

# The Context

## (The World Karo is born into)

Once upon a time in a small country far away in the North there was a big farm with lots of milk sheep. To be precise, the big farm counted a number of 169 fluffy, woolly, cuddly and shiny milk sheep and numbers were important on the big milk sheep farm, in the small country far away in the North. In general, life on that farm was alright. Life was okay. It was not exceptionally great and it was not dramatically terrible. Life was normal. It went according to the norms and norms were almost as important as numbers. In fact, life, on the big milk sheep farm in the small country far away in the North, was about norms and numbers. They really counted.

What was almost as important as norms and numbers was comfort and security. The milk-sheep had their

comfort zone and most of the time they really felt comfortable in there. They felt secure. Most of the time everything was in order. Due to that order unordinary events rarely happened. The milk sheep had their daily, monthly, yearly routine. They had their rhythm. The days came and went. The months came and went and so did the years. Baby sheep, so called "lambs", were born at the beginning of every year and old sheep, so called "mutton-sausages" and „cotelettes", were leaving the barn at the end of every year. During winter the milk sheep were kept inside in their warm sheep house. Their house was a barn and its floor was covered with straw. During spring, summer and autumn the gate of their barn was opened and the milk sheep were able to move on a meadow in front of their house. They had the opportunity to either walk outside on a meadow to graze and enjoy nature or to stay inside their barn waiting for food to be served. It was their free choice.

Okay, their choice was almost free. It was a free choice of limited options. The little milk-sheep society offered its followers a free choice of limited options, but the milk sheep didn't realize it. They didn't know that their choice was not as free as it was said to be. They didn't realize that their freedom of choice was as much limited as their own horizons and that is why they never understood that they didn't understand. They never realized

that they didn't realize.

They didn't understand and they didn't realize because they didn't have enough time to think or to question. They were too busy. They were too busy with their „busyness“ - their business! They were too busy with their lives and with their given tasks. They were too busy doing their duty. They were too busy fulfilling their responsibilities and it was their responsibility to do their duty and not to ask questions. The only thing they eventually questioned was „to question“ and the only ones they questioned were the ones „who questioned“.

Why questioning their own lives and their own environment? They were doing what everyone else was doing. They were doing what everyone else has always been doing. They were doing what everyone else will always do. Since they were doing what everyone else was doing, has always been doing and will always do, it must have been and must be the right thing to do. Wasn't that right? Well, for them, it was right. It was all right. **It was alright.**

For the milk sheep, there was nothing to question because life was alright. The milk sheep found that their lives

were alright because they got every thing they wanted. Their lives were alright because they got every thing they needed. Fortunately, life was not about things. Unfortunately, they didn't realize that either. The milk sheep found their lives alright because they got everything they wanted and that was exactly what they needed and what they needed was decided by farmer Phil, their master. Farmer Phil created their needs.

Farmer Phil had good intentions towards his milk sheep and because farmer Phil had good intentions towards his milk sheep he made the decisions for them. He decided what his milk sheep needed. He knew what they needed from him because he knew what he needed from them. He knew they wanted what they needed and they needed what he told them to need and that was what he wanted. He knew what was best for them because he knew what was best for him. He wanted the best for them because he wanted the best for himself.

He wanted them to be productive. He wanted them to be efficient. He wanted them to be productive and efficient milk sheep. He wanted to get the most out of them. He wanted their milk. He wanted as much milk as possible. He wanted high numbers. That really counted for farmer Phil. Farmer Phil wanted as much milk as

possible and occasionally their meat, but let's not talk about that. Farmer Phil's milk sheep don't need to know everything. Farmer Phil never told them and if farmer Phil decided not to tell them there must be a pretty good reason for it. After all, he knew, what was best for his milk sheep.

Farmer Phil really cared. He really cared for his milk sheep and for himself. That was his personality. He was a caring being. Farmer Phil found that he cared a lot for his milk sheep. He found that he cared enough. He found that he was just. He found himself big-hearted. He found giving them a free choice for either barn or meadow was an act of pure kindness and generosity. He found if you compared the lives of the milk sheep on his farm with the lives of milk sheep on other farms his milk sheep were far better off and that was true. It was true that the lives of milk sheep on other farms were often different. It was true that some of them did not have the choice between a barn and a meadow. It was true, but it was not the whole truth. In the end it was true that it was how it was. In the end it was true that whatever farmer Phil found that it was it didn't change what it actually was.

Luckily, farmer Phil's milk sheep were alright with their lives. Luckily, they were alright with what they got since they got what they wanted and they wanted what farmer Phil decided for them. Luckily, they had neither time nor need for questions. Luckily, they lacked foresight. Luckily, they had a very narrow horizon. Luckily, they had their water, their food, their shelter, their security and again their freedom to choose between their barn and their meadow. Luckily, they had no clue that beyond their barn and beyond their meadow there was more. Luckily, they had no clue that beyond their barn and beyond their meadow, there was much much more. There was a whole different world. There was a colourful world with different rules and rulers. Luckily, they didn't know all those things. Luckily, they didn't realize anything. Farmer Phil was really lucky.

# The uncomfortable Truth of true Comfort

The milk sheep got their water, their food, their shelter, their security and their free choice between barn and meadow and as long as they got what they wanted there was no reason to complain about, in principal. Nevertheless it was an interesting fact that the milk sheep who claimed that their lives were alright because they got everything they wanted, which actually was what farmer Phil wanted, were a bunch of complainers.

Sometimes the grass was a little too dry or too wet. Sometimes the water was a little too cold or too warm. Sometimes the weather was a little too windy, too hot or too chilly. Sometimes farmer Phil was looking after them far too often:

*“He is observing us!” --- “We want more privacy!”*

Sometimes farmer Phil was looking after them not often enough:

*“He is careless!” --- “He is not giving us the attention we deserve!”*

In fact though the milk sheep were in principal alright with their lives they were complaining a lot. The whole day long they complained about something or some things, someone or some ones. However, whatever it was they were complaining about day-in and day-out, in principal, it was about peanuts. It was about tiny issues. It was about inconvenient, uncomfortable, superficial topics. It was about the insignificant scratches on the facade of a house. It was about the appearance. It didn't say anything about the state of the house itself. It didn't say anything about the inside. It didn't say anything about the core. It was actually meaningless.

The truth was there were a lot of unacceptable, humiliating, unfair, defaming, patronizing, hypocritical events happening in their lives. The truth was there were terrible atrocities happening in their lives on a daily basis. The truth was there was plenty to learn, to improve, to realize, to rebel against, to fight for in their lives, but the truth was that the **Truth was ignored.**

Truth was ignored on the big milk-sheep farm in the small country far away in the North, but who needs Truth if one has food and water and shelter and security and the company of others? On the big milk-sheep farm in the small country far away in the North, Truth was ignored for the sake of comfort. That was the Truth and sooner or later they would all understand! Sooner or later they would all realize! Sooner or later they would all wake up ...