

## Glorious Dependence: On Timely, Personal Economy

By Mr. Stanisław N. Barua

### ***Light and time – good pointers home***

Would you have guessed that your life's very happiness depends on whether you perceive time as both a cyclical concept and a linear concept? Cyclical Time and Linear Time reveal how you approach the rudiments of economy. No, not so much economy as a fiscal concept, but economy – or more exactly, its Greek original οικονομία, which literally translates to, and denotes, *order in the home* – as a key to cogency, to heaven.

These reflections, by a cinematographer with no sociology or theology degrees, do deliberately use the tortured expression beloved by 1984-esque doublespeak. I pontificate on paradise at a time of macabre dances around the truth of our origins, and of our contingency. Linear and cyclical words are my assault on the online castle that Sci-Fi has built in your very mind. The art of cinematography is ever more soiled; its basic tools – light and time – still promise cogency, but via repackaged, false ideologies, which mesmerizingly yoke special effects to assorted old sins. Onscreen and offscreen, the ties light has to life are mocked, cut. Good word obscured, the plot seems lost. But is it?

In one form, light is electromagnetic radiation travelling through space – a traverse, electric and magnetic wave, one practically without medium. In another, a stream of particles, photons without mass – vector mesons and quark-antiquark pairs – both particle and wave. In “pure act”, the nature and beauty of light is beyond language. Good cinematographers used to sense that.

What good is our capacity for “thinking in time”, to begin with, if not to give both it and us joy, proper order, the purity to action? Where time begins and ends – for you, for us – defines you, defines us. Your perception of time does have incredible impact on the way you organize your life, because it has bearing on your sense of contingency, ultimacy, but also free will. A pseudo-linear concept of time with an indefinite past, a distended present and a truncated future already denatures God's Creation into self-mediated holograms. Does time have to be experienced to be real, “immersive”, to be without sophistry and neologisms requiring an “Earthish–Earthish Glossary”?

### ***An appetite for the ambiguous***

Six seconds from now, you will be living in the future, and the present will be in the past. True, if your time is contained simply by psychological ramifications. The real present may only be a sixth of a millisecond, if you wish to be electromagnetically, electroencephalographically precise. If you want to measure the present only per the firing of electricity between the neurones in your brain, then your reality and language strangely mimic Generalized Nondeterministic Finite Automata.

How badly do you want to manipulate time, want time to stop, want to stop time? Would you have the past return over and over again – if it could? We seem bent on perceiving the reality of being only within the reality of the ramifications of time, and we have increasing difficulty perceiving a reality of the personal outside the confines of space. Why this invasive loss of light?

The cinematic “frame” – the elements enclosed within the invisible cone protruding beyond the camera’s lens – is built of essentially two elements: luxems – light; and cinemes – the cogently physical pieces combining with these luxems. This division by the late Polish director of photography Jerzy Wójcik ties light and matter mostly to intuition. The resultant “shot” was not to be understood off camera operation but, essentially, as something akin to the *nakira* of the Mangbetu of north-eastern Congo; *nakira* understood as “the sudden thought before an act, which often turns out well”.

Humans act differently and according to the cycle within and without us; we did once comprehend the trajectory of such and other aspects of nature. Now, there is the tendency to imagine pagans of the distant past – and of a past not distant at all – as blithely unaware of the linearity of time, bereft of its consequence, yet magically cogent. There is thus the temptation to link distant and current such cultures to an entirely happy cyclical chronology, where time elapses only as sympathetically “sustainable” recurrence. Antithetically, Christians get wickedly lashed to either exclusively linear, unhinged mindsets, or to cyclical processes of regrettable recurrence, not only of day and night and seasons, but of ageing – of restless envisaging. So, where cyclicity and chance eclipse linearity and ultimacy completely, the old myth of the forest-and-savanna-dwelling Noble Savage reappears, and begets Environmentalism, Pachamama, Avatar, and – unavoidably – Aliens. Totally 5G concatenation.

Adherents of assorted paganism contend that “ancient” and tribal cultures had their eyes fixed on cyclical seasons much more clearly than today’s “post-Western monoculture” does. Despite agnostic, Scientistic and Marxist converts’ easy bandying of years into billions and eons, their cultures’ icons’ time is exceedingly linear, and short – and rarely happy. With no rest in sight, Sundays abolished by new Jacobins, graffiti on a New York public toilet wall transcribes these religions well: “time is something that nature uses, so that things don't happen all at once”; 5G + graphene oxide help too.

So, is it *all* about “maximal capacity and minimal lag”? What gives time meaning? Who does? Is it the prospect of a future? Can urban graffiti explain why you have a calendar? Urbane music already juggles “sophisticated” psychiatric, neurological pangs of memory loss, déjà vu, guilt, regret, with sheer ontological chaos. Kantian and Jungian pathologically gross relational distortions divorce representation, imagination, and observation from objective truth; light is cut from its source.

### ***Define dancing***

Humans are the only earthly beings really preoccupied with time. The human being needs time both for the restitution and for the affirmation of reality, of value, for the restitution and correct affirmation of self. For most men, one could say, there is no progress without time, no hope for possibilities, no reason to seek to be. PreCogs who swap time for noise and screens cannot *be* even with themselves. Thus, our fixation with time is not just an emotional, intellectual, cranial exercise but also – and quite inescapably – a spiritual, religious act. Without the *whole* of time, there is no hope. And you do need hope, without which you cannot reconcile fact, truth, past, present and future, without which you cannot satisfy the urges propelling you to see the eternal through the temporal. Especially if you are – excuse me – godless, you need that latest fact-checked, self-actualizing, ever metastasizing reason to be, that newest “human right”, that ultrasafe cause for life.

Don't you, *ghola*?

*Penye wazee, haliharibiki neno*, my Mijikenda relatives say – where the elders are, word doesn't rot. A Congolese Mangbetu elder's ability to coordinate body movements with music, to hold a steady beat, to perform with a style that captured the attention of his people signified not just cognitive maturity but his ability to rule. As the dancer's body "does not lie", thus their *Mzee's* character is laid bare. True dance always inscribes patriotism. Hence, both dance and patriotism precipitate riot by anarchist and derision by globalist, each hating that which hails boundary, patrimony, matrimony, deference, coherence. Common knowledge, of course; European aristocracy participated fully in the grand balls at princely palaces, expressing just that. Today, long after monarchic, natural οικονομία, attendants at pseudo-distinguished raves *don't* judge their rulers' cognitive development on the Public Health Minister's and Radiotelephony or Cybervirtualization Minister's coordinated footwork.

They ought to. Deoxyribonucleic acid chains don't dance.

Where does the drive to blossom, the desire to grow, the passion to thrive, the need to have order in *your* home come from? Whence comes *your* breath to live, surpassing that to survive or to but invigilate, to be unlike non-human living beings? Would you *love* life were it not for your singular awareness of time and ultimacy? Such sentience is not nearly enough. In its sheer act, dance points beyond tempo, to congruity. Similarly, filming ought to be an act beyond shooting self and others.

You must live with an awareness of finality, a certainty of death – whether you comprehend Creation or whether you have embraced arbitrary happenstance, Darwinism. Why are you paralyzed, why do you despair, say when the Wuhan viral flu transfixes you with doom, terrifying you that your time is at an end, that there is no hope? Time brings its ever new – and ever old – questions.

What's the trouble with internalizing, domesticating despair? You must have, surely, asked what is wrong with telling one another that individuals are insignificant, that *you are nothing*. Why is nihilism wrong – and why does every rightly formed conscience know it? How, lately, is the difference between psychopathy and apostasy defined by public university-level professorship? And, is it?

Dance presupposed a spectator if not a partner, at the very least. *Penye wengi, pana Mungu* – where there are many, there God is – is one misleading, Swahili comment on God being present where there's a multitude of us. Is the congregationalist throng at a village lynching inevitably blessed? "They're not dancing", you may retort. Orwellian cults tend to turn the masses ghostly, preferring that cognitive maturity be hidden under bushels. Their ubiquitous personality cults barely tolerate dancing partners. Dragnets for unwanted non-spectators aim to convert rivals into faceless spectator-pawns, appeasing them with a pounding rhythm. When this *Mzee* wins, the spoils are his only. And, as in communism and socialism, the masses' heavy losses are by definition without owner. Neopagan cult does thus have strong bolshevist tendencies, with fatherhood compromised by polygamy's – and serial monogamy's – ever-derivative premeditated promiscuity and sanctioned duplicity. Contrarily, Christ makes crystal clear authentic, universal and faithful contingency: assemblies only as are gathered in *His* name and authority propitiate divine presence.

*For where there are two or three gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.*

*Bible, New Testament, The Gospel of Matthew, chapter 18 verse 20, Douay-Rheims translations from Latin Vulgate, by Catholics of the English College, (Rheims, 1582).*

But, put arbitrary happenstance for Revelation, selection for contingency, self for God, and you not only kill cinematic "frame". DOPs Witold Sobociński and Mieczysław Jahoda threw a warning to cinematography students who would unthinkingly shoot with cameras, at the Polish State Film & Tv Academy in Łódź: "*Naciskasz guzik i leżysz* – you press the button and you're dead". Cameras, dance, time, space, light are not toys; they register and transmit much more than photogenic "frames".

### ***Shape and content***

It is an acquired distrust of intrinsic and personal value that leads millions to run into Stanisław Lem's "phantomatic" arms at "a screen near you". This cinematography now largely services Fatherlessness, a putrid vision that neither oral nor written word celebrated a few generations ago. Nihilistic happenstance – whose anti-hero resembles you – arrests you, then lulls you. Because cinematography materializes imagination more clearly, more vividly than any other artistic endeavour can, Ridley Scott hypnotizes you. His screen seduces because it deems to manipulate your evolving "trans-human" credentials beyond the confines of time and space. In truth, it does so because you've lost *true* dependence, your overarching sense of *ουκονομία* – your fear of God.

Albert Einstein's General Theory of Relativity, with matter in motion describing the geometry of space-time, leaves you wondering if *persons* can be primary phenomena active here, in nature, in the universe, elsewhere, anywhere.

Rhythm is necessarily linear and cyclical. Without a grasp of this elusive thing called time, you have neither an awareness of rhythm nor an understanding of its purpose, of purpose generally, of destination, of order, of home. Our preference for measure is our very temporal and biotic expression of attitude towards change, towards progress (or regress), ancestry, heritage, and logic.

Only in a world without persons can non-rhythm and chaos-economy reign. When mass, light and time lack ultimacy, lack verifiable Creator, *lack form*, the concept of life has *no sensible content* – just virtual reality, pretend identity, haptic tech, "omniverses". Man's ability to dance is contingent on our ability to talk, man's capacity for language and syntax. Word and language as sinfully malleable now as your unhinged logic and actions, *culture* frequently means 'the horrors rampant in Petri dishes'.

### ***Profoundly mythical***

Your awareness of self as relates to this enigma called time is beautifully intertwined with who others are. A repudiation of your identity built on belonging, dependence, relationship, friendship, compassion – solely because of an acquired ignorance of time – would seem a far-fetched claim. Alarming, yes, but this shouldn't surprise you; linearity and cyclicity not only remember the beginning of time, but their creation (and negation) delineates cosmic – and human – *ουκονομία*.

Here, Winston Smith, are your two options at perceiving this economy:

First, the formless, hopeless way, where there is no God, only time – and some Higgs boson. Tried early and tested in the Persia of the 7th century B. C. – yes, Before Christ's Incarnation – time was raised to the rank of "the absolute", to Zurvan. In that "Infinite Time" God-Creature fusion, space-time is fused together with "God" into "Profundity", and a proto-Marduk appears. It is a neutered

phantom that knows neither good nor evil, neither love nor gender, and pulverizes all being into "cosmogonic myth"; it is another Babylonian Enuma Elish. Reintroduced a little later by Charles Darwin, this same barbarous "scientific theory" pretends to still be alive today, and kicking.

Its unhappy effects? The deification, then dehumanization and animalization of man, and the denaturing of the man-made into the hell-bent, by capping us and our relationships at chemistry, biology, mathematics, physics, and reducing all creational covenant – including time – to Gnosticism and mental limitations: the obsessive "study" of chimpanzees, the fetishization of the elephant, astronomy, metabolism, meteorology, zoology here, the next Large Hadron Collider there, idolized cobots everywhere. Bent on comprehending reality through emotional reactions to the experimental, many have trouble living outside a laboratory. The more data you collect, the more insecure, because animals neither confer humanity on themselves nor on you. With failure to affirm value in the most fundamental, you are beset not just with doubt about eternity, but Malthusian phobias about current self, for which, in turn, you instantly compensate by creating predictability, wearing masks. Gavi's humanized pets, hobbled by chronic, elementary Fatherlessness, opt for unforgiving irrationality. Thus, Turkana Boys and Piltown Men play dead in paleo-artists' hands.

Fantasy isn't science, the flame isn't the fuel, laboratories aren't sanctuaries, vice is not virtue, philanthropy isn't charity, symbiosis isn't sacrificial love, rhythms aren't the sum of worship, pretending that quarks created you is more than queer because godlessness *is* simply inhuman.

### ***Formless and void***

Neither – shocking Protestants and Naturalists alike – can congregationists' *evolving* "God" (by definition, then, *not outside* time and space) be the Triune God. In a plethora of founder-prophets' worlds of desert circumambulation, of intrinsically evil ideation shot through and through by sin, Dead Man Walking is covered by a grace that coerces him past the cruel world "God" begot, predestining humankind burdened by foul body to grow disembodied – oft violently – *with* "Him".

Any political religions' so-called Process Theology has death as a way of getting both man *and* "God" to a "higher level" of being. This error mauls the very essence and meaning of *any* true origin and of objective truth. Mis-creationism *deforms* ontology by presenting our liberty as a derivative of dignity. No, it is truth that makes us free. The Catholic Church defines faith as the adherence of the intellect to the truth revealed by the Word of God. The pride-filled Modernist pretends that she can assemble truth or confer dignity on mankind by mixing lies with revolution. Arian, Pelagian, Nestorian princes engineer religion (ergo hostile Mariology and/or imaginary Christology). They pervert interpersonal relationships (denature communion of the living and the dead) and promote derogatory associations (deny sacramental matrimony, consecration, deny transgression, reconciliation through confession, penance, purgatory). Unfaithful, heretical men distort the parameters and meaning of covenant, Creation, and sin, by mangling the parameters and meaning of culpability, of Jesus Christ's passion, resurrection, salvation, of hell, and of free will. Sinful *binadamu* remembers not Bethlehem.

*For where will he arrive, he who hopes in God, if not to his own nothingness? And whither will he depart, he who departs into nothingness, if not to Him whence he comes? Man comes from God and from his own nothingness, which is why he who returns to his own nothingness returns to God.*

*“Ontologie der Person bei Luther”, Wilfried Joest, Vadenhoeck & Ruprecht (Göttingen, 1967).*

Darwin's derivative, uncreated time cannot then but denote a rush to annihilation. In it, you owe fidelity to no-one but self, obedience to none but power, sword and appetite, your actions and consequences remain in the sphere of oblivious illogic, of electroencephalography, the firing of sterile electrons, berserk chemistry, biological urges, where exotica empty of human love or natural law dances to macabre syncopation. Not only is this a brutish *οικονομία* of space and time, self and dignity, but it is the only consistent, brutal consequence of absurd macro evolution. The Emperor's New Clothes – tyranny – complement man's self-anointed intellectual excellence.

Someone's cobbled up, nightmarish australopithecanthropus and someone else's exulted metallic-glass automaton are blips on a “human phylum” timeline – which the sophist has made without beginning, without end, without purpose, without repose, without sense, and without any real persons for intergalactic eons on end – “like tears in rain” of today's Comrade Secretary Marduk.

Why even utter “Big Bang” if you won't admit *which* Someone chose to cause it? Such sterile Economy of Happenstance turns us into “especially progressive Apes”, viruses, mutants, irritants, replicants, all self-reliant creatures of Mother Nature, Gaia, Pachamama, Eldon Tyrell, Peter Weyland – soulless atoms, relativist suns, deranged moons, vacuous stone cubes of petrified resin. Time and change are monumentalized, re-paganized into “evolving” Niander Wallace megalomania. How on earth do you bear such space-time?

Well, daughter, Arthur C. Clark's HAL prompts you in cadence with Kubrick's, Frankist, melodic Strauss: “You will ~~be~~ have nothing, and you will be happy.”

Without the authentically holy – and unquestionably true – economy, there is no reason for creation, time-space, light. Human hubris distorts Christ or rejects Triune God's sovereignty altogether. The Word of God derided, relativized, separated from covenant, with earthly centrality and our personhood adrift, verity is lost, and terror is unleashed.

### ***Obediently simple***

It is good to have the recognition of both recurrence and passage. Time that is both cyclical and linear naturally points to measure, gradation, and yes, ritual, festival, and majesty – away from Blade Runner 2049 chaos. It is God who gave shape to formlessness and filled what was void with light and time (biblical first day), and space (second and third days) – and it was all good! God gave good, celebratory, purposeful meaning to its linear and cyclical form in the very act of translating celestial matter (sun, moon, earth, land, water, beasts) into seasonal – therefore repetitive, familiar – reality (fourth day). At the end, on the seventh day, there is rest, because Truth is rest. Creation is not for some frantic “dynamic omniscience” that reduces life to nothingness, but for heaven.

Creation does not scientifically detail how humans come to be or what light is, but it effortlessly describes who made the universe, its ontological cohesion, who and why we are. Genesis is not, and never was, a mythic description of oppression and cross-disciplinary instrumentalization, astrophysics, geology, eclogites or cratons. Similarly, Holy Mass never was to be a Collectivists' Supper. The only underlying template for *order in your home* is Creation – yes, as expressed in

Genesis *and* in the Eucharist. Understood as God intended, the narrative correctly delineates a path from blessing to blessing, a ladder of ascent to superlative, definitive fulfilment for all creation, and your beatitude.

*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him: and without him was made nothing that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. (...) That was the true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. (...) And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we saw his glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.*

*Douay-Rheims Bible (Reims, 1582), The New Testament, The Gospel of John, Jn 1:1-5, 9-10, 14.*

The Creator's use of time – His revelation, incarnation, transubstantiation – affirms what is creational, universal, καθολικός. But, diverse idols insidiously pretend to dispense salvific grace to the enslaved. The elders whose “word does not rot”, continue to demand “a king over them” (Samuel 8:4-22). Thus, the Great Pandemic starts not in 1984 nor in 2019 but on the day a daughter is shot with a cellphone camera, long before she enters kindergarten and meets the god Pedagogue. The day she attains the apex of transformation – and no, not the diploma, degree, doctorate, 'nth specialization, habilitation – her brain washed clean at the Associations for Progressive Communications, the Open Batory Society Citizens, by Colomb Koche and Equality standardizations, craft Guilds, Leagues, Marie Sanger Strajks and their myriad castes, the innumerable broadcasting, pornographic, jihadi, militant Gender institutes, the certified Organizations and Public Fronts will have released your child from all inhibition, dependence, all sense of contingency, to an ecosphere of amoral self-luv, über-achieving oblivion. They will have built her back better. Why give fatherhood, motherhood when a portable camera, gadget, fad, phone, laptop, slogan, an injection will do? It perplexes tolerant, self-identifying “modern man” that being *servus* (Romans 1:1) to true God could liberate her completely, eternally. You, pseudo-praise-worthy photographer, you “Changemaker Award” recipient, you are but the pitiful paralytic needing to know “Which is easier?” (Mark 2:1-12)

The most beautiful, real human is not a man but a woman. She is the Virgin Mary, the Immaculate Conception. Mary is Full of Grace because by her free, perfect, humble and pure obedience to God, the redemption of every single human soul passes through her womb, her hands, her heart. Mary Θεοτόκος. Blessed Mary reaffirmed – co-redeemed! – creation by her glorious, simple “Yes”.

### ***It's not all Greek to us***

Soc-activists use hammer, sickle, pliers and syringe in kolkhozes worshipping physicality and toil. Socialist mentality necessarily uses Cyclical Time to parody recurrence and rest. Pretend to be, pretend to believe, to act, to reward, pretend to rest. Malthusian, Marxist “selective breeding”, Darwinist “selection”, is a monument to Zurvan, to collective's phantom, to bondage, to sloth.

Yet, significance – both yours and of the rest of the cosmos – derives from Him whom the human person is called to reflect, whose image and likeness you bear from conception. This image and likeness is not Louis Leakey's Ape's, it is not even Adam's or Eve's, but it is of your Creator. Not only is the cosmos not insignificant or accidental, aimless or wretched, but *you are its most central, most*

*significant, most pivotal, most beloved creature.* Meaning and purpose, fulfillment and fecundity are not aboard SpaceXYZ, a galaxy far far away, amongst imagined semi-human aliens populating mind-blowing figment-planets, sandworms, fig tree and baobab.

Giordano Bruno and company reject Creation because they – as Galileo Galilei, Karl Marx, Antonio Gramsci, Michel Foucault, Altiero Spinelli, and Klaus Schwab – “embody a passionate return to de-Hellenized,” anti-catholic, agnostic and pagan concepts of οικονομία. Those to whom a little insight (and power) is granted often betray it, tempted to adopt explicitly skewed ontology. *Nyimbo za kufunzwa hazikeshi ngoma*, say the Swahili: foreign songs won't sustain a dance through the night. Indeed, they won't do through man's rendezvous with any godless darkness. Every husband and wife, every parent and child learn that false freedom is a sure Road to Perdition. With deformed conscience, personhood denied, muzzled collectively, destroyed by πορνεία, debased *homo mancípium* twirls drunkenly, draped in a flag of every single colour of Revolution against The Father.

Earth is the center of God's created things, and it is so for a staggeringly contrary reason: the contingency of the universe as a whole on God, its Creator, liberates man to accept myself as His free creature. Remarkably, all opposition to Catholic, Biblical Creation subsequently becomes intellectualized, perverted and visceral hatred of self – an *odium generis humani*.

We don't have to invent intrinsic meaning and identity, because our Creator provides these for each of us in the beginning, and in the end. Artistic, cinematographic endeavour need not – must not – resemble Kabbala. Creation and redemption are in one God, the Creator – of the Old Testament, of Genesis, and of Exodus. He is the very same, unchanging Triune God – of the New Testament, of the Gospel of John, and of the Book of Revelation – the only God of every day.

### ***Laws of worship, faith, and life***

Worship is written into the universe, and dance and ritual flow from the nature of work and rest.

*Creation is oriented to the sabbath, which is the sign of the covenant between God and humankind. (...) Creation is designed in such a way that it is oriented to worship. It fulfills its purpose and assumes its significance when it is lived, ever new, with a view to worship.*

*"In the Beginning..." A Catholic Understanding of the story of Creation and the Fall", Joseph Ratzinger, William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co. (Grand Rapids, 1995), pg. 27.*

You – fan of The Cyberiad, Space Odyssey, Solaris, Blade Runner, Dune, the *Summa Technologiae* – are thus called to worship the Creator, instead of worshiping Trans-Self AI. It is through and in worshiping the unchanging God that you shall find temporal and creative order, true culture. The moral law, the natural law, guides you to glorify God, which is “the only act capable of bringing you ultimate happiness in this life and in eternity”. Adaptation to falsehood is transmittable; sin is contagious; therefore, shun it, by God's grace. Both your beloved Quest for Fire and Prometheus offer scarce *homo sapiens*, indeed no sapience at all, no God's creature, just sugared bestiality drowning in The Shape of Water, pacifist Batman spawning virulent “batflu”, and a dark Metaverse. Deluded tyrants desolate tabernacles, continuing to assault Christ's Mystical Body.

*God comes not in data transmission, SFX, a brilliant download, an incredible idea. Our Lord reveals Himself as one who comes through, who penetrates – and as He passes through, He saves; often through a life circumstance that is dark, even one that seems impossible, inescapable, irredeemable. God chooses night to reveal Himself – thus, Christmas is felt deepest at Midnight Mass, Christ's Passion begins in the night, God's Creation (in Genesis) first brings light out of nothingness and darkness, and at Passover – Pesah – it is night. At our difficult hour, God reveals Himself as the Lord of Impossibility, who opens the path, who provides the solution. This is in opposition to an invented god, the god of Deists and Freemasons. (...) A day comes when each of us is hurled down by life. Will you crash onto concrete? Or will there be Hands for you to fall onto?*

*"Lenten Meditations 2021", Rev. Prof. Robert Skrzypczak, excerpts from PCh24TV Polonia Christiana Production, translated by author, (Kraków, 2021).*

Let Catholic doctrine on the contingency of all creatures – everything! – give authentic freedom, purity, and timely repose to your deepest desire in Him who has loved you right from the beginning.

True worship, the worship of the Creator – not of idols, planet, climate or beast – is only possible through humble obedience to Him that gives grace to accept the *dependence* of the world on something other than itself. "Even cybernetics futurologists accept their own contingency", said Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger. It is *proper* relation to Creation that transforms ambiguous, distant, formless, void time into an Economy of Salvation. Swapping Creationism for Creation turns every evidence to gibberish. In the same way, the wilful collectivised impoverishment of billions has larceny labelled "common good". Glorious Dependence – human dependence on our Creator!

### **Sudden thought**

When the conception of time overwhelms the "educated" or the "very nice" (both often neither), then even the order of micro evolution gets confused for the absurdity of macro evolution. "Selection" is thus derived directly from pagan ontological falsehood regarding death and man's will, and – most crucially – a denial of God's Triune identity as (Everlasting, Uncreated) *Father, Son, Holy Spirit*, each a Person. Protestants aren't alone in accusing God of *using* humankind to attain "God's" own perfection, of abusing man – a being that they unremittingly call "not free". Distorting Christ Jesus, building strange cult, rejecting *Logos* underpins the world's many dehumanizing ideologies.

Steeped in derision and ignorance of Christendom, in heresies regarding Catholic dogma, in wilfully deformed science, Darwinism extrapolates "self-creation of the Absolute", "self-improvement" of "God" through death, into the adaptability of man, and "survival of the fittest".

For latter day idolators – Zsigmund Freud, Charles Kinsey, Simone de Beauvoir, Margaret Sanger, Theodor Wiesengrund Adorno, Herbert Marcuse, Wilhelm Reich, Betty Friedan, et al. – death is a form of being, whereas for Aristotle and Socrates death was an absence of being. Consequently, for Darwin and Sanger and millions of their sectarian zealots, "species selection" is death, just as Process Theology, Liberation Theology, Prosperity Theology, divorce, condoms, and eugenics are.

Pseudo-dance is indeed The Internationale's murderous *οικονομία*, disassociating sex from fecundity, linearity from cyclicity, labour from mental processes. Crotch-grabbing gesticulation treats carnality as human apex in the hands of the unbridled – proverbial horses unafraid! The Congolese Mangbetu, who'd once subsumed their Mbuti and Bantu neighbours, have no kingdom today,

having long been overrun by other pagan slavers (Sudanese and Belgian). The Mijikenda of Kenya and Tanzania tried to allay occupation and enslavement first by retreating to fortified *kaya* villages, then by overwhelming accedence to Omani might, all the while practicing witchcraft, and becoming Swahili. Many men and women Out of Africa purport to comment on paganism and sorcery favourably. Do you? On ghastly choice, swollen hazard, on whence comes *nakira*, *Mzee's mawaidha*, the eye-popping counsel that does *not* turn out well? On word and dance that *does* go bad?

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?

### **Questioned Servants**

Asking why the Polish Parliament had AD 2021 as both "Stanisław Lem Year" and "Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński Year" is like asking why Maoist "inclusivity" primes you for cultural castration and for digital slavery. Such naïve self-incomprehension juxtaposes sophism with collective's mockery of both religion and beatitude. Anthropocentric – not theocentric – worship has the Enlightened Dear Leader taking precedence over Creator, mortal over Immortal, and fantasy and Sci-Fi over Truth.

Thus, an emboldened Polish Archbishop adds rotten dance to heretical liturgy for his fatherless youth in "Red Łódź", home of that world-famous State Film School; a Ghanaian Cardinal travels to genuflect before Davos' Benign Collectivisation Economy a.k.a. a WEF; Tanzania's episcopate gets one 1960-80's era "Father of the Nation" – the one who single-handedly brought Maoist communism and "benign" impoverishment to his country – the Vatican's approval enroute to his beatification. *Harambee* – a Mijikenda-and-Swahili-appropriated, *collectivizing* exhortation to an uncomprehended Hindu idol (*Hare Amba, eh!*) – is prominent on Kenya's coat of arms, as per the wishes of another "Founding Father", *Mzee* Jomo Kenyatta dancing glibly around pagan denotations. Now, both nations doctrinally fatherless, ever more masonic and materialist, have neither well-conceived homogeneity nor unifying religion, as they hurtle "progressively". Fatherless Feminist-Marxist Barack Obama is a Luo hero, as local memory of St. Charles Lwanga and Michael Cardinal Otunga fades. Still, Christian charity demands that we pray that God has mercy on the Catholic *Mzee* "Teacher" Julius Kambarage Nyerere. How antipodal to Blessed Father Jerzy Popiełuszko are the latest Servants of God to be?

Linearity marks our individual journey to our Creator. Cyclicity has humankind repeat our sins with ever growing vehemence. Some will wake to their resurrection to life, most to a resurrection to judgement. (John 5:25-29). Presently, we've reached your Interview with The Vampire; he haunts the screen you behold. Narcissism and science-fiction wish you no time, no rest – ever! The devil, who would rather that you not think, not ask, not know, sits in bespectacled, televised, plain sight. Cine-academic Sci-Fi jargon that regurgitates Darwinist myth and socialist fables is not apt to overawe him. "Species selection" seems paused at dimming the light. Now that rank personal and collective concupiscence passes off as *Οικονομία*, as *Novus Ordo*, as a New World Order, as The Great Reset, what's next; who gets the "shot"? Will *time* tell? No. You will, by the *οικονομία* you personally profess.

Order your home toward true blessedness, and glorious rest. If you dare, change others by your own repentance. Do not dance with evil, but do with it as Samuel did with Agag (1 Samuel 15:33) –

*And Samuel said: As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women. And Samuel hewed him in pieces before the Lord in Galgal.*