

Metagaia or "Tulpaghosts" of Solaris 2015

On the occasion of the *First Cyberspace Council*, Cardinal Rohrmayer stated that first on every new planet a cathedral must be erected, than a *tokamak stake*, in case the unknown species would resist. The applied mental-active consecrated-water (transloadable: *Laterani Szóma V.02.beta Dharmabit*-application) does not differ at all from the traditional consecrated-water in its odour, colour and consistency, but in case it touches an extraterrestrial, unbaptized life form, then it will become a molecular (*Alien* type) acid, so it is suitable for cyberspace exorcism, as well.

Password: Thesis of "Everydemption"

According to Lubac's and Rahner's theory, the supernatural is an essential "component" of human nature. This theory admits the conclusion of the Thesis of Salvation, namely the thesis of every people's being redeemed. Hans Urs von Balthasar, the Swiss, has supplemented it with additional arguments. He states that God's infinite goodness will not allow people to arrive at eternal damnation! He believes that eternal damnation would mean miscarriage of God's (the Good) love-plan, and that would be God's failure. The hell – perhaps – exists, but in all probability it is empty!

Von Balthasar (who is not a jain) pointed out that by means of his "everyone would be redeemed" theory a better society could emerge...

Small town, medium sized, late *Gothic* temple with authentic coloured lead-glass windows. Two young organ builders are pottering on the choir loft, accompanied by Uncle Priest.

Late autumn, it is warmer inside than outdoors.

The one meter deep embrasure of the choir loft's last big lead-glass window – that can be opened at the bottom, as well – is full of 4-5 buckets of buzzing chitin shell-hecatombs of huge flies, while some hundred thousand more are glued flutteringly on the window's rainbow-surface dispersing the last warmth of the autumn.

Uncle Priest is staring at the vortex, his eyes like two holes pissed into the snow.

Seeing the miserable struggle of these creatures of God he won't murmur a prayer of pity, his coherence with his universal order and the evolution is unquestionable.

What goes by that goes by.

He won't open the window – *euthanasia* – in turn, wearing a purple cloak he will bless the organ and its two builders in the name of the noble and Christian idea of „*Everydemption*”. It is late autumn.

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