

Honor your father...

Συντάχθηκε απο τον/την Χρήστος Μπούμπουλης (Christos Boumpoulis)

Τρίτη, 27 Μάιος 2014 22:11 - Τελευταία Ενημέρωση Τετάρτη, 11 Ιούνιος 2014 19:12



First published on August 2nd, 2010.

“Buongiorno signore. Il mio nome è Chris”.

Few minutes ago, the train left the Alexandroupolis railway station and after one and half hour, it will be arriving at my destination, the Xanthi railway station.

As soon as I was embarked on the train, as usually, I started seeking for other passengers, their physiognomy of which might be promising for having with them some interesting conversations, during our common journey. And I found one such passenger.

In one of the train's Coupé there was one gentleman, in my age. His face, his clothes and his body type were so “neutral” that, this man, he could be walking in a crowd without anyone having notice him. But, still, he possessed one property which surprised me: his almost otherworldly sharp attentiveness onto the text of the book that he kept open in his hands. I find no words to describe this attentiveness. All I can say, metaphorically speaking, is that it seemed like there was a “river” of evaporated kindness, flowing between his gaze and his book, which completely absorbed all my senses and left me astonished to observe it.

I have sat opposed to him and then I noticed that the title of the book he was reading, which

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was written in Italian, was "Delitto e castigo di Dostoevskij".

Five minutes had passed by, until he decided to have our first words. He closed his book and gave us the opportunity for our introductions. His name was, Marko.

My fellow passenger, as an educated and cultured man which he was, he made some honorary comments on the beauty of the Thrace region, while expressed his regret for the governance problems Greece was facing, which, indeed, has not failed to classify as similar to those facing his own homeland Italy. This comment, gave me the opportunity to raise the issue of the role of mafia within the European countries.

The discussion that followed was, roughly, as follows:

"Listen, Christo, the mafia is nothing more than a painful symptom of lack of proper education, of high variety culture and of high quality ethos on behalf of ordinary people. I have been involuntary involved in a conflict of interests with the mafia, since the 1970s, and by this way I have become acquainted with her to such a high degree as only few others have. I'll tell you my story, and I believe that I will persuade you that the mafia is only a derivative problem rather than a primary one

.

In the early 1970s, the Italian mafia with considered me as one prospect threat for their interests

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*– which is the biggest fear for the mafia and
hers bosses
– because I was the only son of a person which the Mafia 'whacked' at that time, so as to look
like a health problem. At the same time, my teachers happened to recognize
in me a youngster
with
unusually
high intelligence,
with
excellent
development
potential and
with
a strong, innate moral
urge. For these reasons
the mafia
were
misled into thinking that it was only a matter of time, to
discover
that my father
was
actually
victimized
by
the mafia, to find the moral
perpetrators
and to
vindicate him
.*

*In such cases the mafia behaves harshly. There are three possible options: one gets hot lead,
or
becomes bribed
, or
he is made
non-combat-capable
by being submitted under a
wide variety of forms of violence.*

*In the thirty-five years that followed until today, the mafia is seamlessly used all means at its
disposal in order to make me non-combat-capable, while having occasionally tried, in vain to
bribe me with, money and power and women.*

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With slander and scuttlebutt my working environment has caused professional problems in order not to amass sufficient financial means and symbolic capital for defending my father. By besmirching my honor and my reputation with various scams, they ensured that nobody might believe me and my claims. Also, they attempted, unsuccessfully, to addict me to drugs and to modify my exclusive adult heterosexual preferences towards homosexuality. For subduing me they didn't hesitate even to use false witnesses for slandering me as being a criminal, a thief and a psychopath, while, in some cases, they have got illegitimately involved even the state authorities.

For committing all this scam, the mafia enlisted – and here is the most interesting part of the entire story – exclusively ordinary people, which, however, had two characteristics in common: they were desperate and substances addicts, at the same time. Someone may have been losing his home due to his unpaid bank loans; another one may have been on the verge of prison for his debts; another one may have been bribed by possessing a high professional position without having the appropriate qualifications; another one may have been black mailed by the mafia; and many others were simply integrated into mafia's power networks while lacking the necessary moral principles for coping with honesty the burden of unemployment that threatens, in general, western societies. All those ordinary and seemingly reputable people, were committing crimes and then because of the fear of detection and punishment by the justice authorities, they were morally calloused to such an extent that they were losing any discrimination ability between 'good' and 'evil', any sense of guilt, any possibility of repentance; every moral inhibition.

In these thirty-five years I saw with my own eyes that the lack of education, of high quality culture and of ethos having been degrading people to potential anthropomorphic beasts. Even your best friend - If not your own mother - can sell you for having a house, or for a position of authority, or even for an expensive SUV.

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Despite the cruelty which they exercised upon me, mafia did not subdue me. My teachers taught me to observe while being detached from them, all the obstacles and all the dangers of life and by maintaining even strength, to confront them by my knowledge and by my mental power. Still, mafia was able to deprive me from some of the comforts and of some of the ordinary joys of life and most importantly, to permanently detach me from some of my illusions about people, for my realizing that everyone is able to commit not only the largest good, but also the greater evil".

Dear Marko, it is overwhelming for me, meeting a person who has experienced the brutality of the Italian Mafia, which, until now, I knew only from some books and some movies.

But, however, I have a question for you:

We live in a world which, despite some rare exceptions, almost everyone does not have even a single ounce of dignity; nor a trickle of trustworthiness; almost everyone for just a handful of pennies, without even the slightest hesitation, would re-crucified Jesus Christ; they would re-poison the Socrates and in general, they would commit any crime. Why don't you give away? Why do you choose this hassle? Why bother with the memory and honor of a man who was lost so long ago? Why don't you accept the bribery money and the social power that mafia offers to you for buying your silence, so as to live honestly and creatively the rest of your life?

"Greatly have they afflicted me from my youth, yet they have not prevailed against me". [Psalm 192:2']

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"Your question is rational and I will try to answer you.

*My life was boroughed to me, as a gift by the higher power that we usually call God. The way
to receive this gift, was ope
ned
by
the man who
created me;
my father. For the gift of
my
life I am
lifelong
indebted to my father. The grace of God, and the grace of my teachers,
have
endowed
me
with the foresight to know that I had
exclusively only
two choices: either to betray the honor of my father
and by this way to
fetch permanently on
my
conscience and
on
my intelligence the enormous burden
of
the
ingratitude towards my father,
therefore having
me to live the rest of my life irretrievably deprived
from that
characteristic willingness;
that characteristic
readiness and availability of the human soul
which exclusively
makes a male b
eing also a
M
a
n,
or,
to honor my father*

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and by this way to possess, for the rest of my life, the single memory of my father having become an inexhaustible pure source of mental and spiritual strength and endurance, for me to rely upon, at any difficulty and adversity of my life.

Think, Christo, we are all mortals. Sooner or later we will all die, others of old age; others will become crime's victims; others of illness; others of anything else. I have studied carefully the people around me. When, one, once betrays the truth or the justice, then, he has no rational basis not to betray them once again. Sooner or later, he will inevitably end up betraying the truth and justice in every case and in the end, he will permanently loose any ability for discriminating truth and/or justice. Without discriminating ability for truth and justice, he is going to become unable to establish true human relationships and also, he is not ever going to achieve self-knowledge. Then, there are going to be woefully few those things which they might distinguish him from the animals".

At this point, the loudspeakers of the train heralded the imminent arrival of the train at the station of Xanthi.

I got up from the seat, said goodbye to my fellow passenger and I stood in front of the closed door of the train, waiting for the train to a halt.

The beautiful Plane trees, next to the station building, reminded me, though, that Life is Beautiful.

The rest of that day was seized; and the rest of my life is going on ...

Note: the photo was found [here](#) .