

# Count Your Blessings, Whiny Whiny

High Priest Hooded Cobra 666

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I see that many people in this day and era are very thankless for things given and things that we do possess, in particular spiritual opportunities. And this is always, as if by a big joke, centered mostly around the things that truly DO matter.

Things that have exactly zero value and do not matter at all, are treated with respect or at least time and attention is dwelt and wasted on them, while things that are good and positive, and important truly, are neglected and looked down upon.

I want you to take a moment to visualize this. This is more than likely a story of a yet unknown soul and what happened to them, during what is historically, literally yesterday, as a thousand years is not all that much of a timeline at all:

You are living somewhere during the Middle Ages, and you have suspicions about the occult. You are of course living in a village, totally alone, surrounded by Christians, who are ready to report you and slaughter you at any given time, for any given reason, and even the mere suspicion of said things in regards to your thoughts would land you dead directly, all in the love of the jew Christ, of course.

The village was converted around 100 years ago, and you remember your grandparents telling you stories of a world that literally was the product of dreams, while you live a grim reality. Indeed, most of this is just fairy tales to you now. All you see is what you have in front of you, and time or space of dreams does not exist in any way.

You know the clergymen of christ that you see with golden diadems, while your people are probably dying from the bubonic plague, know a few things that you do not. Maybe one night you went and saw one of them chanting the Torah, thinking to yourself that you have absolutely no fucking idea what this was. Only thing you could understand was some random words like Miriam and other hebrew words, which happen to be the new names that are given to newborns in your village now. Can't think a lot to yourself, because you're slaving your day in the field and then compulsory church education, during which if you sleep, you get beaten until your ribs break, for disrespect to your new hebrew god. Knowing this you go to sleep.

All you know is that your family is going to starve yet another day, and go for another 12 hours in Church tomorrow, a place where you feel repulsion about, but submission has been beaten into you anyway by both the brutal mob and the christians.

Every so often, the centurions of the jewish religious figures come and pillage your already dirty, poor village, sometimes stealing up to 9 out of 10 of all your resources. Beautiful women are seized and prostituted, and when you do not slave into the church, you have to slave somewhere else in the field, while basically starving to death. One day in wallowing misery, you pray to "God" for help, but of course, there is no help - after all, "God's" manifested will is the christian pastor, and your so called "king" with the big hooknose, who you are told was descended from your "new" and basically hebrew "God". Not knowing, you keep praying to "God", Jesus you think it's called, and it's hanging on a crucifix, and that's all you know.

Eventually one day someone comes and robs your household, and takes your wife to rape her and kill her, and abducts your young daughter to get her to the court for *Primae Noctis*. For those who do not know what this is, this is where church officials in the Middle Ages, who had religious authority (There was no political authority back then, only religious) would take the virginity of your daughter, just because "it was the good thing to do". While people in your village die like skeletons in dark alleys and buried, you see fat clergy jews consuming pork and beef by the dozens, while you are lucky if you get served any bread.

One day you become very pissed off as the jew-paid centurions come to pillage you, and you wish and "pray to god" to kill one of these centurions. To your surprise, he falls off the horse by an accident, and breaks his neck, an event which leaves you terrified somehow, because you have heard of this stuff before. Whether or not related to your prayer you have no idea, all you know is that you have hatred in your heart, and you start to suspect that something is really going wrong with all of this. Of course, the raid continues and the pope will stuff his fat worthless mouth canal with more food for one more day, while your people are probably dying from the flu randomly and like flies.

The other night you converse with someone in a language that you cannot even write, as you have no idea WTF writing is, and you tell someone about your prayer to "God", which you were surprised took down this opponent. Your friend goes pale and tells you that he remembers from church that the Devil may be trying to deceive you here. He explains to you he has a buried book about the druids from some time, and he says he will be bringing this to you tomorrow at night, to study it with candlelight, and not a broadband internet connection which lazy asses today think is a very hard and tiresome way to communicate through.

Tomorrow you decide to meet with your friend, and you go into his bottom rung of a house that looks like a cave, to find there a cleric, and your friend murdered lying on the floor. This guy was a guilty type, and he thought to himself that instead of looking into a druidic text that he couldn't understand anyway, he should give it to

the pastor, who agreed to come take this at night, as he had reported "We have a witch in the village".

So the pastor basically brutally murders him by a backstab and he sits there waiting as he talked about his appointment with you. Since you happened to check the window first, you see this, and you try to run away, but dumb villagers see you, abduct you, and you are just toasted in the fire and tortured for an extended period of time, possibly around many months. You knew it wasn't going to be different anyway, but you wished you died as a slave instead. When your soul departs from your body, you really do not want to ever live, ever again. Eventually you are again incarnated, because against of all the above odds, progress has to slowly be made.

And the above is a tale of literally millions of people who were Pagans, forcibly enslaved, converted and destroyed, but decided to go straight through the fire for their so called "lunatic beliefs", and we have people today who cannot do the most basic things of the most basic, for free, easily, and with exactly zero cost but time.

I am pretty certain if we asked the above souls, and gave them the deal you have today, and the means you have today, their reply would be "I want this." 10 minutes ago. There wouldn't be any complaints as they would be so thankful and so elated, that from this existential and true misery of life, a hand was given to them to move out.

And today for example, people who legitimately have everything, can read, can know, can study, can do this from a level of unimaginable comfort, are like too "lazy" and too "critical" and too "Judgemental" of "This Community". They think their emotional drivel and problems actually matter to anything, with their personal entitlement syndromes of the 21st century going hardest than ever before in history.

So, highly critical 12 and 14 year olds with huge mouths and lack of any form of manners, and overfed boomer xian fatasses come to question here, why we are so filled with hate so much against Abrahamic dogma. It's also beyond imagination to "Tolerate" the so called "Stupidity" of others in this community. Indeed, when one sees a brother, their first thought is to undermine, rather than to extend a hand.

Everyone thinks it's such a big sacrifice to spend 2 minutes to legitimately save the life of another person, who, not that long ago, may have suffered like you the above fate. And I tell you this is retarded behavior if one has anything valuable in context.

And even if they did not have any of the above, only by imagination or putting oneself in another's shoes, those who might have, would understand that the worlds like the world described above should never manifest again, and that even worse, we are moving into a modern version of said world by systematic re-creation of this, only it will be worse this time.

But we are also stronger this time around, and are graced to also be able to have one another, through seemingly an irrelevant amount of distance.

People say it's too tiresome to spend 15 minutes doing an RTR and other 15 minutes meditating, and 10 minutes helping other people out, or contributing to anything. Can't be assed about this.

Better look random stuff on the internet instead, because as we know, 10 hours wasted on this can't remain 9 with the "sacrifice" of one valuable hour to meditate, advance, and save the world and improve one's condition, no. All of it must go to bullshit waste.

Having respect and decency towards Satan, the Gods, and one's self, doesn't take impossible stuff, or super huge money, or super good looks, or any form of exaggeration. It just takes a person who knows what to do and is a little bit aware past themselves and wants to improve, and understands the fundamental of "doing my part". There are no heavenly requirements to do the most heavenly and important of all work one can do. True Satanists understand it.

We work for greater things and for a greater vision of the world, and while blows of mortality can affect us, they must not make us lose sight of important objectives.

The only good news is that in the midst of this people there are also some other people who will devote their 10 minutes a day to do what is necessary, important, and uplifting for this world, and a necessity for personal development and for helping out the world better itself.

The biggest pleasures and empowerment will be put as a crown to those who follow the ways of the Gods, and who did not bend - everything of value we live into today, was made by these people, and the fate of this world still depends on them.

Things are easier now and this is because of endless people who sacrificed for a better world - this can be used as an advantage to fight better, more effective, easier, and without the damnation that many of our own had to undergo, again, to pass a painful torch, that is the only light of sense that humanity possessed for a very long time.

A moment of applied appreciation daily, and applying the adage strength through joy, and doing what one can for their betterment and that of the world, is the greatest pleasure. However low one is today; a lot of heavy lifting has been done. Are you here or are you not existing? You are here. And you can do what is important. So, one must do this without any hesitation.

Considering the problems other beings underwent so that people can whine over the most superficial bullshit today, while of course will leave uninterested the typical weakling, to the person of strength and nobility of character, will mean a transformative awareness in how they conduct themselves permanently, both towards the Gods, towards themselves, and towards our world, a world which is assaulted by the enemy and has been surviving by the world of people like us, and against "impossible odds" on a consistent basis.

We have a duty to ourselves and to our Gods, and it's a pleasant duty to people who understand its beautiful depth of meaning.

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