for five dollars."

If the young man was puzzled before, now he was downright baffled. What had led him here? The shopkeeper was grinning now as he dropped a copy of Beowulf into a bag.

"So what is the catch?" the young man said.

"You are the catch, son. You left a comfortable theatre with your friends to pursue something you don't yet understand. Your type is rare, and I know you aren't going to stop at five books. You'll be back for more, and by then you might just have the strength to bring some friends with you. You see, this bookstore, we're about to go under. This whole thing really.. reading, I mean... knowledge, thought, civilization, all of it is about to go under. So, every day I pray for a hero. And everytime someone walks through that door of their own accord, I have take the chance that my prayers have been answered."

Adapted from: [The Daily Barbarian](#)

# The harm of modern sport to humanity.

You are playing down the sport achievements that you have made into a dirty business by traumatizing athletes with stimulating additives and harmful ideas. And to make the athletes into unthinking men-animals you have set up big preparatory teams – different coaches, doctors, psychologists, massagers, managers, drivers, and many other support people so that your man-robot would show the best possible performance and would bring a profit into your own personal pocket. And chemical factories make their own contribution to this dirty business by manufacturing, against the Father's will, such products that suppress the brain activity by artificially stimulating blood and muscle activity within an otherwise already exhausted body of this man-robot who does not think about the deeper consequences to himself and even to all humanity.

And you have subdued your undeveloped mind to such functions that these events would be seen by the greatest possible number of spectators, and you have even designed for the purpose the copyrights to show them for enormous money to the whole world by means of just one television company. And by this you do desire to involve even a bigger number of people in the participation of this absurd and man-degenerating performance.

And it starts affecting, to a very high degree, the sub-consciousness of the children who watch these spectacles because they also, gradually, begin to desire this sort of glamor. And as they grow, their parents make their own contribution to this end by stimulating their children's attitude, already distorted, once they offer their own concepts as to how their children might find a better place in their life.

Therefore, the whole system of any competition, currently in existence, is harmful to all people, starting with the psyche of children and ending with that of the grown-ups, and it is degrading their consciousness to the low vibration level that is destructive to the soul and that is killing their own inner peace and from which it is becoming ever more difficult to rise.

When I lived in the flesh, still as a child, I visited, together with my father, the Greek city of Scythopolis. That was the first big city that I had seen. My father was showing me the beauties of the synagogue but I took notice of the youth sport games taking place at that time. And I asked my father to take me there to watch them. My father, like all the Jews, looked upon any physical competition of the gentiles with contempt. They considered that for those who believed in Jahve it was inappropriate to care so undivinely for their physical beauty and compete. However after my steadfast persuasion my father gave in. We went to the amphitheater of Scythopolis where the youth sport games were taking place. And I was thrilled by them so much that after the games I even offered to arrange similar sport competition for the youth in Nazareth. I had never seen this sort of competition before because nothing of the kind had ever taken place in Nazareth. And it really appeared to me that our boys would enjoy it very much. However, my father flared up at me

so much that he lost all his self-control and started shouting at me: "What liberties do you permit to yourself? You, the ignorant, do you think that our chosen people of Jahve might be seeking after such ungodly, invented by the gentiles, absolutely inappropriate to us, mean sights? I do not want to hear from you a word about similar games staged in Nazareth." I was stunned by my father's behavior since Joseph was a loving father, and of a calm temper. And here he was flaring up with such thunder on the head of the twelve-year-old boy that I could not recognize him. And I could not support his thoughts.

However, my idea that such competitions, which are currently being held, are unnecessary and even harmful to humanity, by no means match the quality of Joseph's idea that no games are necessary. Games must go on. They are necessary. Only they need an absolutely different quality – they must be staged for a pleasant inter-association rather than competing for prizes, for money. There must be no estrangement after the competition. After some sport event is completed the athletes must sit down together and share their experiences as to how they have participated in the event, what they have achieved and what they have failed to achieve and why, what they can tip each other in order to show a better performance.

And there must not be such a strict separation of spectators from athletes. Spectators must be allowed to walk freely and stop wherever they want to listen to the conversations among athletes. And they might also express their own ideas as to what they enjoyed in the event. The core of any competition must be inter-association. It is not a striving for the goal – a victory – at any cost, even at the cost of degenerating man, of becoming a robot, but rather the very process that contains in itself both participation in the sport event, and the discussion of it among themselves and together with spectators that makes the soul more lively than merely a momentary joy to a small group of people.

And the time shall come when the dirty, harmful, and destructive business of sport disappears due to your opened up soul as it shall experience the love of the Father and by no means it shall be able to participate in this immature action that, today, makes up all sports competition beginning at school and ending at what you call the top level professional sport.

By this sort of competition you are chopping off the branch you are sitting on.

# Democracy is worn out.

When I was in the human flesh among you, I saw a better political and economic structure of the state and the path to achieve it. However, to speak about democracy under the conditions of slavery was too-blinding a thing. Had I hinted at least a single word of it then you would have taken that word for holy and irrevocable; the way fairly many of you still consider the Bible to be the holy and irrevocable word that is not allowed, in any way, to be supplemented, expanded, or changed. Even now as I have left with you no word about democracy you still look upon it as the best way of adopting any decisions. Therefore, I have also told you now, and I am telling you again, that the resources of democracy have been run out and the time has come to think it over and replace the outdated concepts by the highest ones, for you are mature enough for them.

All evolution up to date, within which man had already become the key figure, has been providing man a growing development all the time by means of the ability of his mind, its application in industry, and by ever better decisions he has been making. Now the time has also come for you to make such a new quantum leap similar to the one made by your ancient ancestors while changing one social order by another, by a better one, of a higher level, and matching a higher level community. At the present time you are experiencing the very beginning of such a stage of a spiritual transformation, of a spiritual quantum leap, that might even cause a shock to fairly many of you. And still such an evolutionary progress is inevitable. To have it going more smoothly I am giving you this teaching. I want to comfort you that this spiritual transformation is not invented by you. It is provided by the evolutionary plan of the Father. When one part of it is implemented then another one is started, and necessarily a higher one.

However, those of us who are on a much higher level, merely watch your evolutionary process and assist it, but we cannot grow and develop instead of you. Therefore these quantum leaps do not happen at the same time and everywhere on the same scale. But they are irrepressible as is the energy of the Father's love reaching your souls that are blooming for a greater evolutionary level within themselves. And the greater the number of souls blooming out within themselves, the more members of the society who also experience this manifestation of the higher spiritual level in their interrelationships, and in all the decisions made, on all the levels, and all the time.

It is only then that you shall know to whom to entrust the leading of the country, what people you shall commission with this marvelous and noble spreading of the divine love and light to all Lithuania. It is only then, and not sooner, that you shall comprehend and feel within yourselves that a spiritual aristocracy has nothing to do with your fake concepts on the human aristocracy, governed by the low spiritual vibrations, and that is clinging to the ostentatious body manners and pretentious behavior rules, and that puts on, from without, nice clothes but does not have the Father's light within, does not feel the Father's love that would transcend all artificial requirements of the outer affected manners and clothes.

A spiritual aristocracy is the only type of aristocracy in the whole of the Father's, and our, creation that is radiating the Father's love to all without awaiting any reward for it, that serves all without



even cherishing the slightest idea about a reward for this service, that goes to where no one dares to go, that shares everything with the whole, and even breathes this very sharing – spreads love, goodness, truth, mercy, even though it is being slandered by some for this very spreading, even though it is being jeered at, and accused of this very spreading, that knows for certain the direction to the Father's love and light for all – to discover the Father within, to set up a living relationship with a living Father indwelling each – and it is even already steadfastly walking on this path itself, that never, under any conditions, violates the truth, and that it is still spreading the energy vibrations of love being received from the Father, to its accusers, slanderers, and malicious brethren even at the time of the unjust accusations against it. It is only these brethren of yours that can ensure a spiritual revival and political-economic flourishing of Lithuania, and of the whole world, by means of service and cooperation.

# Democracy is the grave-digger of your future.

The model of democracy being promoted by your politicians is leading to suppressing your initiative and to elevating mediocrity. It is under these conditions that the whole is being split so that any of the divided groups would impose its decisions on the whole, and which definitely does not conform to the law of the Father's love. And that is felt by the major part of your brethren who have a deeper insight. You begin to realize that political parties are seeking their own group interests, that they are corrupted, that power has sucked in all the possible mud of humanity which is nothing else but corruption and has become the main engine of democracy.

Human mind, unthinking and failing to comprehend the cause-action-consequence principle of the Universe of the whole of Creation, also fails to realize how to get out of this situation.

Democracy is the grave-digger of your society, while you are holding the shovel in your own hands, each of you who refuses to think in the love vibrations of the Father. Therefore, politicians are making use of you as a cover to expand corruption throughout the world.

A democratic society had a progressive goal at its initial stage, when slavery did not allow man to speak out his mind and to have his own say while making a decision. When slavery was abolished, with time, democracy started blocking the community's spiritual and even moral, economic, and political development.

Take a simplest example: If you have attracted a substantial number of those in support of your idea to have a one-vote majority in voting, your idea wins, and it has to be accepted even by those who see its erroneousness, and even its harm.

You are capable of perceiving that the right idea might be voiced even by one man, while all others might err. And in no way shall he implement it into deeds by means of a democratic way. However, if he manages to convince others, one by one or in groups, and even worse to reward them for the future support of his idea, then his idea will be accepted by winning the vote. But the idea has not in the least changed. Merely those who make decisions by voting, influenced by different means, have achieved the majority and allowed this idea to spread out its wings.

That is why democracy is the seat of corruption, or its instigator. And the old saying that democracy is being cursed by many but nobody has invented anything better very soon must be replaced by the autocracy of spiritual leaders, if you desire to survive as the society, as humanity.