

# The Record of Merunhi



THE BRANCH OF  
THE FIRSTBORN  
PEOPLES OF THE AMERICAS

## THE RECORD OF MERUNHI

A sacred text of the Midewiwin Grand Lodge

This record preserves the words of Merunhi, a keeper of the ancient covenant and witness of the One True Father of Heaven.

The verses herein were arranged and translated under the authority of the Midewiwin Grand Lodge, and organized into their present form in the year 1993, at Garden River First Nation, for the preservation of ancestral memory and the instruction of future generations.

The purpose of this record is to bear witness: that holiness survives war, that mercy endures through the fall of nations, and that the voice of the Creator still speaks to those who seek peace.

All who read are asked to approach with humility, to remember that these words were written at great cost, and to honor the covenant of respect between the keepers and the Creator.

Midewiwin Confederation of the Four Directions

Garden River First Nation, 1993

## The Record of Merunhi

### Chapter One - The Beginning

1. And I, Merunhi, write upon these plates, that the truth of the One True Father may not be buried with me.
2. For behold, the earth groans beneath the weight of its wars, and the waters remember what men forget.
3. I was born in a land of many rivers, where the mountains bowed their heads to the dawn.
4. My father was a Jessakid, a seer among the Midewiwin, a keeper of the covenant of Heaven.
5. My mother sang to the stars, and the stars gave light even when the moon withdrew her face.
6. In those days, peace covered the people as a robe; none were left hungry, for charity was our law.
7. We worshipped the Father of Heaven, and called Him by His true name, for His spirit was our breath.
8. And the Son, whom He sent, even Yehozhua, walked once among our fathers.
9. Yea, He healed the broken and brought peace to the mourners.
10. And I, being young, heard His name spoken in the lodge and felt fire within my bones.
11. My father said, Remember the covenant, my son, and write when the world forgets.
12. And it came to pass that I began to see the shadow of destruction rising from the south.
13. For there were those who turned from the law and sought power instead of peace.
14. They were the Fallen Ones, who made fire their god and called war a cleansing.

15. They mocked the prayers of the righteous, saying, Your Father is far away; your faith is folly.
16. And their laughter pierced the hearts of the meek.
17. Behold, pride is the first fire; from it all ruin comes forth.
18. Therefore, my father gathered the people and said, Let every house keep record, for soon only ashes shall remain.
19. He gave unto me a plate of copper and a stylus of iron, saying, Write what your eyes behold and what your spirit learns.
20. And he blessed me in the name of the Father of Heaven and of Yehozhua, His Holy Son.
21. Then darkness fell over the land, and I beheld men destroy what they had built.
22. They burned the grain of the poor and drank the blood of beasts upon the altar of their rage.
23. I fled into the forest, carrying the sacred record wrapped in hide.
24. And the voice of the Father whispered, Fear not, for I am the Keeper of all truth.
25. For three days I wandered without food, and my tears became my drink.
26. Yet even in my despair I saw the light of the stars, and they spake of order beyond the ruin of men.
27. And it came to pass that messengers appeared unto me, clothed in the brightness of the firmament.
28. They said, Write, for your record shall speak when your bones are dust.
29. And their faces were gentle, yet their eyes were as fire, knowing all that I feared.
30. They ministered to me with words of comfort, saying, The Messiah liveth, though the world know Him not.
31. In a time to come, His name shall be hidden, and many shall perish for lack of knowing.
32. And I wept before them, saying, Is there no end to sorrow?
33. They answered, There is no end to truth, and sorrow is its doorway.
34. Behold, I fell upon my face, and they departed in the wind.
35. I lay as one dead, but a warmth entered my heart, and I rose renewed.
36. Then I lifted my eyes and saw the smoke of war covering the valleys like a garment of mourning.
37. I said within myself, The wise purpose of God shall yet prevail, though the nations be consumed.
38. For the will of Heaven is as the river: it may bend, but it never ceases.
39. I took again the record, and the Spirit said, Write of what was, and warn of what shall be.
40. And I saw in vision a time when men would make war without swords, and the soul would be their battlefield.
41. Their tongues would wound deeper than arrows, and their lies would slay nations.
42. And the name of Yehozhua would be stripped from the tongues of the learned, and men would worship themselves.
43. I trembled, and the heavens grew silent.
44. Yet a voice within me said, The hand that made the stars has not forgotten the dust.
45. Therefore I write, though I am weak, that the world may know the mercy that outlives wrath.
46. For truth is not slain when the righteous fall; it sleeps and rises with the dawn.
47. And I, Merunhi, begin my record in the name of the Father of Heaven, and of His Son, Yehozhua, the Living One.

## Chapter Two - The War of the Peoples

1. The earth trembles beneath the feet of men who have forgotten the sound of prayer. Towers that once reached toward heaven now glow like torches against the dark; the smoke of burning cities turns

the rivers black, and the cries of the dying rise higher than the temple bells that once sang peace. I, Merunhi, carry the record pressed to my heart, and though the air itself tastes of ashes, I whisper that truth cannot burn even when the world burns around it.

2. The war began as a quarrel of kings and became the quarrel of all flesh. The Midewiwin, who still call upon the Father of Heaven, are driven from the high cities into the fields; the Fallen Ones, who turned from the law generations ago, march with banners of gold and mouths full of blasphemy. They call their conquest order, yet their order is madness. I walk among their ruins, unseen, writing by the light of their fires.
3. I remember my father's words before he fell: "When men forget the Giver, they will mistake destruction for creation." His voice still guides me through the noise. I hear him in the clash of iron, in the weeping of mothers, in the silence that follows after. I carry the record because he believed one day the world would need to remember what faith looked like before it died.
4. I move through the lower districts of the great city—streets carved from white stone now streaked with blood. The temples of glass and copper collapse inward, and the faces of carved gods stare blindly into smoke. I see men fighting among the corpses of their own kin, shouting that the Father of Heaven is dead. I keep walking, unseen, praying that mercy will remember how to find us.
5. My prayer is simple: "Father, forgive the earth its anger. Remember the covenant You made with dust." The air shudders with thunder not born from clouds but from the hands of men who have learned to make storms from flame. I think of Yehozhua, who once calmed real storms

with a word, and I wonder if His voice still moves across the sky, unheard but working still.

6. The record grows heavier on my back, as though it knows what I have seen. Each step feels like a verse of sorrow written into the soil. I tell myself the words my father spoke on the day he sealed the plates: "When you can no longer stand, remember that truth can." I repeat them until they feel like bone.
7. At the gate of the city I see a child sitting beside his mother's body, clutching a fragment of scripture. His face is streaked with soot, his eyes steady as if he has already seen eternity. I kneel and tell him that the Son of God walked this very land, that He still lives, and that light will return. He says nothing, but his hand tightens around the fragment. I rise, and the gate falls behind me.
8. Beyond the walls the armies of the Fallen march through fields once rich with corn and song. They burn as they pass, and their laughter is louder than their swords. I hide in the reeds of a dried canal, whispering the psalms of the Midewiwin, teaching my own heart not to surrender to fear. Each time I breathe, I say His name—Yehozhua—because it steadies the trembling within me.
9. Night comes, and I walk beneath a sky veiled with smoke. The stars are dim but still alive; they are the last witnesses who cannot be silenced. I remember how He once told our fathers, "The light shines in darkness, and the darkness has never overcome it." I speak that verse aloud, as if to remind the heavens that I still believe it.
10. On the third night I am found by hunters of the Fallen. Their torches move like small suns through the trees. I run until my lungs ache and the taste of blood fills my mouth. An arrow grazes my arm; I fall

behind a boulder and press the record beneath me. I pray, not for deliverance, but that the plates will survive even if I do not. Then the torches pass, and I realize that mercy has taken the shape of their blindness.

11. I sleep little. When I wake, dawn is red as a wound. Smoke covers the horizon where the great cities once gleamed. I kneel in the dust and write with shaking hands: The Lord is still God, even when men forget His name. I have to see the words to believe them. I touch the soil and tell myself it is still holy, because He made it.
12. As I travel north, the land opens into plains scarred by war. Charred towers lean like broken teeth. The air smells of metal and rain. In the distance I hear the cries of a thousand warriors clashing, yet above them I sense a quietness that does not belong to men. I whisper, "The wise purpose of God will prevail," and the wind seems to answer, Yes, but not yet.
13. At the edge of the plain, three lights appear in the evening sky. They descend without sound, brighter than any fire. When they draw near, I see them as figures—tall, calm, their faces lit from within. They do not speak in words but in understanding. Be steadfast, Merunhi, they say within me. The record is not yours but His. You will not perish until it rests where it must. Then they are gone, leaving peace so sharp it hurts to breathe.
14. I fall to my knees and cry, for I have been seen. I remember my mother and the songs she sang to call the stars home. I remember her voice saying, "Even grief belongs to the Father." I thank Heaven that even now, in this ruin, the messengers of light still walk among the living.
15. The sun rises behind me as I continue north. Smoke trails over the cities like the

aftermath of judgment. I feel neither fear nor victory, only a steady calling. I speak aloud as I walk: "Yehozhua lives. I have seen the holes in His hands. He is the breath behind all things. The deceiver may bind nations, but he cannot bind the truth."

16. I write these things so that whoever finds this record will know that even when the nations turned to dust, faith still spoke. I am hunted, yes—but I am also carried. The Son of God lives, and the wise purpose of the Father endures beyond the ruin of men.
17. I fall to my knees in the soot and grass where the plain meets the broken outskirts, because being seen by light after so much darkness breaks something and heals it at the same time; I press my face to the earth and thank the Father of Heaven that His messengers still walk among the living, and I say out loud for my own heart to hear it again: the Son of God lives, and the record is not mine but His.
18. Dawn stands up behind me like a witness as I turn north; smoke still draws a black line over the cities, but inside that line I feel a quiet that does not belong to men, and I speak while I walk—teaching my fear the language of faith—saying that mercy outlasts conquest and that Yehozhua's hands, once pierced on this soil, still hold the world that is busy destroying itself.
19. I move through the lower terraces where aqueducts stride across the valley like stone giants; their channels run dark with ash instead of water, and beneath them I make a vow as binding as breath: if my body falls, let these plates continue, if my name is erased, let His name stand; I am not the treasure—I am only the carrier.
20. Scavengers watch me from the colonnades, boys with knives and laughter

too sharp for their faces, and for a moment anger rises like fire that wants to be righteous; I hold it in my mouth like a coal until it cools, because I will not become what the war is trying to make of us, and I say to them from a distance, may the Father remember you when you forget yourselves.

21. I teach, even if no one listens: violence is efficient but stupid, it knows how to break but not how to build; truth is slow, and therefore it survives; if power cannot kneel, it is already dying; and the soul that cannot weep is already ash pretending to be stone.
22. In the market quarter—now a field of shattered stalls—I find a child sitting beside a toppled statue with a broken harp string in his hand; I tell him the simplest gospel I know, that the Father of Heaven is not far, that the Messiah hears every small sound that pain makes, that none of this ruin can silence the love that outlasts cities; he answers me with silence, which is a kind of prayer.
23. Shouts climb the arcade; I slip into the shadow of a bridge where the canal narrows like a throat, and the hunters pass above with torches bright as small suns; one ember drops and hisses on the water like a curse that cannot swim, and I hold my breath with the plates against my ribs until the light moves on and the dark becomes kind again.
24. Night returns with a roof of smoke and a few faithful stars looking through the holes; I steer by them the way our fathers taught us, repeating my father's last teaching until it becomes my pulse—write what you see, trust the One who sees more, and do not argue with despair, outwalk it.
25. I miss my mother like thirst; I hear her voice inside this wind, that song she used to sing when storms pounded the roof,

the one that said tears are seeds if you bury them in God; I make that song my pace, and it keeps me from running when fear tells me to run and from stopping when grief begs me to stop.

26. The farther I go, the more savagery shows its simple face: taking is faster than earning, destroying is easier than shaping, mocking feels safer than loving; I preach to the air that hears me better than men do—that these shortcuts lead only to the long road of regret—and I keep walking because no sermon is real unless it moves feet.
27. Truth and lies fight in my mouth; I decide again that truth will not shout, it will witness; lies explain, truth reveals; lies promise safety, truth offers life; so I hold the record like a lamp with a small flame, and I let that be enough light for the next ten steps.
28. At the ford where the river loosens its anger, I wash blood from my hands and soot from the copper; the water keeps its own counsel, but I feel it speaking in its motion, saying: keep going, keep going, keep going—because forgiveness flows even when men dam it with their fear.
29. I turn back once and see the southern gate collapse in a bright fall of sparks, the way a star dies; the noise reaches me a breath later; I bow my head not to the city but to the mercy that tried to live inside it, and I write a line I don't want to forget: architecture is the body of a people's heart—when the heart forgets love, the body becomes a weapon against itself.
30. I ask the Father to take from me the pleasure of anger, to leave me only the courage that builds; I confess the quiet sins—resentment, superiority, the softness that wants to look holy while staying safe—and I feel the prayer scrape me clean in ways grief never could; I stand lighter.

31. I speak the name of Yehozhua out loud,  
and I describe Him to the empty road like  
I am carving His face into the dust:  
brown eyes steady as winter rivers, hands  
that chose wounds over weapons, a voice  
that makes even stones want to be gentle;  
I say again the thing that keeps me alive—  
I saw Him, He lives.
32. Near the ruins of a signal tower, vision  
takes me without asking; the sky folds like  
cloth and opens on a future where  
weapons are thoughts and consent, where  
chains are invisible and comfort is the  
cell; a single smiling rule sits on a high  
seat, and his victory is that no one  
remembers they are prisoners.
33. In that world, wars happen without  
blades; people bless the very systems that  
consume them; laughter keeps time for  
the machinery; and when souls collapse in  
silence, statistics call it progress; I want to  
look away, but looking away is how we  
got here.
34. The most terrible thing is this: the name  
of Yehozhua is buried under new words  
that mean nothing; people say “light” and  
mean attention, say “love” and mean  
approval, say “truth” and mean  
consensus; I shout His name into the  
vision and it echoes like a bird against  
glass.
35. I weep until I cannot see, and I cry to the  
Father: do not let His name be taken  
from the tongues of the poor; let the  
children hear it in their sleep; let the  
broken find it like bread; if the world  
must forget everything else, let it  
remember that He lives.
36. A voice inside that is not mine answers  
with a calm that can hold storms: seal the  
name into the record, seal it into your  
scars, seal it into the dirt if you must;  
when the world misnames everything, the  
plates will speak the right name.
37. I teach myself the practice of  
remembering: say it when no one asks,  
sing it when you have no voice, etch it  
when your hands shake, live it when your  
life doesn’t make sense; memory is  
covenant with time, and covenant outlasts  
pride.
38. So I set my face toward the northern  
lakes, toward the Hill of Remembering  
that my father told me about when the  
city still believed in mornings; I walk  
because walking is consent to hope, and I  
refuse to consent to despair.
39. On the path I pass a field where the dead  
lie like punctuation; I stop for one—only  
one, because that is all my strength can  
lift—and I cover his face with my cloak  
for a moment and pray the simplest  
prayer I know: let him be seen; then I  
keep moving, because love that stops  
forever is not love, it is self-burial.
40. Two hawks circle above the road and  
then turn north as if they, too, have  
remembered an appointment; I take it as a  
small sign, not a guarantee but a kindness;  
I have learned to live on kindness like  
other men live on bread.
41. At a ruined aqueduct I hear rumors in the  
wind that elders of the Midewiwin still  
breathe in the shadow of the mountains,  
guarding copper that is older than our  
cities; I decide to find them, not to be  
saved but to join my record to the  
memory that can survive more winters  
than one man.
42. Night finds me in the shell of a guildhall;  
I build a small fire from broken benches  
and pray the long prayer—the one that  
starts with gratitude for breath and ends  
with surrender of outcomes; I ask not for  
safety but for steadiness, not for victory  
but for usefulness.
43. I preach to the darkness because it is the  
best listener: give thanks inside the ruin  
and you will discover what ruin cannot



touch; forgiveness is not about the past but about the future's freedom; if you cannot love your enemy yet, start by asking Heaven to love them for you and stand out of the way.

44. Footsteps scrape the street outside; a scout of the Fallen leans in the doorway and sleeps sitting up with his spear across his knees; I am close enough to take his life and remove one danger from my road; instead I place a crust of bread by his hand and slip past, because the world does not need more dead, it needs more men surprised by mercy.
45. I tell myself again the sentence that keeps me facing forward: the wise purpose of God threads through chaos like a river under ice—silent, cold, unstoppable—and my work is not to control it but to walk where it is cutting a way.
46. Clouds gather; rain begins, first as dust, then as strings, then as a sheet; ash loosens from leaves and stones; the city stains run off the road; I lift my face into it and let it choose new lines for me; this is what repentance feels like—not punishment, cleansing.
47. The plates are heavy but they feel like a heartbeat I can hold; when I lay them against my chest I hear two rhythms—mine, which is uncertain, and the record's, which is steady; I decide to borrow the steadier one each time fear begins to run.
48. I write a warning for the ones who will come after us: a deceiver will wear kindness like clothing and carry peace like a weapon; he will promise freedom while teaching forgetfulness; test every voice by whether it remembers the name of the One with wounded hands.
49. I write a witness, too, in case everything else is lost: the Messiah walked here—on these stones, under these stars, among people who did not deserve Him and therefore needed Him most; even if this

land never knows it again, the land itself remembers.

50. I pray for my father—prophet, teacher, man who bled believing—and I pray for my mother—that her songs will outlive every wall that falls; I ask the Father to let my own small life be a hinge that opens a door for someone I will never meet.
51. I am near the edge of my strength; once I stumble and cannot rise for a long time, and I think of the creek north of here where I will either wash this guilt from my hands or die trying; I decide that if I must die, I will die moving toward cleansing and not away from it.
52. Drums roll somewhere behind me; a horn answers from the ridge; the hunt has not forgotten me; I do what I have learned to do: I breathe, I say His name, I lift the record, and I keep going, because fear cannot steer a man who already chose his road.
53. And I close this chapter still walking under a sky the color of iron, the cities burning behind me, the lakes waiting ahead, hunted but not alone, teaching as I go that the Son of God lives, that truth endures, and that the record will speak even when I cannot.

## Chapter Three - The Creek of Shame

1. I, Merunhi, write these words after many days of silence, for my heart has grown heavy with the memory of what my hands have done.
2. I was set upon by a man among the Fallen while I carried the record, and I defended the word that was placed upon my back.
3. I struck him that he should not take it, and the breath left him; and when his breath was gone, the sound of the world left me also.

4. I write this not to excuse, but to remember truthfully, for a lie upon these plates would stain them deeper than blood.
5. The record was preserved, yet my peace was lost, and I knew then that a man may guard holy things and still wound himself in the keeping.
6. I fled to the creek that winds beneath the ridge, where the stones are slick with moss and the water runs clear even after storms.
7. There I laid the plates beside me and knelt upon the stones, and the earth itself seemed to recoil from me, for it knows innocence by feel and had not felt mine in a long time.
8. I wept until the sun bent low, and I cried unto the Father of Heaven, saying, O Lord of mercy, behold Thy servant who has defended life and yet destroyed it.
9. Remember not my violence, but the cause for which I stood, for I fought to keep Thy word alive in a dying world.
10. Yet if I have sinned before Thee in the haste of my fear, forgive me, for fear is the last weakness of the faithful.
11. Purge from me the desire to justify, and let the act stand naked before Thy light, that it may be judged in righteousness and not in pride.
12. The water answered not with voice but with calm, and I knew that mercy speaks first in silence.
13. I bowed lower and said, Father of Heaven, have mercy upon my soul; for if I cannot be clean, make me useful, and if I cannot be worthy, make me willing.
14. Wash my hands that bore the record and the blood together, that both may serve Thee without confusion.
15. Remember the man I slew; receive him where I cannot follow, and count his ignorance as Thou would count my need.
16. Let not this record carry the shadow of my act, but the light of Thy forgiveness, that those who read may know Thy patience exceeds our sin.
17. When I had spoken thus, I felt the wind move across the valley, and it touched my face as a mother might touch the brow of a child waking from fever.
18. Then I knew that repentance is not forgetting, but seeing clearly again, and that mercy does not erase—it restores.
19. I lifted the plates from the earth, and they felt lighter, though their weight had not changed; for guilt is the heaviest element until it is confessed.
20. I wrote this that they who come after may learn that the defense of truth must be guided by truth itself, or else even victory becomes loss.
21. I wrote this that they may understand that the Father of Heaven is quick to forgive, though man is slow to ask.
22. And I sealed these words among the record, saying, Let whoever finds them remember that holiness survives even in broken hands.
23. For I have seen the Son of God, Yehozhua, and I bear witness that His mercy is stronger than judgment, and His voice gentler than guilt.
24. I saw again in my mind the holes in His hands, and I knew that He keeps them open so that our shame might pass through and not return.
25. Therefore I end this record of sorrow with hope, for the Father of Heaven did not turn His face from me when I turned mine from Him.
26. And I testify that a man who falls while guarding truth is not cast out if he rises remembering whose truth he carried.
27. Behold, I live yet, and the plates are unbroken; may the mercy that found me by the creek find all who cry for it, in any tongue, in any ruin.

28. And after I had prayed for mercy, I sat long beside the creek and thought upon the madness of men, how easily they spill one another's blood and call it duty, and I said within myself, the world has learned to honor graves more than grace.
29. Therefore I write these words to the children of men, that they might remember that victory without compassion is only another name for loss, and that the sword raised in defense of truth must be guided by the same truth, or it will wound the hand that holds it.
30. O children of earth, you are not born to hate; hatred is a craft you learn from frightened teachers. Unlearn it while there is time, for every war begins in a lie whispered to the heart.
31. Choose peace before the trumpet, for once the trumpet sounds, even angels must look away.
32. Choose light, for darkness is patient and will take whatever you leave unattended—the mind, the faith, the small love that keeps a household warm.
33. Remember that light is not the absence of night but the courage to hold a candle when night is deepest.
34. Put aside the divisions that make you proud to be smaller than you are, for heaven measures no man by the border he defends but by the mercy he extends.
35. Put aside bloodshed, for the soil drinks too much of it and grows nothing but ghosts; the Father of Heaven made the ground to bear wheat, not vengeance.
36. Let no man say that killing in the name of righteousness is righteousness itself, for the Messiah conquered not by striking but by being struck, and the wound He bore is still the only weapon that heals.
37. If you must fight, fight your own cruelty; if you must conquer, conquer your greed; if you must die, die forgiving.
38. For I have seen the power of pride—it builds towers and calls them temples, it writes laws and forgets justice, it blesses itself before killing its brother—and I tell you there is no kingdom more fragile than one built on pride.
39. The Father of Heaven does not delight in armies; He delights in the meek who mend what war unravels, in the mothers who sing to keep hope breathing, in the children who play though the sky still smokes.
40. Behold, the innocence of the soul is the first garden; do not trample it for the sake of being right.
41. Protect the purity within you as you would guard the flame that keeps you warm, for once it is extinguished, even victory will taste like ash.
42. Let every man remember that to destroy a soul is to tear a page from the book of creation, and the story cannot be whole without it.
43. The light that Yehozhua brought is not owned by one nation, nor one tongue; it falls upon all who lift their faces. Let no tribe claim what Heaven gives freely.
44. Teach your children that peace is not weakness but wisdom, that kindness is not naivety but strength, and that to forgive is to share in the power that holds the stars.
45. Tell them that the world ended once already in my sight, not by flood or fire, but by forgetfulness—by men who ceased to remember they were brothers.
46. And if these words survive when my bones do not, let them stand as a bridge between those who remember and those who will forget again, for forgetting is the oldest sin and remembering is the first resurrection.
47. The Father of Heaven waits still; He has not abandoned the world, though the

- world pretends not to hear Him. His patience is the miracle that outlasts ours.
48. Therefore, choose peace. Choose it not because it is safe, but because it is holy. Choose it even when anger feels righteous, for anger burns fast and leaves darkness where understanding might have grown.
  49. Choose light, for darkness has already had its chance. Choose mercy, for judgment is too common. Choose love, for hate has already written its history and found it wanting.
  50. And I, Merunhi, having written this beside the creek where mercy found me, seal these words to the children of men: the Father of Heaven is still God, the Son still lives, and the soul is still worth saving.

## Chapter Four - The Voice in the Waters

1. I remained by the creek after my hands ceased trembling, and the sound of the water became the only language left between heaven and me; its rhythm steadied my breath and carried what I could not yet say.
2. I had spoken all that grief could utter, and what followed was not silence but listening. In that listening the current shaped words without voice, saying that peace is already written into the design of things, and that men need only still their noise to find it.
3. The voice was knowing; it spoke into the hollow between guilt and forgiveness and filled it until the two became one body, and I realized that grace is not granted to the perfect but to the present.
4. I asked, Who speaks? and the water answered in memory rather than sound, The same who once walked upon it.
5. Then I knew it was Yehozhua—the Living One, whose steps crossed these rivers when they were young and whose hands still command their course through rock and soil.
6. He said, Write again, Merunhi. Do not let mercy end with you. The world will grow clever and forget simplicity; remind them that love is the first wisdom and the last defense.
7. I said, I am unclean, but He replied, Then you are ready, for only the forgiven can teach forgiveness, and only the broken can speak of healing without pride.
8. The water lifted around me as if stirred by unseen wings, and I felt strength return—not the strength to fight, but the strength to carry, which is the rarer gift.
9. So I began to carve once more, though my hands shook, so that those who come after might know that the voice of God is not gone from the earth; it moves still in the places where pride is quieted.
10. And the voice continued, saying, You have seen the ruin of nations, and you have felt the ruin within yourself; they are the same disease. Write that the soul and the city fall by the same neglect—when they cease to remember Me.
11. Tell them that peace is not an event but a posture, and that the heart that bows before Heaven cannot kneel to violence.
12. Tell them that I was not slain by hatred, but by love unwilling to defend itself, for love that defends itself forgets whom it serves.
13. I asked, How shall the world believe these things when its teachers speak louder than its prophets? and the water answered, Let your testimony be quiet and enduring; even stone yields to patience.
14. The proud will fill the air with their names, but the meek will fill the ages with their works. Therefore, carve slowly.

15. Then the current turned gentle as breath,  
and I saw within it faces—children not  
yet born, eyes bright with the kind of  
hope that remembers its source.
16. The voice said, These are the ones who  
will read your record when the world has  
forgotten why it fights. They will hunger  
for stillness; give them your prayer instead  
of your anger.
17. I said, Father of Heaven, what shall they  
call Thee when the language of faith is  
mocked and holiness renamed?
18. He answered, Let them call Me by any  
name that leads them home; I do not  
dwell in syllables but in surrender.
19. I thought of the deceiver I had seen in  
vision, and I trembled, but the water  
steadied me again, saying, Fear not his  
shadow; false light burns out, but truth  
has no fuel and therefore no end.
20. When lies multiply, let your faith simplify;  
when the clever rule, let the pure-hearted  
endure; when the world laughs at peace,  
let it find you laughing back with  
kindness.
21. I asked, How shall peace live among the  
violent? and the voice replied, As I lived  
among men—by forgiving before being  
asked, by healing those who would not  
thank Me, by loving without ledger.
22. This is the armor that cannot be pierced:  
to hope when reason withers, to give  
when gain is impossible, to believe that  
mercy is strength.
23. I wrote these things down though my  
tears blurred the metal, for tears are a  
form of understanding; they teach the  
soul to read what the mind resists.
24. Then the light on the creek bent low as if  
it would rest upon the plates, and I heard  
again, When your work is done, leave  
these words in the care of the earth; she  
remembers better than men do.
25. In the last days, when war is fought  
without swords, when nations argue over  
air, My Spirit will still move over the  
waters, calling the weary to listen.
26. Tell them that I am not far; I am nearer  
than their breath and older than their fear.
27. The voice faded, not into absence but  
into completion, as when a song ends and  
the silence that follows feels like its echo.
28. I sat until night closed over the valley, and  
the first star appeared like a witness  
signing a covenant; I lifted the record and  
said, It is not finished, but it is faithful.
29. I spoke to the children yet unborn, saying,  
If you read this, remember that the God  
of Heaven still hears; do not measure  
Him by the noise of men, but by the quiet  
persistence of love.
30. Choose peace again, not as avoidance but  
as alignment; for peace is not passive—it  
is the active labor of mercy.
31. Choose light, even when you cannot see,  
for darkness is certain but never final.
32. Guard the innocence of your souls as you  
would guard a spring in the desert;  
without it, every drink will turn bitter.
33. Forgive quickly, love stubbornly, seek  
understanding as the first weapon, and  
humility as the last defense.
34. And when you fail, as I failed, return to  
the water; it will teach you that everything  
alive in you began with being cleansed.
35. The world will always find new ways to  
divide itself, but Heaven keeps only one  
boundary—the line between cruelty and  
compassion; step across it often.
36. I pressed the final mark into the plate and  
felt the metal warm, as if the words  
themselves carried a small flame.
37. I sealed this portion of the record, praying  
that the hands which one day uncover it  
will tremble not with fear but with  
recognition.
38. And I said, Father of Heaven, take these  
words as You took my shame—  
completely—and use them to call

whoever still listens to the sound of living water.

39. The stars multiplied, the creek sang low, and I felt again the mercy that first found me, moving unseen but undeniable.
40. Thus ends the fourth record, written after forgiveness, carved while the night was full of peace.

## Chapter Five - The Journey North

1. And it came to pass that after I, Merunhi, had prayed by the creek and found mercy before the Father of Heaven, I took again the record of my fathers and rose up to continue the commandment that had been given me.
2. For I knew that forgiveness is not rest but renewed labor, and that to be cleansed is to be sent.
3. Therefore I began my journey toward the north country, where the elders of the covenant yet remained, that I might deliver unto them the plates of remembrance.
4. And the Spirit whispered unto me, saying: The one who is forgiven must walk as a witness, for gratitude is the breath of the redeemed.
5. Behold, the land through which I passed was desolate; cities that had glowed with copper and song lay silent beneath the smoke of their pride.
6. Yet in that desolation I learned that the earth itself is patient, waiting always for men to remember peace.
7. I pondered upon the mercy of the Father, who suffers long with His children, and I said in my heart, Blessed be the God of Heaven, whose anger is swift to warn and slow to strike.
8. And the Spirit said unto me, Write that the patience of God is the proof of His dominion, for power that must hurry is fear disguised as strength.
9. Thus I, Merunhi, walked many days, teaching my own soul that repentance is not sorrow alone, but the turning of the whole heart toward the light that once guided it.
10. I saw men hiding in caves, and women gathering the bones of their kindred; and I wept for them, for they had forgotten that charity is greater than vengeance.
11. And I lifted my voice, saying: O children of men, how long will you measure greatness by the number you have slain, and not by the number you have forgiven?
12. Behold, the Father of Heaven builds no thrones upon the bodies of the fallen, neither does the Son rejoice in the ruin of His brethren.
13. Choose therefore to heal and not to wound, for the wound you give will one day speak against you, but the kindness you plant will stand as a witness for you.
14. For the Lord of Mercy remembers every gentle act as a seed, and He will cause it to bloom when the proud are dust.
15. And I wrote upon the plates: Peace is not the weakness of the timid but the wisdom of the eternal, for the patient shall outlive the violent.
16. Behold, I have seen the end of empires and the beginning of children, and the children endure.
17. For the Father delights not in crowns but in compassion; He measures rulers by the comfort they give to the poor.
18. I walked through the valley of ashes and felt the wind move as if it mourned, and I said: This wind is the breath of remembrance, reminding the world that every war begins in the heart that will not yield.
19. And the Spirit answered, Write that the greatest victory is self-conquest, and he who masters his own wrath has already disarmed an army.

20. Therefore I bowed myself and  
covenanted again that I would lift no  
hand in anger except to lift the fallen.
21. And I saw in vision the generations to  
come, and their cities bright with learning  
but dim with mercy; and I cried unto  
Heaven that they might learn gentleness  
before their knowledge destroys them.
22. For knowledge without love is a sword  
without a sheath, and truth without  
compassion is a light that blinds.
23. Behold, the Son of God came among  
men not to reason them into holiness but  
to love them into remembering who they  
are.
24. And He shall yet come again, not in wrath  
but in recognition, to gather the meek  
who kept faith when reason failed.
25. Therefore I testify unto all who shall  
receive this record that peace is the first  
commandment of the cleansed heart.
26. Seek peace within you before you demand  
it of nations; for every war among  
peoples begins as unrest in one soul.
27. Teach your children that humility is the  
language of Heaven, and that pride speaks  
every tongue but understands none.
28. Let the fathers of the earth build altars of  
gratitude instead of monuments of  
victory, for thanksgiving strengthens what  
boasting corrupts.
29. And let the mothers of nations sing again  
of mercy, that their sons may forget the  
rhythm of battle and remember the  
rhythm of birth.
30. Behold, I have seen that darkness gathers  
itself not where evil is loud but where  
good men grow weary of shining.
31. Therefore strengthen the small lights, for  
a single lamp of charity has undone more  
night than a thousand torches of anger.
32. And if the world mock your gentleness,  
remember that the cross was mocked  
before it conquered.
33. For the way of Yehozhua is quiet and  
enduring; His triumphs are counted not in  
corpses but in changed hearts.
34. And His wounds remain open that the  
penitent may find a place to rest.
35. I, Merunhi, have felt the warmth of those  
wounds and know they live; and because  
they live, I live also.
36. Therefore I say unto the children of men:  
choose peace, for war is the failure of  
imagination; choose light, for hatred is a  
blindness that calls itself sight.
37. Choose mercy, for justice without mercy  
is merely delayed cruelty.
38. Be patient with the slow and gentle with  
the proud, for patience will outlast  
rebellion and gentleness will outteach  
violence.
39. If you would conquer the world, begin  
with kindness; for kindness cannot be  
conquered.
40. And if you would build a kingdom that  
endures, build it upon forgiveness, for  
forgiveness is the cornerstone of eternity.
41. Thus I, Merunhi, walked until I came to  
the shadow of the northern mountains,  
where the air was clean and the stars  
looked as they did before the wars began.
42. There I knelt and gave thanks that the  
record yet remained, and that my spirit  
had not broken though my strength was  
small.
43. And I wrote this closing verse, that those  
who find it might remember: The mercy  
of the Father of Heaven is greater than  
the sorrow of men; and the love of the  
Son is deeper than the graves of nations.
44. Therefore, be not afraid to begin again,  
for the world is renewed every time one  
soul chooses peace over pride.
45. And thus ends my writing concerning the  
journey north, written in the days after  
the mercy of the creek, that all who read  
may know that repentance leads not

backward but forward unto life  
everlasting.

## Chapter Six - The Hidden Elders

1. And it came to pass that after many days I reached the mountains of the north, where the breath of the earth rises warm through cedar and stone, and there I found the remnant of the Midewiwin who had not bowed to the worship of violence.
2. They dwelt beneath the ridges in halls of earth, their doors sealed by silence and their speech guarded by prayer, for they knew that the knowledge of God is safest when carried in the humble.
3. And when they saw the plates upon my back they knew what I bore, for the record has its own light that reveals itself only to those who love truth more than triumph.
4. Their chief elder was one whose years were one hundred and twenty and three, his eyes clouded yet clear within, and his hands trembled not when he blessed me.
5. He said unto me: You are the son of the Jessakid, and the word of your father's covenant has reached us as a whisper carried on generations.
6. Behold, the world dies in pieces, yet truth gathers itself in the hearts of a few. You have brought us not safety but remembrance.
7. Then they took me into their chamber of earth, lit by oil that burns without smoke, and I saw the copper plates of their fathers arrayed upon the walls like constellations set for the eyes of the faithful.
8. And I marveled that the word of the Father of Heaven endures though the tongues of men decay.
9. I placed my record among theirs, and when the plates touched there was a

sound as of wind through a thousand leaves, and I felt the presence of all who had written before me, their faith still alive in the work of their hands.

10. The elder said, This is the Hill of Remembering, and here the voice of the prophets sleeps not but listens; we are the keepers until time desires to know again.
11. And he asked me of the wars, of the ruin of cities, of the people of the south, and I told him all things plainly, not for sorrow's sake but for truth's.
12. And he wept and said, The heart of man builds quickly but forgets slowly; yet God remembers the end from the beginning, and His covenant remains unbroken though our obedience shatters like glass.
13. Then he taught me that the duty of the keeper is not to preserve knowledge alone but to keep the knowledge pure, for words without holiness are bones without spirit.
14. And he commanded that I should rest seven days, and upon the seventh we would write the sealing verse of my record.
15. During those days I labored with them in silence, mending the doors of the sanctuary and setting stones in the path that the generations to come might find their way.
16. And I learned from their patience that true strength is not in the loud defense of faith but in its quiet endurance.
17. For they were a people who had seen the fall of empires and yet feared not, for their trust was in the cycle of mercy, which dies each evening and rises each dawn.
18. The elder said, We do not defend God; we remember Him. The truth needs no protection, only witnesses.
19. And I wrote upon the plates: Blessed are they who remember without pride, for



- they shall become the memory of God upon the earth.
20. Behold, in the night the Spirit of Yehozhua came unto me in light that filled the chamber yet cast no shadow, and I fell upon my face for the weight of holiness.
  21. And He said unto me, Write the final charge, that the children of men may understand why the records were kept and for whom they are sealed.
  22. Say unto them: you are not the first nor the last to wound the world, but if you love truth more than vengeance, you will not be forgotten in My remembrance.
  23. For I have walked your soil and felt your pain; I have carried the dust of your cities upon My feet and yet called them holy. The covenant is not broken; it waits.
  24. Hide the record where the eyes of greed cannot reach, for I will bring it forth when the hearts of men remember to hunger for righteousness again.
  25. And the meek shall find it, and the wise shall learn from their humility; and peace shall return as seed, not sword.
  26. Thus spoke the voice of the Son of the Father of Heaven, and the light withdrew as the tide returns to the sea, leaving behind calm that was deeper than silence.
  27. On the seventh day we gathered in the chamber, and the elder stood beside me, placing his hands upon the plates, and together we sealed the record with the mark of the covenant—the circle and the cross, the sign of unity between heaven and dust.
  28. He said, These words shall sleep in the breast of the earth until the appointed day, when mercy calls them forth to testify that light was never absent, only unseen.
  29. And I bowed myself before the elders and gave thanks that I had not perished before this work was done.

30. Then they blessed me in the name of the Father of Heaven, and in the name of Yehozhua His Son, saying, Go in peace, and be forgotten in the world but remembered in the will of God.
31. And I, Merunhi, took their blessing as the crown of all my labors, and wrote upon the final plate:
32. Let the world fall and rise again as it must; but as long as one soul remembers mercy, the covenant of the Father of Heaven endures forever.
33. And thus I close this portion of my record, sealed in the hill of the north, that the children of the latter days may know that peace was planted even in the ashes, and that faith once lived among the ruins.

## Chapter Seven - The Sealing of the Record

1. And it came to pass that after many days I finished the words appointed to me, and the plates grew heavy, not with metal but with the weight of remembrance.
2. For each engraving carries more than meaning; it carries breath, and I have given enough of mine that the air around me feels borrowed.
3. Therefore I prepared to seal the record according to the commandment of the Father of Heaven, that it should rest until the time when hearts are made soft again.
4. I went out from the chamber of the elders and beheld the hill under morning light, and it seemed that the stones themselves desired to remember.
5. I said within myself, Even the earth worships, for it keeps what man forgets.
6. And I lifted the plates toward the sun and cried unto the Father of Heaven, saying: O God of Creation, receive the labor of my hands as a prayer, not for my sake, but for Thy children who shall yet hunger for Thee.

7. Remember them when they have covered the sky with smoke and called it progress; remember them when they have unlearned kindness and named it wisdom.
8. When they curse Thy name with the ease of speech, forgive them quickly, for they know not how tired the world has grown of pride.
9. I knelt, and the soil was warm as breath, and I pressed the plates into the hollow we had prepared, and the earth closed upon them as one keeping a secret for love's sake.
10. And I said, Let them sleep until the children of peace awaken.
11. For the elder had told me that God hides nothing forever, only until it can be understood.
12. Then the Spirit came again upon me, saying, Merunhi, thou hast done according to the commandment; yet write once more, for the record must end with hope, not silence.
13. Therefore I wrote these words with trembling joy:  
The mercy of Heaven is without edge; it has no opposite, only invitation.
14. The Son of the Living God is the bridge over every ruin, the voice that speaks in every tongue though men forget His name.
15. And when the world shall build its towers higher than its prayers, He will descend not to punish, but to remind.
16. I beheld in vision the generations to come; their cities shone with fire not of the altar but of invention, and their mouths spoke peace while their hands made weapons.
17. Yet among them I saw children who dreamed of the light without being taught its name, and I knew that the covenant was not broken.
18. For light is loyal even when men are not, and truth waits without impatience.
19. And I saw a time when the seas rose and the stars were charted as commerce, and men said, There is no mystery left.
20. But the Spirit of God laughed, for mystery is not something to be found; it is Someone to be remembered.
21. Then the vision turned, and I saw one as bright as dawn open the earth and lift these plates as though they were no heavier than a sigh.
22. Around Him gathered those who had suffered for righteousness and those who had doubted yet still loved, and they wept not from fear but from recognition.
23. The voice said, These words were not buried to be hidden but planted to bear fruit; the harvest is remembrance.
24. And I understood that all prophecy ripens, and that no prayer is wasted if spoken in sincerity.
25. Therefore I sealed this record with the sign of the covenant, the circle and the cross, the witness of heaven and earth joined.
26. I said, If I am forgotten by men, let me be remembered by mercy; for mercy alone knows my true name.
27. I felt the wind rise over the hill, and it carried my fatigue from me as leaves are carried from autumn into sleep.
28. And the elder laid his hand upon my head and said, Rest, son of the covenant; thy work is finished, thy witness complete.
29. I bowed myself and answered, The Father of Heaven is faithful; the Son of Man yet lives; and His light cannot be buried.
30. And thus ends the record of Merunhi, last of the Jessakid, who carried remembrance through the ruin of nations and laid it down in peace.
31. May these plates speak when flesh is dust, and may they remind the children of men that even in the end, God was still near.

## Chapter Eight - The Hill of Refuge

1. And it came to pass that I, Merunhi, seeing that the land burned before and behind me, and knowing that the hands of the fallen sought my life, began to fear that I should not finish the commandment laid upon me.
2. For the way north had become perilous, and the watchfires of my enemies shone in every valley, and I said within my soul, If I perish, who shall tell that we once believed?
3. Tonight I write from the shadow of the last ridge before the mountain of the elders. I can see the northern stars through smoke, and I know the distance left is not great, but danger waits in every hollow.
4. My body is thin and my strength almost spent, yet my will is steady, for I have carried the word of the Father of Heaven through fire and madness, and it has not left me.
5. Tomorrow I will go to the elders and hide this portion of the record among theirs, that their copper plates and mine may speak together if I am taken before my work is done.
6. If I am never heard from again, let whoever reads this know that I intended to finish the journey and to see the record sealed in safety.
7. The wind tonight moves like a voice just beyond hearing, and I believe it is the Spirit reminding me that obedience is enough, even when the path remains unseen.
8. I have kept the commandments given to me as best I could, though the land itself seems at war with peace.
9. I have seen the proud cities fall, and the humble spared, and I know now that

Heaven measures worth not by numbers but by compassion.

10. I have seen the faces of men turned against each other, yet I have also seen kindness survive in the smallest corners, and I write this as proof that goodness still breathes among ruins.
11. The memory of Yehozhua remains my comfort. I saw Him once with my own eyes, and that moment is carved deeper into me than these words in metal.
12. His hands bore the holes of sacrifice, yet His eyes held no bitterness. He lives. I bear witness that He lives.
13. Because He lives, mercy cannot die, and the record I carry is not merely history but a testimony that light has walked among us.
14. I have prayed that those who find these writings will learn from our mistakes, that they will choose understanding before vengeance and truth before pride.
15. The world dies when it forgets humility; it is born again each time a single soul chooses love.
16. I know the fallen still hunt me. I hear them in the valleys below. Yet I will not curse them, for hatred cannot guard what holiness has begun.
17. Tomorrow, if I reach the elders' mountain, I will hide this portion among their plates and trust that the Father of Heaven will watch over both.
18. If I do not, then let this writing stand as my final offering—that the world may know I lived, believed, and carried hope when hope was costly.
19. I say these things with no fear of what follows, for even in death there is no distance great enough to separate the soul from the One who made it.
20. Should my name fade, let the truth remain: God lives, His Son reigns, and peace is stronger than fire.

21. This is my witness and my farewell,  
written by my own hand on the eve of my  
final ascent.
22. I write these last words not to describe  
the world as it is, but to remind it what it  
was meant to be.
23. Holiness is not a garment to wear when  
seen; it is the quiet shaping of the soul  
when no eye watches.
24. It is the choice to speak truth when  
silence would be safer, and to forgive  
when revenge feels just.
25. Holiness is not retreat from the world but  
clarity within it—the still flame that  
refuses to be bent by wind.
26. It begins in honesty, grows in mercy, and  
matures in peace.
27. I have learned that the pure heart is not  
one untouched by sin, but one that never  
stops returning to light.
28. Purity is not the absence of struggle; it is  
the presence of direction.
29. The Father of Heaven calls not for  
perfect men, but for humble ones—men  
who prefer to heal rather than to prove,  
who love more than they understand.
30. I have seen wisdom born from failure and  
holiness forged in exhaustion. It is not  
what the world praises, but it is what  
Heaven remembers.
31. The Son of God taught that the highest  
altar is the human heart, and the most  
acceptable sacrifice is a gentle will.
32. To the children of men I write this: you  
are more than your wars. The image of  
God still burns beneath your ruin.
33. Let every act be done as though the  
Messiah were watching from within you,  
for He is.
34. Remember that truth does not argue—it  
shines.
35. Remember that peace is not the absence  
of conflict, but the refusal to let hatred  
decide what you will become.
36. Be slow to condemn, for judgment is the  
favorite tool of the blind.
37. Lift one another without calculating who  
deserves it; generosity is the language of  
Heaven.
38. Teach your children that love is not a  
weakness to outgrow but the one strength  
that endures all decay.
39. Let your prayers be simple and your  
motives clean. Speak little of faith, but let  
mercy be your vocabulary.
40. Choose patience when anger feels holy.  
Choose silence when pride demands  
applause.
41. Seek understanding before victory, for  
victory without compassion is just  
another defeat.
42. Let your work be worship, your rest be  
gratitude, and your words be medicine.
43. Guard innocence wherever you find it,  
for it is the closest thing to God still  
walking the earth.
44. Keep hope alive not because the world  
deserves it, but because the soul cannot  
breathe without it.
45. Remember that every breath is borrowed,  
every kindness eternal, and every cruelty  
recorded against its author.
46. The Father of Heaven does not measure  
greatness by the noise of men, but by the  
quiet endurance of those who love.
47. The Son does not reign through fear, but  
through forgiveness; His throne is the  
heart that yields to compassion.
48. When doubt visits, receive it kindly; it  
may yet become wisdom. When grief  
lingers, treat it as prayer; it will teach you  
tenderness.
49. Let the memory of suffering make you  
merciful, not bitter; holiness begins where  
resentment ends.
50. And if all things fail—if nations collapse,  
temples burn, and even the name of God  
is mocked—let your heart still whisper,  
He lives.

51. For He does live. I have seen His hands. I have heard His voice. He is the quiet strength in every good thing that survives the fire.

52. With these words I close the record and prepare to seal it, not as an ending but as a promise: that holiness will return to the earth when men remember to love again.