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Who Is the Saviour of God?

I was happy to be with the group after dinner.
I walked into the underground station parting with an Indian girl. Soon after the train rolled into the sunset from the ground.
Maybe it is healthy? Sometimes it's so overwhelming that I need to cry after spending time with humans (most humans).
There are a few people here I don't have to cry after spending some time with them, like #.
That's what made the this person and this relationship so precious.
Those friendly, decent white people I see laughing and joking are kind. Meanwhile i was thinking that they may not really be able to feel struggles of so many people's hardships. Empathy is doubtful. Pity is like rape.
I came back thinking about such unfairness of the world and how I've been feeling it here, and then, I stopped whining. I just sat on the side of the road and saw two passers-by concentrating on their mobile phones, walking past by each other, the moment the sun was setting.
It's better if I'm not holding back your tears.
Then I wanted to write a novel.
It would be about how a woman who fell in love with someone like # as someone who was so thin and frail like Jesus.
Delicate and sympathetic, the closest to God of all the white people here. Even though that person does not believe in God.
The person would give the command 'let go your soul and trust in Him/Her'
So this novel would tell a story of this woman who has a wonderful sense of intimacy with God but is still not religious.
She portrays God in her heart, projects it on the fragile and good-hearted, but herself, albeit described as weak-minded by other ignorant people, is in fact incredibly strong and resilient.
She finds that it is not that God save her, but that — she saves God.
Those kind people are so fragile, they are wounded in the smallest detail (the woman is also wounded in the smallest detail but she dusts herself off and goes away) because their nerves are too thin to endure. That's why their excess of guilt and compassion, their sympathy, even if sincere, is an intrusion, like rape, into her life.

Today I had a burger with everyone and I finally ran away with this social triumph, which nearly destroyed me.
There was a girl called B. She was nice, lively, and considerably explained things to people.
But the way she seemed so secure, confident, at ease, still gave me a stomach ache and flatulence. Yeah I drank too much sparkling water and ate too many Chips.
Standing in those smiles, I started to feel them.
A female executive with an economics degree from my uni started talking to me, and I felt so stupid that everything I did was odd, as if I was in a space where I felt so strongly about my own existence - those phenomenological things Ponty talks about all came out and realised themselves so vividly.
The sunset was so beautiful by the way. I was listening to a song on the tube, and when I got off the underground, the Moon song was playing
I was then crying like a lost traveller.
Sometimes I try to distinguish between forms of kindness in humans, but some say that humans are social animals and therefore such distinction would be not reasonable, if at all.
My thought is that, most humans' kindness is just for comforting their own conscience. It is fundamentally for themselves (instead of other ones they care)
I'm not saying I'm the kind of person whose being kind is in a pure form directing for others, Actually I don't even know if such people even exist, or if the true altruist has never been born.

I don't know, I find it hard to say that those kind humans of privilege genuinely care about another person - it's all about soothing their own fragile hearts.
I don't want to be like that, and I don't want to be treated like that. And that's why # made me so splitting. I'm so afraid to think of it - perhaps they never really liked me, rather, they just liked the feeling that they're exerting a kind of "superhuman" goodness/god-like gentleness.
But on the other hand, isn't this also what I am? Since I'm nothing more than a

but on the other hand, isn't this also what I am...? Since I'm nothing more than a human child.

My tears never dry when I keep thinking about it. I'm ashamed of the people I love and I'm ashamed of myself.

But the difference is, I keep playing the role of the one who needs to be loved, the one who is to be reused - so as to satisfy the conscience of those people, the hearts in need of comfort.

See? God is not saving me, I am saving God.

That's what it means.

I've been reflecting a novel <The Idiot>. I think it's ok to appropriate the love of God that the Meshkin has for Nastasya there - not romantic love, but love, perhaps. But in any case the tragedy of Nastasya's death is made through that love. For this kind of love is an insult, a pity. It is not a love with obsession, not a love of respect and reverence. And a soul as sensitive and delicate as Nastasya's, who has been through suffering, understands this truth all too well, so she does not accept it, so she destroys herself. There are too many misreadings of her character describing it as self-destructive tendency - what kind of ignorant, old structuralist understanding is that? Her sensibility captures the wound. It is exactly because of M's love, the essence of that love that she was saved from and awakened to. The need to preserve her final self-respect and self-love (misinterpreted as arrogance by those proud people) is after this love, thereby, she had to take a path that was doomed to destruction.

Everyone loves Meshkin so much for his God-like kindness that they overlook Nastasya's kindness - the very kindness that can fucking save the God!

The whole compassion across the world from today's progressive lefty, means nothing to me compared with Nastasya's invisible tears, as she walks through the concert with her laughing aloud.

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