

It's already 20-25 years ago, the place is Prague, an unnamed important company in former Czechoslovakia. A young boy of about 20 was employed in this projection office. Let's call him Jim. He worked at the plotter - he was responsible for printing out the design engineers' large format drawings. This boy was employed, so to speak, out of "grace" because he was slightly mentally retarded. Certainly, for him at first, there were explanations, constant reminders - the so-called leading by the hand. And the result? He was constantly reminded, didn't do the work that was being asked, played games on the computer - he was difficult to manage. People were angry, complained to the chiefs. In short, to print a drawing it was a labor, sometimes for several hours of useless work (while the printing itself on the plotter took max 10 min.). In the engineering office, among the many project engineers, we had one colleague who was quite red-faced, aggressive when he didn't like something. His name was Mr. XY. This colleague Mr. XY asked me to correct the drawing. Which I did and sent the drawing file down to the plotter. It was pretty urgent, so I went to see Jim. I'm busy - Jim replied and continued to play on the computer. I asked him to do it, we must have this plotted drawing at the meeting soon! His response was that he was busy. He told me to come back in an hour. So I walked up the stairs and our red-faced Mr. XY walked towards me and asked me - how does it look? Too bad, he's busy and the drawing won't be ready for another hour or so - I replied. Then I went upstairs to the office, and in about a quarter of an hour Mr XY walks into the same office with the plotted drawing in his hand. I was surprised how quickly he got it done. After several days, Mr. XY asked me to correct the drawing again (he wasn't very good with CAD). So I did everything and went downstairs to ask Jim to print it out. History repeated itself, I have no time, he replied. So I just remarked, it's not the drawing for me, but for Mr. XY. When Jim heard Mr. XY name, there was a terrible scream, yes, the scream of a pig going to be butchered, only it wasn't a pig, but a man who was trembling with fear. He immediately found the file, sent it to the plotter, and before I could recover from my astonishment, he brought me the plotted drawing. Completely amazed, I went back upstairs and gave the plotted drawing to Mr. XY. Then I realized that Mr. XY must have a "magical influence" on Jim, when he hears his name. So for the next time when I needed to plot a drawing, I just told Jim that it was for Mr. XY. And I always had the drawing within a quarter of an hour. No getting angry, no wasting time and energy. After a while, it became obvious to Jim that I was still printing for Mr. XY, especially when he didn't see his name on the drawing. And his explanations were beginning. So I got up the courage and asked Mr. XY to get the drawing for me. Mr. XY grumbled something about not being the young engineer caddy, but then he left. And indeed within a quarter of an hour I've got the drawing. In other words, Mr. XY was raising Jim's work morale. I'm under no illusions about the method of raising his morality, but there was no other way to go about it when Jim didn't take our orders, sure of his mental retardation and the false respect to him, especially from design-engineers who didn't want to get in trouble with the "correct" society. Never mind that dozens if not hundreds of hours of experienced design engineers were wasted.

What about me? I certainly knew what was going on and kept it to myself. I didn't have to be angry with Jim, or argue with him, or waste my time with constant reminders, being angry and self-controlled towards a "retarded" individual and then being irritated towards other people. I didn't even have false respects or pity for Jim. Sure enough, after a period of several months, Jim was redirected elsewhere. To the great joy of all design-engineers. But it's astonishing how the running of a large organisation could be disrupted by one employee. How long it took, what dozens, if not hundreds of hours of professionals were wasted by false sympathy. This isn't about Jim, this is about the "rest" of the dozens of people who consider themselves mentally normal and how long it takes for them to do what is right and logical. The work tempo is set by weak-minded individual, seated in one place at the plotter out of nepotism.

Now imagine Jim or Esther, it doesn't matter, they are the same type of people, imagine Jim in the Pentagon, or in the Kremlin, or in Beijing, or in the European Parliament, or somewhere in South American countries - it doesn't matter.

Let's think - what good is an army of specialists if Jim is sitting somewhere and has no sympathy for others, for orders? And the people around him suffer from a lot of kindness and false respect. It doesn't matter if the location is in an industrial or military complex. Not even enemy's sabotage or intelligence operations do not achieve these successes. Just drop Jim off in the appropriate place and environment and Jim's "results" won't be achieved by a dozen special commands and dozens of spies or saboteurs. And so we come to the equation that the most successful state or production company is the one with the fewest Jim's or Esther's? No, no! The most successful state or company is the one with the most people who do properly their duty and hold on to their rights, and what's more, they have what's called flair in their thinking (they're not rigid or superficial). This is a successful community. Where the Jims and Esthers don't have a chance. The only chance for them is to change themselves, to admit their character, but...

This is somehow how the Inexpressible Continuity of Loving Being through the Cross of IHS allows the world. We are not happy about it. It makes us sad, but it is a demonstration of all that happens in the world when people cannot or do not listen to their conscience, to the conscience of other people, and do not obey the laws of the world and do not hold firmly to their rights in relation to their circumstances. However, World War II did not happen in one day. Neither did concentration camps, Holocaust and others. In conclusion, when the worldly Master gently and firmly warns the student, this is what the so-called correct „good“ society calls harassment, supposedly the Master solves his mind, when the Master is harder, he is fired! And when brutal people and despots (see Gestapo) come in, suddenly there is a quiet!!! Funny why the same "good" people don't allow themselves to speak out against Kublai Khan, Persian despots and in fact all sorts of secular dictators and brutal chiefs allowed in the Cross IHS. Such „good“ people buzz people like Charlotte Brontë or Mark Twain and other sensitive individuals over a badly placed spoon at a cup of tea - that's one extreme. Sneaking and eating food off the ground in front of a despot - that's the other extreme. And there are many nuances of human behaviour in between. So let us not be surprised at the history of the world. As a result, the world's human community continues to evolve, despite all attacks, into more advanced and beautiful forms. And that's the point! Through the Cross IHS. Amen