

"Want" versus "Require"

The theme "*You will be given what you require*" has been persistent in my life over the last six years.

The principle is as old as the tale of David and Goliath and is intended to provide one with hope of success against impossible odds.

Faced with "*Institutional Mass Concrete Walls*" the individual is often left with little option but to rely on Supernatural Intervention and hope that one will "*Be given what you require*" to achieve justice...

The American Boy

During the period 2001-2002, our two sons attended a Catholic school in Athlone. I volunteered to act on the Parent Teacher Committee. One evening our sons recounted an incident which they had witnessed at school that day. A new boy, the son of an American Woman, had started at the school. The boy had been seriously injured by other pupils and required Hospital treatment. The game was called "*Kick the can*". The stated objective is to use a can, in much the same way as a football in the playground. In reality the objective is to trip up the new boy and kick him as though he was a can. I understand that the American lad had been seriously kicked, including blows to the head. Someone had done our sons the favour of warning them never to play the game.

The matter was raised on behalf of the mother at a subsequent Parent Teacher meeting. I naturally supported the mother's call for appropriate measures to be taken. The rest of the Committee rounded on me. No doubt the staff members had all kicked some unfortunate "*Cans*" in their own schooldays and were proud of the tradition. I withdrew from the Parent Teacher Committee.

The ethos at the school obliged us to remove our sons shortly thereafter. Some time later I heard that the Headmaster, "*Brother John*" had been killed in a car crash. One wonders if Brother John had ever sought absolution for failing to protect the American lad that day at his school? There might just be a reckoning none of us can avoid!

The Traveler Woman

When I walk along the streets of our local town, I never fail to notice the gratings in the pavements. There are a number of these. The gap beneath is intended to let some light into the basements of the adjacent properties. The sight of the gratings invariably brings to mind an encounter which occurred some years ago when I took part in canvassing during an election campaign. I had no prior experience of this type of activity and discovered that my personality was entirely unsuited for the intended purpose.

I found that the overwhelming majority of people were extremely friendly and willing to talk about their lives. For my part I enjoyed the listening role, and was content to hand over my leaflets without trying to sell the Party Line. The town has a significant amount of Social Housing, populated by settled Travelers.

As I came up to one house, an attractive girl in her early 20s came out and waved cheerfully to her mother as she left. I never even managed to say what Political Party I was representing. "*That's my daughter*" said the woman. "*I'm so proud of her.*" From that introduction, the woman's story

unfolded. I was entranced.

When her daughter was very young, the girl's father had been murdered. His body had been dumped down below one of the gratings. As is often the case in small communities, the culprit was identified, but the man was untouchable. The woman knew who he was, but he would never be brought to account, in part because his victim was a Traveler.

However, the woman had noted how the murderer's life had evolved as her daughter had grown from child to young woman. She described how each member of the man's family had died prematurely, suddenly, and in more than one instance, tragically. The man was finally alone with no living relatives.

The woman's bitterness at the murder of her husband had been ameliorated by being able to compare the evolution of the murderer's life to her own situation, and the pleasure she derived from watching her daughter grow to maturity. The woman did not suggest that her husband's spirit had played any part in the events which had unfolded in the murderer's life. Nevertheless, the woman understood events to be a Supernatural reckoning. God had given the murderer "*Time enough to teach him manners.*" The Traveler woman's insight gave her confidence that one day she and her husband would be reunited. She had not had what she wanted, but the Traveler woman had been "*Given what she required.*"

The Legal system had declined to bring the culprit to Justice, and despite her acknowledgement of the Supernatural balancing of the scales, the woman's story, which I have no reason to doubt, is an indictment of the prevailing Culture.

Want versus Require

The contrast of importance is that between "*Want*" and "*Require*". By way of illustration, consider the recent exploits of Jeff Bezos and Richard Branson. These are people who have whatever they "*Want*". There are any number of similar examples. When people have what they want, they almost invariably squander opportunities and resources in a self indulgent manner. How many serious Social, Health, or Environmental issues, could have been addressed by deploying the resources which were wasted indulging these people's egos? There is scant scientific justification for any Space programme, let alone a private venture, and most of the technology was already developed by the 1960s.

Truly Messrs Bezos and Branson are modern day Neros, playing their Fiddles while the American Continent below them burns.

Media attention is naturally drawn to those who have what they "*Want*". What proportion of media coverage is given to those who did not win awards, are not engaged on high profile activities, or have been forced to flee from wars and persecution?

While there are no doubt a few exceptions, those who achieve promotion to the highest levels throughout Society are seldom the most talented, but rather those who are unconditionally ruthless in their determination to get what they "*Want*".

Require in War

Interesting illustrations of the "*Require*" principle dating from WWII are perhaps parallels to the David and Goliath account. During conflict, resources become limited and individuals need to

develop personal resourcefulness.

The Mosquito Aircraft was designed and constructed by De-Haviland using timber, because Aluminium was in short supply. The British Government regarded the concept of a wooden aircraft with scepticism. De-Haviland persisted, creating one of the most effective aircraft to emerge during the Second World War. De-Haviland's limited resources nevertheless proved sufficient to achieve his goal. He was "*Given what he Required*".

During the same period, Howard Hughes had all the resources he could wish for, together with approval from the American Government. Howard Hughes constructed the "*Spruce Goose*" which only flew once, and then only briefly.

Another example from the same period was that of "*Bomber Harris*". His task was to contribute to the defeat of Germany from the Air. His Bombers were equipped with 0.303 calibre defensive armament which had limited effective range. This rendered them vulnerable to enemy attack. The solution was to adopt night-time raids which had to be at high level to avoid Flak. These factors rendered bomb aiming inaccurate. Thus, while Harris would have preferred to attack infrastructure targets, they were too small for the raids to be effective. His only viable option was to attack large targets, which meant cities. Harris also faced the further problem that supplies of High Explosive bombs were limited. Incendiary bombs were in more plentiful supply. This led to the conclusion that large night-time raids on cities using High Explosive bombs to shatter windows, followed by Incendiaries to start fires which would spread quickly, was the most effective contribution which could be made towards defeating the enemy.

The civilian casualties were enormous. However, these were the families of those who had put Hitler into power, and had thus facilitated WWII along with its Holocaust of the Jews. It is naive to set these casualties aside as innocent victims of war. The notion that armies should "*Go somewhere else*" to kill each other is absurd.

My Uncle Charlie McCann was a young riveter in John Brown's shipyard in Clydebank when the air raids on that town took place. Being a riveter was a reserved occupation, and Uncle Charlie was rejected when he volunteered to join the Army. During the raids, he and his friend Peter Paton stayed out in the open. Uncle Charlie described Land Mines coming down on parachutes. These were blast bombs. When they hit the ground, they did not explode immediately. Uncle Charlie and Peter would count to three, then hit the deck. The blast went over their heads.

There were three nights of air raids. The blast bombs were followed by incendiaries starting fires which spread quickly.

If I recall correctly, British newspapers of the time reported three dead in the Clydebank raids. At the bottom of Mill Road where I lived, there was a Greyhound track. It was redeveloped as high rise apartments in the 1960s. I wonder how many residents know the history of the site on which their homes are built. Uncle Charlie told me how he and Peter Paton had wandered along to the Dog Track on one of the nights of the raids. The place was full of Army 3 ton trucks parked up with the canvas covers tied down. Out of curiosity Charlie and Peter looked into the trucks. Uncle Charlie's exact words to me were "*They were a' full of dead weans.*" Truly these children were innocent victims of a war which had been brought onto them by Germany's aggression.

The attacks on Clydebank took place years before Dresden. The technique was no different to that subsequently adopted by Harris. However in contrast, Adolf Hitler had planned and prepared for war and was not restricted in his choice of assault tactics. Destroying Civilian targets was integral to the German strategy.

In a strange way Bomber Harris had been “*Given what he required*”. The limited resources available to him had determined the manner in which Harris contributed to the defeat of Germany from the air. Supernatural Influences could be seen to have ensured that appropriate punishment was exacted.

A similar comparison may be made in respect of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in relation to Pearl Harbour and the war in the Pacific. The Fission Bomb developed at Los Alamos had a destructive power equivalent to about 20 Kilotons of TNT. Hydrogen Fusion Bombs eventually exceeded 50 Megatons equivalent. That is well over 1000 times more destructive than the weapons used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Germany was developing its own Nuclear weapon. Their technology was based around Heavy Water. Heavy Water is a safe means of storing Deuterium and Tritium isotopes of Hydrogen while sufficient is accumulated to assemble a bomb. In simple terms, Germany was at an advanced stage in the development of a Hydrogen Fusion Bomb.

Any objective evaluation made in 1939 would have placed Germany's technical and Scientific prowess at the very forefront. Adolf Hitler's Hydrogen Bomb project had a very real prospect of succeeding. Those who deny that the Holocaust ever occurred, and shed tears over those who died in the firestorms of the German cities, might contemplate what the alternative ending might have been had Germany's Heavy Water programme come to fruition.

During periods of affluence, in those parts of the world favoured by peace, having what one “*Wants*” dominates the media landscape.

Many of those who can have what they “*Want*”, denigrate the power that Supernatural forces may exercise as nothing more than “*Wishful thinking*”.

Meanwhile, those who find themselves outside the “*Institutional Mass Concrete Walls*” of this World can only hope to be “*Be given what you require*”.

Perhaps being “*Given what you require*” is sufficient.

As the wise man is reputed to have said... “*We'll see*”...

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