

# JACK KABEY

## *A letter to the world*

*One of the reasons why our lives always run along the same lines and do not become easier and more pleasant is our belief and value system. It has not changed in thousands of years. The cause of problems is seen in the poor application of the "yardstick" and not in the "yardstick" itself. What if we have stretched our yardstick inaccurately from the ground up? Such a realization would change everything. Everything.*

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Our health care system earns its money with diseases, the banks with debts and the churches with sinners. All religions have developed and introduced a construct, a concept of original sin. It is an invention of man that did not exist before. This concept binds people to institutions for better or worse and makes them dependent on their noble benevolence, generous support and merciful grace.

The main causes of illness and death are medical malpractice on the one hand and the pathologization of society on the other. A health care system that earns its money with illness will never be interested in health.

The U.S. dollar and all its derivatives (like the euro) are private currencies. This is because 97% of the money supply is created by private banks through lending. The technical problem is that the money for the interest is not created as well. When repaid, the money for the loan disappears, but the money for the interest must now be taken away from someone else within the system. In effect, to pay off the accruing interest, someone within the system has to take out a new loan.

Religions have specialized in solving problems that would not exist without them. All people were declared sinners and need a redemption. The problems originate from the sin, not at all from the redemption construct.

Thus, artificial needs were created in all areas, which did not exist before. Here in indescribably perfidious way the truth is coated with the lie and a problem is installed and also immediately the solution is delivered. That the solution is no solution, but only a dressage halter, becomes more and more obvious these days.

All plants grow towards the light, no one has to point them in the right direction, this striving is part of their destiny. At some point, gardeners came and tied sticks around the plants, supposedly to support them on their way to the light. The fact that they nevertheless grow in the supposedly wrong direction is due to basic misprogramming. No one gets the idea that the sticks are pointing in the wrong direction. This is as if we had to be forced to desire a woman who anyway ignites the conflagration of our loins like a tornado.

Our understanding of love has also been constructed in this way. Love is a romantic construct, ultimately a catalog of conditions. We would never have approached our partners if their visual appearance, charming smile, demeanor and behavior had not pushed our buttons and triggered us. Everything in life has a price tag put on it and love has the most expensive and in no other advertisement is there such blatant lying as when it comes to love. Life is one big courtship dance, we spare no effort and leave no embarrassment to draw attention to ourselves and sell ourselves in the best possible way.

No other term is used for so much as the term love. Nothing has so many different meanings and no other term is misused, interpreted and colored with wishful thinking for one's own purposes like love. Love is contract, currency, promissory note, judgment, seal, pardon, curse and blessing all in one. It is the unspoken 119-element in the periodic table. It is the elevator to paradise - the garden of pleasure and hell - Dante's Inferno.

By now, we all have our own definition of love. It is no longer enough for us simply to be loved, we want to be loved, adored and idolized in a very specific way, otherwise the courtship is rejected as insufficient, the catalog of conditions is rejected as not fulfilled and the liaison does not even come about or is dissolved.

We have stuffed the Praline of Love with too many different fillings and covered it to the point of inedibility with so much chocolate and couverture that more and more people refuse to even touch the thing with a stick. Yummy goes differently.

God is love, but you also have to earn this love or at least buy it with a letter of indulgence, otherwise you go straight to the hell or are damned to repeat your school class on the most insane planet in the universe forever.

We think much and yet so little. We believe much and yet so little. We love so much and yet so little. We are so close to each other and yet so far away. We live in an ideological-holographic tesseract that, like a perpetual motion machine, keeps producing illusory problems and illusory solutions, and instead of resolving them, we keep copying them in countless variations in an endless loop.

The truth was packed in lies, the needle was packed in a gigantic haystack and today we are so far that those who are searching, every dried blade of grass is tried to be turned into a needle.

To deter thieves and looters, treasure chests were painted with demons and biting dogs. Where the treasure was buried, the dog was also buried.

Let's open the crate. You remember the attributes on the table between us, now let's consider one of them in particular: omnipresence. If the star architect of the multiverse is everywhere, then he surrounds everything that is. Agreed? Otherwise he would not be everywhere and therefore not omnipresent. He is everywhere in the whole universe. Is he also everywhere inside? In every room, in every closet, in every sock drawer? Certainly, otherwise he would not be omnipresent. Is he also in every structure, every cell, every chemical compound? If not, it is not everywhere and therefore not omnipresent. Why do we differentiate here so casuistically? Because if God is truly omnipresent, the basic concept of all religions collapses: the concept of original sin. Do you realize the implications of such a realization? It changes everything.

If the Optimus Prime fills everything from the biggest structure in the universe the big quasar group, it is about four billion light years long, up to the quarks, the smallest building blocks of the life, then we could say that there is only the architect in the end. Everything would be accordingly from quarks to quasar, only another playful manifestation of the eternally indescribable being. Even the devil and the evil would be penetrated up to the last and darkest corner by the omnipresence of the highest.

Which concept are we willing to give away? That of omnipresence or that of good and evil, original sin, karma and salvation?

We are at a time turning point. We are at a fork in the road and must decide which way we want to go. One path leads to the future, the other to the past. Both paths ultimately lead to the goal, life is not linear. We are not linear, only our thinking is. Many of us have given up faith and hope for a good future. They believe that life produces very few winners and very many losers and that there is no point in fighting because the battle has long been lost.

We are expanding, we are an expanding species. We fight for our survival, we fight for recognition, we fight for love, we fight to be seen, heard and loved, we fight against poverty, we fight against disease, pain, suffering and death. We fight against each other. We all believe in fighting for the good cause and on the right side. Well then, we have all the time in the world, because time is also a construct of man.

Thank you for your attention.

To be continued...



***Jack Kabey** is not as important as his readers. For over three decades, he was a security advisor and strategy consultant for public institutions and international trading companies. Today, he is a freelance writer and publicist, putting his finger in the wounds of our time, putting into words what should no longer be put into words, and reflecting with the necessary dash of humor on the deepest corners of the rabbit hole we call our lives. Jack Kabey is an avatar, his name a pseudonym. The author simply wants to keep his identity to himself so that he can devote all his energy to researching and writing. His work is mostly financed by donations. He lives in Manarola / Italy.*