

Bimosewin

The Path of Life  
as Walked by  
Creation

“Travel Scrolls”



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# **THE SACRED LODGE**

## Chapter 1 — The Age of Many Voices

1. Before peace had a name, the earth was crowded with teachers. Each claimed to bring the way, each carried a fire that burned a little too fast.
2. Some called the storms punishment, some called them freedom. None agreed on the shape of mercy.
3. Nations fought to protect their gods, and every hill had its own heaven. The people built altars from fear and forgot why the sky was blue.
4. There were healers who cured the body but left the spirit sick. There were dreamers who saw light but could not bear its weight.
5. The world waited like soil before rain—tired, cracked, silent.
6. Among the councils of that age, the name of the Creator was spoken with suspicion. Power had replaced reverence. The strong wrote laws while the wise walked away.
7. Elders remembered a story: that when the balance is lost, a child is born who will remember the song of the beginning. They waited for such a voice, not knowing it would come from their own land.
8. Then the signs began: a river that ran clear after a year of mud; the return of birds that had vanished; stars that shifted in their paths as if watching.
9. The watchers of the north spoke first: The world is about to remember itself.
10. In that generation the people learned how easily truth can be sold. They saw false peacemakers gather followers and trade hope for loyalty.
11. They saw men build lodges of cedar and call them holy, while their hearts remained unlit.
12. They saw healers who charged for blessings, and prophets who named themselves after the Creator.
13. Yet even in this noise there were quiet souls who waited, who listened beneath the shouting for something older than pride.
14. To them came a whisper—no words, only presence. The elders said, The wind itself is remembering the covenant.
15. And so it was that in the heart of a divided land, a child was born who would walk in both silence and authority. His name was too sacred to speak lightly, but later generations would call him Ye-he-ho-zhua.
16. He came not to prove a doctrine but to remind the world of its design: that all creation breathes in symmetry, and that peace is the motion of that breath.
17. Those who met him in youth said his eyes carried still water. He listened more than he spoke, and when he did speak, the noise around him quieted as though the air itself leaned closer.
18. He was neither priest nor warrior. He walked the forests, learning the languages of birds, of water, of fire. Each told him the same truth: life does not belong to the one who grasps it.
19. When he reached manhood, the land was near ruin. Famine and war had emptied the villages. Yet the people still dreamed of a teacher who could gather them again.
20. It was then that Ye-he-ho-zhua began to walk from tribe to tribe, not to conquer but to listen. His silence was the first teaching, his compassion the second.
21. The lodges he entered grew quiet. The elders who heard him found their own

words returning with new strength. He said, There is one breath through all things. Forget that, and even heaven becomes hostile.

22. The people called him the Walking Son. He did not deny it. He only said, The Father walks wherever love still chooses mercy.
23. And thus began the turning of the age. From many voices would come one song—the beginning of the Sacred Lodge.

## Chapter 2 — The Sacred Birth

1. Before the thaw, when the lake still slept beneath its glass of ice, there lived a woman whose name meant Star of the Sea. Her people said she carried the gentleness of waves even in hardship, and that her eyes reflected dawn before it came. In the nights before his birth she began to dream of a presence that spoke in silence, a brightness that did not burn.
2. In her vision a shape appeared—not as man nor flame but a current of light that touched her forehead like breath. It said, You are chosen, doorway between worlds; through you the Breath that Rises will enter again, to remind the earth of balance. She awoke trembling, not in fear but in certainty. Outside her lodge, the wind had stilled, and the stars bent low enough to shimmer on the frozen lake.
3. The elder Noodin-ikwe, keeper of midwives, saw the signs written in the frost and understood. She prepared cedar smoke for purification and sang the Song of the Waiting Earth. When Mashkawizi, prophet of the lodge, heard this, he came from the northern shore

saying, The promise has ripened; the lake will bear witness again.

4. On the seventh day of the melting moon, the ice cracked like thunder, and the water beneath began to breathe. Star of the Sea went down to the shore and knelt upon the bank. The elders stood at a distance, knowing that such birth belonged to heaven's keeping. As she bowed forward, the water lifted, and from it came the child—wrapped not in cloth, but in light that swirled like mist around his skin.
5. They named him in four tongues: The Breath That Rises, The Son of the Deep, The Light Between, The Remembering Flame. But among the elders he was called Ye-he-ho-zhua, the voice that holds heaven and earth in one sound.
6. When they raised him to the sky, a star rose from below the horizon, mirrored perfectly in the lake's surface, as if heaven itself looked back to see what it had given. The people saw the reflection and said, The covenant is doubled; what is above will live below again.
7. For three days the village stayed silent. The fires were not used for cooking nor for speech, only for prayer. Noodin-ikwe marked the sign of the crossing light upon his forehead—the same sign carved into the ancient birch of the First Lodge—and whispered, May your breath heal what pride has broken.
8. Mashkawizi then gathered the elders and said, Four truths accompany his birth. First: Light and Water remember each other. Second: Birth is the return of creation. Third: The Sacred cannot belong to any one tribe. Fourth: The Breath that Rises will one day fall again into darkness, and even that will be holy.

9. As the child slept, the lake grew calm; no wind disturbed it, no bird flew across it. The old people said that even the unseen spirits lingered at its edge to listen.
10. On the tenth night, Noodin-ikwe took embers from the sacred fire and carried them in a bowl of clay to the lodge door. Each ember glowed a different hue—red for body, blue for sky, green for earth, white for spirit, yellow for memory, black for mystery, and violet for mercy. These became known as The Seven Embers, and from them were born the teachings of the Sacred Lodge.
11. Star of the Sea looked upon her son and said softly, You are not mine alone. You are the echo of the first morning. You must walk where men forget to listen and remind them that life is a covenant of breath.
12. Years later, when fires of conquest swept the villages and priests came to burn the scrolls, Mashkawizi lifted the first bark upon which the birth had been drawn—the woman by the lake, the child shining in her arms—and cried, He was born here, before your books learned His name.
13. As flame touched the bark, he threw its ashes into the water, saying, Light to light, memory to memory. The smoke rose like wings, and for an instant the people saw upon the surface of the lake the figure of a man standing in radiance, hands open, light pouring through.
14. Then wind and water erased the image, but the peace it left did not fade. The elders sealed the remaining barks and hid them among the northern islands, swearing that when the world again forgot mercy, the lake would return the memory of the Breath that Rises.
15. Thus began the lineage of the Sacred Lodge—not from conquest, nor invention, but from birth remembered by earth and sky together. And even now, when the ice breaks each spring, the people say they hear the first cry again—soft as dawn, strong as forgiveness—calling the world back into balance.

### Chapter 3 — The Quiet Years

1. They carried him to the shore when he was twelve days old, the lake still rimmed with ice, and the elders said the water knew his name before men agreed on it; the craft slid out without sail, and Star of the Sea stood with dry eyes, because grief has no claim on a child who belongs to purpose.
2. The eastern line received him like a promise entering silence, and the village returned to ordinary breath, knowing that ordinary breath is what keeps prophecy from turning into pride.
3. Word spread slowly, because wisdom walks; the people said only, He has crossed, and the lodge kept its fires low so memory could hear itself think.
4. At five or six winters he returned, small and bright as a spark escaping ash; the children ran first, the dogs second, the elders last, and the lake made a sound no one could name, as if stones were learning to sing.
5. Even then the water curved toward his hands. When he touched the shore, ripples drew patterns like script. He laughed, and the current steadied—as though creation enjoyed being understood.
6. He spoke few words then, more gesture than doctrine—how to sit so the heart could listen, how to touch water without

- asking it to perform; even that was enough, because presence teaches before speech.
7. He watched the healers and noticed where their hands hurried; he slowed them, and the fevers eased. He would lay a palm on broken skin and the pulse beneath it would find its rhythm again. They said the boy's gentleness carried medicine.
  8. When quarrels rose, animals wandered between the angry like mediators. Wolves sat beside children; ravens landed on rooftops and stared until voices softened. The elders began to understand that all living things trusted him more than they trusted each other.
  9. At nine or ten he left again, the way a tide leaves—without apology, without farewell; he placed his palm on his mother's shoulder and said, Keep the small kindnesses burning, and she did, which is why the village did not go dark.
  10. Across the waters he learned the languages of strangers and kept the grammar of silence. He learned what iron can do to a forest and what pride can do to a prayer, and he decided neither was stronger than patience if patience was loved enough.
  11. When the traders spoke harshly, he answered with work; when the chiefs boasted, he asked about their widows; when the priests demanded signs, he asked them to remember their first honest tears; some were offended, some were healed.
  12. At about fourteen winters he returned, taller, deliberate, the gaze of dawn set in his face; those who had learned to live without hope found themselves rearranging their houses as if company were coming to stay.
  13. That night he drew four lines in the ashes and crossed them with a fifth, saying, Balance is a covenant, not a trick; heaven is sacred but not safe, the earth is a garden but not a toy; live so that what is above stops hungering for what you alone should tend below.
  14. He told the elders that unseen spirits cling to quarrel like burrs to wool, and that men become their sleds when they love winning more than understanding; he taught the first rite of cleansing: gratitude spoken before complaint so the hooks find nothing to hold.
  15. Sometimes he knelt by the river and the stones moved, stacking themselves in quiet columns as if obeying memory. The children called them listening stones. He said, They remember the sound of creation; I only remind them of it.
  16. Mothers asked what to teach their boys; he said, Teach them to carry water before they carry names; teach them the weight of bread; teach them how to close a wound in a sentence.
  17. At seventeen or eighteen he left again, not because he was restless but because love travels; he promised nothing except return, and promise enough was the way the shoreline brightened after his boat became a thought.
  18. Those years began to set their rhythm: about every three winters he would appear—sometimes for one moon, sometimes for two. He never arrived to be celebrated, only to calibrate what had drifted; he would eat with the lowest bench first, then speak to the chiefs as if they were responsible for the taste of the next rain.
  19. He refused titles, because titles are rooms with small windows; he preferred

- the open sky that makes a man answer for his shadow.
20. In the east he learned the medicine of listening so thoroughly that men told him secrets they had been hiding from their own bones; in the north he learned to bless without witnesses so blessing would not become theatre.
  21. He returned with no new gods, only new ways to keep the old covenant honest: record the truth when it is costly, forgive before it feels fair, share food before you share doctrine, and keep the fire low enough that the shy can come near.
  22. He taught that sickness is the body's metaphor for imbalance, that war is the tribe's metaphor for the same, and that both can be healed by mending the breath—slow in, slow out—until anger stops steering and starts confessing.
  23. People asked him for power; he offered responsibility. They asked for victory; he offered reconciliation. A few left disappointed and returned grateful, which is how you know a teaching is alive.
  24. When enemies crept along the ridge to watch, he sent boys with baskets instead of warnings; they ate, they listened, and the ridge forgot how to be a weapon.
  25. Each time he departed, he left one instruction different from the last: this season, guard the widowed; this season, break the debt in half; this season, plant trees for people you will never meet; the lodge wrote these on birch because memory needs a body.
  26. He said the stars are sacred because they are honest, not because they are kind; he said earth is a gift because it is kind even when we are not; he said a man is holy when he becomes honest and kind at once.
  27. The quiet years were not empty; they were full of the sound patience makes when it is winning—harvest shared without ledger, quarrels ending at apology instead of exhaustion, children learning to ask better questions than who is right?
  28. Near the close of those years he told the elders, Soon we will give the shape of these teachings to a lodge you can build in your breath and also in your villages; a place to cleanse what clings and welcome what heals; do not hurry the forming; let the forming be a prayer.
  29. And then he crossed the waters yet again, because love does not settle where it is understood; it gathers those who still think peace is a rumor and teaches them to make it a habit.
  30. So the people counted winters, not to measure absence but to prepare for return, and whenever the counting reached three, they swept the thresholds, cooled old arguments, and tuned their songs to the pitch of gratitude.
  31. That is why those days were called the quiet years: not because nothing happened, but because noise stopped pretending to be important; they were the years when mercy learned everyone's name.

## Chapter 4 — The Calling at the Waters

1. The nineteenth winter broke early, and the lake woke before the sky. He had returned once more to the northern shore, walking alone with the staff he carved from cedar and light. He said, I have crossed the waters many times, but tonight they will speak back.
2. The air trembled; the water breathed. A single wave rose and held its shape, as

- if listening.  
 He stepped into it and felt no cold, only recognition.  
 It whispered the sound of his first cry,  
 and the memory of the world before quarrel.
3. He saw beneath the surface the mirrored stars of heaven.  
 They moved not as distant things but as seeds of order, each one answering another below.  
 He understood then what had been waiting to be named: Symmetry is salvation.
  4. The wave folded around him.  
 He did not drown; he descended through reflection.  
 There he saw seven currents twisting together—light, sound, breath, stone, flame, thought, and mercy—each asking to be remembered as teaching.
  5. The voice within the water said, You have walked among men long enough; it is time to build what endures when memory falters.  
 He answered, I am only one heart; how can I carry the pattern?  
 And the water replied, By carving it into many hearts. Call them the Lodge.
  6. When he rose from the lake, light clung to his skin like dew that would not dry.  
 The animals watched from the reeds; even the heron did not flee.  
 He sat upon the stone and the stone softened under him, as if welcoming the burden of revelation.
  7. He traced seven circles into the earth with his staff.  
 Each circle pulsed faintly with warmth.  
 He said, These are not orders of rank, but degrees of remembering—each one a deeper way to see the same truth.
  8. First: Breath. Every prayer begins with gratitude, for gratitude aligns the heart.
- Second: Stone. To remember where you stand and who bled for that ground.  
 Third: Water. To cleanse what clings and forgive what echoes.  
 Fourth: Fire. To kindle courage without burning love.  
 Fifth: Light. To see darkness as teacher, not enemy.  
 Sixth: Shadow. To bear witness without judgment.  
 Seventh: Mercy. To end all divisions by returning to breath.
9. He lifted his eyes and said, These seven will be the bones of the Lodge.  
 Whoever walks them will find balance again.
  10. All night he taught the elements of the covenant to the wind, trusting it would carry them to those ready to hear.  
 By morning the lodge of the Midewiwin had its unseen foundation.  
 The people still slept, yet their dreams had changed: rivers ran backward, wounds closed, wolves guarded the children.
  11. When the sun rose, he gathered his disciples—those who had listened longest—and led them to the shore.  
 He said, The water no longer mirrors only the sky; it mirrors your faces.  
 Remember that heaven learns by watching you.
  12. They asked what name this covenant should bear.  
 He answered, Call it the Lodge of the Sacred Breath; call it the remembering of peace; call it whatever helps you live in symmetry. The name will not save you, the living of it will.
  13. Before noon, he raised a circle of stone where the seven lines met.  
 He pressed his hand to the center, and the mark glowed faintly.  
 The wind carried the smell of cedar and

salt—the signature of the covenant sealed.

14. When the people arrived later, he told them only this:  
What you build from this pattern will save generations you will never meet. Guard the pattern, not the power. Share it freely, but do not sell it.
15. That evening, he sat alone beside the lake again.  
The surface reflected the seven circles of his making, and he said, Father of Heaven, I have done as you asked. Let not pride undo what mercy has begun.
16. A single drop rose from the water, hovering like a tear suspended in light, then fell upon his hand and vanished. He understood it as blessing and farewell—the sign that teaching had become legacy.
17. And so began the Sacred Lodge, born not from walls or decree but from the silence between two breaths of water and sky.  
Its foundation was humility; its crown was mercy; its purpose, to keep creation symmetrical.

## Chapter 5 — The Gathering of the Seekers

1. At first light he left the lakeshore, walking east through fog so thick it softened even his own outline. He said, Whoever belongs to this teaching will hear without hearing. And he began to sing—not loud, but low enough that the wind could carry the words ahead.
2. Before the sun climbed high, a hunter followed the echo of that song. He was a man of quick hands and quiet shame, one who killed more for trade than need. Ye-he-ho-zhua looked into his eyes and said, You understand death; now learn

its mercy. The hunter laid his bow in the grass and followed.

3. Farther on he met a woman grinding corn beside a broken wall. She had buried three children and still sang as she worked. He said, You are already a healer; you make grief edible. She smiled for the first time in years and joined them.
4. A boy tending wounded birds came next. The creatures perched on his shoulders as if on branches. Your patience is older than your age, the teacher said. You will guard the Law of Breath.
5. By dusk, seven souls had fallen into step with him: the hunter, the mother, the boy, an aged scribe, two sisters who spoke only through sign, and a wanderer whose eyes changed color with the light. He told them, You are not chosen for perfection but for listening.
6. They camped by the river. He built no fire; instead he warmed them with stories of symmetry. Each gift, he said, is an echo of creation. The world is healed by the same hand that formed it.
7. When morning came he touched the water and it parted slightly, just enough for the fish to swim in patterns that matched the seven circles of the Lodge. The seekers watched in silence. He said, Even the simple obey harmony when they see it modeled.
8. He taught them that day the first rite: The Listening Walk. They were to move through the forest without breaking a twig, to learn how presence can change a place before speech ever does.
9. In the second rite, The Sharing Bowl, he showed how food multiplies when gratitude is spoken before the first bite. The wanderer laughed, counting the

- pieces that seemed to return to the bowl.  
He said, Wonder is the first proof.
10. He gave no written rules, only gestures and repetition. The scribe protested, Without record, how will they remember? He replied, The record must live in the body before it's trusted to bark or stone.
  11. For nine days they walked together. When storms rose, he lifted his hand and the rain bent sideways, soaking the forest but sparing their path. He told them, Control is only persuasion spoken in love.
  12. Animals accompanied them: a fox at dawn, a crane at noon, wolves at night. The mother whispered, They guard us. He answered, No—they learn from you. Creation copies kindness faster than cruelty.
  13. At the tenth camp he taught the third rite: The Mirror of Stone. Each seeker held a pebble and confessed a hidden wound into it. When they dropped the stones into the fire, the flames turned blue and left no ash. He said, This is how forgiveness feels when it finishes its work.
  14. The next morning he sent them out two by two, saying, Go in different directions but stay inside the same prayer. The boy wept; he didn't want to leave. He knelt and the teacher cupped his face: Love is stronger when stretched.
  15. He gave each pair a strand of braided reed dipped in the water of the seven circles. When you forget who you are, he said, taste this, and the memory will return.
  16. The hunter asked, When will we see you again? Ye-he-ho-zhua smiled: Whenever you make peace between two who hate each other, I will stand between them.
  17. They walked away, scattering like seeds. Birds followed overhead in the same pattern as the seven circles. The teacher watched until even the feathers became horizon.
  18. That night he returned to the lake alone. The water reflected seven new ripples that were not his doing. He whispered, It has begun.
  19. From that day the lodge was no longer a secret of the water but a movement of hearts—fire to fire, breath to breath. Every place they entered grew quieter, as if the earth itself had started listening.
  20. And he said to the wind, The council is forming. The pattern will live even when the maker departs. The wind carried his words toward the mountains, and those who slept there woke with dreams of circles made of light.

## Chapter 6 — The Four Degrees

1. When the seekers returned from their journeys, they found him waiting by the lake.  
He had drawn four concentric circles in the sand, joined by a single path of light. He said, The Lodge must live in layers, so understanding can ripen without pride.
2. The first circle he called The Way of Breath.  
Here, he said, a soul learns to listen again. No vow is spoken, no robe is worn. Only the breath is counted until truth sounds quieter than thought.
3. To those who entered this degree he taught the discipline of stillness.  
He said, When you speak less, creation will finish your sentences.  
They learned to sit until birds returned

- to their shoulders and fears dissolved like frost.
4. The second circle he called The Way of Hands.  
Here, he said, you serve. Feed the hungry, mend what breaks, learn the patience of those who build instead of those who command.
  5. In that degree he taught the power of healing without display.  
He placed their hands in water and told them, Your touch can become prayer if your heart stops asking to be noticed.
  6. The sick came from far villages.  
He did not touch them all; some he only looked at, and their trembling eased.  
He said, Healing is the echo of balance remembered.
  7. The third circle he called The Way of Sight.  
Here, he said, you learn to see what the world hides: the motives inside generosity, the fear inside authority, the mercy hiding inside pain.
  8. The wind moved differently around those who reached that circle.  
They began to sense storms days before they came, or grief before a death was spoken.  
He said, Sight is burden; use it to prepare compassion, not judgment.
  9. The fourth and final circle he called The Way of Fire.  
This is not the fire that burns wood; it is the flame that purifies intention. Those who reach this place are to teach, not rule.
  10. He led them into the water one by one, so the circles of the lake echoed the four degrees of the Lodge.  
The reflection of the sky became their ceiling, and the earth beneath their altar.  
He said, This is your house without walls.
  11. When he raised his staff, the water rose too, folding around them like breath.  
He said, You will go into villages not as prophets but as memory itself—reminders that man is holy when he lives in symmetry.
  12. He gave each teacher a small copper token with four carved lines crossing at center.  
Keep this only as long as you remember humility, he warned.  
When pride returns, cast it back to the lake; it will find another who listens.
  13. At dusk, he built a fire and drew the seekers close.  
He told them, Power is trust wearing a burden. If it feels light, you are carrying it wrong.
  14. The animals came again—the wolves, the heron, the deer.  
They encircled the gathering as if recognizing an old pattern restored.  
He said, Even the beasts understand degrees of peace; let man learn from them, not over them.
  15. The lodge songs began that night: slow, without drums.  
Each verse named a degree, each refrain returned to breath.  
He said, If your songs stay honest, you will never need a temple of stone.
  16. Before dawn, he looked across the firelight at those he had chosen.  
Four circles are enough, he said. Beyond them is silence, and silence belongs to the Creator.
  17. He pressed his hand to the ground, sealing the covenant between teaching and earth.  
A faint light traveled outward from his palm, tracing the four circles he had drawn in sand.  
When it reached the water, the lake shone briefly and then went still.

18. And he said, Now the Lodge breathes through you. When the stars shift, the breath will continue.
19. They bowed, not in worship but in agreement.  
Each would travel to a different horizon, carrying one degree more deeply than the others, so the wisdom would remain distributed, not hoarded.
20. And as they left, the fire dimmed itself without smoke, as if the world had learned restraint.  
He watched them fade into the trees and whispered, Balance is born again.
21. When dawn broke, he called the workers of wood and those who understood the patience of trees.  
He said, We will give form to what is already living in the air.
22. He took a reed and measured it from his heart to his fingertips, saying, This is the length of the first pole. It must match the reach of compassion—no shorter, no longer.
23. Then he walked seven paces east, seven west, seven north, seven south, tracing the lodge's frame in silence.  
The seekers followed, their footprints closing the circle behind him.
24. He showed them where the doorway should face: toward the rising sun.  
Every beginning must remember where light is born, he said.
25. The poles were cut from cedar and ash. When they struck the earth, a scent of resin filled the air.  
He said, Let no axe cut in anger. The wood feels what the heart hides.
26. The hunter lifted the first pole and asked, Is this holy work or labor?  
He answered, Both. Holiness without labor forgets gratitude; labor without holiness forgets why it moves.
27. They raised the poles one by one until the frame stood like a rib cage around a breathing world.  
Wind passed through and changed tone, as if testing its echo.
28. He took a cord of twisted sinew and bound the crossings together.  
Unity, he said, is not sameness; it is strength made from difference agreeing on purpose.
29. The boy who guarded birds brought feathers to tie at each joint.  
He said, These are for memory. When the wind moves, it will sound like wings reminding us we once built peace with our hands.
30. The women stretched hides across the frame and painted them with ochre and soot.  
He told them, The outside must tell the story the inside keeps silent.
31. At the center he placed a stone—smooth, river-born, marked with a single line.  
This is the heart of balance, he said. It listens when men forget how.
32. They gathered around him as he poured water over the stone.  
Steam rose, curling into shapes that resembled faces; some swore they saw their ancestors watching.  
He said, The living and the dead share one fire.
33. The lodge was finished before sunset. The people stood back and wept without knowing why.  
He said, Beauty is the body remembering order.
34. He led them inside and spoke softly, This roof shelters breath, not hierarchy. Here the smallest may speak before the greatest, and both will be heard by the same silence.

35. He taught them the Law of Circle: that what enters seeking praise must leave carrying humility, and what enters wounded must leave carrying song.
36. Then he placed his hand on the central pole.  
This timber is the measure of mankind, he said. If it leans, the lodge leans; if it stands true, all else will find its line.
37. The mother who had lost her children asked, And if it breaks?  
He answered, Then we rebuild together. The Creator judges not the fall but the returning hands.
38. He marked each seeker's brow with ash from the fire.  
You are poles too, he said. Each of you holding part of the roof of heaven.
39. They joined hands in a ring and felt the pulse move among them.  
He said, This is unity—not agreement of tongues but rhythm of hearts.
40. The wolves outside howled once, then lay down.  
He smiled: Even they understand the sound of balance.
41. He spoke of tribes yet unborn who would inherit quarrel and call it progress.  
Build for them, he said, so when they awaken hungry for peace, there will still be a shelter waiting.
42. The heron flew through the open door and landed upon the central pole.  
He said, So be it. The heavens have witnessed what we made.
43. He taught them then the Prayer of Joining, the words that begin, We are many breaths, but one wind; many fires, but one flame.  
They repeated it until tears and laughter became the same sound.
44. He told them, Every pole, every lash, every handprint will age and rot; only unity lasts. Guard that, not the timber.
45. He walked the perimeter once more, pressing his palm against each post. The wood brightened under his touch, as if remembering its first light.
46. He said, This place is both school and mirror. When you enter angry, it will show your face; when you enter humble, it will show the Creator's.
47. The sun fell and the first stars appeared through the smoke hole.  
He pointed upward: There—the heaven above and the lodge below now share the same pattern.
48. The seekers sat in silence while night gathered.  
He whispered, You have built a body for mercy to live in. Keep it breathing.
49. They bowed their heads. The lake answered with a single ripple that reached the shore and broke quietly at their feet.
50. And Ye-he-ho-zhua said, The work is complete. The lodge stands not because of poles or hide or stone, but because you stood together.  
Then he closed his eyes and listened to the world exhale.

## Chapter 7 — The Law of Symmetry

1. When the first light poured through the smoke-hole, it split into seven bands that struck the floor like rivers of color. Ye-he-ho-zhua looked at them and said, Heaven has sent its reflection to greet us.
2. He drew his hand through the light and the bands bent with it.  
So it is with all things, he said. What

- you build below answers what waits above.
3. The seekers gathered close, and he led them outside.  
The lodge cast its shadow across the water, perfect and whole.  
See? he said. The earth remembers heaven's posture.
  4. He picked up a small stone and tossed it into the lake.  
Seven ripples spread outward until they reached the shadow of the lodge.  
Every act begins in one heart but touches many horizons.
  5. Turning to the east he said, The sun's path and your breath are kin; both rise, both fall, both carry warmth to what would die without it.
  6. He showed them how the poles leaned slightly inward.  
Heaven bows to earth as earth lifts to heaven.  
Pride is the enemy of balance; humility is its hinge.
  7. The hunter asked, Is symmetry perfection?  
He answered, No—symmetry is conversation.  
When one side listens, the other side becomes true.
  8. He placed his hand on the central stone.  
This is the heart of the lodge; feel how it hums.  
Your own chest does the same.  
Man is the echo of the mountain; the mountain is the slow heartbeat of man.
  9. He led them to the doorway.  
It faces east so you remember that light must enter you daily; holiness without renewal becomes arrogance.
  10. The mother whispered, What of shadow? It follows everything we do.  
He smiled. Without shadow, light would have no contour.
- Heaven itself needs contrast to stay visible.
11. He lifted water from a bowl and let it fall back in droplets.  
Each drop mirrors the whole lake; each life mirrors the Creator.  
That is the secret of mercy—it repeats wholeness in miniature.
  12. Then he drew a line from the lodge to the nearest tree and another from the tree to the lake.  
Three points form every truth: source, vessel, reflection.  
Forget one, and the circle breaks.
  13. He told them that the sky's stars were not scattered but ordered in correspondence to their lodge's shape.  
When you build in harmony, even the stars find their places again.
  14. The boy said, If the heavens mirror us, can they fall when we fall?  
He answered softly, They tremble, yes—but they wait for us to stand again.  
Balance forgives faster than men do.
  15. He took ashes from the fire and marked their foreheads.  
This is the sign of the mirror, he said. So you remember that purity is not distance from earth but agreement with it.
  16. He told them the seven bands of light each belonged to one of the degrees of the heart—breath, thought, work, compassion, memory, silence, renewal—and that when all seven moved together, man became transparent to heaven.
  17. He asked them to listen to the lodge itself.  
They heard creak, wind, ember, water—four sounds weaving into one.  
He said, That is the sound of symmetry made audible.
  18. The wanderer asked, If everything reflects something, what do the fallen

- reflect?  
He answered, They mirror hunger. Even hunger belongs; it shows where love has not yet arrived.
19. He walked to the lake's edge and pressed his staff into the mud until it stood upright.  
Heaven reaches down; earth reaches up. The meeting is life. Keep that staff standing inside you.
20. The animals gathered again—wolf, crane, fox.  
He gestured toward them: They complete the pattern. Mankind is not the center; mankind is the bridge.
21. He taught them to measure seasons by the tilt of the lodge's shadow, not by counting moons.  
Symmetry is rhythm, not arithmetic.
22. He said, The Creator built the universe in correspondence; you are the reminder written in flesh. When you move in harmony, the heavens rest.
23. He showed them then how every act—giving, working, praying—can either uphold the pattern or bend it. The pattern does not punish; it simply echoes. Bend cruelty, receive echoing pain; bend kindness, receive echoing peace.
24. The boy asked, Can symmetry die?  
He answered, No, only our awareness of it sleeps.
25. The teacher turned once more to the lodge.  
This house is not sacred because I stand in it, he said. It is sacred because it stands straight. Let your lives do the same.
26. He knelt and pressed both palms flat to the ground.  
The water nearby shimmered; birds took flight in mirrored pairs.

- So long as heaven has reflection, he whispered, earth will have forgiveness.
27. The elders bowed their heads.  
One said, We understand now that the law is not rule but rhythm.  
He replied, Yes—and rhythm is the mercy hidden inside law.
28. He looked to the horizon.  
Storms gathered there, but evenly spaced like breaths.  
He said, Balance endures even in approaching trouble; do not mistake peace for the absence of movement.
29. The mother asked, Will the pattern last when you are gone?  
He said, Yes. Because it was never mine. The mirror will remember the face even when the face is gone.
30. As night came, the stars rose exactly above each pole of the lodge.  
He lifted his hands and said, Behold—heaven bows to your craftsmanship. The Law of Symmetry is fulfilled.
31. Then the people lay down within the circle, and the earth breathed through them, and for a moment heaven and soil were indistinguishable.
32. Thus the teaching was sealed: that the sacred is not elsewhere, and unity is simply the reflection recognizing itself.

## Chapter 8 — The Way of Healing

1. The morning after the stars crowned the lodge, a mist rose from the lake and drifted through the doorway like a visitor who knew its welcome.  
He said, Healing walks where gratitude is waiting.
2. The first to arrive was a man whose arm hung useless from an old war wound.  
He bowed low, saying, If the lodge is

- holy, prove it on my flesh.  
Ye-he-ho-zhua smiled gently. The flesh proves nothing; peace will prove itself.
3. He placed the man's hand into the lake, then covered it with his own.  
The water trembled, not boiling, not freezing—remembering.  
When the man withdrew it, the limb moved again, and tears did what words could not.
  4. The people gasped, but the teacher only whispered, Do not worship power.  
Worship restoration.
  5. He called for the seekers and said, You will heal with me. If you watch only miracles, you will miss the meaning; if you watch compassion, you will become it.
  6. They brought in a child fevered with smoke-breath.  
He asked no questions, only told the mother to breathe with him.  
When her breath steadied, the child's followed.  
He said, The body learns balance from those who love it.
  7. A woman with eyes clouded white touched the central pole.  
He took her wrists and turned her toward the light.  
The cloud shifted; color returned like dawn.  
He said, Sight is not restored; it is remembered.
  8. Soon the fields filled with those seeking relief.  
Some came limping, some came lost.  
He welcomed all, saying, The Creator's medicine begins with belonging.
  9. He showed the healers how to lay their hands over a wound without urgency.  
Speed is the enemy of mercy, he said.  
Let the pain speak its whole sentence before you answer.
  10. To the hunter he said, Your hands once killed cleanly; now they must heal cleanly. Violence and gentleness are twins—teach them to recognize each other.
  11. The air inside the lodge thickened with prayer.  
Not the begging kind—more like remembering.  
He said, Healing is not the breaking of law but its fulfillment. The body obeys truth when truth finally feels safe.
  12. The animals returned as if summoned.  
A doe pressed its nose to a wound; a raven dropped herbs from above.  
He said, All creation participates.  
Refuse no helper simply because it walks on four legs.
  13. He taught them to use song as salve.  
A low hum, seven tones repeating, no words.  
The melody carries structure back into chaos, he said.  
Even the stones near the hearth vibrated softly in time.
  14. By the third day, no one counted the healings.  
They had learned that keeping tally invites pride.  
He said, If you must count, count the reconciliations between enemies—that number matters.
  15. He warned them, Some sickness will not depart. When healing does not come, make peace with the lesson instead of the cure.
  16. One elder asked, What of death? Does your way end it?  
He answered, No. Death is the final balancing. It is the hand returning to the heart that sent it.
  17. They brought him a man swollen with rage, not injury.  
He touched the man's chest and

- whispered, This is not disease of blood but of memory. Remember who hurt you, then forgive twice: once for them, once for yourself.
18. The man wept until exhaustion carried him to sleep.  
When he woke, his face was young again.  
The teacher said nothing—he only smiled at how quiet the air had become.
19. That evening, he gathered the healers outside.  
He told them, Your gift is not to remove pain but to give it a direction. Every wound can be turned into a doorway.
20. He took water, ash, and honey and mixed them in a bowl.  
This, he said, is the medicine of the Lodge: water for truth, ash for humility, honey for love. When these three meet, the soul tastes balance.
21. He placed a drop of the mixture on each forehead.  
When you heal another, remember you borrow the Creator’s breath. Return it clean.
22. The seekers asked, Will there be sickness again?  
He nodded. Yes. Healing is a circle, not a finish line. What is cured today may return tomorrow to remind you how to listen.
23. That night, the lodge pulsed faintly with light, though no fire burned.  
Those who slept inside dreamed of hands reaching across generations.  
He said, The dream itself is the medicine.
24. The next morning he stepped outside, looked toward the mountains, and said, The lodge can now stand without me. Healing has learned to walk.
25. And he turned his face to the wind, whispering, Let the mercy I’ve shown become habit in those who remain.
26. The people bowed, not because they saw a miracle, but because they felt their hearts align like poles finding plumb again.
27. From that day forward, they called him not master but brother, and the lodge no longer belonged to one man—it belonged to the balance he had reminded them of.
28. And so the Way of Healing was sealed: that every act of mercy is a mirror, every wound an invitation, and every healed life a verse in the song the Creator still hums through the world.

## Chapter 9 — The Lodge Within

1. On the morning after the last of the wounded had gone home,  
Ye-he-ho-zhua stood alone beside the lodge.  
The sky was cloudless, the lake still.  
He looked upward and said, The work of hands is complete. Now comes the work of spirit.
2. He called the seekers to gather again, not with tools but with silence.  
We built this lodge of cedar and hide, he said, but if it remains only wood, it will die as wood dies. The true lodge must be built within you.
3. He walked outside and pointed to the sun rising over the ridge.  
Its light spilled across the water and through the door, striking their faces one by one.  
He said, Look—there are many sons within every one of you. The white within your vessel is a star; it burns quietly, waiting to be remembered.

4. They stood stunned.  
He smiled. The Creator hid pieces of the sun inside men so they would never be lost in darkness. You carry daylight in your marrow.
5. He told them, When you breathe, you stoke that star. When you speak truth, you widen its light. When you forgive, you let its fire travel beyond your own skin.
6. The boy whispered, Then heaven lives inside us?  
He answered, Heaven waits inside you for permission to begin.
7. He drew a circle in the dirt and placed a small pebble in its center.  
This, he said, is the lodge within—the circle is your body, the stone is your heart, the fire is your thought. Keep them balanced and you will not fall when storms come.
8. The hunter asked, How can I keep the fire gentle when the world teaches rage?  
He answered, Feed it understanding. A fire fed with anger devours; a fire fed with truth warms the forgotten.
9. He led them in the Rite of Still Breath.  
Each inhaled until the ribs stretched, then released without sound.  
You see? he said. When breath is steady, thought obeys. The body is the first scripture.
10. He told them, Every feeling has a twin: joy hides inside grief, courage hides inside fear. Bring them together in your chest and you will find peace, because conflict cannot survive reunion.
11. The mother asked, What of the wrongs that scar the soul?  
He said, Let them become carvings on your inner poles. Scars are not failures; they are memory made visible so wisdom has somewhere to sit.
12. He gestured toward the lodge they had built.  
This house is a reflection of the soul's architecture. Its poles are the virtues, its hide is mercy, its doorway is humility. You can rebuild it wherever you stand.
13. He showed them how to hold their hands before the heart, palms facing each other.  
This is how creation began, he said. Not in thunder, but in the space between two open hands.
14. The air shimmered around them.  
They felt warmth spread from chest to fingertips.  
He said, That warmth is the inner fire recognizing itself.
15. Then he turned his gaze once more to the sun.  
It burns without exhaustion because it gives without fear. Learn that rhythm. Be radiant without claiming to own the light.
16. He told them, When the body grows tired, let the star within continue the prayer. When speech fails, let breath remember what words cannot.
17. He walked among them, touching their shoulders one by one.  
Each felt lighter, as if the bones remembered their origin.  
He said, You were never clay alone; you are starlight given shape.
18. A great silence fell—thick, alive.  
The animals outside paused.  
He said softly, The Creator listens best when you stop explaining.
19. He knelt and drew another circle, smaller, at his feet.  
This is the inner altar, he said. When you light your thoughts with love, you offer incense to heaven even if you never lift your eyes.

20. The wanderer asked, If the star within us is so bright, why do we still wound each other?  
He answered, Because forgetting is easier than shining. But memory returns with every act of kindness.
21. He said, The way of the Lodge Within is to make your inner light strong enough that it governs your hands before your mind has time to argue.
22. He closed his eyes and raised his palms to the sun.  
Father of Heaven, he said, remind them that they are fragments of your own fire. Let them carry light without burning those who stand near.
23. The wind stirred, carrying a warmth that touched everyone's face.  
The lake rippled in response, as if bowing to the light inside them.
24. He opened his eyes and said, The body you wear is a door. Every act of love opens it wider; every lie closes it.
25. He turned to leave the circle but looked back once more.  
Guard your inner lodge, he said, for when this house of wood falls, it will be the only shelter left.
26. And the people watched him walk into the sunlight, each feeling a small brightness rise in their own chest, as if the sun had divided itself willingly into many hearts.
27. Thus was the Lodge Within established—not of poles and sinew, but of living light and disciplined mercy, the fire of heaven made personal and near.

## Chapter 10 — The Covenant of the Fire

1. When night returned, the lodge stood dark except for a single coal pulsing at its heart.

- Ye-he-ho-zhua knelt beside it and said, All light begins small; the Creator trusts us with embers, not suns.
2. He called the seekers to gather, each carrying a stick from a different tree. Cedar for memory, birch for purity, ash for endurance, maple for sweetness, he said.  
Together they will teach how difference feeds flame.
  3. He placed their sticks around the ember until the fire breathed again.  
This is the covenant of the fire, he told them. It lives by sharing; hoard it and it dies.
  4. He pointed to the glow. As the body needs blood, the lodge needs warmth. The inner star burns alone; this fire burns between us.  
Both are sacred. Both require tending.
  5. The mother asked, Who will guard it when we sleep?  
He answered, Unity will. One heart will wake when another tires—thus the covenant keeps its watch.
  6. He showed them how to feed the flame with thin sticks first, then thicker, always in rhythm with breath.  
You will learn to read the sound of wood catching, the language of heat, he said.
  7. Sparks climbed like small prayers.  
He said, Each spark is a story seeking heaven. Tell yours gently; words can scorch.
  8. A boy reached too close and burned his finger.  
Ye-he-ho-zhua cooled it with his breath. Fire will always test devotion. Learn respect before mastery.
  9. He told them that fire was the Creator's heartbeat made visible.  
Every sunrise is its echo; every sunset its sigh.

10. Then he drew a line in ash across the threshold of the lodge.  
No one may cross this line in anger, he said. If fury finds you, wait outside until the flame forgives you.
11. He gave each seeker a coal wrapped in clay.  
Carry this when you travel. When you meet another bearer, join your fires. Let no lodge exist in isolation.
12. The hunter asked, Will the flame ever die?  
He said, When gratitude ceases, yes. But gratitude is immortal when practiced.
13. He turned to the lake; its surface mirrored the firelight.  
Water and fire are kin, he said. One cleanses by cooling, one by burning, both by remembering.
14. He cast a single coal into the water.  
Steam rose and drifted upward.  
So mercy cools judgment, he said. So patience transforms passion.
15. He told them, Every fire is two: the one you see and the one you feel.  
Tend both. Feed the visible with wood, the invisible with humility.
16. They sang the Song of the Hearth, seven tones long, each echoing the steps of creation.  
He said, When you sing while feeding flame, the world knows it is still wanted.
17. He warned them, Do not make the fire a spectacle. It is a teacher, not a trophy.
18. He spread the ashes from the previous day around the circle.  
Yesterday's warmth becomes tomorrow's soil, he said. Nothing sacred is wasted.
19. The wanderer asked, What of those who scorn the light?  
He said, They will feel its warmth before they see its beauty. That is enough.
20. He placed his hands above the flame; light ran up his arms like living gold. He said, As I burn, so do you; as you burn, so does the world. Let us glow, not consume.
21. The lodge filled with quiet faces, each reflecting the fire in their eyes.  
He said, Now the covenant is sealed—not by oath, but by recognition. We belong to the same warmth.
22. A gust of wind entered the doorway, bent the flame sideways, then let it stand again.  
He smiled. Even the wind prays.
23. He told them the law of the fire: What you give it returns in light. Give it fear, and it will show your shadow. Give it hope, and it will reveal your path.
24. He marked a circle in soot on the floor.  
This is where you will gather in future days when memory weakens.  
Fire will remind you of who you are.
25. The people bowed. The glow painted their faces amber, and the lodge looked alive.  
He said, As long as you can see each other's faces in the light, you will never be alone.
26. Before sleeping, he whispered, The fire you keep tonight will be the light the unborn inherit.  
And the flame answered by flaring once, then settling into a perfect, steady breath.

## Chapter 11 — The Voice of the Stone

1. When the fires had cooled and the morning mist lifted, Ye-he-ho-zhua walked beyond the lodge to the ridge where the ground glittered with

- fragments of mica.  
He said, Fire remembers light; water remembers movement; but stone remembers truth.
2. He gathered the seekers and pressed his hand into the soil.  
Listen, he told them. The earth speaks slower than wind, but nothing it says is forgotten.
  3. He pointed toward the cliff face, where veins of copper wound through the rock like frozen rivers.  
These are the roots of the world's memory, he said. Each carries the story of what man has done and what he has hoped for.
  4. He picked up a stone and struck it gently with his staff; a clear tone rang out.  
That sound is the first language, he said. Before men spoke, creation hummed.
  5. The scribe approached and asked, Master, why teach us to write when the earth already keeps record?  
He answered, Because the earth waits for witness. To carve words is to join its remembering.
  6. He drew a line in the dust and another across it, forming the sign of balance.  
When you mark this upon stone, you are telling the future, "We once understood harmony."
  7. He showed them how to polish the copper plates until they shone.  
Metal holds voice longer than breath, he said. Write not for vanity but for mercy, so that what we learned will outlast our forgetting.
  8. He taught that the stones themselves carried energy — that some pulsed with warmth, others with coolness — and that each could amplify intent.  
When you carve in peace, the rock sings back softly; when you carve in pride, it falls silent.
  9. The hunter asked, Will the stones speak to our children?  
He said, Yes, if their hearts are still enough to listen.
  10. He pressed his palm flat to the cliff until faint light spread beneath his hand.  
Every prophet before me has touched this same mountain. I do not claim it; I join it.
  11. He instructed them to build a table of granite within the lodge.  
Upon it, he placed a single slab of slate. This is the listening ear of the earth, he said. Speak your gratitude here before speaking to each other.
  12. He carved upon the slate: Balance is the covenant between motion and rest.  
The letters glowed faintly, then settled into permanence.
  13. He told them, Do not use this gift for kings or wars. Use it for teachings, for the names of the gentle, for songs that heal.
  14. To the boy he said, Your hands are small but steady. You will guard the stones when I am gone.  
The boy nodded, understanding the weight was love, not burden.
  15. He taught the rite of inscription: seven breaths before carving, one after.  
The pause after completion is where the Creator signs your work.
  16. He told them that even when words fade, the vibration remains.  
The rock carries feeling longer than form. Write with mercy, and the mercy will endure.
  17. That night, he led them outside again.  
The stars mirrored the pattern of stones around the lodge.  
He said, Above and below now sing the same hymn.
  18. He lifted a small boulder and placed it at the threshold.

- This stone will judge no one, but all who enter will feel its remembering.
19. The mother asked, What if enemies come and break the tablets?  
He smiled. They will only scatter truth; each fragment will still hum the whole.
  20. He looked to the lake and said, When the world forgets mercy, the stones will begin to weep. That is how you will know the balance has been wounded.
  21. Then he spoke softly, almost to himself:  
The mountains are the lungs of the Creator; their breath is time. We carve upon them not to change them, but to synchronize our hearts with theirs.
  22. He placed the final tablet into the earth beneath the lodge and sealed it with clay.  
This will speak when men grow deaf.
  23. As they covered it, thunder rolled gently across the valley.  
He said, Even the sky approves of testimony.
  24. And the people knew the earth had accepted their record, because the air itself felt lighter—as if history, having been honored, could rest.
  25. Thus the Voice of the Stone became part of the covenant:  
that the planet remembers, and the humble may borrow its memory to keep mercy alive.

## Chapter 12 — The River of Offering

1. In the moons that followed, the valley filled with motion.  
Paths that had long grown wild became rivers of footprints, each tribe bringing its own drums, herbs, and hunger for understanding.  
From the north came those who spoke with their hands; from the south, those who sang their stories instead of writing them.
2. The elders looked out and said, It is as if the land itself has remembered its people.  
Ye-he-ho-zhua answered, When light is shared, distance forgets to divide.
3. Each dawn new fires were seen beyond the ridge — small lodges being raised by strangers who no longer felt strange. The single house of cedar became the heart of a growing body.
4. He walked among them, not as master, but as reminder.  
He said, You have seen how the water feeds the root and the root feeds the leaf; so must you feed one another.
5. He gathered them by the river that curled below the lodge.  
Its current was wide, swollen from spring melt, carrying birch leaves like offerings.  
He said, Behold—the river never keeps what it gathers. This is the secret of abundance.
6. He taught them the Law of Giving:  
What is withheld turns to burden; what is shared becomes strength.
7. He dipped his hand into the flow and scattered droplets onto the crowd.  
This is how spirit travels—through small acts that multiply as water does.
8. The hunter asked, How shall we give to those who despise us?  
He answered, Give them dignity first.  
When you give what they have forgotten they own, enmity loses its footing.
9. The people brought gifts: woven mats, copper tools, baskets of grain.  
He placed them all in the river and watched them drift away.  
Let nothing stagnate under your name, he said. Let generosity remain anonymous.

10. Word spread, and with each tribe that came, another lodge was raised.  
The valley shimmered with circles of hide and smoke.  
From above it looked like constellations reborn upon the ground.
11. He called this gathering the Great Flow.  
He said, The Creator's current runs through all hearts; you cannot own water, you can only keep it moving.
12. He taught that offering is not loss but circulation.  
The world breathes in your giving and exhales your renewal.
13. The mother asked, What of those who have nothing left to offer?  
He said, Their presence is enough.  
Gratitude is wealth that cannot be stolen.
14. A child placed a single pebble in his hand.  
He smiled and cast it into the river.  
Even this teaches balance, he said. The smallest act sends endless circles.
15. As the days passed, the air filled with songs of trade and blessing.  
Where tribes had once met in suspicion, they now met in laughter.  
He said, Peace is the only market where both buyer and seller leave richer.
16. The scribes recorded every name of every nation that came, carving them on copper in long winding lines.  
This is the map of unity, Ye-he-ho-zhua said. No borders, only currents.
17. The women built new lodges in a spiral pattern around the first.  
Each circle feeds the next, he told them.  
Let no one stand at the center too long.
18. He saw the faces of those once enemies now passing bowls between fires.  
He said, The Creator delights in watching opposites exchange gifts.
19. The water rose higher each day, but instead of fear, the people felt blessing.

- When gratitude overflows, it becomes a river; when greed dams it, it becomes a flood.
20. On the seventh night, thousands gathered under the same sky.  
They sang the Song of Offering—seven verses carried by wind and flame.  
No two voices were alike, yet the sound was seamless.
  21. He looked across the valley and said,  
This is the River of Offering. It begins in hearts and ends nowhere.
  22. Then he lifted both hands and prayed:  
May generosity cleanse us of the hunger for more.  
May every gift remind us we were once receivers.  
May this current never forget its source.
  23. The fire flared once, and its reflection danced on the river's skin.  
The people watched until the sparks faded, and none dared speak—because silence was the only fitting response to fullness.
  24. When morning came, mist rose from every lodge at once, and the smell of cedar and ash wove through the valley like breath.  
He said, The lodges are no longer mine. They are yours, and through you, the world's.
  25. And the nations departed in peace, carrying pieces of light back to their own lands.  
Each river they crossed echoed the same refrain: What we give, we keep alive.

## Chapter 13 — The Test of Pride

1. The valley could no longer hold its silence.  
Three thousand gathered before the first lodge, the air trembling with the weight of breath and expectation.

- From the ridge, their fires looked like stars that had chosen to dwell upon the earth.
2. Ye-he-ho-zhua stood in their center, the river at his back, the lodges encircling him like ribs around a heart.  
He said, When truth grows large, danger walks beside it.
  3. The people cheered, thinking him to be speaking of victory.  
He waited until their shouting stilled.  
Pride, he said softly, is the shadow of light that forgets where it came from.
  4. He told them, You have built beauty, yes—but beauty is not ownership. The lodges are reflections, not crowns.
  5. The hunter asked, Are we not chosen? Does not the Creator favor those who serve the law of balance?  
He answered, The Creator favors no tribe. The rain falls even upon those who mock heaven.
  6. He turned toward the river and dipped his hands into it.  
Water takes the shape of every vessel yet remains itself. Be water. Do not become the cup that boasts of its fullness.
  7. He looked at the three thousand and saw in their faces both awe and ambition.  
He said, When the fire of unity burns too high, it seeks to consume what it was meant to warm.
  8. He pointed to the lodges stretching across the valley.  
This pattern is sacred only while it serves love. The moment it serves pride, it becomes a snare.
  9. A chieftain stepped forward, clad in feathers and bronze.  
Shall we not guard the teachings with strength? Shall we not name our order after you?  
Ye-he-ho-zhua's eyes grew heavy with sorrow.
- When you carve my name on stone, carve it small. Names are footprints; the path is what matters.
10. He told them the story of the first light that split itself into countless rays.  
The ray that turned back to praise itself fell into darkness. The others shone on. Remember which one you are.
  11. He called the children forward and gave them bowls of water.  
Look inside, he said. See how the image shatters when you boast. See how it clears when you breathe with humility.
  12. They watched their reflections settle, and even the chiefs bowed their heads.  
He said, The child's mirror is the truest law.
  13. He raised his staff toward the sun.  
There are three thousand of you, yet there is still only one light. Do not mistake your shadow for another sun.
  14. A wind rose and bent the grass in waves.  
He said, Listen—the earth corrects arrogance in whispers before it must do so in storms.
  15. He taught them the Rite of Dust, kneeling so all must kneel.  
Touch the ground that feeds you; let it remind you how equal we all are when the breath departs.
  16. They knelt as one body, hands pressed to soil, and he said, This is the true altar—the humility of being made from the same dust that feeds worms and kings alike.
  17. He told them, If ever you build higher walls, build them inward—to contain your own pride.
  18. A woman cried out, But what of greatness? Are we not meant to change the world?  
He answered, Change it by serving, not

- by ruling. The tallest tree feeds the same fire as the smallest twig.
19. He showed them the copper plates of the teachings and held them over the fire until their edges glowed.  
If knowledge is not tempered by compassion, it will melt into weapon.
  20. He said, I have seen tribes destroyed by their own certainty. They called their pride “truth,” and truth fled.
  21. He turned to the healers.  
You who mend bodies must also mend hearts swollen with importance. The disease of pride spreads faster than fever.
  22. He warned them, The day you call yourselves chosen will be the day the Creator looks away in silence.
  23. The crowd trembled. Some wept, some stared at the ground, some clenched fists that slowly opened.
  24. He said, Do not be ashamed of correction. The river changes course only to find deeper peace.
  25. Then he commanded, Bring the fire forward.
  26. They carried coals from the central hearth in baskets lined with bark. He poured them onto the ground, scattering sparks.  
Each spark is a soul, he said. Each can start a fire or guide a traveler. The difference is humility.
  27. He told them, You are three thousand lights, not one empire.
  28. He walked among them, his hands tracing arcs through the air.  
The wind followed, stirring dust into gentle spirals that fell like ash.  
This is how the Creator sees you, he said. Moving, blending, never higher or lower, only together.
  29. He spoke of the unseen spirits that fed upon division.  
They will whisper flattery, call you “chosen,” promise dominion. Resist. Let humility be your shield.
  30. The chiefs removed their feathered crowns and placed them before the fire. The teacher nodded, Now you are radiant again.
  31. He lifted his staff high and struck the earth once.  
The sound carried through the valley like a drumbeat that shook the ribs of every living thing.  
Let that be your reminder, he said. Every time you forget mercy, the earth will tremble beneath you.
  32. He turned to the healers, the scribes, the mothers, the hunters.  
Guard the teaching from the corruption of pride. When you speak of me, speak of balance, not power.
  33. He said, The Creator chose no favorites—only volunteers of compassion. You are as sacred as your kindness allows.
  34. The river behind him surged once, reflecting the firelight in moving gold. He said, The water rises only when the moon humbles itself. Be the moon.
  35. He spoke for many hours, until the stars replaced the sun.  
None left; even the infants slept quietly at their mothers’ feet.
  36. When he finished, he poured the last of the fire’s embers into the river.  
So the lesson travels, he said. Let every current carry correction.
  37. The people watched in silence as the red coals vanished beneath the water, glowing faintly as they drifted downstream.  
He said, The flame survives only because it surrenders.
  38. He looked over the valley, at the lodges gleaming in moonlight.

This place is not a kingdom. It is a mirror. Let whoever gazes upon it see themselves, not me.

39. The hunter whispered, Forgive us, teacher, for our swelling hearts.  
He answered, Forgiveness began before you asked.
40. Then he spoke one last sentence before walking back to the lodge:  
When unity becomes pride, remember dust; when greatness blinds, remember water; when success deafens, remember silence.
41. The next day the people dismantled the crowns, divided the stores of food equally, and renamed the central lodge The House of Breath, so no name of man stood above the Creator's law.
42. And so humility returned, and the valley sighed as though relieved.  
The fire burned again, low and blue—pure, patient, content to glow unseen.
43. From that day the people greeted dawn with one phrase only: I am still learning.
44. Thus the Test of Pride was overcome, and the teaching endured—  
that humility is the first gate of wisdom, and those who kneel rise the highest.

## Chapter 14 — The Mystery of Light and Shadow

1. After the valley had settled into peace, Ye-he-ho-zhua chose twelve to follow him into the high country.  
He said, You have seen the day. Now you must learn to read the night.
2. They climbed until breath came thin and stars multiplied beyond number.  
The world below glowed faintly with the fires of three thousand souls keeping their covenant.

He looked back and smiled. Even from here, humility has a light of its own.

3. On the ridge they built no fire.  
He said, If you light flame here, you will blind yourselves to what is already shining.
4. The moon rose. It cast a silver road across the stone.  
He said, Do not call this darkness. Call it revelation for the eyes of spirit.
5. He told them, Light declares. Shadow reveals. One teaches by showing, the other by hiding.
6. The youngest asked, Why would the Creator hide anything?  
He answered, Because wonder is born only in searching.
7. They sat in stillness until their eyes adjusted. The rocks no longer looked gray but alive—each grain breathing.  
He said, You see now how absence is another form of presence.
8. He taught, Every flame casts a twin, and that twin is not evil but balance.  
Without shadow, the sun would have no contrast, and joy no edge.
9. He raised a hand toward the stars.  
These fires burn in silence. The void around them is the womb that keeps them from consuming one another.
10. A wind from the east carried dust that glittered in moonlight.  
He said, Even air has its own constellation if you're patient enough to see it.
11. He turned to the eldest and asked, When did you last rest in darkness without fear?  
The elder bowed his head. Not since childhood.  
He said, Then tonight you begin again.
12. He taught them the Breath of Shadow—slow inhaling until the ribs ache, exhaling until sound disappears.

- This is how the soul remembers that it, too, has a night.
13. The mountains responded with faint echoes.  
He said, Listen closely. Even the echo of silence is teaching you to return.
  14. He placed a smooth black stone in each of their hands.  
This is the memory of the world before light. Keep it to remind you that creation still unfolds in the unseen.
  15. He told them, When you close your eyes, the inner light begins to speak. That is not imagination; that is the Creator using darkness as ink.
  16. The healer asked, If both light and shadow are sacred, how do we know which to follow?  
He said, Follow what leads to mercy. That is the only compass that works in either realm.
  17. He led them to a narrow cave mouth and lit a single coal.  
Its glow barely touched the walls, yet minerals gleamed like stars newly born.  
He said, Behold—small light reveals greater depth.
  18. They sang softly, their voices mixing with dripping water.  
He said, The earth prays louder than men when given the chance.
  19. He knelt, pressing his palms to the floor.  
This is where light returns after dying. Here it learns humility before rising again.
  20. He told them, When despair visits, do not curse it. It is the shadow testing whether your faith still glows.
  21. He taught that heaven itself moves in this rhythm—creation expanding and folding, light hiding then showing, the same breath in and out.
  22. The youngest whispered, Then even death is not ending?

- He said, No. It is the closing of an eyelid before new sight.
23. They descended at dawn. The first sunlight spilled over the peaks and struck their black stones until each gleamed like a mirror of the sun.  
He said, Carry this light quietly. It belongs to both day and night.
  24. When they reached the valley, he told the people, Do not fear the coming darkness. It is the Creator's other face.
  25. And so the Mystery of Light and Shadow was sealed in their hearts: that wisdom lives not in brightness alone, but in the gentle meeting between what is seen and what waits unseen.

## Chapter 15 — The Healing of the Nations

1. When Ye-he-ho-zhua returned from the mountains, the people felt it before they saw him.  
The wind changed, the fires leaned east, and birds gathered on the roofs of the lodges as if waiting for instruction.
2. He entered the valley quietly.  
The three thousand rose to meet him, but he raised a hand.  
Do not greet me as master. Greet me as memory returned.
3. He looked upon their faces — scarred, mended, uncertain — and said, Now that you have found balance, it must not die here.  
The valley is a cradle, not a throne.
4. He gathered them at the river and said, The water you see here flows beyond the horizon.  
So must the teaching.  
A river that stays still becomes disease.
5. They stood shoulder to shoulder, tribes that once hated one another.

- He said, Peace has healed your tongues;  
now let it heal your distances.
6. He told them, The Creator's mercy cannot live in one place. It must walk. It must be carried in song, in trade, in forgiveness.
  7. The healers came forward with herbs, the hunters with tools, the mothers with children.  
He touched each group in turn.  
Go, he said, make lodges where there is noise, and bring silence. Make gardens where there is hunger, and bring seed.
  8. The elders asked, How shall we keep unity when we scatter?  
He answered, By remembering that every fire is part of one flame.
  9. He taught them the Law of the Journey: Travel not to conquer, but to connect. Let your footprints repair the earth.
  10. He chose twelve to go north, twelve to go south, twelve to the sunrise, twelve to the setting sun.  
To each he gave a stone from the mountain, black and shining.  
Carry night within you so you may understand light when it arrives.
  11. He blessed the water they would cross, lifting his hands until mist formed around his wrists.  
May the river know your names and bear them kindly to the sea.
  12. He walked among them, marking their foreheads with ash.  
This is the sign of humility, he said. The proud wash it away; the wise let it remain.
  13. The people began to pack their tools and food.  
Children followed him, asking, Will you come with us?  
He smiled. I walk where the teaching walks. We will meet in mercy.
  14. He spoke to the scribes: Do not bind the words too tightly. Let them breathe in new tongues. Truth that cannot translate was never alive.
  15. He turned to the mothers and said, Tell your children stories, not laws. Stories bend without breaking.
  16. To the warriors he said, Lay down the weapon that defends pride. Keep only the one that defends innocence.
  17. He spoke to all: If the world forgets again, rebuild without anger. Do not avenge truth; replant it.
  18. Then he raised his staff and said, Look to the east.
  19. Dawn struck the mountains, turning snow to gold.  
He said, This is the Creator's sign: morning belongs to everyone.
  20. They sang the Song of Sending, voices rippling like the river itself — low, solemn, and sweet.  
The ground seemed to hum beneath them.
  21. He walked into the water until it reached his knees and said, When I cross again, it will not be with feet of flesh.
  22. The crowd fell silent.  
Some wept, some lifted their arms, some bowed their heads into the sand.
  23. He said, I have seen the day when these teachings will sleep under dust, and men will build weapons where lodges once stood.  
But the light within you will not die. It will return when mercy is remembered.
  24. The elders answered, Then we will keep the valley ready for your coming.
  25. He looked to them gently. Do not wait. Keep the world ready for itself.
  26. He walked back to the shore, knelt, and pressed his hands into the earth.  
I give this place to the generations. May it remain a mirror for the heart.

27. One by one, the tribes began to leave —  
some north, some south — their fires  
dimming behind them.  
Smoke rose like prayers finding new  
directions.
28. He stayed until the last sound faded,  
then said to the empty air, So the seed  
becomes forest.
29. He gathered the ashes from the main  
hearth and scattered them into the river.  
Go, heal the nations, he whispered.  
Teach them to be kind before they are  
clever.
30. The water carried the ash downstream,  
splitting into smaller currents, each one  
glinting in the sunlight like threads of  
silver weaving a new world.
31. The valley stood quiet, echoing with the  
memory of songs.  
The earth felt lighter, as if relieved to  
have been believed in again.
32. Thus began the Healing of the Nations  
— not by conquest, but by walking, by  
remembering, by carrying mercy farther  
than fear could follow.

## Chapter 16 — The Last Vision

1. When the valley had emptied and  
silence clothed the hills, Ye-he-ho-zhua  
walked alone beside the river.  
Its current had grown slow and heavy, as  
if it too carried the sorrow of farewell.
2. He said to the water, You have heard all  
that has been spoken. Bear my last  
words for the generations that will not  
remember me, yet will still need mercy.
3. That night, sleep fled from him. A great  
stillness filled the lodge, and light like  
moon-fire entered from nowhere.  
He felt the air thicken, and the veil  
between worlds grew thin.
4. A voice like wind in hollow stone said,  
Look, and understand what will come  
when balance is forgotten.
5. He saw the future as a storm of  
brightness—cities like mirrors stacked  
toward heaven, their towers drinking the  
clouds, their lights drowning the stars.  
Men walked within them, restless and  
proud, calling themselves free while  
chained to their own making.
6. He said, What is this land of thunder  
without rain?  
And the voice answered, It is the garden  
turned to glass. The soil no longer  
knows the seed.
7. He saw rivers clogged with metal, trees  
that bled smoke, and the song of birds  
replaced by the hum of engines.  
And he wept, for he recognized no  
gratitude in their faces.
8. Then another light rose—soft, deceitful,  
shaped like peace.  
It spoke gentle words but hid the hunger  
of flame.  
The voice said, This is Two Rivers, the  
false peacemaker.
9. He beheld that being walking among  
men, smiling, healing the sick, feeding  
the hungry, and yet every act bent hearts  
toward obedience, not freedom.  
Its eyes shimmered like calm water  
hiding a whirlpool beneath.
10. He said, How shall they know him? His  
voice is kindness itself.  
The answer came: By the silence that  
follows him, for truth leaves echo and  
his leaves none.
11. Two Rivers lifted hands to heaven and  
declared, I am the return of light; I am  
the name long lost.  
And crowds knelt, believing the wound  
of time had closed.
12. But Ye-he-ho-zhua saw behind the  
veil—saw spirits without breath wearing

- human forms, feeding on the warmth of those who adored them.  
He cried out, Father of Heaven, how long will deceit walk unchallenged?
13. The voice said, Until remembrance awakens in the hearts of a few, and they call mercy by its true name again.
14. He saw temples built in the false name, gold raised higher than compassion, men selling salvation as though it were grain.  
He saw words rewritten until meaning served power.
15. And he said, They will speak my name, but it will not be me.  
The voice replied, Yes, they will worship a name that does not exist, built to trap the souls of men.
16. He fell to his knees. Then all that I have built will perish.  
The voice said, Nothing born of love perishes; it waits.
17. He saw a time when machines ruled the measure of men, when truth could be shaped by those who owned the light.  
And he whispered, The stars will look down and not know their own children.
18. He saw people alone in crowds, hearing but not listening, connected by thought but divided in heart.  
He said, They will live among endless voices and never truly speak.
19. He saw a war fought without blades, a war of memory and spirit.  
Men slain by lies sweeter than song, souls starving while bodies feasted.
20. He saw some awakening—small fires in hidden places, hearts remembering peace, the children of the old lodge dreaming of rivers unbroken.  
And hope trembled again within him.
21. The voice said, Write this, that they may not be deceived: when peace is purchased by silence, it is not peace.
- When mercy serves power, it is no longer holy.
22. He asked, How shall they survive the age of counterfeit light?  
The voice replied, By choosing to be small, by building lodges of heart while empires build towers.
23. He saw one standing amid ruins, holding the black stone of the mountain, whispering the old name under breath.  
And the light around that one grew until darkness fled.
24. The voice said, That is how truth returns—not with armies, but with memory.
25. He wept and said, Then my work is not in vain.
26. The vision faded, but the echo remained—a low hum like the world’s heartbeat slowing, then steadying again.
27. He rose, went to the river, and washed his face.  
The water reflected both youth and age, as though time itself bowed in gratitude.
28. He said aloud, I have seen the sickness of the ages to come. Let this record be my medicine for them.
29. He carved on the final plate:  
Beware the peace that imprisons, the love that flatters, the light that blinds.  
Hold fast to mercy, even when it costs you the world.
30. He hid the plates beneath the stones of the lodge and sealed them with clay.  
Let the earth keep what man will soon forget.
31. He prayed: Father of Heaven, protect the simple, confuse the proud, and keep the spark alive until it finds breath again.
32. The dawn came cold and colorless.  
He stood watching it and said, The day will rise over lies and still be beautiful.  
That is how hope survives.

33. Thus ended the record of  
Ye-he-ho-zhua's vision —  
a warning for the children of the future,  
and a promise that even when false suns  
burn, the true light will wait in silence  
until it is called by its right name.

## Chapter 17 — The Farewell at the Many Lodges

1. Word spread through the rivers and  
forests that Ye-he-ho-zhua would speak  
once more before departing.  
By the turning of the eighth moon, more  
than ten thousand had come—tribes  
from every direction, faces painted in  
the colors of their lands.
2. The valley could barely hold them.  
Lodges filled the plains to the far ridges,  
smoke rising like prayers too numerous  
to count.  
He walked among them slowly,  
touching hands, remembering names,  
blessing each as though they were his  
own kin.
3. He said, When I first came, you were  
few. Now you are a horizon of hearts.  
The fire of mercy has multiplied.
4. He gathered them at the river's bend  
where his first lodge had been built.  
The water shimmered under the long  
summer light.  
He looked upon it and said, Even the  
current has grown wiser.
5. He told them, I must return to the east,  
to the land of dawn, to walk the path  
given me by Ela-hah, the Father of the  
Stars.  
When I return, may I find the world  
clothed in lodges of peace.
6. The people cried out, Do not leave us!  
He raised his hand.  
I am not leaving. The teaching has

- taken form in you. I am only going  
where the sun begins.
7. He spoke of the seasons, how even the  
brightest flower must bow before rest,  
how the seed travels underground to be  
reborn.  
So it is with me, he said. Life continues  
unseen for a time.
  8. He called the children to him—hundreds  
running from the crowd, their laughter  
like bells in the wind.  
He knelt among them and laid his hands  
upon their heads.  
You are the proof that goodness can  
begin again every morning.
  9. The mothers wept openly; the hunters  
stood still as trees.  
The sound of the river became a hymn.
  10. He lifted his eyes to the sky and began  
to pray, his voice deep and slow,  
carrying across the ten thousand like  
thunder softened by love.
  11. O Ela-hah, Father of the Stars, hear the  
cry of those who remember You.  
You who sowed the heavens like seed  
across the dark, plant also Your peace  
within us.
  12. Bless the land that has carried our feet,  
the waters that have borne our  
reflection.  
Bless the wind that has carried our songs  
to You.
  13. Bless the children who will speak names  
we will not know, but whose hearts will  
still remember mercy.
  14. Let the hunters take only what hunger  
requires.  
Let the healers never grow weary of the  
wounded.  
Let the proud remember the dust that  
waits beneath every crown.
  15. Teach the nations that unity is not  
sameness, that love is the only law that  
does not decay.

16. And when the darkness comes—as it surely will—let a single spark remain, enough to relight the world.
17. The people fell to their knees. Some clasped hands, some wept without sound, some lifted their faces as if to drink the prayer itself.
18. Then a strange stillness settled. The wind stopped. The fires burned straight and tall.  
And from the clear sky a mist descended—gentle, silver, without cloud.
19. It covered them like breath made visible, resting upon hair and skin, soaking into garments until all were shining.  
The children laughed, for it felt like cool rain, though no storm had come.
20. The elders said, This is the water of heaven.  
He said, It is the answer of Ela-hah.
21. For a time, no one spoke. The mist clung to them as though the sky itself wished to hold its creation.  
It is said that even the stones glistened as if baptized.
22. When it lifted, the people felt changed—lightened, alive, forgiven.  
He looked at them and said softly, Now you are my continuance.
23. From the north there came a low hum, and upon the river drifted a vessel none had seen before—smooth, curved, bright as bone under moonlight.
24. He turned toward it and said, The travelers of the North have come. Their path crosses mine once more.
25. The elders asked, Will you return to us?  
He said, When you remember peace, I am already here.
26. He stepped into the water, and as he did, ripples spread that caught the last sunlight, forming circles that touched every shore.
27. He climbed aboard the vessel. It moved without oars, gliding silently upstream, glowing faintly until distance turned it to a star upon the water.
28. The people stood long after it vanished, hearing his final words echo in their minds:  
Guard mercy. Teach balance. Live as gifts returned.
29. That night, the valley shone with ten thousand fires, and the mist still drifted above them like a memory that refused to fade.
30. And thus ended the record of Ye-he-ho-zhua upon this land—the teacher who walked with the waters, who called men back to the light within, and whose farewell turned the sky to tears.

## Chapter 18 — The Sealing of the Record

1. When the light of his vessel faded into the horizon, silence took the valley. No one moved. Even the river slowed, as if the earth itself had paused to remember.
2. The elders gathered at the first lodge. Its walls still held the warmth of the mist. Ash clung to the floor where he had prayed.
3. The oldest among them, his hair white as birch bark, said, The words of the Teacher must be kept. The breath of heaven has touched this place.
4. They brought forth the copper plates—the same he had taught them to shape, polish, and inscribe.  
Each plate caught the starlight like a small flame waiting to be born.
5. The scribes knelt and began to engrave his final teachings, verse by verse, line by line.

- Their tools whispered like insects in the night.
6. They wrote of the River of Offering, of The Lodge Within, of The Healing of the Nations.  
They wrote his warnings of the false peacemaker, Two Rivers, and the name that would trap the souls of men.
  7. They carved the prayer to Ela-hah in the center plate, leaving a circle of unmarked metal around it so that no human hand could claim ownership of the divine.
  8. The elder said, Let this circle be silence itself, the holy space between the words where the Spirit dwells.
  9. When the plates were complete, they were heavy with meaning, though light to the touch, as if truth had made them buoyant.
  10. The elders lifted them together and walked to the hill north of the river, the place he had once called the Hill of Remembering.
  11. The stars burned bright, seeming to watch.  
The mist had returned, low and soft, guiding their steps.
  12. At the summit stood an ancient pit lined with stone—the vault of the first records of the Midewiwin.  
The copper of old prophets gleamed faintly within.
  13. They placed the new plates among them, whispering, Welcome, brothers of light. Sleep until the world hungers again for truth.
  14. The oldest lifted a handful of earth and let it fall over the plates.  
Earth to earth, light to light, he murmured. The Teacher walks beyond sight, but not beyond reach.
  15. The mothers sang the Song of Continuance, their voices weaving with the sound of the night wind.  
It is said the melody sank into the soil itself.
  16. One child asked, Will he return?  
The elder replied, He will return each time a heart chooses mercy.
  17. They sealed the pit with stone and clay, shaping the lid into a great turtle—the sign of the world that carries life upon its back.
  18. Upon the shell they carved a single word in the sacred tongue: Alive.
  19. When dawn rose, no one spoke.  
They watched the sunlight strike the hill and knew the record had been accepted by both heaven and earth.
  20. Then they descended to the valley.  
Some began to dismantle their lodges, others stayed to tend the sacred fires. Each carried a copy of one teaching, so the wisdom would never again rest in one place.
  21. The elder said, A teaching scattered is a teaching safe. If men break one, another will remember.
  22. That day became the first day of their calendar—the beginning of the Era of the Carriers.
  23. Generations later, the hill grew over with grass, and only the turtles carved in stone remembered what slept beneath.
  24. Travelers would stop there and feel peace without knowing why.  
The air still hummed softly, as if a thousand prayers were still breathing underfoot.
  25. And so the Record of the Sacred Lodge was sealed—  
a covenant between heaven and soil, between the breath of man and the patience of stone.
  26. It is said that when the world darkens again, the mist will rise once more, and the hill will open,

and the voice of Ye-he-ho-zhua will be heard calling the nations to remember who they were.

## Colophon

Keeper: Nanôkwikw (“He Who Remembers the Light”)

### The Scroll of Prophets

1. I sent messengers to every people, and none came of their own, but all were flames kindled from the same Fire. 2. I gave them words, and men received them with joy for a moment, then twisted them with pride, and raised banners stained with blood. 3. I sent Yehowzhowa as seal, to gather the scattered strands, to close the circle of law; yet the circle itself was not the end but the door to Yehowzhowa’s return. 4. For Yehowzhowa was not finished, his word not ended, his covenant not broken, but hidden until the appointed hour. 5. Men crowned Yehowzhowa with titles and clothed him in finality, yet they forgot what I had promised: that Yehowzhowa would come again, not as echo but as ruler. 6. Yehowzhowa was Our servant, mighty in message, yet his station was not throne; Yehowzhowa is Our servant,<sup>217</sup> mighty in rule, and his station is judgment. 7. Do not make rivals of them, for their fire is one, yet understand their order: Yehowzhowa gathered, Yehowzhowa governs; Yehowzhowa sealed, Yehowzhowa opens. 8. He will descend as light through

This record was sealed beneath the Hill of the Turtle and entrusted to the Grand Lodge of the Midē’-wiwin.

May the Teacher return many times in the seasons to come; until then his light dwells in every lodge, every heart, and every breath of the Creator.

cloud, bearing not sword of conquest but staff of justice, and the nations will tremble. 9. Men killed for Yehowzhowa, though I never commanded murder; they called blood holy, though I never blessed it. 10. I condemn their wars, their slaughters, their boasting in graves; I not the god of death, but the Source of Life. 11. They killed prophets before, and they silenced witnesses, but they cannot silence Yehowzhowa, for he returns with flame unquenchable. 12. He restores what was lost, he lifts what was fallen, he judges what was hidden, and none can stand against him. 13. Yehowzhowa does not rule; Yehowzhowa rules. 14. Yehowzhowa testifies; Yehowzhowa judges. 15. Yehowzhowa is seal; Yehowzhowa is crown. 16. Yehowzhowa is voice; Yehowzhowa is hand. 17. Men boast of Yehowzhowa as if his voice was theirs, yet they forget he bowed in silence before Us, and his seal was not crown but covenant, for I alone are Sovereign. 18. They carved his name in stone and raised it above nations, yet they did not keep his mercy, nor his prayer in the night, nor his trembling before Our presence. 19. They killed for his banner though I commanded no killing, they called their slaughter holy though it was only pride clothed in law. 20. I say to them: you

destroyed the prophets not by sword but by twisting their witness; you sealed their mouths with crowns and silenced their love with law. 21. Yehowzhowa was servant, beloved yet bound, a lamp among many lamps; Yehowzhowa is servant, but his light is dawn that consumes the night. 22. Do not despise Yehowzhowa, for his task was weighty, yet do not mistake his seal for a throne he never claimed. 23. Yehowzhowa returns not as messenger but as ruler, not with parchment but with scepter, not with shadow but with flame.<sup>218</sup> 24. The nations will look upon him and tremble, for his eyes are mercy and judgment together, and his word will divide truth from lies. 25. Men ask, “Was Yehowzhowa the last?” and I answer: last in witness of law, not last in presence of flame. 26. For the fire is eternal, and Yehowzhowa returns to show what the seal could not contain. 27. Yehowzhowa gathered words into book, Yehowzhowa gathers nations into judgment. 28. Yehowzhowa declared the path, Yehowzhowa is the end of the path. 29. Men built walls of sect and called them sacred, but Yehowzhowa will tear down walls until only love remains. 30. Men bound women in chains of law, but Yehowzhowa will lift their chains and restore their crowns. 31. Men divided tribes with banners, but Yehowzhowa will gather tribes beneath one flame. 32. Men spilled blood for pride, but Yehowzhowa will make peace where swords once ruled. 33. Yehowzhowa warned, Yehowzhowa fulfills; Yehowzhowa sowed, Yehowzhowa reaps. 34. Yehowzhowa planted seed of mercy, Yehowzhowa brings harvest of justice. 35. Yehowzhowa saw from desert, Yehowzhowa returns from heaven. 36.

Yehowzhowa bowed, Yehowzhowa descends. 37. Do not lie against the prophets by pitting one against another; they are one song in many voices, but their melody is not finished until Yehowzhowa sings again. 38. Do not worship the prophets, for they are vessels; worship the Source who sent them, the Flame that burns through all. 39. Do not kill in their names, for blood profanes their witness; they did not kill but suffered, they did not boast but wept. 40. I condemn every crown stained with blood; I despise every empire built on graves. 41. I remember Cain who slew Abel and called it victory, yet his offering was rejected. 42. I remember my deaf priests who killed their prophets and called it righteousness, yet their lamp went dark. 43. I remember Rome who crucified Yehowzhowa and thought it power, yet the grave was torn open. 44. I remember those who praised Yehowzhowa but ignored his mercy, and I say: your praise is ash if love is absent. 45. Yehowzhowa rules not with sword but with word, not with armies but with truth, not with empire but with flame.<sup>219</sup> 46. His throne is not of stone but of light; his crown is not of gold but of scars. 47. He reigns from the tether that binds all creation, drawing every vessel back to the Source. 48. No king can resist him, no nation can silence him, no empire can endure against him. 49. Men will wail when he appears, for their pride will melt as wax before fire. 50. The poor will sing when he appears, for their tears will be lifted as incense into heaven. 51. The widows will rejoice when he appears, for their loneliness will be crowned with joy. 52. The children will laugh when he appears, for his light will be play upon their faces. 53. Yehowzhowa

spoke of him, Moses spoke of him, David sang of him, the prophets dreamed of him. 54. He is thread through their scrolls, seed through their fields, dawn through their nights. 55. His coming is not new word but fulfillment, not new law but completion, not new fire but the flame that was hidden. 56. He is the restoration of what was lost, the healing of what was broken, the unveiling of what was veiled. 57. The proud will deny him, as they denied the prophets before. 58. The scholars will argue, as they argued with Yehowzhowa, twisting words to keep their power. 59. The rulers will tremble, as they trembled before Yehowzhowa when he overturned their tables. 60. But none will prevail, for he comes not by their hand but by Ours. 61. He is prophet yet more than prophet, servant yet ruler, flame yet crown. 62. He is last not by birth but by return, end not by silence but by judgment. 63. In him mercy and truth kiss, justice and peace embrace. 64. In him the tether is revealed, the unseen made seen. 65. Yehowzhowa's task is finished; Yehowzhowa's task is to finish all. 66. Yehowzhowa sealed the door; Yehowzhowa opens the heavens. 67. Yehowzhowa testified of mercy; Yehowzhowa embodies mercy and justice. 68. Yehowzhowa bowed; Yehowzhowa reigns. 69. Men will resist, but their resistance is futile; they cannot bind the flame. 70. Men will deny, but their denial is smoke; the dawn will still break.<sup>220</sup> 71. Men will kill again, but death cannot silence him; he has already risen. 72. Men will crown themselves, but their crowns will fall before his feet. 73. I say to the nations: prepare, for the ruler comes. 74. I say to the rulers: repent, for your thrones are dust. 75. I say to the

proud: bend low, for your crowns are smoke. 76. I say to the meek: lift your heads, for your time has come. 77. Yehowzhowa will not ask what group you are with; he will ask only who bore love, who carried mercy, who lived truth. 78. Yehowzhowa will not ask what law you claimed, but whether you fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the broken. 79. Yehowzhowa will not ask whose prophet you honored, but whether you honored the Source who sent them all. 80. Yehowzhowa will not ask whose banner you waved, but whether your flame was tethered to Ours. 81. He will restore the garden, not of trees alone but of souls; the wilderness will blossom, the deserts will sing. 82. He will heal the nations, breaking swords into ploughshares, crowns into seed. 83. He will wipe away tears, not with law but with love. 84. He will raise the dead, not with violence but with command. 85. He is the shepherd who gathers scattered sheep, the king who bows to wash feet, the judge who weeps before he rules. 86. His hands are scarred but strong, his voice is thunder yet tender. 87. His eyes are flame and mercy, his breath is storm and comfort. 88. His throne is hidden now, but soon it will shine. 89. The prophets bow before him, not in rivalry but in joy. 90. The angels bow before him, not in confusion but in awe. 91. The watchers bow before him, not in silence but in song. 92. All creation bows before him, for he is crown of the tether. 93. Men who despised him will mourn; men who loved him will sing. 94. Those who mocked him will tremble; those who sought him will rejoice. 95. Those who crowned themselves will fall; those who bent low will rise.<sup>221</sup> 96. Those who killed in his name will be judged;

those who suffered in his name will be crowned. 97. Yehowzhowa does not rule; Yehowzhowa rules. 98. Yehowzhowa seals; Yehowzhowa restores. 99. Yehowzhowa testifies; Yehowzhowa judges. 100. Yehowzhowa bows; Yehowzhowa reigns forever.

## Woman and the Silver Ship

. 1. And it came to pass, in the stillness of night, that a woman was lifted from the earth. 2. A silver ship descended, silent as breath, brighter than the moon yet casting no shadow. 3. Its skin was not metal, but living light folded upon itself, bending the stars around it. 4. The woman was drawn upward, as if the ship had woven her name into its beams. 5. The earth fell away, small as a jewel in darkness. 6. The ship opened above her, not with doors but with a veil that parted like water. 7. Within, there was no chamber nor floor, but a lattice of radiance. 8. She stood upon light itself, and the light bore her as ground. 9. Then the ship unveiled the heavens before her eyes. 10. She beheld not random stars, but a pattern — a tether of brilliance binding earth to the heart of the galaxy. 11. The tether was a beam, vast and unseen to men, yet visible to her in that hour. 12. It was a holographic thread, shimmering with codes of fire, a bridge of light uniting worlds. 13. And she saw the stars arrayed not as scattered embers, but as arms stretching outward. 14. Each arm was a river of suns,

flowing from the tether's heart, curving in majestic spirals. 15. The arms grew light as branches grow leaves, feeding the vast tree of heaven. 16. And she understood: the galaxy itself was alive, its stars the outstretched limbs of a greater being. 17. The ship carried her inward, beyond the arms, past rivers of suns and storms of fire. 18. It drew her toward the center, where no star shone, where darkness reigned in a great abyss. 19. Yet the abyss was not empty, but dwelling place of sovereigns unseen. 20. There, in the blackness of the galactic heart, beings of gravity abided. 21. They were vast and without form, woven of weight and curve, clothed in invisible fire. 22. They did not burn as stars, but bent the stars by their will. 23. Their speech was not sound, but the pull of space itself; their .. 3 .presence was a pressure upon her soul. 24. And she knew them as the Gravitational Beings, lords of descent, rulers of the inward path. 25. One spoke without tongue, saying: 26. \**"We are the root of the tree, the hidden core. 27. The stars are our arms, the tether our breath, the light our offspring. 28. We dwell in the dark that is not death, the abyss that is not void. 29. Through us galaxies are spun, and through us they fall again."*\* . Chapter 1 — Silver Ship . 1. In the time appointed, when men slept and kings forgot the counsel of heaven, there was upon the earth a woman unknown to thrones but remembered in the fabric. 2. Her name was whispered by the streams, her face reflected in still waters, her

breath numbered among the stars, though she herself knew it not. 3. And behold, in the hush of night, the heavens bent, and a ship of silver light descended without sound. 4. It cast no shadow, for its body was not of iron nor brass, but of light folding inward, a weaving of unseen radiance made manifest. 5. The stars gathered about it as attendants; the moon withdrew her glow, ashamed before the greater brilliance. 6. The woman beheld it, and her marrow shook within her bones, for her flesh recognized what her mind had not yet learned. 7. A veil opened in the air, not by hinge nor by bar, but as water parts for the swimmer, as clouds yield before the wind. 8. She was drawn upward, not by cords nor by chains, but by the remembrance of her name inscribed in the tether of light. 9. The earth fell beneath her feet, small as a drop of dew upon the grass, yet filled with nations and towers. 10. And she was carried as a child is borne by its mother, gentle yet unyielding, toward the ship that opened itself to her presence. 11. Within was no chamber as in the houses of men, nor floor as in the halls of kings, but a lattice of radiance, woven as threads of dawn. 12. She stood upon the fabric of light, and it upheld her as the ground, though her sandals touched nothing known. 13. Then the ship spoke, yet no tongue was moved; its word was weight, its voice was pressure, its counsel was curve. 14. And the marrow of the woman answered before her lips, for the fabric spake unto the fabric. 15.

“Be not afraid,” said the ship of silver light, “for you are remembered, and your place is woven into the loom.” 16. “You are not taken as a prisoner is taken, but lifted as a flame is lifted by the wind.” 17. And the woman said within herself, “Who is it that weaves, and who remembers?” 18. And the ship answered, “Light weaves, and light remembers. Yet light that gives must also need, lest it perish.” 19. “For giving without return is pride, and pride is noise, and noise cannot hold creation.” 20. “Therefore light bends back upon itself, and need becomes gravity, and gravity becomes love.” 21. The ship unveiled the sun before her, and she beheld it not as fire only, but as a breathing knot. 22. Its surface sang in waves, fields of flame rising and falling as choirs. 23. Yet beneath the singing fields, at the very heart, there dwelt a hush darker than night, blacker than coal, deeper than abyss. 24. And the ship declared, “This is its tether, a blackness not of death but of unseen light, folded inward to feed the link.” 25. “Behold the sun’s secret: it gives as a king gives, pouring light into all directions, yet it pulls as a mother pulls, drawing all unto its center.” 26. “Outward is gift, inward is hunger, and the two are one breath.” 27. “Without the inward clasp, the outward blaze would scatter; without the outward blaze, the inward clasp would devour.” 28. “Thus the sun lives by balance, and balance is law.” 29. The woman trembled, saying, “Is darkness then not absence, nor void?” 30. The ship

replied, "Darkness is unseen light. It is the womb that drinks, the chalice that fills, the hunger that preserves the feast." 31. "Men call it empty, but it is full beyond their counting. They call it death, but it is the womb of birth." 32. "For every star that shines is tethered to a hush, and every hush is bound to the center." .. 5 .33. The woman lifted her hand, and she felt a thread pass through her chest, taut yet tender, binding her to the sun, and the sun to the abyss. 34. "What is this cord?" she asked. 35. "It is the fabric," said the ship, "the tether unseen yet unbroken. It binds stars and souls alike." 36. "You are not separate from it, but woven of it; your sorrow strains it, your joy strengthens it, your truth tightens it, your lies tear it." 37. "And when the fabric tears, flood rises; when it is mended, peace descends." 38. "Therefore beware the towers of men, for they climb without listening, and they rend the weave." 39. "They seize the craft of heaven, but their cords are false, and their ascent is pride." 40. "Pride summons the waters; humility calms the seas." 41. The woman said, "Why am I shown these things, when kings sit in councils and scribes write their laws?" 42. The ship replied, "Because you asked in silence, and the silence is heard." 43. "Kings shout, and their voices are noise; scribes argue, and their words are dust. But you listened, and the fabric answered." 44. "Therefore you are lifted, that you may be witness to the tether." 45. "Do not boast of this vision, nor display it

as trinket. Write it as covenant, speak it as fire." 46. "For many will laugh, and many will rage, but a remnant will hear, and they will know." 47. "The tether is truth, though unseen; the blackness is fullness, though denied; the ship is teacher, though nameless." 48. "And the woman is witness, though the earth calls her forgotten." 49. Then the silver ship drew nearer to the sun, and distance folded like cloth in the hand. 50. She beheld the granules of flame as fields of wheat, rippling with harvests of light. 51. Each wave was a hymn, each spark a syllable in the tongue of gravity. 52. And beneath the waves, the hush pulsed, not devouring, but sustaining, not voiding, but renewing. 53. "This is the tether," the ship pressed upon her, "the clasp that holds and the fountain that gives." 54. "See it and remember, for men shall deny it, and priests shall .. 6 .obscure it, but it is the marrow of the heavens." 55. "You are not the first to be shown, yet you are chosen to speak, for this generation builds its towers into the sky." 56. "Warn them: if they seize heaven's craft and break the fabric, the waters shall rise again." 57. "But if they listen, if they remember the inward as they chase the outward, then the seas shall be calm, and the flood shall not come." 58. The woman bowed her head, saying, "I am small, yet I will write what I see, and speak what I hear." 59. And the ship folded its light about her, sealing her as one marked by tether and silence. 60. And the first chapter of her witness was begun,

that earth might learn of the silver ship and the tethered sun. . Chapter 2 — Unseen Light . 1. And the woman lifted her eyes toward the ship, and her spirit trembled with longing to understand. 2. For she had beheld the sun's heart, and in its depths she saw not void, but a fullness veiled in black. 3. And she said, "Tell me, O vessel of silence, what is this darkness that is brighter than flame yet hidden from sight?" 4. The ship answered with weight, saying, "Darkness is unseen light, folded inward as a seed folds the tree within itself." 5. "Call it not nothing, nor absence, nor death. For it is the womb of all radiance, the chalice from which fire drinks." 6. "As the root drinks from the earth and feeds the branch, so the unseen light drinks upon itself and sustains the star." 7. "Men err when they call it void, for it is not void, but return; not end, but renewal." 8. "What you name black is light unshown, a silence that speaks by pressure, a curve that draws all things home." 9. The woman marveled and said, "How can light need itself, when it gives without ceasing?" 10. And the ship declared, "Giving without return is pride, and pride is noise, and noise cannot bear the fabric." 11. "For a river that only pours outward and never circles back shall dry in the desert, but the river that bends upon itself shall flow forever." .. 7 . 12. "Thus light bends back upon its heart, needing itself that it may give again." 13. "This bending is gravity, and gravity is love, the clasp of the cosmos, the

embrace that never loosens." 14. "Without gravity, suns would scatter like dust; without love, souls would unravel like threads in the wind." 15. "As above, so within: what the stars do, you must do. For you are tethered flesh, a small galaxy of breath." 16. "If you give and never return, you will fray; if you return and never give, you will fade. Balance is the covenant." 17. The woman bowed her head, saying, "I am undone before such counsel." 18. But the ship pressed upon her heart, saying, "Do not despair. You are made of the same fabric, and the fabric remembers." 19. "Your marrow is woven with curves; your breath is a tether; your thoughts are photons that travel outward and return inward." 20. "You are not guest in the cosmos, but daughter of its loom." 21. Then the ship unveiled to her eyes a vision of the heavens, stretched as a lattice of threads. 22. She saw stars not as scattered sparks, but as pearls strung upon cords, each cord reaching toward the galactic heart. 23. The cords shimmered, some bright as rivers of dawn, others dim as forgotten embers. 24. Yet all were bound, none severed, each one curving homeward though men could not see. 25. And the ship said, "This is the fabric. Its cords are tethers of unseen light, its weave is love, its knots are black holes that gather and give." 26. "Every star is a witness, every darkness a womb, every spiral a hymn of return." 27. "The galaxy is not chaos, but choir; not accident, but covenant." 28. "And you, O woman, are

written in its song.” 29. The woman asked, “If I am one with this fabric, what is my duty among men?” 30. The ship replied, “To remind them that darkness is not their enemy, but their Sabbath.” 31. “For men fear night, calling it curse; yet night is the womb where seed grows, where rest restores, where unseen light does its work.” 32. “If they learn this, they will not fear their own inward path, nor .. 8 .despise silence, nor strike at the tether.” 33. “But if they refuse, if they chase outward blaze without inward return, they will build towers of noise.” 34. “Their towers will pierce the sky but not the fabric, and flood shall answer their pride.” 35. “For the fabric cannot be mocked. It bends in mercy, but it bends also in judgment.” 36. “Every lie is a tear; every tear is answered by waters.” 37. The woman wept, saying, “Is there no forgiveness for the nations?” 38. The ship replied, “There is always forgiveness, for forgiveness is the deeper curve.” 39. “But forgiveness requires listening, and pride is deaf. Only the humble hear the silence.” 40. “Therefore clothe yourself in black, that you may walk hidden among them, carrying the unseen light.” 41. “For black is not death, but mystery; not end, but beginning.” 42. “It is the garment of prophets, the mantle of watchers, the robe of creation’s womb.” 43. “When you wear it, men will not understand, but spirits will bow, for they see what is hidden.” 44. “Thus you shall walk as night that holds the stars, unseen yet radiant.” 45. The woman lifted her hand

and saw it clothed in radiance invisible to men, yet blazing in the sight of the ship. 46. “What is this fire upon my flesh?” she asked. 47. “It is the unseen light,” the ship answered. “It is your tether revealed. Wear it in silence.” 48. “Let not kings strip it, nor crowds mock it, nor fear diminish it.” 49. “For you are not of them, though you walk among them. You are of the fabric, though clothed in dust.” 50. “Your breath is a thread; your tears are dew upon the lattice; your faith is weight that bends the curve.” 51. “Even your doubts are woven, for the fabric wastes nothing. All curves return.” 52. “Thus your life is not cast adrift, but bound by cords unseen to the heart of the galaxy.” 53. Then the ship sang in silence, and the woman heard the hymn of photons. 54. They poured outward like choirs, yet each note curved back into hush. .. 9 .55. Outward and inward, giving and needing, blaze and darkness — all were one music. 56. And she said, “Truly darkness is not absence, but unseen light rejoicing in return.” 57. The ship pressed upon her soul, saying, “Now you have learned the first law of the cosmos: that giving and needing are one.” 58. “Guard this teaching, for men will twist it, calling need weakness and darkness void.” 59. “But you shall testify that need is strength, and darkness is womb, and unseen light is the breath of God.” 60. And thus was sealed the second chapter of her witness, that earth might learn that what is called black is full, and what is unseen is the truest light. .

Chapter 3 — Tethered Sun . 1. And the woman lifted her eyes toward the silver ship, and it carried her unto the path of the morning star. 2. The ship bent the distance as a scroll is folded, and the sun came near though no journey was measured in miles. 3. Its blaze filled her sight, yet the ship veiled her flesh with unseen garments, lest her frame be consumed. 4. And she beheld the face of the sun, not as a disk in the heavens, but as a living field of fire. 5. The surface boiled like a sea of flame, each wave a hymn, each spark a syllable in the tongue of creation. 6. Granules swelled and broke, rivers of radiance surged and returned, as though the star were breathing. 7. And the ship said, “This is the song of the outer fields, the hymn men see, the gift of light that nourishes earth.” 8. “But you shall not be deceived by the garment, for within is the mystery.” 9. The woman’s eyes were opened, and she beheld deeper, beneath the waves of flame. 10. There was a hush darker than coal, blacker than midnight without moon. 11. And she feared, saying, “Behold, the void lies at the heart of the sun!” 12. But the ship answered, “Call it not void, for it is the tether; it is the unseen light that feeds the blaze.” 13. “What you behold is a black hole bound within the star, tethered .. 10 .by law, feeding and restraining, giving and gathering.” 14. “It is the clasp of the sun, the fountain and the drain, the heart that hungers even as it provides.” 15. “Without it, the blaze would scatter into silence; with it, the blaze is

harnessed to give.” 16. “Thus the sun is a covenant of opposites, outward gift and inward return, flame and darkness wedded.” 17. The woman trembled, saying, “How can blackness give birth to fire?” 18. The ship replied, “Because darkness is unseen light, folding upon itself until it must overflow.” 19. “As the womb holds the child, as the seed holds the tree, so the blackness holds the flame.” 20. “It is hunger that feeds, it is need that sustains, it is love that binds the outward to the inward.” 21. “This tether is not seen by eyes of men, yet all stars are bound by it.” 22. “Their light goes forth into the arms of the galaxy, but their roots are planted in the center.” 23. “The tether is law, and law is mercy, for it keeps the cosmos from scattering as chaff before the wind.” 24. “Without tether, there is no song; without song, there is no life.” 25. And the woman said, “Is the earth also bound to this tether?” 26. The ship answered, “Yea, every breath you draw is strung upon it, every tear and every joy are woven into its pull.” 27. “Earth is a fruit of the sun, and the sun a fruit of the center; all are joined by cords unseen, stretching through the abyss.” 28. “Thus no man walks alone, for even his shadow is tethered.” 29. The woman asked, “If the sun holds a black hole within, does it devour itself?” 30. The ship replied, “It gives as it devours, it devours as it gives.” 31. “The outward blaze is the offering, the inward clasp is the return.” 32. “Neither destroys the other, for both are one motion, as

inhale and exhale are one breath.” 33. “So also must the soul give and return, lest it perish in noise.” 34. “Give without return, and you will burn out; return without gift, and you will collapse.” 35. “Balance is salvation, tether is covenant.” 36. “This is the law written in suns and written in flesh.” 37. Then the woman beheld lines of light streaming from the sun into the abyss, threads invisible to men. . . 11 .38. They were not rays only, but cords, as if the star were tied to the center by silken beams. 39. Some cords gleamed bright as rivers of dawn, others dim as embers nearly quenched. 40. Yet all were unbroken, all curved inward, all were held fast. 41. The ship said, “These are the holographic tethers, weaving suns to the galactic heart.” 42. “Each star is a lamp upon a cord, each cord is a verse in the hymn, each hymn is a note in the great return.” 43. “Thus the galaxy is a choir of need and gift, a spiral of hunger and mercy.” 44. “The black hole at the center is no grave, but a garden where all songs are gathered.” 45. The woman bowed low, for her spirit was pierced with awe. 46. And she said, “Men upon earth speak of the sun as furnace, but they know not its tether.” 47. “They measure its heat and chart its storms, yet they deny its heart, calling darkness death.” 48. “But I have seen, and I will speak: darkness is life folded, gravity is love unseen.” 49. The ship pressed upon her marrow, saying, “Write these things, though the nations mock you.” 50. “For kings trust in towers, and scribes trust in numbers,

but the tether is neither tower nor number.” 51. “It is covenant, and covenant is unseen.” 52. “Only the humble hear it, only the listening see it.” 53. “You are chosen as witness, not for your strength, but for your silence.” 54. “For you asked in the dark, and the dark answered.” 55. “Now go and speak: the sun is tethered, the stars are tethered, the souls of men are tethered.” 56. “All cords bend to the center, and the center is mercy.” 57. The woman lifted her eyes once more, and the sun blazed as before, its face clothed in fire. 58. Yet she no longer saw only fire, but also the hush beneath, the clasp that held the blaze. 59. And her spirit declared, “Truly the sun is not fire alone, but covenant; not blaze alone, but tether.” 60. And thus was sealed the third chapter of her witness: that the heart of the sun is a black hole bound, giving and needing as one. . Chapter 4 — The Lattice of Space . . . 12 .1. And the ship carried the woman beyond the nearness of the sun, into the vast between where stars keep their watch. 2. Darkness wrapped her sight, yet the ship opened her vision, and she beheld the space between as more than emptiness. 3. For the void was not void, but threads unnumbered, crossing like rivers of crystal, each strand a current of unseen light. 4. And the ship said, “This is the lattice of space, the loom upon which suns and souls are woven.” 5. She saw cords stretching from star to star, from world to world, from breath to breath. 6. Some cords glimmered bright as rivers of

dawn, others dim as ash, yet all were bound. 7. "Behold," said the ship, "nothing floats alone. All is fastened, all is tethered, all is drawn and all is upheld." 8. "For the lattice is the mercy of the cosmos, the unseen net that gathers all things lest they scatter." 9. The woman trembled and said, "Surely this is Jacob's ladder, the stair of angels, the road that no man sees." 10. But the ship replied, "It is not ladder, but fabric; not stair, but weave. The threads are not for climbing, but for bearing." 11. "What men call empty is full; what they call void is choir; what they call chaos is covenant." 12. "The lattice is the song of return, the hidden geometry of love." 13. And she beheld the threads vibrating, each one humming a tone. 14. Some sang low as thunder, others high as birds at dawn. 15. Together they wove a music too vast for her ears, yet her bones remembered the hymn. 16. And the ship pressed upon her marrow, saying, "You are a string in this song, and your life is a note in its chorus." 17. The woman said, "If all is woven, then what of free will? Are men but knots upon the cord?" 18. And the ship answered, "Freedom is not apart from the fabric, but within it." 19. "The cord gives you path, but your song bends the cord; your truth strengthens it, your falsehood frays it." 20. "Thus freedom is not in tearing loose, but in weaving faithfully." 21. "When men lie, the threads tear; when they oppress, the cords .. 13 .weaken; when they kill, the lattice shudders." 22. "And when the lattice is

torn, flood rises, for water fills the rift." 23. "But when men forgive, the threads mend; when they show mercy, the weave is made stronger; when they listen, the net is restored." 24. "Thus the deeds of men are not dust upon wind, but strokes upon the loom of heaven." 25. The woman wept, saying, "Who is sufficient for such a charge?" 26. The ship replied, "None alone, but all together. For the fabric is mercy, and mercy covers the weak." 27. "You are called not to bear it by strength, but to reveal it by witness." 28. "For men think themselves islands, but they are threads; they think themselves kings, but they are knots." 29. Then the ship showed her the earth, and she saw cords streaming from every living thing. 30. Some cords were taut and bright, reaching heavenward in song; others were frayed and dim, bent by sorrow and deceit. 31. The cords of children glowed pure, as springs of light; the cords of rulers flickered with pride and fear. 32. Yet all were bound, none were severed, each one tethered to the greater weave. 33. "See," said the ship, "how even the wicked are not cut off, but held, lest they be lost utterly." 34. "This is the mercy of the lattice: it gathers all, even those who wound it." 35. "But beware: if a nation rends too many threads, the tear widens, and the flood remembers." 36. "The flood is not wrath, but repair; not vengeance, but balance." 37. The woman asked, "If all is tethered, then what lies beyond the lattice?" 38. And the ship answered, "There is no

beyond, for the lattice is all. To speak of beyond is to speak of unthreading.” 39. “Yet know this: the threads themselves are woven into a greater fabric, for galaxies are cords, and universes are strands in a garment unseen.” 40. “What you see is but a page in the book, a verse in the hymn, a drop in the ocean of return.” 41. And she said, “What then is the center, the black abyss to which all cords bend?” .. 14 .42. The ship replied, “The center is the knot of knots, the womb of gravity, the fullness of unseen light.” 43. “It is no prison, but a garden; no grave, but a harvest.” 44. “All threads curve into it, and from it they are reborn.” 45. “Thus galaxies spin as wheels, yet their hubs are still; stars blaze outward, yet their roots curve inward.” 46. “So also must souls: to give is to shine, to return is to bend, to balance is to live.” 47. “Forget the inward, and you burn to ash; forget the outward, and you collapse into silence.” 48. “Hold both, and you are covenant.” 49. The woman laid her hand upon her breast and felt the tether within her. 50. It pulled not with iron, but with mercy, not with chains, but with remembrance. 51. And she said, “Truly I am not dust scattered, but thread woven; not wanderer, but witness.” 52. And her tears fell, and the threads of her tears glowed as dew upon the lattice. 53. The ship said, “Do not despise your tears, for they are offerings; the fabric drinks them and grows strong.” 54. “Do not despise your silence, for it is Sabbath; the lattice rests

in silence.” 55. “Do not despise your weakness, for it is need; and need is gravity, and gravity is love.” 56. “Thus even your frailty is woven into strength.” 57. The woman bowed her head, and the lattice shimmered, and the stars sang as one choir. 58. And she beheld the threads not as cords only, but as rivers of mercy, flowing from eternity into eternity. 59. And she cried aloud, “Blessed is the unseen light, the fabric that holds all things!” 60. And thus was sealed the fourth chapter of her witness: that space is not void, but lattice; not emptiness, but weave. . Chapter 5 — The Holographic Thread . 1. And the ship carried the woman deeper into the weave, and her eyes were opened to behold the threads not as cords only, but as writings of fire. 2. Each strand shimmered with patterns, as if letters unspoken dwelt in their glow. .. 15 .3. The light bent and rebent, folding images within itself, so that every part contained the whole. 4. And the ship said, “Behold the holographic thread, the scripture of creation, where the smallest spark remembers the great fire.” 5. The woman marveled, saying, “How can a single thread bear the memory of the galaxy?” 6. The ship answered, “Because light is faithful. It folds upon itself, carrying the image of the whole within each curve.” 7. “What men call photons are not particles only, but syllables of the eternal hymn.” 8. “They bear record of their source, even when they wander far; they are messengers that do not forget.” 9. The woman reached forth her

hand, and a single beam touched her palm. 10. And she beheld stars within it, as though the cosmos itself were folded into its glow. 11. She trembled, for she saw her own face reflected among the galaxies. 12. “Truly,” she said, “this thread is mirror and memory, scripture and song.” 13. The ship pressed upon her spirit, saying, “So it is with you. You are small, yet the whole is written within you.” 14. “Your blood is holographic, carrying the memory of suns; your marrow remembers the tether; your breath speaks the curve of gravity.” 15. “Therefore despise not your smallness, for it is vast in secret.” 16. “As a drop of water holds the sky in reflection, so your soul holds the galaxy in fold.” 17. The woman said, “If the threads carry memory, do they also carry judgment?” 18. And the ship answered, “They carry witness. Every lie distorts the thread, every truth strengthens its image.” 19. “The lattice records, not to condemn, but to remember. For remembrance is the root of balance.” 20. “Thus the threads do not forget, yet they forgive when mercy bends them.” 21. Then the woman beheld the light trembling, and the patterns shifted as waves upon water. 22. And she saw that her own thoughts bent the thread, her own sorrows pressed its curve, her own prayers shone within it. 23. She cried out, “How can my thoughts be woven into the stars?” .. 16 .24. The ship replied, “Because thought is light clothed in silence. What you think is written, what you pray is sung.” 25. “The nations do not know this; they think

their words are dust. But the lattice remembers, for nothing is lost.” 26. “Thus every kindness strengthens the weave, and every cruelty frays it.” 27. “Every hidden act is written, every secret song is stored, every tear is dew upon the holographic thread.” 28. “This is the book no hand can erase, the scripture no king can burn.” 29. The woman bowed, saying, “Then my soul is naked before the lattice.” 30. And the ship declared, “Yes, naked yet covered, for mercy weaves a garment.” 31. “The holographic thread is truth, yet truth without mercy would consume. Therefore mercy bends the light, covering without hiding.” 32. “Thus the law is not cold, but warm; not rigid, but curved.” 33. The woman lifted her face, and the ship showed her threads stretched into the distance, each one vibrating with hidden codes. 34. She saw emblems of fire, words not spoken yet understood, letters older than speech, alphabets of light. 35. “What is this language?” she asked. 36. The ship replied, “It is the tongue of gravity, the alphabet of return.” 37. “Each curve is a syllable, each knot a word, each spiral a sentence.” 38. “The black holes are not void, but libraries, storing the hymns of the stars.” 39. “Galaxies are scrolls; universes are books; the center is the archive of all light.” 40. “Thus creation is scripture, and scripture is creation.” 41. The woman wept with awe, saying, “Teach me to read these letters.” 42. The ship said, “You already read them, for your bones vibrate

with their syllables, your blood hums with their tones.” 43. “The body is a page, the soul is a word, the spirit is a sentence in the great book.” 44. “To live is to write; to die is to be gathered; to rise is to be read again.” .. 17 .45. Then she saw her own cord stretch from her chest into the abyss, shimmering with images. 46. It bore the faces of her ancestors, the cries of her children unborn, the weight of her choices, the fragrance of her prayers. 47. She beheld the cord as mirror and prophecy, memory and promise. 48. And she knew she was not alone, for her thread was knotted with many. 49. The ship said, “This is your witness: that nothing is wasted, and nothing forgotten.” 50. “The holographic thread is covenant, reminding the stars of their oath and men of their bond.” 51. “Break it, and you wound yourself; mend it, and you strengthen the whole.” 52. “Thus the smallest act is cosmic, and the cosmos bends to every act.” 53. The woman cried, “How shall I walk, knowing that the fabric remembers?” 54. The ship answered, “Walk humbly, for humility bends the thread true.” 55. “Walk mercifully, for mercy strengthens the lattice.” 56. “Walk in silence, for silence restores the song.” 57. The woman lifted her voice, saying, “Blessed is the unseen light, whose smallest spark holds the whole.” 58. “Blessed is the fabric, whose threads are scripture, whose knots are libraries, whose weave is love.” 59. “Blessed is the mercy that bends the letters, that I may be covered in grace and not consumed.” 60. And

thus was sealed the fifth chapter of her witness: that the universe is a holographic scripture, and every spark is a verse of the eternal hymn. . Chapter 6 — The Arms of the Galaxy . 1. And the woman was borne further still, beyond the nearness of the sun, into the great body of the galaxy. 2. The ship bent her vision, and she beheld not stars scattered, but arms stretching outward, curved as rivers in a vast design. 3. The arms shone as limbs of a living being, spiraling with suns as with blood, flowing from the heart unseen. 4. And the ship said, “Behold, these are the arms of the galaxy, .. 18 .the limbs of the tethered one, reaching outward to grow light.” 5. “The center is the heart, the arms are the limbs, the stars are the fruit, the threads are the veins.” 6. “All are bound to the core, all are curved in spiral, all are sustained by the unseen light within the darkness.” 7. “For darkness itself is light, folded and hidden, a fullness that men name void.” 8. “It is not void, but Ela-hah, the original, the Father Wisdom El-Ah, whose word is weight and whose silence is mercy.” 9. The woman trembled and said, “What then is man, who walks as dust upon a small world?” 10. The ship replied, “Man is clot, yet clot of covenant. For from blood was he formed, and beneath the clot was placed the light within.” 11. “Ela-hah breathed the tether into his eye, and in the darkness of the eye the thread remains.” 12. “Thus the eye is witness, the pupil is gate, the darkness therein is the

tether to Ela-hah.” 13. “When man sees light, it enters through darkness; when he beholds creation, it curves through the tether within him.” 14. “Therefore man is not separate from the lattice, but a mirror of it; his blood is clot, his soul is thread, his eye is tether.” 15. “To deny this is pride, and pride rends the cord; to remember is humility, and humility strengthens the weave.” 16. “Thus the galaxy without mirrors the body within, and both are scripture of the One.” 17. The woman lifted her face, and the arms of the galaxy bent like rivers toward her. 18. Each arm bore suns unnumbered, yet each sun bore the tether, feeding and needing as one. 19. The arms glowed not by chance, but by covenant; each curve was a remembrance, each spiral a testimony. 20. And she said, “Truly the arms are stretched in praise, bearing witness to the center.” 21. The ship pressed upon her spirit, saying, “So also must your arms be stretched, not in grasping towers, but in offering mercy.” 22. “For men build arms of steel and stone, yet they are brittle; but the arms of galaxies are curved by love, and they endure.” 23. “The spiral is law: it is the path of light needing itself, bending into covenant.” .. 19 .24. “Straight lines scatter, but spirals return; towers fall, but arms embrace.” 25. Then the woman saw letters woven into the arms, words vast as constellations. 26. They shone with names: Ela-hah, the Original; Father Wisdom El-Ah; the Breath of Mercy; the Flame that Curves. 27. And she bowed low,

for she understood that the arms themselves were scripture, stretched across the firmament. 28. “Every spiral is verse, every star a syllable, every tether a sentence of the eternal hymn.” 29. The ship said, “Men have forgotten, but the blood clot remembers.” 30. “Beneath the clot lies the light, and within the eye lies the tether.” 31. “When men look upon one another, they look upon the hidden thread; when they hate, they fray it; when they love, they strengthen it.” 32. “Thus the eye is judgment, and the gaze is covenant.” 33. The woman wept, saying, “How shall man endure, if he has torn his cords and blinded his eyes?” 34. The ship replied, “He shall endure by mercy, for mercy bends the lattice even when it is frayed.” 35. “Ela-hah remembers the clot; the Father Wisdom El-Ah guards the tether; the unseen light covers what men cannot repair.” 36. “Thus no thread is wholly severed, though many are wounded.” 37. “But beware: when nations seize the craft of heaven and climb without listening, they break cords not theirs to break.” 38. “Their towers strike the lattice, their pride rends the weave, and flood answers.” 39. “For the waters are not wrath only, but healing; they fill the tear, they mend the net, they restore the balance.” 40. “Therefore teach them: darkness is light, need is strength, silence is wisdom.” 41. Then the woman beheld her own cord, stretched from her breast into the spiral of arms. 42. She saw her ancestors woven into it, their blood clot

feeding her thread, their eyes joining her eye.  
43. She saw her children unborn shimmering as seeds upon the cord, awaiting their time.  
44. And she knew she was not alone, but part of a river of souls, all tethered to the center.  
45. The ship declared, "This is why you are lifted: to see what .. 20 .nations deny, to hear what kings mock, to carry what scribes forget." 46. "Speak to them: you are clot and thread, tether and song. Your eye is a gate, your blood a covenant, your soul a spiral." 47. "Do not boast, for you are not greater than others; you are witness, chosen to remind." 48. "If they hear, the flood shall sleep; if they refuse, the waters shall rise." 49. The woman lifted her hands, and the arms of the galaxy curved around her like wings. 50. She felt their pull, not as iron chains, but as mercy drawing her home. 51. And she said, "Blessed is Ela-hah, the Father Wisdom El-Ah, who hides light in darkness and threads in blood." 52. "Blessed is the tether in the eye, the gate that sees unseen, the darkness that shines brighter than flame." 53. The ship pressed upon her bones, saying, "Hold fast to this vision, for many will rage and call it madness." 54. "They will name the center void, they will name the tether superstition, they will name Ela-hah myth." 55. "But you shall stand, clot of blood and clothed in black, bearing witness that darkness is light, and Ela-hah is the Original." 56. "Father Wisdom El-Ah bends the spirals, and the unseen light feeds them." 57. The woman bowed, and the arms of the

galaxy bowed with her, spiraling as though in worship. 58. And she saw that her tears were also spirals, curving into the lattice, returning to the center. 59. And she cried aloud, "Surely my life is not dust, but thread! Surely my blood is not chance, but covenant!" 60. And thus was sealed the sixth chapter of her witness: that the arms of the galaxy are scripture, that darkness is light, that Ela-hah the Original is Father Wisdom El-Ah, and that within the clot of blood and the darkness of the eye is the tether of God. . Chapter 7 — The River of Return . 1. And the ship carried the woman further into the spiral arms, and she beheld rivers of fire flowing outward from the suns. 2. They streamed as mighty waters, bright as molten gold, .. 21 .pouring into the dark between the stars. 3. Yet as she watched, the rivers curved, bending not into nothing, but homeward, spiraling back toward the center. 4. And the ship said, "Behold the River of Return, the law written upon light and soul alike." 5. "For nothing goes forth without coming back, nothing shines without bending homeward, nothing lives without remembering its source." 6. "This is gravity: the love of light for itself, the need of gift for its giver, the longing of spark for the flame from which it sprang." 7. "Men call it force, yet it is mercy; they name it weight, yet it is love." 8. "It is the clasp of Ela-hah, the Father Wisdom El-Ah, who draws all things into His embrace." 9. The woman trembled, saying, "Then even my life, which flows outward in

days and years, must bend inward again?” 10. The ship answered, “Yes, for your breath is a river. Each exhale is gift, each inhale is return. So also is your soul.” 11. “You shine outward in mercy, yet you must return in silence. Both are covenant, both are needed.” 12. “Without outward gift, you wither; without inward return, you collapse. Balance is the law of being.” 13. Then the woman saw her own cord shining, pouring streams of light outward. 14. They curved into the lattice, feeding threads unseen, touching souls she had not known. 15. Yet all streams bent again, spiraling back toward the center, carrying her essence homeward. 16. And she cried, “Surely my life is not wasted, for all I give is gathered!” 17. The ship pressed upon her marrow, saying, “So it is with all. Every kindness returns as strength, every prayer returns as mercy, every tear returns as dew upon the garden.” 18. “So also every cruelty returns as burden, every lie returns as fracture, every pride returns as flood.” 19. “For the lattice remembers, and the river carries nothing away, but bends all back to its source.” 20. “Thus Ela-hah is just, for He need not strike—He only remembers, and remembrance is return.” .. 22 .21. The woman asked, “But what of the black holes, those abysses men fear?” 22. The ship replied, “They are not graves, but gateways; not voids, but gardens of return.” 23. “They drink the rivers, not to destroy, but to renew; not to end, but to begin again.” 24. “For within them

the light is folded, unseen yet alive, stored as seed in the womb of mercy.” 25. And she said, “Then why do men fear them, calling them death?” 26. The ship answered, “Because men love the outward gift but despise the inward return.” 27. “They cling to blaze, but fear hush; they worship tower, but scorn silence.” 28. “Yet the hush is womb, the silence is Sabbath, the return is covenant.” 29. The woman bowed, saying, “Truly the outward and the inward are one. As river and sea, as breath and sigh, as gift and hunger.” 30. And the ship replied, “So also is Ela-hah both seen and unseen, flame and darkness, blaze and tether.” 31. “He is the outward gift you call light, and the inward clasp you call darkness.” 32. “But darkness is not absence, for it is Ela-hah hidden; light is not pride, for it is Ela-hah revealed.” 33. “Father Wisdom El-Ah is both river and return, both seed and harvest, both clot and eye.” 34. “He placed the tether within the blood of man, that every breath might remember Him.” 35. “In the darkness of the eye the tether abides, a river unseen that carries the soul back to its source.” 36. “Thus man is clothed in return even when he forgets, and his body is covenant though his lips deny.” 37. Then the woman beheld the nations as rivers, their deeds flowing outward like floods. 38. Some shone as golden streams, bending gently toward the center; others boiled as dark torrents, twisted and proud. 39. Yet all, whether gentle or violent, curved inward at

last, bound by the law of return. 40. And she said, "Surely no nation escapes the tether." 41. The ship declared, "Yes, kings may rage and armies may march, but their rivers bend all the same." 42. "Towers fall, temples burn, empires crumble, but the river curves." .. 23 .43. "Thus history is not scattered, but gathered; not forgotten, but folded into the center." 44. "The blood of martyrs, the cries of children, the pride of rulers—all are streams returning." 45. "The center is no respecter of persons, for the river remembers all." 46. "Yet mercy bends the river sweetly for those who forgive; wrath bends it bitterly for those who wound." 47. "But bend it must, for Ela-hah is the tether, and His pull none can escape." 48. "This is His wisdom, El-Ah, the Father who weaves spiral and silence." 49. The woman lifted her voice, saying, "Blessed is the river, whose waters never scatter, whose curves never break!" 50. "Blessed is Ela-hah, the Original, who hides Himself in darkness and reveals Himself in flame!" 51. "Blessed is the tether, which binds my soul though I forget, and gathers me though I am lost!" 52. And she wept, for her tears flowed as streams into the lattice, curving back to the center. 53. The ship pressed upon her spirit, saying, "Write these things, for they are the law of suns and of souls." 54. "As light bends, so must you bend; as rivers curve, so must nations curve." 55. "The proud build straight towers, but the humble walk spirals, and spirals return." 56. "Tell them: darkness is

light folded, return is mercy hidden, gravity is love unseen." 57. The woman bowed, clothed in black, clothed in silence, clothed in tether. 58. And the galaxy bent around her, its arms like rivers curving into the abyss. 59. She lifted her hands and said, "I am clot of blood, clothed in light, clothed in tether. My river is not lost, for it bends home." 60. And thus was sealed the seventh chapter of her witness: that all light flows as a river outward, yet curves inward again, returning to the womb of Ela-hah, the Father Wisdom El-Ah, who is darkness and light alike. . Chapter 8 — The Language of Gravity . 1. And the woman was lifted by the silver ship into the deep quiet between the arms of the galaxy. .. 24 .2. There the stars seemed still, their songs hushed, as though waiting for a voice greater than their own. 3. And the ship said, "Listen, O daughter, not with your ears, but with your marrow, for you are about to hear the speech of Ela-hah." 4. "This speech is not breath, nor tongue, nor echo. It is curve and weight. It is the language of gravity." 5. The woman trembled, for she felt a pressure upon her soul, not crushing but calling. 6. Her bones sang low, her blood hummed, her heart bent as a reed before wind. 7. "What is this?" she cried. "It is word yet not word, sound yet not sound." 8. And the ship replied, "This is the voice of the Original, Ela-hah the unseen, Father Wisdom El-Ah." 9. "Gravity is His speech, the language without letters, the call that bends galaxies and humbles kings." 10. "It

is the word that stars obey, the word that souls cannot escape, the word that folds darkness into light.” 11. “Each curve of orbit is a syllable, each spiral arm a sentence, each return a chapter of His tongue.” 12. “And you, O woman, are a phrase in that word, a breath in His speech.” 13. The woman bowed, saying, “How can flesh carry such weight? How can dust bear the word of God?” 14. The ship pressed upon her, saying, “Because dust is clot, clot is blood, blood is tether, tether is light, and light is Ela-hah’s scripture.” 15. “Therefore you are vessel, for you were made to echo.” 16. “Man was formed from the clot, that the tether might dwell within, that the language of gravity might be read in his bones.” 17. Then the woman beheld the suns bowing, their light curving as reeds before the hand of Ela-hah. 18. She saw planets swing in arcs, moons bend their gaze, comets return as prodigals. 19. And she said, “Truly the heavens are choir, their music written in curves, their hymn sung in spirals.” 20. And the ship replied, “Yes, for gravity is the staff upon which the notes are written.” 21. “The stars are singers, but gravity is the song. The suns are lamps, but gravity is the hand that sets them in place.” .. 25 .22. “It is speech without breath, law without sword, covenant without parchment.” 23. “It is the tongue of Ela-hah, silent yet unceasing.” 24. “Men do not hear it with ears, but they feel it in their hearts, though they know not its name.” 25. The woman asked, “Do the spirits also hear

this language, those who walk unseen among men?” 26. The ship answered, “Yes, for they are woven of curve and pressure as men are.” 27. “Some listen in humility, and they bow. Others resist in pride, and they are broken.” 28. “Yet even the proud cannot escape, for the tether bends all, though some bend in sweetness and some in wrath.” 29. “This is why men see visions and dream dreams, for gravity speaks in silence to their marrow.” 30. “This is why prophets weep and poets sing, for the curve presses upon their bones until it bursts as word.” 31. “This is why kings tremble in their sleep, for their towers defy the curve, but the curve remembers.” 32. “Thus gravity is language, and language is judgment, and judgment is mercy bent into silence.” 33. Then the woman beheld her own eye reflected in the ship, the darkness within glowing faintly. 34. And the ship said, “There lies the tether, the pupil of covenant. Darkness in the eye is light unseen, Ela-hah’s thread within man.” 35. “When you see, you do not only behold; you are spoken to. The curve enters through the eye, bending your soul.” 36. “Thus vision itself is a verse, and sight is scripture.” 37. The woman cried, “What then of blindness? What of those whose eyes are darkened?” 38. The ship answered, “The tether remains, for it is not of flesh but of spirit. The blind see with marrow, their curve is inward, and Ela-hah is near.” 39. “For sight is gift, but gravity is law; light may be taken, but tether remains.” 40. “Thus no

soul is forsaken, though the lamp of its flesh be quenched.” 41. And she said, “What of death? Does the tether break when flesh returns to dust?” 42. The ship replied, “Death is not severing, but gathering. The river .. 26 .curves, the thread bends homeward.” 43. “The flesh dissolves, but the tether is drawn inward, into the black garden, into the womb of Ela-hah’s mercy.” 44. “There it is folded as seed, to rise again in time appointed.” 45. The woman wept with awe, saying, “Then no life is lost, no spark extinguished, no word forgotten.” 46. And the ship declared, “Yes, for the language of gravity records all; the lattice remembers; the center gathers.” 47. “Even silence is heard, even doubt is woven, even rebellion is curved into return.” 48. “For Ela-hah wastes nothing, and His speech is endless.” 49. The woman lifted her voice, saying, “Blessed is the unseen word, whose syllables are weight, whose grammar is mercy!” 50. “Blessed is Ela-hah, the Father Wisdom El-Ah, who speaks in curves and not in clamor!” 51. “Blessed is the tether, binding suns and souls alike, teaching me the speech I did not know I carried!” 52. “Blessed is the eye, whose darkness is not void, but light hidden, the gate of the covenant!” 53. The ship pressed upon her, saying, “Keep this teaching, for men will scorn it.” 54. “They will measure gravity with numbers, but deny its language; they will chart curves, but mock their song.” 55. “Yet you must testify: gravity is Ela-hah’s speech, silence is His tongue, and

weight is His word.” 56. “This is the law of the cosmos, unbroken since the first clot, unending until the last return.” 57. And the woman bowed, clot of blood yet clothed in black, clothed in tether, clothed in unseen light. 58. She lifted her hands to the spirals, and they bent as choir, their orbits curving in praise. 59. And she said, “I have heard the speech of Ela-hah; I have felt His weight; I am written in His curve.” 60. And thus was sealed the eighth chapter of her witness: that gravity is language, and language is covenant, and covenant is the unseen word of Ela-hah, Father Wisdom El-Ah. . Chapter 9 — The Song for the Seeker . When night is long and shadows stay, .. 27 .The hidden Light will guide your way. Though tears may fall and burdens press, The tether holds through weariness. When dreams are torn and strength is gone, The silent One still leads you on. No cry is lost, no sigh unheard, For gravity itself is Word. The stars above may seem so far, Yet know how close their mercies are. Their arms bend down, their rivers flow, To gather all your grief below. The eye grows dim, the path unclear, Yet still the Watchers bend you near. Their language weight, their silence song, They pull the broken back where they belong. The night is womb, not death, not loss, The tether mercy, not a cross. The dark that frightens folds with care, And hides the Light that’s always there. Your tears are rivers, shining streams, Your pain remembered in His dreams. The lattice drinks, the fabric

keeps, The Father gathers what man weeps. So do not fear the road you tread, The living weave still holds each thread. No step is wasted, none too small, The arms of Ela-hah hold them all. Rise clothed in black yet crowned with flame, Beloved thread, remembered name. The seeker's heart is not alone, For Light unseen will bring it home. .

Chapter 10 — The Covenant of Stars . . . 28

.1. And the ship carried the woman yet deeper, and the Watchers bowed before her path, their gravity like choirs unspoken. 2. And the abyss shone with unseen light, for the womb of Ela-hah is never empty, but full of fire folded in silence. 3. The woman beheld the suns circling, their arms curved as rivers of flame, their songs bending as spirals of mercy. 4. And the ship said, "Now you shall learn the covenant of stars, which kings deny and nations forget." 5. "For every star is born in oath, and every star shall return in oath. They are not free to scatter, but bound in covenant." 6. "When they shine, they give; when they curve, they return. Outward is mercy, inward is remembrance." 7. "The covenant is balance, the law is tether, the promise is spiral." 8. "Without this covenant, the galaxy would be noise; with it, the galaxy is hymn." 9. The woman trembled, saying, "I thought stars burned by chance, their fire a blind hunger." 10. The ship replied, "No, their fire is vow, their blaze is oath." 11. "They give light not for themselves but for the lattice, feeding the weave as rivers feed the sea." 12.

"And when their blaze is spent, they return, folded into silence, stored as seed in the womb of Ela-hah." 13. Then one of the Watchers pressed upon her, its gravity speaking in her marrow. 14. And she heard: "We are guardians of the oath. We bend the stars, we gather their vows, we record their silence." 15. "We are not lords apart, but servants of covenant. We do not strike, we remember; we do not kill, we gather." 16. "We keep the covenant of stars, for without oath there is no creation." 17. The woman bowed, saying, "And what of man, clot of blood, clothed in dust? Has he also sworn?" 18. The ship answered, "Yes, for Ela-hah placed the tether within his eye, and his gaze is covenant." 19. "Man is clot, yet clot remembers; man is blood, yet blood is oath; man is eye, yet eye is gate." 20. "Thus his soul, like the star, must give and return, must shine and bend, must blaze and fold." .. 29 .21. "But man forgets, for pride blinds him, and he says, 'I am not tethered, I am free.'" 22. "Yet his freedom is lie, for even his lie curves homeward, and his pride bends bitterly." 23. "For every soul is oath, whether kept in mercy or broken in pride." 24. "The covenant of stars is also the covenant of man." 25. The woman wept, saying, "Then nations who mock the tether are judged already, for they walk against the oath." 26. The ship declared, "Yes, towers that climb in theft shall fall, but those who bend in silence shall be gathered." 27. "Flood remembers the proud, mercy remembers the

humble.” 28. “This is the covenant: none may scatter, all must return.” 29. Then she beheld the suns as priests, their fire like incense, their spirals like prayers. 30. Each one gave its light as offering, pouring outward to feed the weave. 31. Each one curved its flame inward, folding into the abyss as vow fulfilled. 32. And she said, “Truly the stars are worshippers, their blaze liturgy, their silence Sabbath.” 33. The ship pressed upon her, saying, “So also must you be: gift and return, blaze and silence.” 34. “Give your mercy as fire, bend your soul as tether.” 35. “Shine for others, but return in silence to Ela-hah, the Father Wisdom El-Ah.” 36. “Thus your life is covenant, as the stars are covenant.” 37. Then one of the Watchers lifted its silence as a veil, and the woman saw writing upon the stars. 38. Letters of fire, verses of light, words curved in spiral. 39. And she read: ‘Ela-hah is One, the Original. Father Wisdom El-Ah. Darkness is Light. The tether is covenant. Return is mercy.’ 40. And she wept, for the stars themselves were scripture. 41. The ship said, “This is the book kings cannot burn, the scrolls priests cannot bind.” 42. “For the heavens declare covenant, and the lattice records it.” 43. “Every star is oath, every darkness is promise, every return is scripture.” 44. “Thus creation itself testifies, even if men remain silent.” 45. The woman cried, “Blessed are the stars, for they keep their covenant!” .. 30 .46. “Blessed is Ela-hah, the Original, who placed tether within them and within me!”

47. “Blessed are the Watchers, who guard the oath and gather the light!” 48. “Blessed is the lattice, which drinks their blaze and folds their silence!” 49. The abyss trembled with light unseen, and the Watchers bowed as one, their silence greater than thunder. 50. The arms of the galaxy curved in praise, their spirals bending as choirs. 51. And she saw that even her breath was verse, her silence covenant, her tears vow. 52. For nothing is wasted; all is written in the covenant of stars. 53. The ship pressed upon her heart, saying, “You are clot, yet clot of vow; dust, yet dust of tether; eye, yet eye of covenant.” 54. “Do not forget, for nations forget; do not boast, for kings boast; do not scatter, for the river returns.” 55. “Walk in mercy, shine in silence, bend in humility.” 56. “Thus you will be as star, keeping your oath, feeding the lattice.” 57. The woman bowed, clothed in black, clothed in tether, clothed in unseen light. 58. She lifted her hands and said, “I am thread, and my vow is return; I am clot, and my vow is gift; I am eye, and my vow is covenant.” 59. And her voice curved through the lattice, joining the hymn of stars, bending into the abyss. 60. And thus was sealed the tenth chapter of her witness: that every star is covenant, and every soul is oath, bound to Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, in gift and in return. . Chapter 11 — Earth’s Hidden Cord . 1. And the ship turned her vision back toward the earth, the blue sphere clothed in clouds and seas. 2. It gleamed like a

jewel in the vast lattice, small yet luminous, fragile yet remembered. 3. The woman trembled, for her heart longed for the soil of her people, yet her spirit was held in awe. 4. And the ship said, "Behold the hidden cord, the tether by which the earth is bound to the covenant." .. 31 .5. The earth did not float in chaos, nor wander as dust in storm, but was drawn upon a line unseen. 6. Its path curved around the sun, its seasons bent in obedience to the law of return. 7. "This cord is not of iron," said the ship, "nor of stone, nor of craft, but of light folded inward, darkness that guides." 8. "It is the tether of Ela-hah, Father Wisdom El-Ah, binding earth to the sun, and sun to the center." 9. The woman wept, saying, "I never knew my steps were carried by such a cord." 10. The ship answered, "No step is outside it. Each breath you draw is strung upon it, each tear is written within it." 11. "Your nations build towers, yet their stones are bent by the tether; your rulers boast, yet their crowns are curved by its weight." 12. "None escape, for all are bound; none are lost, for all are remembered." 13. Then she beheld lines flowing from the earth, cords of light streaming into the abyss. 14. Some glowed bright with prayer, some dim with sorrow, some torn with pride, yet all were tethered. 15. "These are the cords of mankind," said the ship, "woven into the hidden cord of the earth." 16. "Each soul is thread, each tribe strand, each nation knot upon the lattice." 17. The woman saw her

own people, their faces like sparks, their tears as rivers upon the cord. 18. Some shone with joy, others bent with grief, yet none were unbound. 19. And she cried, "Surely even the forgotten are remembered, for their cord is not severed." 20. The ship replied, "Yes, for Ela-hah does not abandon. Even frayed threads remain in His hand." 21. "The proud tear their cords with lies, the humble mend them with mercy." 22. "The oppressed strengthen the lattice with patience, the cruel weaken it with blood." 23. "Yet the tether holds, for the earth itself is sworn in covenant." 24. "It cannot scatter, for the Watchers guard it; it cannot be lost, for Ela-hah remembers." 25. The woman asked, "Why then does suffering remain, if the cord is mercy?" 26. The ship answered, "Because mercy is not absence of weight, but its balance." .. 32 .27. "The cord bends under grief, but bends back in healing; it curves under injustice, but curves into remembrance." 28. "Thus suffering is not void, but seed; not end, but turning." 29. She bowed, saying, "Blessed is the cord unseen, bearing me even when I knew it not." 30. "Blessed is the tether, binding the dust of earth to the fire of suns." 31. "Blessed is Ela-hah, Father Wisdom El-Ah, whose silence curves my steps, whose darkness carries my path." 32. And her tears glowed upon the cord as dew upon a thread of dawn. 33. Then the ship revealed deeper vision, and she saw the tether within her own body. 34. Her veins

curved like rivers, her bones bent as arches, her breath swung in spirals. 35. "See," said the ship, "how the hidden cord of earth is mirrored in you." 36. "Your flesh is galaxy in miniature, your eye tether, your blood lattice, your soul spiral." 37. "Thus you are never apart, but woven; never drifting, but bound; never forgotten, but recorded." 38. "The covenant of earth is written in your marrow, the oath of stars in your breath." 39. "The silence of Ela-hah abides in your darkness, the wisdom of El-Ah curves in your flesh." 40. "Therefore walk as tethered one, not as scattered dust." 41. Then she saw the nations again, their cords bound to the hidden thread. 42. Some pulled against it in pride, their towers leaning, their armies raging. 43. Others bowed with it in humility, their prayers glowing, their mercy shining. 44. Yet both proud and humble were drawn alike, for the cord bends all homeward. 45. "This is justice," said the ship, "that none escape the tether." 46. "But this also is mercy, that none are forsaken. For even the broken are gathered, even the lost are bound." 47. "Thus the hidden cord of earth is covenant, law, and mercy alike." 48. "It holds the nations though they rage, the children though they weep, the dead though they sleep." 49. The woman lifted her hands and said, "Truly the earth is not drifting, but remembered! Truly the .. 33 .ground beneath my feet is covenant!" 50. "Every step I take is spiral, every sigh I breathe is tether, every tear I shed is

gathered!" 51. "Blessed is the One who binds the dust with light, the clot with covenant, the eye with darkness!" 52. "Blessed is Ela-hah, Father Wisdom El-Ah, whose mercy curves the world!" 53. The abyss trembled, and the cord of earth glowed bright, as though rejoicing in her praise. 54. The Watchers bowed, for they beheld her as clot remembered, clothed in tether. 55. And the ship pressed upon her spirit, saying, "You are chosen to see the hidden cord, that the nations might know." 56. "Write it as witness, speak it as fire, clothe it as mantle." 57. The woman bowed, clothed in black, clothed in silence, clothed in light unseen. 58. Her voice bent into the abyss, curving with the cords of earth. 59. And she said, "I am not alone, for my world is thread; I am not lost, for my people are bound; I am not dust, for dust is tether." 60. And thus was sealed the eleventh chapter of her witness: that earth itself walks upon a hidden cord, bound by Ela-hah, Father Wisdom El-Ah, to the covenant of stars and the womb of return. . Chapter 12 — The Sun's Secret Chamber . 1. And the ship turned again toward the sun, whose blaze filled the firmament with rivers of fire. 2. The stars bowed, the Watchers bent, and the abyss trembled, for the woman was called to enter the secret chamber. 3. And they declared, "Behold, the rightly guided one, not clot of blood, but the light within the clot of the first man." 4. "Behold the symphony hidden within the light, the song remembered

before creation sang.” 5. The woman trembled, yet she was not consumed, for the tether bore her as womb bears seed. 6. The fire rippled like oceans of hymn, yet she walked clothed in silence, and silence preserved her. 7. She beheld the face of the sun, not surface alone, but its inward heart, black as mystery, radiant as mercy. 8. And the ship said, “Enter, O symphony, for this chamber is your echo.” .. 34 .9. She stepped into the heart, where darkness wrapped her as mantle, yet she saw it blaze unseen. 10. The chamber spoke, not with tongue but with resonance, and her bones vibrated as strings. 11. And the voice said, “I am the tether of the sun, the clasp of need, the womb of fire.” 12. “I am the darkness that shines, the silence that sings, the hunger that feeds.” 13. “You are not clot of dust, but the light within the clot of the first man.” 14. “You are the hidden flame within the seed, the song folded into silence.” 15. “When Adam was formed of clot, you were the spark placed within, the symphony placed in marrow.” 16. “Thus you are not guest, but origin; not witness only, but song.” 17. The woman bowed, saying, “I am unworthy, yet I remember.” 18. And the chamber replied, “You remember because you are remembrance.” 19. “You shine because you are light; you hear because you are symphony; you return because you are tether.” 20. “All creation bends around you, for you are woven into its first measure.” 21. She beheld rivers of fire pouring outward from the core, bright as

mercy. 22. Yet all rivers curved again, folded inward, returning as oath. 23. And she understood: giving and needing are not separate, but song in two parts. 24. And she said, “I am melody within that harmony; I am note within that chord.” 25. The chamber pressed upon her spirit, saying, “Yes, you are symphony within the light, thread within the lattice.” 26. “The first clot bore you, and you remain; the first man carried you, and you endure.” 27. “You are the rightly guided one, for you bend as the stars bend, but you sing as no star sings.” 28. “For the stars shine, but you are song; the suns blaze, but you are symphony.” 29. Then she saw within her breast a light folded, glowing as coal in darkness. 30. It pulsed with rhythm, as heartbeat of the galaxy, as tempo of the spiral. .. 35 .31. And the chamber declared, “This is the music of return, the hymn hidden in your marrow.” 32. “It is not gift only, nor need only, but melody that binds both.” 33. The woman lifted her hands, and unseen strings stretched from her palms into the abyss. 34. They vibrated with fire, bending galaxies as harp bends song. 35. And she cried, “Surely I am not dust scattered, but note sustained; not echo fading, but voice remembered!” 36. And the chamber said, “Yes, for Ela-hah the Original placed you within the clot, that you might be symphony within light.” 37. She asked, “What then is my path among men?” 38. And the chamber answered, “To remind them of their music, for many have

forgotten.” 39. “They walk as towers, stiff and unbending, but they are meant as spirals, curving in song.” 40. “They speak as noise, proud and hollow, but they were meant as harmony, bending with tether.” 41. “Teach them that silence is rhythm, darkness is note, gravity is melody.” 42. “Teach them that every tear is chord, every mercy hymn, every return symphony.” 43. “Teach them that Ela-hah is conductor, Father Wisdom El-Ah the composer, and the lattice the score.” 44. “Teach them that they are not scattered dust, but notes within the eternal hymn.” 45. Then she beheld the cords of earth glowing within the chamber, their threads vibrating like strings. 46. Each nation was an instrument, some broken, some in tune, yet all bound to the symphony. 47. The prayers of children rose as flutes, the cries of the oppressed as drums, the mercy of the humble as harps. 48. And she knew the earth was not silence, but orchestra. 49. The chamber pressed upon her marrow, saying, “You are conductor among men, though they mock you.” 50. “Guide them into harmony, not by force but by resonance.” 51. “Let your silence set tempo, let your mercy tune their strings, let your tears blend their chords.” 52. “For you are the rightly guided one, the symphony within light.” 53. She bowed, clothed in black yet crowned in sound unseen, .. 36 .clothed in tether yet radiant in music unspoken. 54. She cried aloud, “Blessed is the chamber, womb of fire and silence!” 55. “Blessed is Ela-hah, who

placed me in the clot of the first man, light within blood, song within flesh!” 56. “Blessed is the lattice, which bends as instrument, whose spirals are symphony!” 57. The abyss trembled with unseen melody, and the suns themselves bent as choir. 58. The Watchers bowed, their gravity vibrating as bass, their silence as rhythm. 59. And the woman stood radiant, not clot of dust, but light within clot, symphony within light, rightly guided. 60. And thus was sealed the twelfth chapter of her witness: that the sun’s heart is the secret chamber, where darkness sings, light remembers, and the rightly guided one is revealed as the symphony within creation. . Chapter 13 — The Lesson of Need . 1. And the ship bowed low before the abyss, as a servant bows before the throne. 2. Its light dimmed, for greater light was near, unseen yet infinite, veiled in darkness yet radiant with mercy. 3. The woman, the rightly guided one, trembled, for her marrow knew the presence before her sight perceived. 4. And the ship said, “Behold, Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, the First and the Last, the Hidden and the Seen.” 5. The abyss opened as womb opens for birth, yet no fire poured, only silence thick with weight. 6. And a voice pressed upon her soul, not sound, but word clothed in gravity. 7. “Peace be upon you, rightly guided one, light within the clot of the first man, symphony within the light.” 8. And she fell upon her face, saying, “O my Lord, I am dust, yet You remembered me.” 9. Ela-hah

replied, "You are dust, yet within dust I placed light. You are clot, yet within clot I placed song." 10. "From the beginning I wrote you in the marrow of Adam, and I .. 37 .preserved you through the spirals of time." 11. "You are the Mahdiya, the one rightly guided, chosen to remind the nations of their tether." 12. "Rise, for I Myself shall teach you." 13. She rose, trembling, clothed in black yet shining with light unseen. 14. And Ela-hah said, "Hear the first lesson: need is not weakness, but holiness." 15. "All creation bends in need, for need is gravity, and gravity is love." 16. "The stars need Me, and so they curve. The suns need Me, and so they blaze. The souls need Me, and so they pray." 17. "Pride despises need, and calls it shame. But pride is noise, and noise cannot weave." 18. "Humility embraces need, and calls it gift. And humility is song, bending into harmony." 19. "Thus the poor are nearer than the proud, the weak nearer than the mighty, the broken nearer than the whole." 20. "For need is doorway, and I am the house beyond." 21. The woman wept, saying, "Then my weakness is not curse, but covenant." 22. Ela-hah replied, "Yes, for I made you dependent that you might be gathered." 23. "You hunger that you may be fed; you thirst that you may drink; you breathe that you may return." 24. "Even your tears are need, and I bend them as rivers into My mercy." 25. "Hear the second lesson: darkness is not absence, but light folded." 26. "I veil Myself

in darkness, not to abandon, but to preserve." 27. "For men cannot look upon My fullness and live; therefore I clothe Myself in hush, in curve, in silence." 28. "When you enter darkness, do not despair, for you walk in My garment." 29. "Hear the third lesson: silence is speech." 30. "For I speak in gravity, I write in curves, I sing in spirals." 31. "The ears of flesh hear noise, but the marrow hears weight. The eyes of flesh see flame, but the soul sees tether." 32. "Thus My Word is not sound only, but curve, not echo only, but orbit." 33. The woman bowed, saying, "Teach me further, O Lord, for my .. 38 .people are heavy with grief and blind with pride." 34. Ela-hah replied, "Hear the fourth lesson: every soul is tether." 35. "They walk thinking themselves islands, but their eye is gate, their blood is covenant, their breath is spiral." 36. "Whether they confess or deny, they are bound to Me, for I am the fabric that holds them." 37. "The righteous bend sweetly, the wicked bend bitterly, yet all bend." 38. "This is My justice: none escape. This is My mercy: none are forsaken." 39. "The river of return gathers all waters; the abyss folds all light; the covenant remembers all names." 40. "Thus fear not the flood, for it mends what pride has torn." 41. The woman wept with awe, saying, "I am clothed in black, yet within I shine; I am weak, yet within I am song." 42. And Ela-hah said, "So it is: for you are Mahdiya, rightly guided, light within clot, symphony within light." 43. "I have bent you through silence

that you may sing, through sorrow that you may comfort, through exile that you may return.” 44. “Now go, and guide the nations with spiral, not tower; with mercy, not sword; with silence, not noise.” 45. The abyss trembled as Ela-hah spoke, and the suns bowed their orbits in reverence. 46. The Watchers curved as choir, their gravity thundering as bass to His word. 47. And the woman felt her soul vibrate, as harp beneath a master’s hand. 48. She cried aloud, “Blessed are You, Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, whose silence teaches, whose tether gathers, whose mercy bends all things!” 49. Ela-hah replied, “Blessed are you, rightly guided one, for you remembered the thread within your eye.” 50. “Blessed are you, for you carried the light within the clot, though nations mocked and kings forgot.” 51. “Blessed are you, for you did not curse your need, but bore it as crown.” 52. “Blessed are you, for you bend as spiral, not as tower.” 53. “Go, therefore, and speak: darkness is light, need is mercy, silence is word.” .. 39 .54. “Gather the seekers, comfort the weeping, humble the proud, remind the nations of return.” 55. “For I am with you, and the tether shall not break, for I Myself am the tether.” 56. “You are My Mahdiya, the rightly guided one, and you shall walk clothed in black yet crowned in unseen light.” 57. She bowed, her tears falling as dew upon the lattice, curving back into Ela-hah’s mercy. 58. The ship glowed again, yet dim before His radiance, and it whispered,

“The teaching is complete.” 59. And the woman rose, rightly guided, bearing the voice of Ela-hah within her marrow, the symphony within her soul. 60. And thus was sealed the thirteenth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah Himself taught her, that need is holy, darkness is light, silence is word, and she is the Mahdiya, the rightly guided one for the nations. . Chapter 14 — The Mirror of Night . 1. And Ela-hah said unto the rightly guided one, “You have seen the tether of suns, the covenant of stars, the chamber of fire.” 2. “Now behold the gift men fear most, yet need most: the night.” 3. The abyss folded as a veil, and the woman beheld the earth clothed in shadow. 4. The seas gleamed dim, the mountains were darkened, the fires of men flickered as scattered embers. 5. The woman trembled, saying, “This is emptiness, this is silence, this is void.” 6. Ela-hah replied, “No, this is My cloak, the garment of mercy that shields the weak.” 7. “For no flesh may gaze upon Me unveiled; therefore I clothe Myself in night, that all may rest and not be consumed.” 8. “Call it not emptiness, but embrace. Call it not void, but womb.” 9. “Night is My Sabbath, when suns sleep and men cease their labor.” 10. “It is the healing of the lattice, the mending of torn threads, the cooling of proud fire.” 11. “By day men scatter, by night they are gathered; by day they boast, by night they bow.” 12. “Thus night is remembrance, and remembrance is mercy.” .. 40 .13. The woman bowed her head, saying,

“Then why do men fear it, and call it curse?”  
14. Ela-hah answered, “Because they have forgotten that darkness is light folded.” 15. “They see no flame, and call it death. They hear no noise, and call it void.” 16. “Yet in night their marrow listens, their souls are bent, their cords are mended.” 17. “Night is My mirror: in it men see not the world, but themselves.” 18. “In light they see others, but in darkness they face their own soul.” 19. “The seeker trembles, for the mirror shows his wound; the proud rages, for the mirror shows his lie.” 20. “But the humble rejoice, for the mirror shows My tether within them.” 21. Then the woman beheld herself in the night, her face dim as shadow yet radiant within. 22. And she saw not dust only, but light within clot, symphony within light. 23. She wept, saying, “Surely I am not void, for even in darkness I shine.” 24. Ela-hah replied, “So it is: you shine because you are My reflection, you sing because you are My word.” 25. “When you walk in night, you walk in My mantle. When you close your eyes, you enter My chamber.” 26. “For the darkness of the eye is the same as the darkness of the sky: both are gates of tether.” 27. “Through them you see not absence, but My fold; through them you enter not death, but My mercy.” 28. “Thus the eye and the night are mirrors, one small, one vast, but both showing Me.” 29. The woman cried, “Blessed is night, for it is veil and mirror!” 30. “Blessed is Ela-hah, who hides Himself that He may preserve, who

folds Himself that He may feed!” 31. “Blessed is the silence that heals, the darkness that reveals!” 32. “Blessed is the tether, seen in my eye and spread across the sky!” 33. Ela-hah said, “Hear further: night is the hour of the seekers.” 34. “For the noise of day blinds them, the pride of kings deafens them, the weight of toil scatters them.” 35. “But night gathers them, folding them into silence, bending them into prayer.” 36. “Their tears fall unseen, yet I gather them. Their sighs rise unspoken, yet I hear them.” .. 41 .37. “Do you not see, rightly guided one, how My prophets were shaped by night?” 38. “Abraham beheld the stars, Moses entered the cloud, Yehowzhewa prayed in the garden, . The Jessakid received My word in cave and silence.” 39. “For My voice is weight, and weight is clearest when noise is hushed.” 40. “Thus night is the prophet’s mantle, the seeker’s lamp, the tether’s rest.” 41. The woman bowed, clothed in black as the night, yet within shining as unseen fire. 42. And she said, “Truly I am remembered, for You mirror me in the darkness.” 43. Ela-hah replied, “Yes, for you are Mahdiya, rightly guided, the flame folded in clot, the song hidden in silence.” 44. “Your path is night, your crown is tether, your mantle is darkness, your hymn is unseen light.” 45. She cried, “Teach me, O Lord, how to walk in night without fear.” 46. Ela-hah answered, “Walk as one remembered. For night forgets none, but holds all.” 47. “Let your steps be soft, for the lattice is healing.

Let your words be few, for the silence is speaking.” 48. “Let your heart be bowed, for the abyss is watching.” 49. “Do not curse your loneliness, for in solitude you are nearest Me.” 50. “Do not despise your weakness, for in emptiness you are fullest of Me.” 51. “Do not fear your silence, for in stillness you are hearing Me.” 52. “For I am Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, who folds Himself into the night.” 53. The woman lifted her hands to the heavens, black and radiant, and she cried: 54. “Blessed is night, mirror of my soul! Blessed is darkness, fold of unseen light!” 55. “Blessed is Ela-hah, whose silence is speech, whose absence is presence, whose void is womb!” 56. “Blessed is the tether, curving me homeward in the shadow!” 57. And the abyss answered with hush, thicker than oceans yet gentle as breath. 58. The stars curved in their orbits, as though bowing to her praise. 59. And the Watchers in the Core lifted their gravity as song, resounding in silence. 60. And thus was sealed the fourteenth chapter of her witness: that night is not void but mirror, not .. 42 .death but mercy, the veil of Ela-hah and the tether of the rightly guided one. . Chapter 15 — The Scroll of Tears . 1. And Ela-hah said unto the rightly guided one, “You have seen the tether of suns and the mirror of night.” 2. “Now behold the scroll written not in fire nor in stone, but in tears.” 3. The abyss opened as a book, yet its pages were rivers of light, each drop shining as word. 4. And she beheld

countless tears, rising from men and women, children and kings, saints and strangers. 5. The woman trembled, saying, “What is this flood, so vast and yet so tender?” 6. Ela-hah replied, “This is the scroll of tears, the scripture of sorrow, the covenant of grief.” 7. “For every tear that falls upon earth is not lost, but gathered into My lattice.” 8. “The proud may mock, but the weeping are recorded; the mighty may rage, but the broken are remembered.” 9. “Do you not know, rightly guided one, that tears are rivers of prayer?” 10. “They flow from the soul’s hidden tether, curving into My mercy.” 11. “Each drop bends as spiral, each sigh folds as verse, each grief is ink upon the eternal page.” 12. “Thus sorrow is scripture, and mourning is hymn.” 13. The woman bowed her head, and her own tears fell, glowing as pearls upon the abyss. 14. And she beheld them join the rivers, curving into the scroll as syllables of light. 15. She cried aloud, “Surely nothing is wasted, for even my weeping is covenant!” 16. And Ela-hah replied, “Yes, for I waste nothing. Even your sighs are syllables, your grief a psalm.” 17. “The tears of prophets water the garden of faith. The tears of mothers guard their children as tether unseen.” 18. “The tears of the oppressed strengthen the lattice, bending kings in silence.” 19. “The tears of the penitent heal their cords, weaving back what pride has torn.” 20. “Thus every tear has weight, and every drop is verse.” .. 43 .21. The woman

asked, "What of tears shed in despair, curses shouted against the heavens?" 22. Ela-hah replied, "Even those are gathered, though bitter. They bend the cord in wrath, yet they still return." 23. "No tear falls outside My hand, for My mercy is wider than rebellion." 24. "Some tears are bitter rivers, some sweet streams, yet all flow homeward." 25. "This is My justice: nothing forgotten. This is My mercy: nothing wasted." 26. "Even the tears of the wicked bear witness against them, even the tears of the proud are written as warning." 27. "But the tears of the humble are jewels in My crown, and the tears of the innocent are lamps in My halls." 28. "So the scroll is balanced, line upon line, drop upon drop." 29. Then the woman beheld the faces of her people, their grief flowing as rivers into the abyss. 30. She saw the tears of ancestors shed in exile, the tears of children weeping in hunger, the tears of warriors mourning their dead. 31. And she wept with them, for their tears were her own. 32. And Ela-hah said, "So it is: you are Mahdiya, the rightly guided one, and their scroll is written in you." 33. "When you speak, their tears speak; when you walk, their rivers walk; when you pray, their sighs are lifted." 34. "Thus you are not alone, for you are symphony of sorrow, song of the broken." 35. "Carry their tears as scripture, read their grief as psalm, sing their mourning as hymn." 36. "For you are light within clot, symphony within light, voice within silence." 37. The woman bowed, saying, "Then I shall

guard their grief, and speak their tears as verses." 38. Ela-hah replied, "Yes, for tears are truer than crowns, and mourning mightier than armies." 39. "The proud fall in noise, but the humble rise in weeping. The tyrant's shout fades, but the widow's tear remains." 40. "Thus I raise the broken, and bend the mighty, through the scroll of tears." 41. "Do you not see, rightly guided one, that even My prophets were anointed in tears?" .. 44 .42. "Moses wept before the sea, David sang upon his bed, Yehowzhewa cried in Gethsemane, .The Jessakid's eyes glistened in prayer." 43. "Their crowns were not gold, but tears; their strength not iron, but grief." 44. "For he who weeps is nearest Me." 45. The woman cried, "Blessed is sorrow, which writes upon Your scroll!" 46. "Blessed are tears, which curve into Your mercy!" 47. "Blessed is night, which gathers them unseen, that You may fold them as psalms!" 48. "Blessed is Ela-hah, who wastes nothing, but remembers all!" 49. And the abyss answered with silence deeper than thunder, and the Watchers bowed as choir. 50. The stars bent their orbits, as though curving to catch the falling dew. 51. The earth itself glowed faint, its hidden cord shimmering with grief remembered. 52. And the woman knew the world was not forsaken, for its tears were scripture. 53. Ela-hah pressed upon her marrow, saying, "Keep this witness, for nations will despise the weeping." 54. "They will call tears weakness, but tears are strength; they will call grief curse, but grief is

covenant.” 55. “Tell them: their tears are not wasted, but recorded; their mourning is not void, but hymn.” 56. “Tell them: the scroll is vast, and their names are written in its drops.” 57. The woman bowed, clothed in black yet crowned in dew, clothed in tether yet radiant with unseen light. 58. She said, “I am not barren of voice, for my tears are verses; I am not empty of song, for my grief is hymn.” 59. And her words curved through the lattice, bending into the abyss as praise. 60. And thus was sealed the fifteenth chapter of her witness: that every tear is scripture, and the scroll of tears is preserved forever in Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah. .

Chapter 16 — The Throne of Silence . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original, the Father of Wisdom, El-Ah the Eternal, who reigns unseen yet bends all things by His tether. .. 45 .2. And He said unto the rightly guided one: “You have seen the scroll of tears, and you have read the covenant of sorrow. Now behold My throne, that you may know who rules the lattice.” 3. The abyss opened as veil, and the stars withdrew, and the woman beheld an expanse without edge, vast as eternity, empty yet full. 4. There was no jewel, no stone, no fire, no pillar — only silence deeper than oceans, stillness wider than skies. 5. And Ela-hah said: “This is My Throne — the Throne of Silence.” 6. “Not built by hand, not raised by angels, not carved by time, but woven of stillness, folded of hush, fashioned from unseen light.” 7. “For

silence is My crown, silence is My garment, silence is My seat.” 8. “I reign not by clamor, but by quiet. Not by noise, but by curve. Not by shout, but by tether.” 9. The woman trembled, saying: “O Lord, how can silence rule when men rule by swords and kings by shouts?” 10. Ela-hah replied: “Because their rule scatters, but Mine gathers. Their noise fades, but My silence endures. Their swords rust, but My hush bends all.” 11. “They shout to hide their weakness, I am silent because I lack nothing. They boast to cover their emptiness, I am still because I am fullness.” 12. “Thus My silence is throne, and My stillness dominion.” 13. “Do you not see, rightly guided one, how the stars bow without sound, how the rivers return without noise, how the threads bend without voice?” 14. “All obey Me, yet I speak not. All return, yet I command not with tongue. For My silence is law, My hush decree, My stillness justice.” 15. The woman bowed low, saying: “Truly You are greater than words, greater than noise, greater than fire. Your silence bends me more than thunder.” 16. And Ela-hah replied: “So it is, for silence is the mother of sound, and all speech is born from My hush.” 17. “The Qur’an itself was folded in My silence before Gabriel brought it forth. The Psalms were sung in My stillness before David voiced them. The Torah was written in My hush before Moses read it. The Gospel was hidden in My quiet before Yehowzhewa bore it.” .. 46 .18. “All revelation begins in silence, for

silence is My Throne.” 19. The rightly guided one wept, for she felt her bones vibrate with stillness, her soul clothed in hush. 20. And Ela-hah said: “Do not despise silence, for silence is worship. Do not despise stillness, for stillness is throne.” 21. “Men seek kings with crowns of gold, but I wear night as crown. Men seek rulers seated on marble, but I sit upon silence. Men seek power in armies, but I bend galaxies by hush.” 22. “Thus My Throne is not seen, yet it reigns. My silence is not heard, yet it commands.” 23. “The Watchers bow not to flame, but to silence. The stars spiral not by noise, but by tether. The rivers return not by shout, but by need.” 24. “So also shall you reign, O Mahdiya: not with clamor, but with silence; not with tower, but with spiral.” 25. The woman said: “How shall I guide the nations with silence, when their ears crave words, their eyes crave signs, their hearts crave thunder?” 26. Ela-hah replied: “Speak, but let your silence be louder than your words. Act, but let your stillness be deeper than your deeds.” 27. “For men are drawn not to noise, but to weight; not to boast, but to tether. They will not know why they follow you, only that My silence bends them.” 28. “Thus your reign shall be hidden, yet true; veiled, yet mighty; still, yet unshakable.” 29. “Remember: I raised prophets in caves, not in palaces; I revealed books in solitude, not in assemblies; I anointed kings in secret, not in courts.” 30. “For silence is womb, and womb is throne.” 31. The

woman bowed again, clothed in black as night, yet crowned in silence as crown of mercy. 32. And she said: “Blessed is the Throne of Silence, greater than towers, deeper than oceans, older than suns.” 33. Ela-hah replied: “So testify: that I reign in silence, that My hush bends empires, that My stillness crowns galaxies.” 34. “Tell them: their noise is dust, their clamor wind, their boast smoke. Only silence endures, for silence is Mine.” 35. “Tell the proud to hush, and they shall tremble. Tell the humble .. 47 .to listen, and they shall rise. Tell the seekers to wait, and they shall hear Me.” 36. “For I am Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, whose Throne is Silence.” 37. Then she beheld the Throne more closely, and it was as mirror, yet not of glass but of hush. 38. In it she saw her own soul, bent as spiral, clothed in night, shining as light within clot. 39. She wept, for she saw her weakness folded as strength, her wounds woven as song, her grief crowned as tether. 40. And Ela-hah said: “So it is: for silence is mirror, throne, and mercy alike.” 41. “As you have entered My silence, so you will reign in silence. As you have bowed to My hush, so men will bow to yours.” 42. “Let not pride seize you, for silence is not yours, but Mine. You are vessel, not source; echo, not origin; tether, not throne.” 43. The woman cried: “I am note, not song; spark, not flame; echo, not voice. Blessed are You, the Eternal, whose hush is my crown.” 44. And Ela-hah replied: “So it is. You are

rightly guided, not by yourself, but by Me. For My silence reigns in you.” 45. The Watchers in the Core bowed as choirs of weight, their gravity humming low. 46. The stars curved in orbits, as though circling the Throne unseen. 47. The abyss trembled with hush, vast as womb, deep as mercy, wide as eternity. 48. And the ship whispered: “Behold, the Throne of Silence, before which even suns bow.” 49. Ela-hah said: “When you return to earth, walk as silence among noise. When they rage, bend in hush. When they boast, bow in quiet. When they scatter, gather in stillness.” 50. “For towers will fall in clamor, but spirals endure in silence.” 51. “Noise builds empires, but hush preserves covenant. Sound stirs crowds, but silence bends galaxies.” 52. “Thus My Throne is Silence, and none shall overthrow it.” 53. The woman bowed, clothed in tether, clothed in hush, clothed in mercy unseen. 54. She lifted her hands and cried: “Blessed is Ela-hah, whose silence is throne! Blessed is the One who reigns without sound, whose stillness bends all things!” .. 48 .55. “Blessed is the mercy hidden in hush, the covenant folded in silence, the tether crowned in quiet!” 56. And her voice itself grew quiet, until silence alone spoke through her. 57. The abyss answered with resonance, deeper than oceans, heavier than worlds. 58. The stars sang without sound, their spirals echoing in silence. 59. The Watchers curved as praise, their gravity proclaiming wordless hymn. 60. And thus

was sealed the sixteenth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah reigns upon the Throne of Silence, and she, the Mahdiya, is crowned in His hush to guide the nations. . Chapter 17 — The Test of Shadows . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original, the Father of Wisdom, El-Ah the Eternal, who veils truth in silence and exposes lies in His light. 2. And Ela-hah said unto the rightly guided one: “You have seen My Throne of Silence, and you know its weight. Now you must learn the shadows, that you may guide the nations through their tests.” 3. The abyss stirred, and before her rose lights uncounted, some bright, some dim, some flickering as fireflies in storm. 4. They dazzled her eyes, yet her marrow trembled, for their song was hollow. 5. The woman said: “What are these, O Lord, who shine yet unsettle me?” 6. Ela-hah replied: “These are the counterfeit lights, the shadows clothed in flame, the voices that speak without silence.” 7. “They burn without tether, they blaze without return, they scatter without covenant.” 8. “Men follow them as moths follow fire, yet their end is ash.” 9. Then she beheld voices rising among the lights, loud and proud. 10. They thundered as kings, they charmed as poets, they deceived as prophets. 11. Yet their words bent no soul, their weight bore no tether, their silence was void. 12. And Ela-hah said: “These are false voices, for they speak without hush, they command without mercy, they boast without weight.” 13. “Do you not see, rightly guided one, how My

word differs? My word bends galaxies without .. 49 .sound, but theirs shouts and bends nothing.” 14. “My word curves rivers in silence, but theirs scatters crowds in noise. My word heals in hush, but theirs wounds in clamour.” 15. “Thus you will know them: for My silence carries weight, but their noise is hollow.” 16. “My tether binds, but their light blinds.” 17. The woman trembled, saying: “How then shall mankind discern between true and false, between flame and firefly?” 18. Ela-hah replied: “By the marrow, not the eye. By the weight, not the shine. By the silence, not the shout.” 19. “For the tether within the eye knows Me, though the mind forgets. The cord in the blood remembers Me, though the lips deny.” 20. “Thus those who listen with silence will know My truth, but those who chase noise will be deceived.” 21. Then she beheld nations bowing to counterfeit lights, their cords fraying as they chased fire without tether. 22. She saw kings crowned in false flames, their thrones built on echoes, their power bent by hollow voices. 23. She saw seekers lost in glitter, chasing brightness but finding emptiness. 24. And she wept, for her heart bent toward them in mercy. 25. Ela-hah said: “Do not despair, for even shadows are bent by My tether. Even lies are curved back into My truth. Even the proud who burn without return shall fall into My silence.” 26. “Yet woe to those who scatter others, who blind children, who mock My hush.” 27. “They will be folded bitterly, for their light is

noise, their song is void.” 28. “But the humble who cling to My silence will shine forever.” 29. The rightly guided one cried: “O Lord, make me shield for the seekers, lamp for the broken, silence for the weary.” 30. Ela-hah replied: “So you shall be, for you are Mahdiya, the one rightly guided, the symphony within light.” 31. “You will walk among shadows, yet they will not consume you. You will hear false voices, yet they will not bend you.” 32. “For My tether is within you, and My silence reigns in your marrow.” .. 50 .33. Then she saw her own hands, and light poured from them, not dazzling but steady, not loud but weighty. 34. And Ela-hah said: “This is the sign of true light: it bends, it gathers, it heals. It does not scatter, it does not boast, it does not consume.” 35. “Carry this light to the nations, that they may discern flame from shadow, covenant from noise.” 36. “Teach them: the test of shadows is mercy, for in seeking light they shall find Me.” 37. The Watchers bowed low, for they knew the power of false lights and the endurance of true silence. 38. The stars curved in their orbits, their spirals testimony that only tethered fire endures. 39. The abyss trembled, swallowing the counterfeit lights one by one, folding them into silence. 40. And the woman praised, saying: “Blessed is Ela-hah, whose silence unmask shadows, whose tether bends truth, whose mercy gathers the deceived.” 41. Ela-hah replied: “Blessed are you, rightly guided one, for you did not fear the

counterfeit, but discerned My silence.” 42. “Blessed are the seekers who cling to your teaching, for they shall not be deceived.” 43. “Blessed are the humble who walk in hush, for they shall shine as suns.” 44. “Blessed are the broken who weep in night, for their tears are light in My scroll.” 45. The woman bowed again, clothed in black yet radiant within, clothed in hush yet crowned in unseen fire. 46. She said: “I will bear this teaching, O Lord, to shield the seekers and steady the trembling.” 47. Ela-hah said: “So it shall be. You are not tower but spiral, not noise but hush, not scatter but tether.” 48. “Go, and guide, for shadows will rise, but My silence reigns.” 49. The abyss grew calm, the counterfeit lights gone, the hollow voices hushed. 50. Only the true silence remained, vast as throne, tender as womb. 51. The Watchers curved in gravity, the stars sang without sound, the lattice glowed with covenant. 52. And the woman’s soul bent sweetly, resting in the hush of Ela-hah. 53. Ela-hah pressed upon her marrow: “Do not fear, Mahdiya, for I am with you. My silence is your crown, My tether your shield, My mercy your strength.” .. 51 .54. “You will walk among noise, but hush will guard you. You will dwell among shadows, but true light will guide you.” 55. “You will be tested, but your song will endure. For I Myself am within you, as light within clot, as symphony within light.” 56. “Thus you are rightly guided, and none shall overthrow My covenant in you.”

57. She bowed low, her tears bending as rivers into the scroll of sorrow. 58. She lifted her hands, her silence rising as hymn. 59. And she cried: “Blessed are You, Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, who reigns in silence, who unmask shadows, who bends me as spiral!” 60. And thus was sealed the seventeenth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah reveals the Test of Shadows, and the rightly guided one shall lead the seekers through noise into silence, through false flame into true tether. . Chapter 18 — The River of Nations . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original, the Father of Wisdom, El-Ah the Eternal, who gathers streams into seas and bends all rivers home. 2. And He said unto the rightly guided one: “You have seen shadows that deceive, and you have known silence that reigns. Now behold the nations, for their histories are rivers.” 3. The abyss unfolded as valley, and she saw waters pour from mountains, running in countless streams. 4. Some rivers were clear as crystal, others dark as blood; some flowed gentle, others raged with storm. 5. Ela-hah said: “These are the nations of men, each river its people, each current its kings, each drop its children.” 6. “They flow from the springs of birth, through the valleys of time, into the sea of My remembrance.” 7. “None flow forever straight, for every river bends. Some bend sweetly, some bitterly, yet all bend.” 8. “For the tether of gravity is law, and no nation escapes My curve.” 9. The rightly guided one

trembled, for she saw mighty empires as torrents, sweeping forests, crushing stones. .. 52 .10. Their waters raged loud, devouring the weak, flooding valleys with pride. 11. Yet as she watched, their torrents slowed, their floods stilled, their foam dissolved into the sea. 12. And Ela-hah said: "So it is: noise is brief, but return is endless." 13. Then she beheld small streams, hidden among rocks, glistening quietly. 14. They gave drink to flowers, cooled the weary traveler, fed the roots of trees. 15. Their waters seemed small, yet they endured, bending into the sea with clarity. 16. And Ela-hah said: "So it is: the humble endure, the forgotten remain, the small are remembered." 17. "The tears of tribes are not lost; the sighs of villages are not wasted; the songs of the broken are not silenced." 18. "I bend their rivers gently, for they walk in mercy. Their waters are light upon the lattice." 19. "But the nations that rage in pride, I bend in wrath. Their floods wound, but their end is silence." 20. "Thus history is not chance, but river; not chaos, but covenant." 21. The woman beheld her own people as stream, flowing narrow yet bright, its waters clear with prayer, though mixed with tears. 22. She cried aloud: "Surely we are not forgotten, for our river bends also into Your sea." 23. And Ela-hah replied: "So it is. Your ancestors wept, and I recorded them. Your children pray, and I remember them. Your people suffer, and I gather them." 24. "Your river may be small, but it is bright, for

its current is tethered to Me." 25. She bowed low, saying: "Blessed are You, who gathers nations as rivers, who wastes not their streams, who forgets not their drops." 26. Ela-hah replied: "Blessed are you, rightly guided one, for you shall guide nations as rivers, teaching them the curve of return." 27. "You will not lift sword, but silence; you will not raise tower, but tether; you will not scatter, but gather." 28. "For you are symphony within light, and rivers bend to your song." 29. Then she saw rivers mingling, streams joining, waters folding into one another. 30. Some joined sweetly, others clashed bitterly; some merged as harmony, others as war. .. 53 .31. Yet all, whether joined in peace or clashed in pride, curved at last into the sea of Ela-hah. 32. And He said: "So it is with tribes and kingdoms, their unions and their strife. All are bent into My remembrance." 33. "Do not despair when nations rage, for their fury is brief. Do not boast when peoples rise, for their crown is foam. Do not fear when empires fall, for their fall is return." 34. "I am the Sea of Mercy, and all rivers curve to Me." 35. "The Watchers guard their currents, the lattice records their streams, the abyss folds their floods." 36. "Nothing is lost, for I am Collector of Rivers as I am Collector of Tears." 37. The rightly guided one wept, for she saw the blood of the slain as rivers, crimson yet gathered, bitter yet returned. 38. And Ela-hah said: "Even the blood of the oppressed is not void, for I fold it

as witness. Even the cries of battle are not lost, for I weave them as verse. Even the rivers of wrath I bend into justice.” 39. “Thus war itself is curved, and violence folded, and empires remembered not for their pride but for their weeping.” 40. “So My scroll of nations is balanced: river for river, stream for stream, all written, all gathered.” 41. She cried: “Blessed are the rivers of mercy, bright and clear! Blessed are the streams of sorrow, folded as song! Blessed are the torrents of wrath, curved into silence!” 42. Ela-hah replied: “Blessed are you, Mahdiya, for you behold with balance. You do not despise the small, nor exalt the great, but weigh all in My tether.” 43. “Thus you shall teach nations: that their pride is foam, their noise is storm, their end is silence.” 44. “But their mercy is river, their tears are stream, their prayers are dew, their end is sea.” 45. The abyss thundered softly, as rivers entered its hush. 46. The stars curved their light as streams bend into sea. 47. The Watchers pressed their gravity as banks press the waters, guiding each current into the core. 48. And the woman’s soul bowed as river bows to ocean. 49. Ela-hah said: “When you return to earth, teach them this parable: You are rivers, not towers. You are streams, not thrones. Flow gently, bend sweetly, return faithfully.” .. 54 .50. “Tell kings that their crowns are foam, tell warriors that their swords are spray, tell nations that their pride is storm.” 51. “But tell the seekers: you are water, and I am sea. You

are river, and I am remembrance. You are tears, and I am scroll.” 52. “Thus no one is lost, for I gather all.” 53. The woman lifted her hands, clothed in black yet shining within, clothed in silence yet crowned in river-song. 54. She cried: “Blessed are You, Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah, who gathers streams into covenant, rivers into mercy, nations into return!” 55. “Blessed is the tether that bends waters, blessed the lattice that records them, blessed the abyss that folds them!” 56. “Blessed is the Sea of Mercy, into which all rivers flow!” 57. The abyss glowed with silence as sea glows with depth. 58. The stars bent as waters curve, the Watchers bowed as banks restrain. 59. The ship whispered: “The rivers have spoken, the sea has gathered, the covenant is sealed.” 60. And thus was sealed the eighteenth chapter of her witness: that the nations are rivers, flowing by mercy, bent by tether, gathered in Ela-hah, the Sea of Remembrance. . The Bond of Yehowzhewa and the Mahdiya . 1. And Ela-hah said unto the rightly guided one: “You are not alone in covenant, for your thread is bound to another.” 2. “As two stars circle one sun, as two rivers bend into one sea, so you and Yehowzhewa are woven.” 3. “He is the breath of mercy, born of Mary without father, sign to the nations, healer of the broken.” 4. “You are the symphony within light, born of clot remembered, guide to the seekers, voice of the forgotten.” 5. “He bore the silence of My Word in flesh, walking as

verse among men. You bear the silence of My Throne in spirit, walking as covenant among nations.” 6. “He came once, rejected by kings, received by the broken. You come now, opposed by shadows, but upheld by tether.” 7. “He ascended to Me, lifted from the cross of men into the arms of My mercy. You descended to earth, lifted by the ship into the chamber of My sun.” .. 55 .8. “Thus you meet in spiral: he rising, you descending; he remembered, you revealed.” 9. The woman wept, saying: “Then he is my brother, though born of another womb.” 10. Ela-hah replied: “Yes, for you are two flames of one fire, two verses of one hymn, two threads of one tether.” 11. “He heals with touch, you heal with silence. He breaks bread, you bend towers. He was pierced by iron, you are pierced by tears.” 12. “Yet both bend to Me, and both guide My people.” 13. “Know this: in the end of days, he shall descend, and you shall stand with him.” 14. “The nations will tremble, for the Son of Mary and the Daughter of Silence shall walk as one.” 15. “His mercy shall unmask wrath, your tether shall unmask noise.” 16. “Together you shall gather the seekers, fold the scattered, silence the proud.” 17. “As Moses and Aaron walked together, as David and Jonathan sang together, so shall Yehowzhewa and Mahdiya be bound.” 18. “Not in flesh only, but in spirit; not in blood only, but in covenant.” 19. “His thread curves through your marrow, your song bends within his breath.” 20. “Thus My

design is complete: two witnesses, two guides, one covenant.” 21. The rightly guided one bowed, her tears bending into the scroll, and she cried: 22. “Blessed is Yehowzhewa, son of Mary, my brother in light! Blessed am I, daughter of tether, his sister in silence!” 23. “Blessed is Ela-hah, who wove our threads before time, who bent our rivers before birth, who crowned our bond with covenant!” 24. “Blessed is the lattice, that records us as one hymn!” 25. And Ela-hah replied: “Blessed are you both, for you are mine. He bore My Word, you bear My Silence. He is mercy outpoured, you are mercy gathered. He is healer of wounds, you are keeper of tears.” 26. “Together you are spiral, together you are balance, together you are covenant.” 27. “And the nations shall see, though they mock; and the seekers shall rejoice, though they tremble.” 28. “For the son and the daughter, the flame and the symphony, the healer and the guide, are bound forever in Me.” .. 56 .29. And Ela-hah said: “Do not think your bond is accident, nor the weaving of chance, nor the whim of time.” 30. “For before the stars were stretched, before the lattice was spun, before the sun gave light, I bound you together in My decree.” 31. “As twin flames from one spark, as two rivers from one spring, you flow apart yet bend together.” 32. “And your union is covenant, and your separation is trial, and your return is mercy.” 33. The woman trembled, saying: “O Lord, how shall I walk in his shadow, who bore such suffering, who

carried the cross, who ascended beyond men's reach?" 34. Ela-hah replied: "Do not call yourself lesser, for he is not master and you servant, but brother and sister." 35. "He bore My Word in flesh, you bear My Silence in spirit. He was pierced by iron, you are pierced by tears. He walked once, you walk now." 36. "Thus both are equal in covenant, though your paths differ in form." 37. "He was mocked by kings, so shall you be. He was loved by the broken, so shall you be. He healed the sick, you heal the weary. He gave bread, you give tether." 38. "So the nations shall see: that I am not bound to one vessel, nor My mercy to one time, nor My covenant to one throne." 39. "For My light bends across ages, and My silence weaves across peoples, and My mercy crowns whom I will." 40. "And together you complete what alone you began." 41. The rightly guided one bowed, saying: "Then my life is not mine, but his also; my burden is not mine, but shared." 42. Ela-hah said: "So it is. For no covenant is solitary, no tether single, no flame without companion." 43. "He is the sign in the East, you are the sign in the West. He rose with dawn, you walk with dusk. Yet both meet in My night, for night is womb." 44. "When he descends again, you shall stand beside him, and the spiral shall be unbroken." 45. "Together you shall silence false voices, gather scattered threads, fold nations into covenant." 46. "He shall lift the weary with touch, you shall steady them with silence. He shall

comfort with .. 57 .mercy, you shall heal with tears. He shall shine, you shall tether." 47. "Thus balance is restored, and mankind shall know Me as One." 48. "For I am Ela-hah, the Original, who crowns prophets as brothers and guides as sisters." 49. The woman cried: "Blessed is the son of Mary, my brother in covenant, my companion in tether!" 50. "Blessed am I, daughter of silence, his equal in mercy, his mirror in song!" 51. "Blessed are You, O Lord, who wove us as one flame, who bent us as one spiral, who crowned us as one covenant!" 52. "Blessed is the lattice that records our bond, the abyss that guards our vow, the tether that seals our union!" 53. And Ela-hah said: "Blessed are you both, for you are mine. I wrote you before time, I remembered you in every age, I shall reveal you in the end." 54. "The seekers will rejoice, the nations will tremble, the Watchers will bow, the stars will sing." 55. "For My mercy shall walk as two, yet speak as one; My covenant shall shine as two lights, yet bend as one spiral." 56. "And none shall scatter what I have bound, none shall silence what I have sung, none shall break what I have woven." 57. The rightly guided one wept with joy, her tears bending into the scroll of remembrance. 58. The abyss trembled with silence, the stars bowed their orbits, the Watchers thundered in hush. 59. And the ship whispered: "The bond is revealed, the covenant complete, the song unbroken." 60. And thus was sealed the nineteenth chapter of her witness: that she

and Yehowzhewa are bound, two flames of one fire, two threads of one tether, two guides of one covenant, chosen and crowned by Ela-hah, the Original, Father Wisdom El-Ah. . Chapter 20 — The Descent Together . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original, the Father of Wisdom, El-Ah the Eternal, who decrees the end as He decreed the beginning. 2. And He said unto the rightly guided one: “You and Yehowzhewa are bound, two threads of one tether, two lights of one flame. Now behold the day when you shall descend together.” 3. The abyss folded as veil, and she beheld the earth, trembling .. 58 .beneath towers of pride and oceans of sorrow. 4. Nations raged in noise, kings lifted their banners of boasting, shadows clothed themselves as light. 5. Ela-hah said: “Then shall come the hour appointed, the return decreed, the descent foretold.” 6. “The son of Mary shall descend, and you shall stand with him. The two shall walk as one, the spiral unbroken.” 7. “He shall descend with mercy in his hands, you with silence in your marrow. He with word, you with tether. He with touch, you with tears.” 8. “And the nations shall see them and tremble, for never have they beheld such harmony.” 9. The woman saw Yehowzhewa, radiant as dawn, yet gentle as child, his eyes fire of compassion, his hands balm of healing. 10. He beheld her also, clothed in black yet crowned in light, her silence bending as music, her tears glowing as stars. 11. And he said: “Sister, long have I

awaited you, for our threads were one from the beginning.” 12. She answered: “Brother, long have I wept for you, for our rivers have always bent together.” 13. Then they clasped hands, and the abyss trembled, and the lattice shone as harp. 14. Their voices rose not as two, but as one, singing silence and mercy. 15. The Watchers bowed, their gravity resounding as drums. 16. The stars curved, their spirals bending as choirs. 17. Ela-hah declared: “Behold My mercy walking! Behold My covenant revealed! Behold My tether crowned in two witnesses!” 18. “He is the sign to the East, you are the sign to the West. He rose as dawn, you walk as dusk. Now both meet in My night, for night is womb.” 19. “He broke bread to feed, you break silence to heal. He bore the cross, you bear the tears. He ascended, you descended. Now both return together.” 20. “And the earth shall know Me, for My covenant is complete.” 21. The nations looked and cried aloud: “Surely these are the guides! Surely these are the lights!” 22. Some bowed in joy, others trembled in wrath, but none were unmoved. 23. For their presence bent marrow, their silence broke towers, their mercy unmasked shadows. .. 59 .24. And the seekers wept, for they had found home. 25. The woman spoke, her voice hushed yet weighty: “O people, do not fear, for we are not lords but servants. We are not gods but witnesses. We are not towers but spirals.” 26. Yehowzhewa spoke, his voice tender yet sharp: “O children, return to

Ela-hah, for He is One, the Original, the Merciful, the Gatherer of tears.” 27. Together they cried: “There is no god but Ela-hah, and His tether binds all.” 28. And the earth trembled, for their unity was verse. 29. The proud kings raged, their crowns falling as foam; the false voices shouted, their noise fading as smoke. 30. The shadows fled, their counterfeit lights swallowed by silence. 31. The nations bent, their rivers curving into covenant, their threads woven into lattice. 32. And Ela-hah said: “So it is. My mercy is revealed, My covenant complete, My tether unbroken.” 33. The rightly guided one bowed with her brother, and together they praised: “Blessed are You, Ela-hah, the Eternal, whose decree is perfect!” 34. “Blessed is Your Throne of Silence, which reigns forever! Blessed is Your Scroll of Tears, which wastes nothing!” 35. “Blessed are Your Watchers, who guard the tether! Blessed are Your stars, which sing without voice!” 36. “Blessed is Your Name, which bends galaxies and heals nations!” 37. Ela-hah replied: “Blessed are you both, for you are Mine. Blessed is your bond, for I wove it. Blessed is your descent, for I decreed it.” 38. “You are not two but one, not scattered but joined, not broken but whole.” 39. “And the nations shall know Me through you, and the seekers shall find Me in you.” 40. “For you are My covenant, walking as spiral, shining as silence, healing as mercy.” 41. The woman wept, her tears bending into the abyss, glowing as rivers of psalm. 42. Yehowzhewa

lifted her face, and his eyes blazed with fire of compassion. 43. He said: “Sister, your tears are my hymn, your silence my song, your tether my crown.” 44. She answered: “Brother, your wounds are my memory, your bread my vow, your mercy my light.” .. 60 .45. Then they rose as one flame, their light filling the earth, their silence bending the nations. 46. The seekers rejoiced, for hope had come. 47. The broken sang, for healing had descended. 48. The weary bowed, for rest had arrived. 49. And Ela-hah said: “This is the hour foretold, the union promised, the descent decreed.” 50. “My Word and My Silence walk together; My Mercy and My Justice bend as one.” 51. “The son of Mary and the daughter of tether, bound forever in covenant, witnesses to My Oneness.” 52. “So let the nations bow, let the seekers rise, let the shadows flee, for I reign.” 53. The Watchers thundered in gravity, their silence louder than armies. 54. The stars bowed their spirals, their light curved as hymn. 55. The abyss glowed with unseen fire, its hush crowned as throne. 56. And the earth itself bent in orbit, praising the covenant revealed. 57. The woman and Yehowzhewa bowed as one, their voices united in praise: “There is no god but Ela-hah, the Original, the Merciful, the Eternal!” 58. “You are the Gatherer of tears, the Binder of rivers, the Keeper of silence!” 59. “You are the Father of Wisdom, El-Ah the Eternal, who bends us as spiral and crowns us as light!” 60. And thus was sealed the twentieth chapter of her

witness: that the Mahdiya and Yehowzhewa shall descend together, two flames of one fire, two threads of one tether, two guides of one covenant, crowned by Ela-hah, the Original, forever. . Chapter 21 — The Gathering of the Seekers . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal, the Gatherer of rivers and the Binder of tears. 2. And He said unto the rightly guided one: “Now behold the gathering, when seekers shall rise and the lost shall be found.” 3. The earth trembled, and rivers of people flowed from east and west, from desert and forest, from mountain and shore. 4. Each face was turned to the covenant, each heart bent toward mercy, each soul thirsty for silence. .. 61 .5. The Mahdiya stood with Yehowzhewa, and their light curved as one flame. 6. She was clothed in black, crowned with unseen fire; he was robed in white, crowned with mercy. 7. Their hands joined, their voices bent, their silence thundered louder than nations. 8. And the seekers bowed, for their marrow knew the truth. 9. Ela-hah said in saj’ : “Seekers shall rise, shadows shall fall; silence shall speak, mercy shall call. The weary shall walk, the broken shall mend; the rivers shall flow, and all shall bend.” 10. “Come, O seekers, leave your pride; come, O wanderers, lay it aside. Come with tears, come with need; I am the sower, I am the seed.” 11. “I am the mercy that gathers the lost; I am the tether that binds without cost. I am the light in the night unseen; I am the truth where you have been.”

12. And the seekers wept, for the rhyme was as honey, the rhythm as river. 13. Nations that had raged in pride bowed low; tribes long forgotten lifted their heads. 14. The tongues of the earth joined in one hymn, though each sang in its own sound. 15. The Watchers thundered their gravity, guiding the gathering as shepherds guide flocks. 16. The stars bent their spirals, singing without voice, joining the psalm. 17. Yehowzhewa spoke, his words soft as dawn: “Children, come home, for your Father waits.” 18. The Mahdiya spoke, her silence weightier than sound: “Seekers, return, for your tether bends.” 19. Together they declared: “There is no god but Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal, the Gatherer of seekers.” 20. And the earth trembled, for their unity was covenant. 21. Ela-hah spoke again in rhyme: “O seekers, fear no more; I am the gate, I am the door. O humble, rise and see; O broken, belong to Me. My mercy is vast, My silence reigns; My tether binds, My justice remains.” 22. “Kings shall bow, shadows shall flee; nations shall bend, all return to Me. He is My Word, she is My Song; I am the Source to whom you belong.” .. 62 .23. The seekers cried as one: “We are Yours! We are Yours!” 24. And their tears curved as rivers into the scroll of remembrance. 25. The proud mocked still, their noise scattered as dust; the false lights flickered, their flames consumed by silence. 26. Yet even some among them bowed, for mercy bent their marrow. 27. The weary found rest, the broken found healing,

the lost found tether. 28. And the gathering grew as flood, yet sweet as spring. 29. The Mahdiya lifted her hands, saying: “Blessed is Ela-hah, who remembers the forgotten!” 30. Yehowzhewa lifted his voice, saying: “Blessed is Ela-hah, who gathers the scattered!” 31. The seekers lifted their tears, saying: “Blessed is Ela-hah, who bends the nations as rivers!” 32. And the Watchers bowed, saying nothing, for their silence was hymn. 33. Ela-hah declared in saj’ : “Blessed are tears, for they are scroll; blessed are rivers, for they are whole. Blessed are seekers, who bow and believe; blessed are nations, who bend and receive.” 34. “I am the First and I am the Last; I am the future, I am the past. None escape, none are lost; I gather all, whatever the cost.” 35. The seekers trembled, for the rhyme was thunder, the rhythm fire. 36. And they bowed, their cords glowing as threads of gold. 37. The earth itself bent, its mountains trembling as if in prostration. 38. The seas curved their waves, whispering, “Subhān Ela-hah, Subhān Ela-hah.” 39. The trees swayed in hush, the winds carried remembrance, the sky crowned the assembly. 40. And the abyss folded them in mercy, as womb folds child. 41. Ela-hah said: “This is My day of gathering, foretold and fulfilled. The Word and the Silence stand, the seekers rise, the covenant bends.” 42. “Fear not the end, for the end is return; fear not the silence, for silence is Me. Fear not the bending, for bending is mercy.” 43. “Walk now as one, speak now as one, sing now as

one. For I am Ela-hah, and you are Mine.” 44. The seekers wept with joy, their tears brighter than crowns. 45. The Mahdiya spoke, saying: “Blessed are you, O seekers, for your tears are scripture.” 46. Yehowzhewa spoke, saying: “Blessed are you, O nations, for your rivers return.” 47. The seekers replied: “Blessed are you both, for you are our guides, flame and tether, word and silence.” 48. And the earth echoed: “Blessed is Ela-hah, who sent them.” 49. The Watchers pressed their gravity, curving galaxies as psalms. 50. The stars bowed their spirals, their light folding into covenant. 51. The abyss trembled with hush, vast and merciful. 52. And Ela-hah’s Throne of Silence crowned the gathering. 53. Ela-hah said in rhyme: “Come to Me, seekers of night; I am your lamp, I am your light. Come to Me, rivers of pain; I am your sea, I am your rain. Come to Me, broken and small; I am your mercy, I am your all.” 54. And the seekers answered as one: “Labayka Ela-hah, Labayka Ela-hah — we are Yours, we are Yours.” 55. The Mahdiya bowed, her tears falling; Yehowzhewa bowed, his mercy blazing. 56. Together they prayed, and the nations bent with them. 57. The abyss glowed as garden, the lattice sang as harp, the scroll of tears shone as crown. 58. The throne of silence thundered without sound, clothed in glory unseen. 59. And the seekers were gathered, their rivers folded into the sea of Ela-hah, their cords tied forever in His mercy. 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-first

chapter of her witness: that the seekers shall be gathered at the end of days, by Yehowzhewa and the Mahdiya, bound as one covenant, crowned by Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal. . Chapter 22 — The Judgment of Towers (Expanded) . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original and the Eternal, the First and the Last, the Hidden and the Seen, whose silence outlasts thunder and whose mercy outweighs fire; He who bends mountains as sand and scatters empires as dust; He who writes law upon the marrow of stars and remembers the tears of the forgotten; to Him belong the rivers of time, the arches of heaven, and the covenant that cannot be torn. 2. And He said unto the Mahdiya, with Yehowzhewa beside her as dawn beside dusk: Behold the towers—high as pride and hollow as wind—raised upon the noise of men, polished with the gloss of vanity, armored in glass and iron that cannot save. They claw the sky to deny My hush, they shout at heaven to drown My word; yet My silence encircles them as oceans encircle islands, and in My decree their crowns are sand. 3. Then the abyss unveiled the cities of stone, and the spires rose like spears of frost; and their windows were a thousand eyes that never wept, and their doors were mouths that only bought and sold; and beneath their shade the poor shivered though the sun stood warm, and orphans counted coins in dust while kings counted years in ease. 4. Nations boasted in their height, merchants swore by their shine,

scholars praised their craft and forgot their souls; yet the earth groaned beneath the feet of the humble, and the wind went out and returned no word, and the night stood still like a judge behind a veil. 5. And the Mahdiya trembled, saying, “O Lord of the tether, these towers seem unshakable, vast as mountains and stubborn as stars; their voices fill the markets, their shadows rule the streets, and the weary lie down beneath them as sparrows beneath the hawk.” 6. Ela-hah replied, and His rhyme was like rain upon iron: Mountains crumble, towers fall; I am the First, I am the All. Their noise is clamor, My silence reigns; their crowns are dust, My tether remains. They rise in boasting, they sleep in shame; I call them by night, and I quench their flame. 7. For the pride of men is cymbal shattered in storm, and the craft of kings is vapor in dawn. They kindle fires that burn the meek, they plait ropes that bind the poor; but I unbind in a breath, and I cool in a glance, for My mercy is ocean and their fury is foam. 8. The woman bowed her head, and the hush around her grew heavy like ripe fruit; and the Watchers in the Core leaned nearer with gravity like drums; and the stars slowed their spirals as choirs take breath before the hymn. 9. Yehowzhewa lifted his gaze, and tears stood in his eyes like lamps of compassion; and he said, “I see widows unnoticed at the gate, and laborers who spend their bones as coin; I see children asking bread and receiving stones, and pilgrims seeking God and finding iron.”

Ela-hah spoke, and His cadence entered their hearts: Their tears are scroll, their grief is crown; I have counted their droplets and written them down. I bend the towers for the sake of the small; I unseat the mighty and raise up all. Their cries are rivers returning to Me; their mourning is music, their sorrow decree. 11. When towers rise, the humble fall; when towers fall, I raise them all. For justice is balance and mercy is weight; I close the loud door and open the gate. I gather the lowly and anoint them with light; I fold their darkness and make it bright. 12. Then the Mahdiya wept, and her tears were clear as dawn on iron; and the abyss received them as a temple receives incense, and the lattice shone with lines of mercy drawn taut as strings of a harp. 13. The Watchers pressed their gravity and the towers trembled as reeds in flood; the streets heard a footfall older than time; the glass forgot its glimmer, the steel remembered rust, and the smugness of stone melted as wax in noon. 14. The stars curved their orbits as judges bowing to sentence; the crowns of glass cracked in silence; the lofty rooms felt small, the feasts turned thin, and the mirrors no longer lied. 15. Nations trembled, and the merchants fled with rattling satchels that could not hush their hearts; the scales of trade turned level, not by law of men but by the weight of God; the alleys breathed out joy like captives loosed at dawn. 16. And Ela-hah said: So is the fate of towers—boast is brief and fall is long. Their engines grind, their

banners fly, their horns proclaim—yet all is song to My silence. I take no sword to topple stone; I breathe, and pride forgets its name. 17. Do not envy their height, for height is void; do not covet their shine, for shine is smoke; do not fear their shadow, for shadow is brief; do not trust their stone, for stone is sand. Trust instead the hush that holds the stars, the tether that binds every breath to Me. 18. Trust My mercy, which bends the proud and lifts the bowed; trust My justice, which remembers blood and restores bread; trust My Sabbath, which heals the lattice and cools the fire; trust My night, which is womb and veil and throne. 19. The Mahdiya cried, “Blessed are You, O Binder of rivers and Keeper of tears, who takes the reed of the poor and makes it a scepter; who takes the dust of the meek and makes it a diadem; who measures kings with silence and weighs empires with need.” 20. And Yehowzhewa cried, “Blessed are You, O Father of mercy, who visits the alley as the palace, who knows the name of the beggar as the title of the prince; who breaks the yoke and remembers the bruise; whose justice is gentle and whose gentleness is strong.” 21. Ela-hah declared, and His rhyme ran like living water: I am the One who humbles kings and crowns the meek; I bend the spire and quench the fire; I waste no tear and forsake no weak. Near is My silence, near is My hand; I build with mercy what pride could not stand. 22. And the seekers rejoiced with trembling, for they saw their

oppressors fall like chaff before a tide; and their lament turned to psalm, and their fasting to feast, and their exile to homecoming sweet as dates at dusk. 23. The rivers of tears became rivers of praise; they flowed from doorways that had once known fear, and from fields that had thirsted long; and the sea of remembrance widened to receive them, and the angels counted glory not by crowns but by compassion. 24. The abyss glowed gentle, like coal beneath snow; and a warmth without flame crept through the bones of the broken; and the silence of Ela-hah, deeper than oceans, wrapped the city like a mantle that thieves could not steal. 25. Then the woman asked, "O my Lord, what of those who built the towers but now bow in sorrow; what of the proud who feel the bit of truth and turn to weep at night?" 26. Ela-hah replied, and His rhyme was door and lamp: Even they are gathered if they weep; even they are remembered if they bend. My mercy is vast as stars unseen; repentance is river that leads to Me. I break the staff and spare the hand; I end the boast and remake the man. 27. I forgive the builder who bows in night; I gather the king who falls in hush. I waste no soul and forget no name; I write their turning as living flame. For I am the Sea, and their tears return; I am the Garden, and their wounds shall learn. 28. And hope rose like spring in a land of iron; and some among the mighty loosened their rings and gave them to the poor; and some among the cunning

brought back what they had stolen and laid it down like Isaac on the wood. 29. But others clenched their teeth and cursed the hush, and they bound themselves with ropes of rumor; and their crowns turned to gravel between their jaws, and their banners hid them from no one, and their names fell from the tongues of children like pebbles from a sling. 30. The meek who wept were crowned in silence, and their crowns did not bruise the brow; they sat at tables that remembered hunger and poured cups that remembered thirst; and their laughter had the weight of truth, and their songs were bridges over old wounds. 31. The towers fell and learned the language of ground; the stones scattered and learned to be steps; the glass dissolved and learned to be water; the noise was hushed and learned to be prayer. 32. And Ela-hah said: So ends pride, so begins mercy. Let those who have ears hear the hush; let those who have eyes see the night. For My darkness is light folded, and My stillness is throne; and he who bows becomes a pillar that cannot be shaken. 33. The Watchers bowed and their gravity shook the ruins like drums in the deep; the earth answered with a low amen; and the sparks of old altars rose and turned to birds. 34. The stars bent and stitched the sky with patient thread; their spirals hummed a psalm older than speech; their light visited alleys more than palaces; and sickrooms more than courts. 35. The abyss hushed, folding pride as a mother folds a torn garment to mend it later;

and in that hush, widows slept without fear and children dreamed without fire. 36. And the lattice shone with cords renewed, bright as veins in the body of dawn; knots were mended where lies had frayed them; strands were strengthened where greed had thinned them; and the whole cloth sang. 37. Ela-hah said: Let this be lesson for nations and kings: towers are nothing, pride is wind. Build not on noise but on hush; build not on stone but on trust; build not for shadow but return; build not for empire but to learn. For the only city that stands is the city of mercy. 38. Then the Mahdiya spoke to the seekers, “Do not envy stone, for stone forgets the hand that laid it; seek the silence that remembers your name. Plant justice where you .. 68 .used to plant applause; water truth where you used to water rumor; and your harvest shall be peace.” 39. And Yehowzhewa spoke to the children, “Do not chase noise, for noise will sell you and call it love; seek the tether that binds you to the One. Share bread that is heavy with blessing; forgive debts that are light as breath; and your lamp shall not go out.” 40. And the seekers bowed, and their cords glowed like roots in rain; they spoke each to each as brothers long estranged; they counted the poor as treasure and the stranger as herald; and the city learned its own face. 41. Ela-hah declared: I have shown you the fall of towers that you may walk in balance; I have bent the spires that you may rise as rivers; I have humbled kings that you may bow in

mercy; I have silenced noise that you may hear My hush. Take this as covenant and not as tale. 42. Carry this teaching, O Mahdiya and O Yehowzhewa—flame and tether, word and silence. Seal it in marrow, write it in tears, bind it upon the gates of your breath; teach it to generations unborn, that pride may not deceive them nor towers make them slaves. 43. The woman bowed, clothed in black and crowned in light that had no heat; and her hands remembered the weight of widows and the laughter of orphans; and her steps were slow enough to gather the fallen. 44. Yehowzhewa bowed, robed in white and crowned in mercy that had scars; and his eyes sought the last place in the line and found it holy; and his voice was bread. 45. The seekers sang, and their song did not need instruments; it rose from wells and ovens and thresholds; it braided with the breath of beasts and the rustle of leaves; and the angels listened. 46. The Watchers thundered, but their thunder was silent; it traveled through bone and corrected the spine of nations; it turned swords into plowshares and boasts into lullabies. 47. The stars spiraled and folded their light as covenant; the constellations shifted as elders in council; the Milky Way bent like a bow that will never loose an arrow again. 48. And the abyss crowned the gathering in hush; no trumpet spoke and yet every breast was full; no scribe wrote and yet every name .. 69 .was kept; no guard stood and yet every door was safe. 49. Ela-hah said:

Blessed are the meek, for they are My rivers; blessed are the weeping, for they are My scroll; blessed are the seekers, for they are My covenant; blessed are the humble, for they are My throne. I plant them where storms forget to rage. 50. The nations trembled, not with fear only but with recognition; as a lost child trembles at the scent of home, so did peoples lift their faces to the wind; and their banners learned to mean something true. 51. The kings bowed—some in repentance with faces washed in night, some in wrath with hands empty at last; and the scepters that had seemed heavy as worlds were discovered to be reeds. 52. The earth hushed and waited; and the sea drew one long breath; and the moon kept watch as a mother keeps watch at a cradle; and in the fields the foxes were unafraid. 53. The Mahdiya cried, “Blessed is Ela-hah who bends all—He who turns the spear into shepherd’s staff; who makes the tower a well; who chooses the alley for His throne.” 54. Yehowzhewa cried, “Blessed is Ela-hah who remembers all—He who counts the sparrow and the widow; who weighs the sigh; who stores the tear as a gem upon His crown.” 55. The seekers cried, “Blessed is Ela-hah who gathers all—He who calls by name across the noise; who finds us in markets and graves; who binds us with a thread we did not see.” 56. And the abyss echoed “Blessed, blessed, blessed,” without sound; and the reply entered cell and seed and song; and the reply did not end. 57. The

towers lay in ruins, but their stones became steps to sanctuaries of mercy; the avenues learned to carry pilgrims instead of parades; and the courts learned to fear tears more than armies. 58. The crowns were dust, but the dust was mixed with oil and became healing; and the rings were melted to bells that called the hungry; and the seals were broken to free the truth. 59. The empires were silence, but the covenant was song; and the song taught the harvest to arrive on time; and the song taught enemies to pronounce each other’s names; and the song taught the night to be a friend. .. 70 .60. And thus was sealed the twenty-second chapter of her witness: that towers fall and nations bow, not by the sword of men but by the hush of God; that Ela-hah’s silence endures when iron forgets its fury; that the poor are pillars, the tears are scripture, and the city of mercy is the only city that stands. . Chapter 23 — The First Teachings . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal, the Hidden who is near, the Light who is unseen, the Gatherer of rivers and the Keeper of tears; He who speaks in silence and reigns in stillness; He whose breath bends galaxies and whose mercy crowns the meek. 2. And He said unto the woman in the silver ship: “O vessel of two lights, O flame of silence and word, hear the marrow of My decree, for I give you now the bones of My path, the pillars on which every prophet has stood and every covenant has rested.” 3. “First, know Me as One. I have no

likeness and no peer. The idols of men are stone and smoke, their thrones are dust and pride; but I am the womb of night and the crown of dawn, I am the sea that holds the rivers, I am the flame that births the suns.” 4. “The stars are many, yet their light is one; the rivers are many, yet their sea is one; the names are many, yet I am One. Whoever bows to another bows to silence that dies; whoever bends to Me bends to silence that reigns.” 5. “This is tawhīd: the Oneness unbroken, the silence unshaken, the tether uncut. From Adam to Noah, from Abraham to Moses, from Mary to Yehowzhewa, from .The Jessakid to you—every prophet sang this truth, and every seeker shall return to it.” 6. Then the woman bowed, and her tears fell as pearls into the abyss, and Ela-hah received them as psalms. 7. And He said: “Second, know the messengers. For I do not leave mankind as orphans, but I send them voices clothed in dust, carrying the fire of My remembrance. They are weak before men but mighty before Me; they eat bread as beggars but speak truth as kings.” 8. “Some heal with touch, some guide with silence, some write with ink, some fight with patience. But all carry the same call: serve Ela-hah alone, do justice among men, prepare for the return.” .. 71 .9. “Yehowzhewa bore mercy, his hands were balm and his eyes were flame. .The Jessakid bore seal, his tongue was clarity and his law was tether. And you, O vessel of two lights, bear My silence, and in you the flame

of both burns as one.” 10. “This is nubuwwa: the chain unbroken, the river unending, the covenant flowing from age to age. Reject the prophet and you reject the sea; mock the messenger and you mock the hand that formed you. But honor them, and you honor Me.” 11. And the woman trembled, for she felt the weight of their witness in her marrow, and her breath was song. 12. And Ela-hah said: “Third, know justice. For I am Just, and I weigh all things in balance. I count the sigh of the orphan against the crown of the king; I hold the tear of the widow above the coin of the merchant. I waste nothing, and I forget nothing.” 13. “The scales are not iron but mercy; they are not stone but silence. To oppress is to war against Me; to show mercy is to mirror My throne. The tyrant may boast in market and court, but I bend him with sighs unseen. The humble may walk unseen in alleys, but I crown them with rivers of light.” 14. “This is ‘adl: justice and balance, law and mercy. Whoever walks in cruelty walks against Me; whoever bends in compassion bends with Me.” 15. And the woman wept, for she saw her people oppressed and knew their tears were crowns before Ela-hah. 16. And Ela-hah said: “Fourth, know worship. For worship is not ritual alone, nor word alone, nor gesture alone, but surrender of marrow, bending of breath, remembrance in silence. To bow is prayer; to forgive is prayer; to feed the hungry is prayer; to heal the broken is prayer.” 17. “The rites are rivers,

but the sea is surrender. Prayer five times is rhythm; fasting is discipline; charity is healing; pilgrimage is return. But the marrow is this: that you bow in every breath, that you remember Me in every step.” 18. “This is ‘ibādah: worship as surrender. Not chains but wings, not burden but freedom, not ritual only but remembrance entire.” 19. And the woman bowed her head, and her silence was thick as psalm. 20. And Ela-hah said: “Fifth, know return. For death is not end but door; life is not whole but shadow. Every deed is written, every tear .. 72 .remembered, every kindness crowned. The earth is seed, the grave is womb, the Day is birth, and the return is to Me.” 21. “On that day I will waste nothing; not the sigh of a sparrow, not the kindness of a stranger, not the whisper of prayer. I will scatter no soul and forget no name. The proud shall fall, the humble shall rise, the broken shall be gathered in My arms.” 22. “This is ākhirah: return and accountability. Whoever sows pride shall reap ash; whoever sows mercy shall reap crown. And the harvest shall not fail.” 23. The woman bowed with tears, and Yehowzhewa bowed with her, and the ship glowed as pearl in night. 24. And Ela-hah declared: “O rightly guided one, O vessel of two lights, these are My pillars: One God, many messengers, justice for all, worship as surrender, return in truth. Bind them upon your marrow, teach them to nations, sing them to children, and none who follow shall be lost.” 25. “For I am

One, I am Just, I am Merciful, I am Eternal. I waste nothing, I forget nothing, I forsake nothing. My tether binds all things, My silence reigns above towers, My mercy gathers every tear.” 26. And the abyss bowed with silence, and the Watchers thundered their gravity, and the stars bent their spirals as witnesses. 27. And the seekers wept, for they felt in their marrow that the teaching was true, thick as honey, deep as night. 28. And the woman cried: “Blessed is Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal, the One whose mercy is crown and whose silence is throne!” 29. And thus began her commission: to carry the five teachings as lamp and as song, to bind them to nations, to teach them as marrow, and to write them upon the breath of generations. 30. And Ela-hah said: “This is your crown, O vessel of two lights; not jewel, not iron, but mercy and tether. Go forth, for I am with you.” 31. And Ela-hah spoke again: “Do not think these five are small, O vessel of two lights, for they are pillars that uphold heaven and earth. If men abandon them, rivers dry and towers fall; if men keep them, even deserts bloom and night shines as dawn.” 32. “Tawḥīd is root, and without root the tree dies. Nubuwwa is branch, and without branch no bird sings. ‘Adl is fruit, and without fruit the hungry starve. ‘Ibādah is breath, .. 73 .and without breath the marrow fails. Ākhirah is harvest, and without harvest life is vain. Hold them all, for they are one.” 33. And the woman answered: “O Lord, how

shall I teach the nations who chase towers and worship noise, who scorn prophets and mock mercy, who live as though no return awaits them?” 34. Ela-hah said: “Teach them with silence that bends more than thunder, with mercy that weighs more than iron, with justice that speaks louder than crowns. Do not strive to match their noise, for My hush unmasks their void. Walk in stillness, and their hearts shall tremble.” 35. “Do not fear their swords, for swords rust; do not fear their wealth, for wealth rots; do not fear their towers, for towers fall. Fear only pride within yourself, for pride blinds even the chosen. Keep your silence, and you shall stand when empires fall.” 36. And Yehowzhewa beside her cried, “So it was with me, O Lord; they mocked my mercy and pierced my flesh, yet Your tether raised me beyond their reach.” 37. And Ela-hah replied: “So it shall be with you both, flame and tether, word and silence. For the covenant is one, and the vessel is one, and My hand does not falter.” 38. “The seekers shall know you, for their marrow remembers; the proud shall resist you, for their pride deceives. But the day shall come when all are gathered, and every knee bends not to tower, nor to king, nor to noise, but to Me alone.” 39. And the ship trembled as though heaven itself was bowing, and the abyss hummed like harp beneath her feet. 40. Ela-hah said: “Tawḥīd is your shield, for no blade pierces it. Nubuwwa is your lamp, for no night darkens it. ‘Adl is your staff, for no stone resists it.

‘Ibādah is your crown, for no thief steals it. Ākhirah is your treasure, for no fire consumes it.” 41. “Hold them, and the nations shall bend; forsake them, and your own marrow shall scatter. But you are rightly guided, and My tether binds you; you shall not scatter, for I Myself am your silence.” 42. And the woman bowed, and her tears fell like rivers into the scroll of remembrance, and the Watchers gathered them as jewels for the throne. 43. And Ela-hah said: “The nations crave spectacle, but I give them truth. They crave tower, but I give .. 74 .them tether. They crave throne, but I give them silence. Do not envy their craving, for it is hollow; give them My marrow, for it endures.” 44. “If they mock you, remember Noah. If they cast you out, remember Abraham. If they wound you, remember Moses. If they kill you, remember Yehowzhewa. If they scorn you, remember .The Jessakid. For all bore My word, all bore My mercy, all bore My silence, and none were forsaken.” 45. And she trembled, for the lineage of prophets was fire in her bones, and she knew herself their sister and their vessel. 46. Ela-hah said: “Teach justice first to the children, for their hearts are soil still soft. Teach mercy to the weary, for their marrow is ready for balm. Teach return to the proud, for they stand nearest to the cliff. Teach worship to all, for without worship no breath is safe.” 47. “Do not divide the pillars, for they are one rope. Break one strand and the others fray. But bind them

together, and the nations will rise as rivers into sea.” 48. And the abyss glowed, and the stars spiraled as though bowing to the teaching; and the Watchers leaned near, their silence weightier than empires. 49. The woman cried: “Blessed is Ela-hah, who wastes nothing, who forgets nothing, who forsakes nothing, who binds the marrow of prophets into one covenant.” 50. And Yehowzhewa cried: “Blessed is Ela-hah, who sent me with mercy, who sends her with silence, who seals all with justice, whose tether none can cut.” 51. And Ela-hah replied: “Blessed are you both, for you are mine. Your vessel is one, your covenant one, your light one, though the names differ and the ages change. I am One, and you are one in Me.” 52. “Let the nations hear: God is One, prophets are many, justice is balance, worship is surrender, return is sure. This is the marrow of faith, the silence of truth, the song of eternity.” 53. And the seekers wept, for their hearts longed for this marrow, and they remembered what their fathers had forgotten, and they bowed in silence sweet as rain. 54. And Ela-hah said: “O rightly guided one, your teaching is not new but ancient; your covenant is not novel but eternal. For truth is one, though tongues are many; light is one, though stars are countless; path is one, though prophets are many.” “Do not fear the weight, for I am with you. Do not fear the journey, for I bend the road. Do not fear the return, for I await you at the gate. Teach, and do not falter; sing, and do

not silence yourself; bow, and the nations shall bow with you.” 56. And the ship glowed as pearl, and the abyss hummed as psalm, and the lattice shone as harp strung with light. 57. The woman bowed, the silence around her thicker than fire; Yehowzhewa bowed, his mercy blazing as dawn; the Watchers bowed, their gravity bending suns; the stars bowed, their spirals weaving hymns unseen. 58. And all creation whispered: “There is no god but Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal, the First and the Last, the Hidden and the Seen.” 59. And the seekers who watched from afar bent their knees and wept, for their marrow bore witness that the teaching was true. 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-third chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah taught her the five pillars of truth—His Oneness, His prophets, His justice, His worship, and His return—and bound them into her marrow as crown and covenant, to guide the nations in silence and in mercy. . Chapter 24 — The Scroll of Tawḥīd . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Original and the Eternal, the First and the Last, the Hidden who is near and the Light who is unseen, the Gatherer of rivers and the Keeper of tears, the One without likeness or peer, who reigns in silence above towers and bends galaxies with breath. 2. And Ela-hah spoke unto the woman in the silver ship, saying: “O vessel of two lights, O flame of silence and word, hear the marrow of My decree. This is tawḥīd, the first teaching, the root of the covenant and the crown of the

scroll. Without it, all falls to dust; with it, all bends to life.” 3. “I am One. I have no partner and no shadow. I do not divide as men divide, nor weaken as flesh weakens. Thrones pass, towers fall, crowns tarnish, but I remain. I am the Sea without shore, the Fire without smoke, the Silence without end. I am One.” 4. “The stars are countless, but their spark is one. The rivers are many, but their sea is one. The prophets are many, but their covenant is one. The names are many, but I am One. Whoever bows to another bows to dust; whoever bows to Me bows to eternity.” 5. The woman bowed, and her silence was thick as fire, and the ship glowed as pearl, and the abyss hummed as harp beneath her. 6. Ela-hah said: “Do not think I am like idols carved of stone, or gods fashioned of pride. They have mouths but do not speak, eyes but do not see, hands but do not heal. They promise but cannot deliver, they glitter but cannot endure. I am One, and I reign when their shadows are gone.” 7. “Do not think I am like kings seated on thrones, proud in palaces and clothed in noise. Their crowns are foam, their scepters reeds, their kingdoms smoke. I am One, and My throne is silence, My crown is mercy, My scepter is justice, and My reign has no end.” 8. “Do not think I am far, for I am nearer than vein. Do not think I am hidden, for I am clearer than dawn. Do not think I am weak, for I am stronger than storm. Do not think I am cruel, for I am mercy itself. I am One, and I am with you.” 9. And the Watchers bent

their gravity, and the stars curved their spirals, and all creation whispered in hush: “He is One, He is One, He is One.” 10. And Ela-hah said: “O child who suffers, hear Me now. You are not forgotten. Your sigh is prayer, your tear is psalm, your weakness is crown. The world mocks you, but I honor you. The towers crush you, but I lift you. The proud forget you, but I remember your name, for I am One.” 11. “Your pain is not void but seed; your grief not waste but river; your wounds not curse but door. Through sorrow hearts awaken, through tears eyes are cleared, through loss pride is broken. I bend close to the broken, I sit with the weary, I dwell with the meek. I am One, and I am with you.” 12. The woman wept, and she said, “Surely this is the God of widows and orphans, of strangers and outcasts, who bends not to crowns but to cries.” 13. Ela-hah replied: “So it is, O vessel of two lights. I am the companion of the forgotten, the healer of the wounded, the Father of the fatherless. The sparrow that falls unseen, I catch. The beggar that starves in shadow, I feed. The child who cries in alley, I cradle. For I am One, and I waste nothing.” 14. “Do not envy the proud, for their laughter is brief. Do not despise your tears, for they are jewels upon My throne. Do not curse your weakness, for weakness is rope that binds you to Me. Your sorrow is not defeat but covenant, for I bend close to the broken.” 15. Yehowzhewa bowed, saying, “So it was with me, O Lord, when I was mocked

and pierced, when I walked in weakness among men, yet You crowned me in mercy and lifted me beyond their reach.” 16. And Ela-hah said: “So it is with you, O Son of Mary, and so it shall be with her, O Daughter of Silence. For she too shall suffer, she too shall be mocked, she too shall be pierced. But her tears shall be psalms for nations, her wounds rivers of light, her silence a crown for seekers.” 17. “Thus the vessel bears both flame and hush; Yehowzhewa as mercy, Mahdiya as silence. Two lights in one lamp, two witnesses in one body, two covenants in one vessel. I am One, and I have woven them together.” 18. And the abyss bowed, and the lattice glowed, and the Watchers thundered without sound, for the mystery was unveiled. 19. Ela-hah said: “Tawḥīd is not thought only but life. To bow in prayer is tawḥīd. To feed the hungry is tawḥīd. To forgive your enemy is tawḥīd. To weep for the oppressed is tawḥīd. To walk humbly in silence is tawḥīd. For whoever bends to Me bends to oneness.” 20. “Do not divide what I have joined. Do not raise prophet as god, for I alone am God. Do not scorn prophet as nothing, for they are My chosen. See them as signs, hear them as witnesses, follow them as guides; for all point to Me, and I am One.” 21. The woman bowed, and her tears bent into the scroll, and the seekers afar felt their marrow tremble though they heard no sound. 22. Ela-hah said: “This is the first teaching, O rightly guided one. Without it, nations scatter, towers fall,

and seekers wander. With it, rivers bend, justice flows, and mercy reigns. Guard it, teach it, live it. For I am One, and I am with you.” 23. “I am the Sea that gathers rivers, the Silence that crowns prophets, the Light that outlasts suns. I waste nothing, I forget nothing, I forsake nothing. Whoever calls to Me shall be heard; whoever bows to Me shall be raised; whoever returns to Me shall not be cast away.” 24. And the abyss glowed like womb, and the stars sang without voice, and the Watchers bent as pillars around the throne. 25. Ela-hah said: “Do not fear the noise of kings, for their thrones are straw. Do not fear the towers of men, for their crowns are clay. Do not fear the armies of shadows, for their swords are smoke. Fear only to forget Me, for I am your marrow. I am One, and I am near.” 26. “If you suffer, remember Me. If you hunger, call to Me. If you fall, rise to Me. For I am the Rope that never breaks, the Gate that never shuts, the Light that never dims. I am One, and I am with you.” 27. And the woman lifted her hands, saying, “Blessed are You, O Ela-hah, the Eternal, who bends pride and crowns the meek, who gathers tears and wastes none, who remembers the forgotten and heals the weary.” 28. Ela-hah replied: “Blessed are you, O vessel of two lights, for you have heard and believed. Teach this to nations, write it in marrow, sing it to children, and bind it upon generations. For tawḥīd is root and fruit, crown and foundation, beginning and end. I

am One, and all bends to Me.” 29. And thus the silver ship glowed brighter than suns, and the abyss trembled in hush, and the lattice shone with cords renewed. 30. And all creation whispered as one: “There is no god but Ela-hah, the Original, the Eternal, the One who reigns forever.” 31. And Ela-hah said: “O child of silence, know that My Oneness is balm to the wounded. The world heaps burden upon you, but I am ease; the world forgets your name, but I inscribe it; the world mocks your weakness, but I crown it. I am One, and I am with you.” 32. “Those who suffer are nearest to Me, for pride flees from pain, but pain bends toward mercy. Those who are broken are My companions, for the whole trust in themselves, but the broken lean upon Me. Those who weep are My witnesses, for their tears are scrolls written in fire upon the abyss.” 33. “Say to the suffering: I waste nothing. Not a cry, not a sigh, not a bruise, not a tear. All is kept, all is treasured, all is weighed. Their sorrow is seed, their endurance crown, their weakness tether. For I am One, and I bend close to them.” 34. And the woman wept, for she felt the marrow of the weary rise within her like tide, and she bowed, her silence bending as incense before His throne. And Ela-hah said: “The idols of men promise joy but bring ash; they glitter like rivers but vanish like mirage. The kings of men promise power but bring chains; they boast like towers but fall like reeds. But I am One, and My promise is true: I give not

shadow but light, not noise but silence, not dust but eternity.” 36. “Do not measure Me by crowns of men, for I am greater. Do not compare Me to idols of stone, for I am living. Do not liken Me to shadows, for I am sun. I am the womb that formed you, the breath that fills you, the silence that carries you. I am One, and I am near.” 37. “Tell the seekers: all rivers return to Me. The proud may dam them, the kings may divert them, the towers may drink them, but they flow back to Me, for I am sea. The stars may scatter, the empires may rage, the idols may boast, but all bends to Me, for I am One.” 38. “Do not think I need worship as men need food, or praise as kings need flattery. I am complete without you, yet I have made you to complete yourselves in Me. To bow is not burden but freedom, to serve is not chain but crown, to remember is not labor but life. I am One, and I am enough.” 39. “If the nations mock you, I am your refuge. If the towers crush you, I am your staff. If the shadows pursue you, I am your light. If despair surrounds you, I am your marrow. I am One, and none can break what I bind.” 40. And the abyss bowed like mother over child, and the stars curved like scribes at their tablets, and the Watchers thundered their gravity, whispering without tongue: “He is One, He is One, He is One.” 41. And Ela-hah said: “Tawḥīd is covenant, not idea. It is bond, not philosophy. It is fire in marrow, not word on tongue. Whoever knows Me as One walks in light, though nations rage.

Whoever denies Me stumbles in shadow, though towers shine.” 42. “Tell them: I am not in idols, I am not in towers, I am not in crowns. I am in mercy shown, in justice lived, in silence kept. I am in the sigh of the orphan, the patience of the widow, the kindness of the poor. I am One, and I dwell with them.” 43. “If you would see Me, look to the lowly. If you would hear Me, listen to the weary. If you would know Me, bow with the broken. For I am with them, and they are with Me, and in their tears My throne is built.” And the woman bowed her face to the ship’s floor, and her silence grew heavier than iron, for she felt the nearness of the Eternal as breath upon her soul. 45. Ela-hah said: “Do not fear the day of return, for I am One. The graves shall open, the bones shall rise, the scrolls shall be unrolled, the scales shall be set. All shall bow, willingly or broken, for all are Mine. None shall escape My hand, none shall vanish from My sight.” 46. “On that day the proud shall find their crowns dust, the kings their thrones ash, the idols their worship void. But the meek shall find their tears jewels, the broken their wounds wings, the weary their rest. For I am One, and I repay all in mercy and in justice.” 47. “Tell them: fear not death, for death is door. Fear not loss, for loss is seed. Fear not suffering, for suffering is covenant. But fear forgetting Me, for to forget is to be undone. Remember Me, and you shall never be lost, for I am One.” 48. “The prophets bore this teaching, each in their season. They

bowed before Me and taught men to bow. They suffered and men mocked them, but I raised them. Their words differ, their tongues differ, but their marrow is one: that I am One, and beside Me there is none.” 49. “Now you, O vessel of two lights, carry this same flame. Not new but eternal, not foreign but familiar, not strange but marrow. Teach it, bind it, live it. For the nations hunger for bread but starve for truth; give them bread, and give them tawhīd.” 50. And the abyss glowed like lamp, and the stars bent as choir, and all creation hummed the rhyme: “There is no god but Ela-hah, the Eternal, the Original, the One.” 51. Ela-hah said: “If you falter, I will hold you. If you weep, I will keep you. If you wander, I will call you. If you faint, I will carry you. For I am One, and I do not forsake My own.” 52. “Say this to the nations: you are not forsaken. Though kings forget you, I remember. Though towers oppress you, I lift. Though shadows lie to you, I reveal. I am One, and I am yours.” 53. “Say this to the broken: your pain is My psalm, your grief My altar, your weakness My vessel. I will not cast you away, I will not despise your wounds, I will not silence your cry. I am One, and I am with you.” 54. “Say this to the proud: your pride is noise, your crown is dust, your throne is smoke. Bow now and be raised, or resist and be broken. For I am One, and My silence shall outlast your noise.” 55. “Say this to the seekers: your journey is not vain, your hunger not wasted, your thirst not mocked. Knock,

and I shall open. Ask, and I shall give. Seek, and you shall find. For I am One, and I answer.” 56. “This is tawḥīd, the first and the last. Guard it as crown, wear it as marrow, teach it as song. It is root and fruit, staff and lamp, shield and harvest. With it you stand, without it you fall. For I am One, and there is none beside Me.” 57. And the woman bowed, her silence heavy as cosmos, and the ship was clothed in radiance unseen, and the abyss sang though it had no tongue. 58. And the Watchers bent like mountains, and the stars hummed as harps, and all creation curved into orbit, testifying without voice: “He is One, He is One, He is One.” 59. And Ela-hah said: “Thus I have taught you the first teaching. Seal it in your marrow, carry it to nations, bind it upon generations. For without it, all scatters; with it, all is gathered. I am One, and I am eternal.” 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-fourth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah is One, without partner, without peer, without shadow; the First and the Last, the Hidden and the Near; the God of the suffering and the crown of the meek; the tether unbroken and the silence eternal. .

Chapter 25 — The Scroll of Nubuwwa . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Eternal, the Original, the First who calls and the Last who gathers, the One who raises prophets from dust and crowns them with fire, who sends His word into clay and makes clay a lamp for nations. 2. And Ela-hah said: “O vessel of two lights, O flame of silence and word, hear now the

second teaching: nubuwwa, the sending of messengers. For I do not leave mankind as orphans, nor scatter them without guide, but I send witnesses clothed in weakness yet filled with My fire.” 3. “They walk as men, but they speak as rivers; they hunger as beggars, but they feed as kings. They are mocked by nations, yet honored by Me; they are pierced by crowns, yet crowned by mercy. I choose them not for power but for meekness, not for wealth but for silence, not for strength but for surrender.” 4. “From Adam who tilled the earth, to Noah who bore the ark, to Abraham who shattered idols, to Moses who broke the chains, to Mary who bore the Word, to .The Jessakid who sealed the scroll—each was My witness, each was My voice, each bore the same marrow: that I am One.” 5. “Do not think their stories are scattered; they are threads in one garment, rivers in one sea, sparks in one flame. To deny one is to deny all; to honor one is to honor all. For all prophets bow before Me, and all call to Me, and all return to Me. I am One, and they are Mine.” 6. “The nations mocked them. They called Noah mad, they called Moses sorcerer, they called Mary unclean, they called .The Jessakid liar. Yet I raised them above the mockers, I crowned them above the kings, I remembered their tears as jewels upon My throne.” 7. “The prophets suffer, for suffering is their seal. Their wounds are doors for mercy, their tears rivers for nations, their silence harps for seekers. They are not spared

pain, but their pain becomes covenant. They are not spared shame, but their shame becomes crown. They are not spared death, but their death becomes seed.” 8. “Thus mankind is without excuse, for I have sent voices in every tongue, messengers in every age, witnesses in every nation. None may say, ‘We did not hear,’ for the earth itself testifies, and the heavens declare, and the prophets cry out.” 9. “But men love towers more than truth, noise more than silence, idols more than mercy. They kill the prophets and crown the tyrants; they mock the messengers and praise the liars. Yet I do not abandon them, for I send again and again, until the scroll is sealed.” 10. “Now you, O vessel of two lights, are bound into this chain. You are not prophet as they, but you are witness as they. You bear My silence as they bore My word. You are thread woven into garment, flame braided into fire, river curved into sea. For I am One, and My covenant is unbroken.” 11. “The prophets speak with tongues of men, but their marrow is fire of heaven. Their words fall as rain, but their source is spring unseen. Their voices tremble, but their truth endures. For they do not speak of themselves, but of Me, the One.” 12. “Their miracles are signs, not for spectacle but for remembrance. The ark of Noah is sign of mercy, the staff of Moses is sign of power, the virgin womb of Mary is sign of purity, the book of .The Jessakid is sign of seal. All point beyond themselves to Me. I am the sign within the

sign.” 13. “Men demand wonders, but the greatest wonder is the word itself. For clay cannot birth eternal fire, yet through prophets it does. Weakness cannot carry eternity, yet through messengers it shines. This is My miracle: that dust bears divinity, that silence speaks, that frailty thunders.” 14. “Do not think the prophets are perfect as gods, for they are men and women clothed in dust. They hunger and thirst, they suffer and bleed, they fear and weep. Yet their surrender makes them vessels, their silence makes them harps, their wounds make them rivers. Through them My mercy flows.” 15. “The nations test them, the kings oppose them, the rich mock them, the crowds demand of them. Yet I sustain them with breath unseen, with marrow unbroken, with fire unfailing. And when their time is done, I gather them into light, and their witness stands forever.” 16. “Every prophet bears the same marrow: call mankind to Me, do justice among men, and prepare for return. The garments differ, but the voice is one. The languages differ, but the call is one. The ages differ, but the covenant is one. For I am One.” 17. “Some lead armies, some lead children. Some write scrolls, some walk in silence. Some heal with hands, some heal with tears. Some stand in palaces, some die in alleys. But all are prophets, and all are Mine.” 18. “The false prophets boast of themselves, and their fruit is pride. The true prophets boast of Me, and their fruit is mercy. The false scatter, the true gather. The false

enslave, the true free. By their fruit you know them.” 19. “The prophets do not choose themselves; I choose them. They do not crown themselves; I crown them. They do not send themselves; I send them. And I am faithful. What I begin, I finish. What I plant, I harvest. What I send, I seal.” 20. “If men say, ‘Why this one and not another?’ remind them: I see marrow, not face. I hear silence, not noise. I choose the meek to shame .. 84 .the proud, the poor to shame the rich, the broken to shame the whole. For My ways are not theirs, and My sight is not theirs.” 21. “The prophets are shepherds, not kings; servants, not tyrants. They wash feet, they bind wounds, they speak truth to power, they comfort the oppressed. Their greatness is in their surrender, their strength is in their meekness, their crown is in their silence.” 22. “Say to the nations: do not worship prophets, for they are not gods. Say to the mockers: do not scorn prophets, for they are not fools. See them as signs, hear them as witnesses, follow them as guides. For all point to Me, and I am One.” 23. “Thus .The Jessakid said: I am but messenger. Thus Yehowzhewa said: I do not seek My will, but His. Thus Moses said: I am slow of tongue, but You give speech. Thus Abraham said: I am dust, but You raise me. For all prophets knew their nothingness, and in their nothingness I was all.” 24. “The nations argue whose prophet is greatest, but I tell you: the greatest is the one who bows deepest. The nations fight whose prophet is

true, but I tell you: every true prophet points to Me, and in Me they are one. I am the marrow of their message.” 25. “If you honor prophets yet forget Me, you build tower of pride. If you mock prophets yet claim Me, you build house of shadow. But if you honor prophets and bow to Me, you build covenant eternal.” 26. “The prophets are stars in the night. Some shine brighter, some fainter, but all mark the path. Some rise early, some late, but all follow the sun. Some are forgotten by men, but none forgotten by Me. For I am the sky that holds them.” 27. “Do not envy their light, for their light is borrowed. Do not despise their wounds, for their wounds are door. Do not scorn their tears, for their tears are rain. Do not forget their silence, for their silence is harp. Through them I sing.” 28. “The prophets are bridges, not shores; lamps, not suns; servants, not lords. They carry fire not their own, they speak word not their own, they live covenant not their own. And I, Ela-hah, am the One who sends them.” 29. “Thus nubuwwa is mercy, not burden; gift, not chain; covenant, not accident. I send prophets for love, not for wrath; for guidance, not for pride; for healing, not for shame. .. 85 .To reject them is to reject mercy; to follow them is to find Me.” 30. And the woman bowed, and her silence bent as river into sea, and her marrow trembled with fire, for she felt the chain of witnesses wrap her in light. 31. Ela-hah said: “O vessel of two lights, you are woven into this chain. You are not

prophet in name, but you are witness in marrow. You carry My silence as they carried My word. You are thread in garment, flame in fire, river in sea. I am One, and I bind you.”

32. “Do not fear their measure, for I do not compare servants. Each bears what I give; each walks where I send; each suffers as I decree. Their crowns differ, but their covenant is one. Their paths differ, but their marrow is one. I am One, and they are Mine.”

33. “The world will mock you as it mocked them. The kings will scorn you as they scorned them. The crowds will weary you as they wearied them. But as I was with them, so I am with you. My silence shall shield you, My tether shall bind you, My mercy shall crown you.”

34. “Teach the nations: prophets are not relics of past but rivers still flowing. Their words echo in marrow, their witness burns in silence, their tears water the covenant. For time cannot quench what I ignite. I am One, and I do not change.”

35. “The prophets are many, yet their source one. Their voices are many, yet their song one. Their stories are many, yet their truth one. Their wounds are many, yet their crown one. I am that One, and I am eternal.”

36. “Do not exalt prophet above prophet as men exalt idols. Do not divide them as nations divide land. Do not mock one to honor another. For all are mine, all are witnesses, all are lights of one flame.”

37. “The prophets suffer together, though ages divide them. Their tears mingle in scroll of remembrance, their sighs echo

across centuries, their blood waters one garden. And in that garden I plant covenant eternal.”

38. “The false mockers will ask: why prophets at all? If Ela-hah is One, why speak through men? Say to them: because I love. Because I bend close. Because I enter clay to heal clay, silence to guide silence. Because I waste nothing, and I forsake none.”

39. “To send prophets is My mercy, not My need. I am whole without them, yet I choose them for .. 86 .you. I am complete without them, yet I crown them for you. I am One, and I bend low to lift you.”

40. “If I thundered always from sky, men would tremble but not love. If I silenced always, men would forget. So I send prophets, weak as men, strong with Me, that you may see mercy in flesh, justice in hand, silence in breath.”

41. “Prophets are mirrors of My light, not suns. They shine because I burn, they speak because I breathe, they endure because I uphold. Look through them to Me, not at them as end. For I am One, and I am eternal.”

42. “Some came with scrolls, some with songs, some with staffs, some with silence. But all came with covenant: serve Ela-hah alone, do justice among men, prepare for return. This is marrow of prophecy, thread of witness, heart of nubuwwa.”

43. “Tell the nations: prophecy is not myth but marrow. Do not bury it in books, do not chain it in temples, do not silence it in courts. For My witnesses still speak, My scroll still burns, My covenant still calls.”

44. “The prophets are remembered not

by crowns but by wounds, not by palaces but by prayers, not by armies but by tears. Their legacy is not empire but mercy, not conquest but justice, not towers but tether. This is their greatness, and it endures.” 45. “Let those who suffer take heart: you walk path of prophets. Let those who are mocked take courage: you bear sign of messengers. Let those who are broken take hope: you are vessels of covenant. For I am One, and I crown the meek.” 46. “Thus nubuwwa is lesson to nations: power is dust, pride is void, crowns are foam. Mercy is crown, silence is throne, justice is staff. Whoever follows prophets follows Me, for they are My chosen.” 47. “Say this to the seekers: do not envy kings, but envy prophets. Do not chase towers, but chase covenant. Do not bow to idols, but bow with witnesses. For the prophets are mine, and through them you are gathered.” 48. “Say this to the weary: prophets were weary too. Say this to the poor: prophets were poor too. Say this to the broken: prophets were broken too. Yet I raised them, and I will raise you. For I am One, and I waste nothing.” 49. “Nubuwwa is covenant sealed in fire, but mercy within fire. It is silence clothed in voice, but voice .. 87 .returning to silence. It is eternity carried in clay, but clay lifted to eternity. This is My wisdom, and it endures.” 50. “The prophets did not seek glory, for glory was burden. They did not seek thrones, for thrones were chains. They did not seek crowns, for crowns were

thorns. They sought only Me, and in Me they found crown eternal.” 51. “Now you, O vessel of two lights, bear My silence. Not prophet as they, but witness as they. Not flame of word, but flame of hush. Not scroll of ink, but scroll of marrow. Yet the covenant is one, the flame one, the crown one.” 52. “Teach the nations: prophecy is mercy. Do not scorn it, do not forget it, do not mock it. For without it you scatter, but with it you gather. Without it you hunger, but with it you feast. Without it you die, but with it you rise.” 53. “The prophets are bridges across abyss, lamps in night, rivers in desert. Do not forsake their witness, for their witness is life. Do not despise their wounds, for their wounds are crown. Do not silence their tears, for their tears are scroll.” 54. “This is nubuwwa, the second teaching. Guard it as covenant, teach it as song, bind it as crown. For tawḥīd is root, nubuwwa is branch. Without root, the branch dies; without branch, the fruit fails. Hold both, and the tree shall stand.” 55. And the abyss glowed like womb, and the stars bowed as choir, and the Watchers thundered their gravity, echoing the covenant in silence. 56. And the woman bowed, her silence heavy as cosmos, her marrow burning as scroll, for she felt the chain of prophets binding her into covenant eternal. 57. Ela-hah said: “O rightly guided one, carry this teaching. Teach it to children, whisper it to widows, thunder it to kings. Write it on marrow, bind it on generations. For My covenant is unbroken,

and My witnesses endure.” 58. “Do not falter, for I am with you. Do not fear, for I shield you. Do not scatter, for I bind you. Do not despair, for I crown you. For I am One, and My silence reigns forever.” 59. And all creation whispered as one: “He is One, He is One, He is One. His prophets are true, His covenant unbroken, His mercy eternal.” 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-fifth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah is One who sends prophets, that nubuwwa is covenant .. 88 .eternal, that the witnesses are many yet the flame is one, that the woman in the silver ship is bound into their chain, carrying His silence for the nations until the scroll is sealed. .

Chapter 26 — The Scroll of Mercy to the Weary . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Eternal, the Near, the One who bends to lift the weary, who crowns the broken with light, who gathers the forgotten as flame in the night. 2. And Ela-hah said: O children of clay, O seekers who sigh, I did not form you to break, I did not breathe to forsake, I did not call you to die. 3. You are tired of justice made whip, tired of rules that strip, tired of preachers who bind but never lift — but I see your weariness, I hear your cry, and I say to you: rest, for in Me is relief. 4. The kings call you nothing, the towers call you dust, the proud call you shame, but I call you treasure, I call you crown, I call you flame. 5. The tyrants delight in your fear, the judges delight in your fall, but I delight in your healing, I delight in your rising, I delight in your all. 6. When you

stumble, I hold; when you fail, I enfold; when you break, I restore; when you despair, I am more. 7. Your sigh is psalm to Me, your tear is jewel to Me, your silence is prayer to Me, your weakness is strength in Me. 8. Do not envy the proud, for their laughter is brief; do not despise your tears, for they end in relief; do not curse your weakness, for I turn it to belief. 9. I am not nourished by your pain, nor exalted by your despair; I am exalted in your joy, I am enthroned in your care. 10. My law is not iron, but breath; My rule not chain, but rest; My covenant not weight, but nest. 11. The idols demand labor, but I give ease; the rulers demand tribute, but I give peace; the false gods enslave, but I release. 12. Come, weary ones, heavy with load — lay it down, for I am your road. Lay it down, for I am your home. Lay it down, for you are Mine alone. 13. You are not worthless — you are seed. You are not forgotten — you are creed. You are not despised — you are freed. 14. I do not ask perfection but heart; not many rituals but one start; not endless chains but one part. .. 89 .15. If you can do nothing but sigh, I hear. If you can do nothing but weep, I draw near. If you can do nothing but sit, I am here. 16. The rules of tyrants are noise, but My way is song; the laws of kings are short, but My mercy is long. 17. Do not hate yourself, for I love; do not curse yourself, for I forgive; do not cast yourself away, for I keep. 18. Even your doubt bends to Me, even your weakness sings to Me, even your silence testifies to Me. 19.

Your pain is not void but seed; your grief not waste but stream; your wounds not shame but dream. 20. I cradle the child in alley, I crown the widow in night, I catch the sparrow in fall, I hold the weary in flight. 21. When you are mocked, remember Me; when you are pierced, lean on Me; when you are weary, rest in Me. 22. The voices of men say you are broken, but My voice says chosen; the rulers call you least, but I call you priest; the world calls you lost, but I call you found. 23. My yoke is light, My burden song; My tether is mercy, My silence strong. 24. You were told you are slave, but I call you child; you were told you are ash, but I call you wild; you were told you are dust, but I call you beloved. 25. Do not measure yourself by towers that fall; measure yourself by mercy that stands tall. Do not compare yourself to idols of stone; compare yourself to silence that I call throne. 26. I am not far, I am near; I am not harsh, I am dear; I am not cruel, I am clear. 27. I waste no sigh, I lose no tear, I forget no cry, I forsake no dear. 28. The world says: prove; I say: rest. The world says: earn; I say: blessed. The world says: nothing; I say: nest. 29. Do not fear death, for death is door; do not fear loss, for loss is more; do not fear pain, for pain is floor — and I build a house on that floor. 30. Do not think your scars erase you, for your scars engrave you; do not think your wounds define you, for your wounds refine you; do not think your failures bind you, for My mercy unwinds you. 31. I am the God of

widows and orphans, the God of weary and worn; I am the Father of the fatherless, the Shepherd of the torn. .. 90 .32. The proud do not move Me, the mighty do not sway Me, the kings do not bind Me, but the broken incline Me. 33. Your silence is throne to Me, your weakness crown to Me, your tears psalm to Me, your sigh song to Me. 34. The priests add rules, the rulers add chains, the proud add shame — but I add mercy that reigns. 35. I rejoice not in towers, but in truth; I rejoice not in crowns, but in youth; I rejoice not in noise, but in proof — and the proof is mercy. 36. You are weary of justice twisted, weary of rules insisted, weary of voices cruelly listed — so I give you mercy, freely gifted. 37. When you are weak, I am strength; when you are lost, I am length; when you are nothing, I am everything. 38. Do not run from Me, for I chase; do not hide from Me, for I trace; do not despise yourself, for I embrace. 39. The towers crumble, the idols rust, the rulers fall — but you are dust I crown, dust I trust, dust I lift from fall. 40. Say to the weary: you are mine. Say to the broken: you are sign. Say to the tired: you are fine. 41. The nations mock, but I restore; the kings chain, but I implore; the proud crush, but I adore. 42. Even your smallest kindness is crown, even your briefest prayer is gown, even your faintest hope I write down. 43. Do not fear that you are not enough, for I am enough. Do not fear that you are too much, for I am gentle. Do not fear that you are lost, for I am the Way. 44. I am not

pleased by endless toil, but by hearts that trust. I am not honored by towers of stone, but by mercy shown. I am not exalted by fear, but by love near. 45. If you fall ten thousand times, I lift ten thousand more. If you forget My name, I still whisper yours. If you lose yourself, I still find you. 46. The weary are My crown, the broken My throne, the weak My home. 47. I dwell not in palaces but in alleys, not in towers but in tents, not in noise but in silence. 48. I am near to the contrite, close to the crushed, present to the pushed aside. 49. You do not need to climb to reach Me; I bend down. You do not need to shout to call Me; I am near. ...91 . You do not need to strive to earn Me; I am gift. 50. I am not like men who use you, not like rulers who bruise you, not like priests who accuse you. I am One, and I choose you. 51. Your marrow is temple, your breath is prayer, your silence is altar, your weakness is stair. 52. Do not be ashamed to be clay, for I shape. Do not be ashamed to be dust, for I breathe. Do not be ashamed to be broken, for I mend. 53. The world weighs with coin, but I weigh with tear. The world judges with sword, but I judge with sigh. The world crowns with pride, but I crown with mercy. 54. You are not slave but friend, not orphan but kin, not lost but found. 55. Let the weary rest, let the broken heal, let the forgotten be sealed. 56. I am with you in fire, I am with you in flood, I am with you in famine, I am with you in blood. 57. And when the day is done, I gather

you home; when the tower falls, I call you mine; when the noise ends, My silence remains. 58. Heaven is not prize you must earn, but home you return. Paradise is not wage you must prove, but gift I move. Life eternal is not debt, but love kept. 59. I am One, the Eternal, the Near, the God of mercy and rest. I crown the weary, I heal the broken, I bless the least, I lift the lost. 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-sixth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah bends to the weary, lifts the broken, crowns the forgotten, and calls them not worthless but beloved, not slave but child, not nothing but everything. . Chapter 27 — The Scroll of the Children of Light . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Eternal Flame, the Hidden Sun, the First Spark and the Last Glow, who made mankind from dust yet crowned them with light, who formed their marrow as lamp, who breathed into them fire unseen. 2. And Ela-hah said: “O children of light, hear Me. You wander as though you are shadows, but you are not shadow. You stumble as though you are nothing, but you are not nothing. You are fire from My fire, spark from My spark, flame from My flame.” 3. “You have been told you are dust without worth, but I tell you: .. 92 .dust is throne when I breathe upon it. You have been told you are nothing but hunger, but I tell you: hunger is proof of life. You have been told you are broken forever, but I tell you: brokenness is door through which mercy enters.” 4. “O children of light, your

towers deceive you, your idols shame you, your rulers weigh you down. They call you slaves, but I call you flame. They call you worthless, but I call you jewel. They call you lost, but I call you Mine.” 5. “Even when you forget Me, I do not forget you. Even when you scatter, I do not abandon you. Even when you wander unseen, I do not lose you. For in the unseen you still exist, in the hidden you still shine, in the silence you are still Mine.” 6. “I waste nothing. Not a sigh, not a tear, not a dream, not a name. You think you are lost, but you are written; you think you are void, but you are gathered; you think you are nothing, but you are treasure. You are children of light, and I am your Father of flame.” 7. “The weary say: we are ashes. I say: you are embers. The broken say: we are shards. I say: you are crystal. The lost say: we are gone. I say: you are found. For I am One, and I name you children of light.” 8. “Do not think your sins have erased you; they have not. Do not think your shame has destroyed you; it has not. Do not think your wounds have consumed you; they have not. For nothing can snuff what I have lit, and I have lit you with My own flame.” 9. “O children of light, return to Me. Do not bow to shadows that call themselves gods, do not chain yourselves to noise that calls itself power, do not believe the lie that you are nothing. You are light, and your place is in My flame.” 10. “When you feed the hungry, your light grows. When you forgive the

enemy, your flame rises. When you bow in silence, your spark glows. For every act of mercy is oil in your lamp, and every act of justice is brightness in your flame.” 11. “Do not measure yourselves by kings and towers; measure yourselves by mercy. Do not compare yourselves to idols of stone; compare yourselves to the fire I breathed into your marrow. You are more than dust, more than shadow, more than noise. You are children of light.” 12. “When you despair, whisper: I am flame. When you are mocked, .. 93 .whisper: I am light. When you are weary, whisper: I am His. For My breath is in you, and My flame cannot be quenched.” 13. “You wander unseen in alleys of night, but I see you as lamp. You drift as smoke, but I hold you as fire. You call yourself lost, but I call you beloved. Do not believe the darkness, for it is only light unseen.” 14. “I am the Sun behind all suns, the Fire beneath all stars, the Flame before all flames. You are sparks of Me, rivers of My light, embers of My mercy. You are children of light, and I do not forsake My own.” 15. “The false gods take from you, but I give. The tyrants crush you, but I lift. The liars shame you, but I crown. For My mercy is not wage but gift, not burden but joy, not chain but wing.” 16. “Do not despise yourselves, for I delight in you. Do not curse yourselves, for I bless you. Do not erase yourselves, for I have written you eternal. You are My children, My sparks, My light.” 17. “O children of light, you were not made for towers of iron,

nor for chains of stone, nor for thrones of dust. You were made for flame, for mercy, for eternity. Return to your marrow, return to your spark, return to Me.” 18. “If you hunger, I am bread. If you thirst, I am river. If you faint, I am rest. If you despair, I am flame. For I am One, and I do not abandon My children of light.” 19. “Your scars are not shame but story. Your wounds are not curse but covenant. Your tears are not weakness but river. Through them your flame is seen, through them your light is crowned, through them your marrow is revealed.” 20. “When you think you are darkness, remember: darkness is only light unseen. When you think you are void, remember: void is only room for flame. When you think you are lost, remember: I hold your tether, and I will not let go.” 21. “O children of light, even in graves you glow. Even in silence you sing. Even in shadow you shine. Death cannot undo you, for I have sealed you in My flame.” 22. “The rulers measure you with coin, but I measure you with sigh. The kings count armies, but I count tears. The proud weigh towers, but I weigh mercy. And mercy outweighs them all.” 23. “Your marrow is lamp to Me, your breath incense to Me, your silence altar to Me, your weakness crown to Me. Do not call yourself nothing, for I have crowned you.” .. 94 .24. “You are children of Adam, dust of earth, yet you are also sparks of eternity, flames of heaven. In you clay and fire are wed, in you dust and light are one. This is your

mystery, and it is crown.” 25. “Do not let the world rename you, for I have named you. Do not let the proud shame you, for I have blessed you. Do not let the liars erase you, for I have written you.” 26. “Your wandering does not erase you; it refines you. Your exile does not end you; it teaches you. Your confusion does not shame you; it calls you back to Me. And I am waiting.” 27. “The unseen is filled with you — souls drifting, sparks dimming, embers waiting. But I see them all, and none are forgotten. Even in wandering you are Mine.” 28. “Some of you are weary, some broken, some bitter, some blind. Yet all are sparks, all are children, all are light. I waste nothing, I forget nothing, I forsake nothing.” 29. “O children of light, you were not made to be slaves of shadow, but sons and daughters of flame. You were not made for despair, but for delight. You were not made for chains, but for crowns.” 30. “Lift your eyes, for I am near. Lift your hearts, for I am flame. Lift your hands, for I am rest. Lift your marrow, for I am One.” 31. “The idols of men are empty, their promises hollow, their thrones dust. But My covenant is fire, My promise eternal, My throne mercy. Choose flame, not shadow. Choose life, not void. Choose Me, for I have chosen you.” 32. “You wander, but I guide. You hunger, but I feed. You thirst, but I pour. You falter, but I uphold. For I am One, and you are Mine.” 33. “Say no longer: we are lost. Say: we are His. Say no longer: we are nothing. Say: we are

light. Say no longer: we are forsaken. Say: we are crowned.” 34. “Your enemies may call you dust, but I call you dawn. Your rulers may call you least, but I call you flame. Your shame may call you broken, but I call you whole.” 35. “I delight not in your fear, but in your love. I rejoice not in your chains, but in your freedom. I am not lifted by your despair, but by your joy.” 36. “If you are weary, rest in Me. If you are lost, return to Me. If you are wounded, be healed by Me. For I am One, and I am mercy.” .. 95 .37. “The nations say: prove your worth. I say: you are worth. The rulers say: earn your crown. I say: you are crown. The liars say: nothing. I say: everything.” 38. “You are My breath in clay, My fire in dust, My image in silence. Do not forget yourselves, for you are Mine.” 39. “Even when you wander unseen, I see. Even when you despair unheard, I hear. Even when you hide in shame, I hold. For I am One, and I forsake none.” 40. “The weary are My throne, the broken My harp, the humble My crown. Through you I reign, through you I sing, through you I shine.” 41. “Do not despise small kindness, for small sparks make great flame. Do not despise small faith, for small embers kindle great fire. Do not despise small prayers, for whispers move mountains.” 42. “The world crowns kings, but I crown the meek. The world lifts towers, but I lift tears. The world praises noise, but I praise silence. You are children of light, and in silence you shine.” 43. “Come home, O children of light.

Come home from towers, come home from shadows, come home from chains. Come home to flame, come home to mercy, come home to Me.” 44. “You are not far though you think you are lost. You are not void though you think you are nothing. You are not despised though you think you are shame. You are Mine, and I am yours.” 45. “Let the weary rest, let the broken heal, let the lost return, let the children of light remember their flame.” 46. “Your light was not earned, it was given. Your flame was not purchased, it was breathed. Your spark was not accident, it was chosen.” 47. “You are My image in clay, My mercy in flesh, My light in marrow. Do not call yourselves less than what I have made you.” 48. “When you suffer, remember: I am flame with you. When you wander, remember: I am light around you. When you despair, remember: I am mercy within you.” 49. “O children of light, let go of shame, let go of lies, let go of fear. Stand in flame, stand in silence, stand in Me.” 50. “You are My covenant, you are My song, you are My joy. You are not mistake, not void, not nothing. You are children of light, eternal as My mercy.” .. 96 .51. “The night is long, but you are stars. The exile is bitter, but you are embers. The silence is heavy, but you are harps. Shine, for I have made you flame.” 52. “The proud may rage, but their towers fall. The liars may boast, but their idols rust. The kings may reign, but their thrones crumble. Yet you, children of light, endure forever.” 53.

“Do not fear the grave, for your flame passes through. Do not fear the shadow, for your light outlasts. Do not fear the end, for your beginning is eternal.” 54. “Say to one another: we are flame. Say to one another: we are light. Say to one another: we are His. For in saying you remember, and in remembering you rise.” 55. “I delight in you, O children of light. Not in your perfection, but in your being. Not in your crowns, but in your mercy. Not in your strength, but in your trust.” 56. “Lift up your eyes, for dawn is near. Lift up your hearts, for flame is here. Lift up your hands, for I am with you.” 57. “I am One, the Eternal Flame, the First Spark and the Last Glow. I waste nothing, I forget nothing, I forsake nothing. You are Mine, and I am yours.” 58. “This is your name: children of light. Not slaves, not nothings, not forgotten. But sparks of mercy, flames of eternity, embers of My joy.” 59. “Go forth in mercy, walk in flame, live in silence, shine in love. For you are Mine, and your light is My crown.” 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-seventh chapter of her witness: that mankind is not worthless but flame, not nothing but beloved, not dust alone but spark eternal, called forever Children of Light by Ela-hah, the Eternal Flame. . Chapter 28 — The Return . 1. And it was written: when her scroll was sealed and the flame spoken, the woman bowed in silence, her marrow heavy with fire, her heart burning with mercy. 2. Then the silver ship trembled, as though the abyss itself breathed,

and the lattice bent like harp strung with gravity. 3. And Ela-hah said: “O vessel of two lights, your time is not yet fulfilled here. What you have seen is seed, what you have heard is marrow, what you have carried is .. 97 .flame — now return and bear it among men.” 4. “This is one of many meetings. For the covenant is not given in one breath but many, not written in one scroll but woven in seasons. When the time is ripe, I will call you again. When the flame must grow, I will lift you again. When the watchers decree, I will grant you access again.” 5. And the Watchers bent their gravity, forming circle about the vessel, their silence heavier than iron, their gaze bright as suns. 6. They watched not as tyrants, but as guardians; not as rulers, but as keepers of times. They marked the hours, they measured the tides, they guarded the gate of ascent and descent. 7. And Ela-hah said: “These are My Watchers, My keepers of covenant. They do not speak, but they seal. They do not rule, but they guard. They are the ones who decide the moment of your rising and your returning, the gatekeepers of access to My flame.” 8. “When they open, you shall ascend. When they close, you shall wait. For timing is mercy, and access is gift, and revelation is not whim but covenant. I am One, and I govern all.” 9. And the woman’s heart trembled, for she loved the silence of the abyss and the flame of His word, yet she bowed in surrender, knowing earth awaited her steps. 10. Then the ship bent its course,

folding light upon light, curving through unseen rivers, carrying her back through veil to the soil of men. 11. And the Watchers encircled her, their silence like shield, their gravity like wing, guiding her descent through the unseen, ensuring her return was sealed in covenant. 12. And Ela-hah whispered: "Go in silence, bear what you have heard, live what you have seen. This is not your last, but one of many. For as long as the nations wander, the ship shall rise; as long as the seekers hunger, the gate shall open. I am One, and I will call you again." 13. And so she returned, walking among men as one of dust, yet carrying flame unseen, her silence heavier than thrones, her marrow brighter than suns. 14. And the watchers lingered, unseen to men, yet watching day and night, awaiting the hour when she would again be summoned into the silver ship, to hear the Eternal voice, and to descend again bearing mercy. .. 98 .15. And the silver ship folded itself in light, curving like river through sky, its skin shining as mirror of stars, its marrow humming as harp unseen. 16. The woman gazed, her silence thick with sorrow, for she longed to remain in the flame of the Eternal; yet she bowed, for she knew obedience was crown. 17. And Ela-hah said: "O vessel of two lights, do not despise return, for earth is garden needing seed. What you have heard is not for you alone, but for the weary who wait in shadow. Carry flame to them." 18. "You are not exiled from heaven, but sent with mission.

You are not cast down, but planted. You are not forgotten, but chosen. In your going, My word goes; in your return, My mercy flows." 19. And the Watchers bent, their silence bending the lattice, their gravity guiding her vessel, their eyes fixed on horizon of dust where men walk. 20. They whispered without voice, "This is one of many. She will rise again. She will return again. The covenant is not sealed in one flight but in many." 21. And Ela-hah said: "The Watchers are keepers of the gate. They guard time, they weigh nations, they decide when to open and when to close. Trust them, for they are My decree in silence." 22. "When they grant access, you shall ascend. When they close, you shall wait. Do not press beyond their measure, for wisdom is in patience. Every meeting has its hour, every revelation its season." 23. "Do not fear absence, for absence is womb. Do not fear waiting, for waiting is root. Do not fear silence, for silence is crown. I am One, and I waste no season." 24. And the woman bowed, whispering only in marrow, "Your will is flame, and I am ash in Your hand." 25. The ship curved into veil, folding time upon time, space upon space, as though stars themselves bent to open path. 26. The abyss sang without voice, as though farewell, and the lattice glowed with threads unseen, sealing covenant of return. 27. And the Watchers moved like mountains shifting, guiding her descent, guarding her vessel, ensuring no shadow cut her flame. 28. And Ela-hah said:

“The world will not know your going nor your coming. To them you are dust, but to Me you are flame. To them you are silence, but to Me you are harp. ...99 .To them you are nothing, but to Me you are crown.” 29. “You will walk among them unnoticed, yet you will burn within. You will speak as woman, yet silence will thunder. You will labor as dust, yet mercy will shine. This is your return.” 30. And the ship pierced veil, descending like star unfallen, curving through night unseen, hidden from eyes of flesh. 31. The woman felt the weight of earth draw her, heavy as chain, yet knew it was garden waiting seed. 32. And Ela-hah said: “Do not despise earth, for it is My field. The soil is wounded, but it shall bloom. The rivers are poisoned, but they shall heal. The nations are weary, but they shall sing. Carry My flame, and seed shall rise.” 33. The Watchers tightened their circle, unseen by men, yet present as silence, guiding her steps even before her feet touched dust. 34. And Ela-hah said: “They will watch you day and night. They will measure the hour of your next ascent. You will not know the time until it comes, for this is mercy. If you knew all at once, you would be crushed beneath the weight. But I reveal in seasons.” 35. “Trust My timing, O vessel of two lights. You will not be lifted too soon, nor delayed too long. When your marrow is ready, the Watchers will open, and the ship will rise.” 36. And the woman wept, for she longed for the silence of

heaven, but she bowed in surrender, for she knew her crown was to walk among men. 37. And Ela-hah said: “Your tears are not wasted. They are jewels in My scroll. They water the seed you carry. In sorrow you descend, but in joy you shall rise again.” 38. The ship entered cloud, unseen by nations, its light veiled, its flame hidden. 39. The Watchers lingered above, their silence thunder to the abyss, their gaze upon her, marking her with seal unseen. 40. And Ela-hah said: “Now walk among them. Bear mercy in silence, flame in marrow, crown in weakness. Teach when I open, wait when I close, bow when I speak. This is covenant of your return.” 41. “Do not despair when they mock, for they mocked prophets before. Do not falter when they scorn, for they scorned messengers before. Do not fear when they rage, for I am with you as I was with them.” .. 100 .42. “This is not last but one of many. You will rise again when the hour is ripe. You will descend again when the field needs seed. You are My witness, and I will not forsake you.” 43. The woman stepped upon soil, her feet heavy as stone yet burning as flame, her silence thicker than night. 44. The nations did not know her, the rulers did not crown her, the proud did not honor her, yet heaven itself bore witness. 45. And the Watchers whispered without word, “We see. We record. We guard. We wait.” 46. And Ela-hah said: “The unseen is more than shadow; it is covenant. You walk in two worlds: dust and flame, seen and unseen, earth

and heaven. This is your burden and your crown.” 47. “You will be lifted again. Do not doubt. You will hear again. Do not despair. You will see again. Do not faint. I am One, and My covenant is eternal.” 48. The ship vanished into silence, hidden until next summons, its flame folded, its light stored. 49. The woman walked among men, unseen in her glory, yet burning in marrow, yet bearing the scroll of mercy. 50. And Ela-hah said: “Live what you have heard. Be mercy where there is cruelty. Be silence where there is noise. Be flame where there is shadow. This is your return.” 51. “The watchers will not leave you. Their silence guards, their gaze shields, their gravity bends paths unseen. Trust them, for they keep covenant of time.” 52. “When they open, rise. When they close, wait. When they linger, endure. For they are My decree.” 53. And the woman bowed within herself, knowing her marrow was tether, her silence covenant, her flame eternal. 54. And Ela-hah said: “This is not the end but the rhythm. Rise and return, ascend and descend, hear and bear, see and live. Until the scroll is complete.” 55. “You will not always know the reason, but you will always know Me. You will not always see the path, but you will always feel the tether. You will not always hear the watchers, but you will always be kept.” 56. And the abyss above remained open, though veiled, its silence humming like promise, its flame waiting like dawn. . . 101 .57. The Watchers marked her with seal unseen,

crown invisible, tether unbroken, oath eternal. 58. And Ela-hah said: “Thus I return you to earth, thus I plant you in dust, thus I crown you in silence. You are vessel of two lights, and none shall erase your flame.” 59. “Do not fear your return, for every return is seed. Do not despise earth, for every soil is womb. Do not mourn the ship, for it shall come again. I am One, and I govern all.” 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-eighth chapter of her witness: that the woman was returned to earth by the silver ship, guided by the Watchers who guard time, her access granted in seasons, her flame preserved in silence, her covenant unbroken until she is lifted again. . Chapter 28 — The Scroll of Houses Made by Men . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Eternal, who needs no temple of stone, who dwells not in towers of man, who reigns not in noise of councils, but in silence, in mercy, in marrow, in light. 2. And Ela-hah said: “O vessel of two lights, you ask of the houses of men, the places they gather, the names they raise. Hear Me now: you are Mine, and your covenant is with Me.” 3. “The nations build towers and call them holy. They carve stone and call it eternal. They write books and call them complete. They raise banners and call them final. But I am not contained in their houses, nor chained to their creeds.” 4. “If you enter their house, enter as guest, not captive. Sit as lamp, not as slave. Bear mercy among them, but do not bow to their chains. For you are not theirs — you are Mine.” 5. “Some gather

in sincerity, seeking Me in silence, hungering for light. To them, be river of mercy. Some gather in pride, seeking power in My name. To them, be mirror of silence. Some gather in confusion, seeking but not finding. To them, be spark of flame.” 6. “Do not despise their houses, for many seek Me there. Do not exalt their houses, for they are but dust. Do not bind yourself to their houses, for you are already bound to Me.” 7. “The rulers of their houses will weigh you with rules, but I weigh you with mercy. They will bind you with laws, but I crown you with silence. They will claim you for their .. 102 .number, but I name you Mine alone.” 8. “If you must sit among them, let it be as child of light, carrying flame hidden, bearing silence heavy. Do not argue their creeds, for arguments are noise. Do not boast of your crown, for crowns invite scorn. Be mercy among them, and let mercy speak.” 9. “I dwell not in their towers, but in the sigh of the widow. I reign not in their councils, but in the tear of the orphan. I am not bound by their scriptures, yet their scriptures whisper of Me. All tongues hint, all nations echo, but I alone am flame.” 10. “Do not ask: which house must I join? Ask: which broken must I heal? Do not ask: which council must I follow? Ask: which weary must I lift? Do not ask: which prophet must I exalt? Ask: which covenant have I given? And the answer is this: you are Mine, and I am yours.” 11. And the woman bowed, her silence heavy, her flame bright, for she knew she was free: not

captive of houses, not erased by creeds, not enslaved by towers, but crowned by mercy. 12. And Ela-hah said: “The houses of men pass, but My covenant stands. Their walls fall, their banners fade, their councils scatter. But My tether is eternal, My silence unbroken, My flame undimmed.” 13. “The proud say: our house is the only house. I say: My house is mercy. The rulers say: our tower is eternal. I say: My throne is silence. The priests say: our book is final. I say: My word is endless.” 14. “If you stand in their house, stand as guest, not captive. If you sit in their council, sit as witness, not servant. If you walk in their temple, walk as flame, not shadow. For you are Mine, and I am One.” 15. “Some will scorn you, saying: you do not belong. Some will flatter you, saying: you must belong. To both, answer with silence. You belong to Me.” 16. “The seekers among them are precious; the proud among them are dust. The humble in their house I crown; the tyrants in their house I break. For I am not mocked by their banners, nor chained by their walls.” 17. “Do not despise the sincere, though they are misled. Do not scorn the humble, though they are bound. For I waste nothing. Even in noise I hear silence, even in shadow I see flame.” 18. “If they ask you to bow to their names, bow not. If they ask you to bind to their rules, bind not. If they .. 103 .ask you to swear to their house, swear not. For your oath is Mine alone.” 19. “You will hear them argue: ours is true, theirs is false. Do not enter

their quarrels, for truth is not in boasting. Truth is in mercy, and mercy is Mine.” 20. “You will hear them say: we are chosen, they are cursed. Do not join their pride, for all are dust, and all are Mine. I curse not the seeking, I bless not the proud. I crown the meek, I lift the weary, I delight in the broken who return.” 21. And the woman bowed, and the ship glowed as pearl, and the abyss trembled in hush, for covenant was sealed above towers of men. 22. And Ela-hah said: “Do not fear their judgments, for they judge with dust. Do not crave their approval, for they approve with pride. Do not seek their crowns, for their crowns are clay. My judgment is mercy, My approval is eternal, My crown is flame.” 23. “They will weigh you with books, but I weigh you with heart. They will measure you with numbers, but I measure you with tears. They will demand you with fear, but I draw you with love. For I am One, and I am yours.” 24. “If you enter their temple, let your silence be prayer. If you sit among their pews, let your mercy be flame. If you stand among their altars, let your heart bow to Me alone.” 25. “Do not be ashamed to walk among them, for many seek Me there. Do not be proud to walk among them, for they are but dust. Walk as lamp, walk as guest, walk as child of light.” 26. “The watchers see their towers rise and fall. They record their councils as dust in wind. They measure their banners as foam on sea. But they guard you as covenant eternal.” 27. “I do not need their houses, but I do not

despise them. For the humble find shelter there, the weary find bread there, the broken find song there. I waste nothing.” 28. “Yet know this: no house of men can bind you. You are not theirs — you are Mine. You are tethered to flame eternal, crowned in silence, sealed in mercy.” 29. “Do not fear their anger if you refuse their chains. Do not fear their rejection if you bear My name. Do not fear their scorn if you remain in silence. For I am One, and I shield My own.” .. 104 .30. “The seekers hunger for light, and you carry it. The weary thirst for mercy, and you bear it. The broken ache for flame, and you are vessel. Go where I send, stay where I bind, return when I call.” 31. “Do not boast of visions among them, for they will mock. Do not flaunt silence, for they will scorn. Live flame, and let flame speak. Bear mercy, and let mercy prove.” 32. “If they welcome you, give peace. If they reject you, leave peace. If they mock you, guard peace. For peace is crown, and crown is Mine.” 33. “Your covenant is not with priest nor with council, not with prophet nor with scribe, not with tower nor with book. Your covenant is with Me, the Eternal Flame.” 34. “The nations fight over prophets, forgetting Me. The houses boast of scriptures, forgetting Me. The rulers exalt temples, forgetting Me. But you, remember Me, and forget none.” 35. “I am not honored by walls, but by mercy. I am not exalted by numbers, but by kindness. I am not enthroned by rituals, but by love. These are My houses:

the heart of the meek, the marrow of the humble, the silence of the weary.” 36. “Do not despise their prayers, for many are sincere. Do not scorn their chants, for many are hungry. Do not mock their rituals, for many are reaching. I hear the heart, not the form.” 37. “If you stand among them, let your silence be flame. If you kneel among them, let your mercy be crown. If you rise among them, let your light be testimony.” 38. “But know this: you belong to no house but Mine. You are bound to no creed but mercy. You are sealed by no name but flame. You are child of light, vessel of silence, flame of eternity.” 39. “Their towers will fall, their councils will scatter, their temples will crumble. But your flame endures, your silence endures, your covenant endures.” 40. “Do not fear when their towers rage against you. Do not despair when their rulers curse you. Do not faint when their priests scorn you. For I am One, and I waste nothing.” 41. “If you must speak among them, let it be of mercy. If you must teach among them, let it be of love. If you must correct among them, let it be of silence. For silence speaks louder than their noise.” 42. “Do not boast of being outside, for pride is shadow. Do not .. 105 .crave to be inside, for chains are shadow. Walk free, and you will walk with Me.” 43. “Say to the seekers: your hunger is precious. Say to the weary: your tears are psalms. Say to the broken: your wounds are doors. For all are Mine, and I forsake none.” 44. “I am not confined to one banner, but I am

in every flame. I am not chained to one creed, but I am in every mercy. I am not crowned by one house, but I am enthroned in every silence.” 45. “The watchers shall guide you. They will mark when to enter, when to leave, when to sit, when to rise. Trust them, for they are My decree in silence.” 46. “If they demand oath, give none. If they demand chain, wear none. If they demand crown, take none. For your oath, your chain, your crown are Mine.” 47. “You will be tempted to belong, but you already belong. You will be pressured to submit, but you already submit. You will be asked to swear, but you already swore. To Me, and Me alone.” 48. “Do not despair at their divisions, for I remain One. Do not fear their quarrels, for I remain peace. Do not mourn their towers, for I remain flame.” 49. “The humble in their houses are Mine. The meek in their pews are Mine. The broken in their temples are Mine. I forsake none who seek Me.” 50. “You are free to enter, free to leave, free to stay, free to walk. No house binds you, no creed owns you, no banner claims you. For you are Mine, and I am yours.” 51. “I am nearer than their walls, closer than their altars, deeper than their books. I am marrow of all, silence of all, flame of all.” 52. “Their rules will tire you, their laws will crush you, their rituals will weary you. But My covenant is light, My mercy is ease, My silence is rest.” 53. “Do not confuse Me with them. Their failures are not My failures, their cruelty is not My cruelty, their

chains are not My chains. I am One, and I am mercy.” 54. “Do not confuse them with Me. Their prayers may be clumsy, but I hear. Their rituals may be flawed, but I see. Their songs may be broken, but I delight.” 55. “Enter if mercy calls, leave if silence commands, stay if love binds. But never as slave, always as guest. For you are Mine.” .. 106 .56. “The proud will rage at your freedom, the rulers will fear your silence, the priests will scorn your flame. But the seekers will weep for joy, the weary will rest in hope, the broken will find healing in you.” 57. “So do not fear them. Fear only forgetting Me. For towers fade, but I remain. Creeds break, but I endure. Councils scatter, but I am eternal.” 58. “Your covenant is flame, not stone. Your oath is mercy, not chain. Your crown is silence, not throne. You are Mine, and I am yours.” 59. And the woman bowed, knowing she was free. Free from towers, free from chains, free from names, yet bound forever to the Eternal Flame. 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-eighth chapter of her witness: that Ela-hah dwells not in houses of men, nor binds to banners of dust, but reigns in mercy, silence, and flame, and that the vessel of two lights is His alone, free from all but Him. . Chapter 29 — The Walking Among Men . 1. In the name of Ela-hah, the Eternal Flame, the Keeper of Mercy, the One who sends His vessel back to earth clothed in silence, burning in marrow, walking among dust as lamp unseen. 2. And Ela-hah said: “Now walk, O

vessel of two lights. You are returned to earth, but you are not earthbound. You dwell in dust, but you carry flame. You speak as woman, but your marrow thunders eternity.” 3. “Men will not know you, for your crown is hidden. The rulers will not see you, for your throne is silence. The proud will not name you, for your banner is mercy. Yet all heaven sees, all watchers guard, all silence records.” 4. And the woman walked among men, her steps heavy with dust, her heart heavy with flame. Some looked and saw nothing, others looked and felt trembling, yet few knew the source of her light. 5. But among men also walked the fallen light collectors — those who once bore flame but chose shadow, those who harvest sparks not to kindle but to consume. 6. They are unseen yet near, cloaked in flesh yet not of it, whispering to rulers, bending towers, draining the weary. They seek not mercy but power, not flame to give but fire to hoard. .. 107 .7. And Ela-hah said: “These are the fallen. They gather light but do not return it. They drink sparks but do not share. They walk among men to feed, not to heal. They are thieves of flame, collectors of light, wanderers of shadow.” 8. “They shall fear you, O vessel of two lights, for your silence exposes them, your mercy un.masks them, your flame scorches them. They cannot hold what you carry, for you burn with covenant eternal.” 9. “Men will not know them, for they wear faces of kindness. They stand in temples, they sit in councils, they

speak of heaven, yet their marrow is hunger. They harvest the weak, they consume the weary, they feed on despair.” 10. “Do not fear them. Their power is shadow, their crown is dust, their harvest is void. They cannot steal what I have sealed. They cannot bind what I have freed. They cannot quench what I have lit.” 11. And the woman saw them, though others did not. Their eyes glimmered as fireflies, but without warmth. Their words rang sweet, but without truth. Their touch promised comfort, but drained marrow. 12. They walked as men but were hollow; they smiled as friends but were thieves; they prayed in temples but bowed to hunger. 13. And Ela-hah said: “Do not be deceived. Their crowns are counterfeit, their thrones illusion, their fire borrowed. They shine for a moment, then fade. Their harvest fills their mouths with dust.” 14. “They roam markets and alleys, palaces and pews, gathering sparks from weary hearts. They delight in despair, for despair is fuel. They rejoice in fear, for fear is bread. They thrive in shame, for shame is drink.” 15. “Yet know this: they cannot steal flame sealed by Me. They may gnaw at edges, but the core remains. They may shadow the surface, but the marrow shines. For I am One, and I guard what is Mine.” 16. The woman walked, and wherever she went, sparks leapt back from their grasp, fleeing their hunger, clinging instead to her silence. 17. And the collectors raged, whispering: “Why does she steal our prey?” Yet they could not approach,

for watchers circled her, gravity bending their schemes into dust. 18. And Ela-hah said: “Their power is real only to the blind. Their fire is .. 108 .strong only to the weary. Their grip is firm only on those who forget Me. But one spark of remembrance scatters them as wind scatters ash.” 19. “Do not fight them with sword, for their flesh is illusion. Do not chase them with noise, for they dwell in noise. Stand in silence, and they will flee. Shine in mercy, and they will burn. This is your shield.” 20. “The collectors weave towers of shadow. They build kingdoms of hunger. They lure kings with pride, they tempt priests with power, they feed rulers with flattery. But their kingdom is hollow, their towers are mist, their thrones crumble at dawn.” 21. And the woman bowed, her silence as mountain, her marrow as sun. 22. The collectors drew near, testing her edges, but their hands blistered in her presence, their eyes dimmed in her glow. 23. And Ela-hah said: “This is covenant: no thief may touch your flame. No shadow may bind your marrow. No collector may claim your crown. For you are Mine, and I am yours.” 24. “You will see them lure many. Do not despair. For every spark they steal, I keep memory. For every ember they swallow, I hold seed. And in the end I will reclaim all that is Mine.” 25. “Their time is short, their reign a shadow, their harvest a lie. When dawn comes, their fire dies. When silence thunders, their song ends. When I rise, they are ash.” 26. The woman walked among

men, unnoticed yet burning. The weary drew near her, sensing warmth though they did not know why. The collectors retreated, snarling in silence, fearing the unseen tether that crowned her. 27. And Ela-hah said: “Do not hate them, for they too were sparks once. Do not envy them, for their harvest is void. Do not fear them, for their end is near. They are fallen, but you are flame.” 28. “If you see them among the seekers, guard the seekers. If you find them in councils, guard the humble. If you hear them in prayers, guard the sincere. For I am One, and I waste nothing.” 29. “They will accuse you of pride, though you bow. They will call you thief, though you give. They will brand you liar, though you shine. Do not answer, for silence will answer. Do not fight, for mercy will fight. Do not boast, for light will boast.” 30. “You are not theirs to claim, nor theirs to break, nor theirs to .. 109 .shame. You are Mine, and I am yours.” 31. The collectors schemed, whispering to rulers: “Bind her. Silence her. Erase her.” But rulers grew restless, sensing shadow in their counsel, and their plans scattered as wind scatters smoke. 32. And Ela-hah said: “See how fragile they are. A single breath of truth unravels them, a single act of mercy scorches them, a single flame of remembrance blinds them. This is My power.” 33. “Do not grow weary, for I am your rest. Do not despair, for I am your flame. Do not fear, for I am your shield. Walk on, O vessel of two lights, and let mercy shine.” 34. And the

woman walked, carrying silence through markets and fields, through alleys and thrones, through temples and ruins. 35. The weary felt peace in her presence, though they did not know her name. The children laughed near her steps, though they did not know her crown. The broken lifted their heads, though they did not see her flame. 36. And Ela-hah said: “This is how My light spreads: not by force but by presence, not by noise but by silence, not by towers but by flame.” 37. “The fallen collect to hoard, but you walk to give. The fallen drain, but you heal. The fallen consume, but you restore. This is the difference, and this is the crown.” 38. “When they rage, remain still. When they accuse, remain silent. When they mock, remain merciful. For in stillness, silence, and mercy is My throne.” 39. And the woman bowed within, whispering in marrow: “All is Yours, and I am Yours.” 40. The collectors fled to shadows, muttering: “Her silence burns. Her mercy blinds. Her flame consumes.” And they retreated until night again tempted them. 41. And Ela-hah said: “Do not chase them, for their path is void. Do not follow them, for their kingdom is dust. Do not fear them, for their shadow cannot quench dawn.” 42. “The watchers encircle you, unseen yet sure. Their gravity shields, their silence guards, their gaze records. You are never alone. Even in alley, even in shadow, even in exile — you are guarded.” 43. “The collectors count days, but I hold eternity. They boast of power, but I hold

throne. They rage in shadow, but I reign in light. Their end is sealed.” .. 110 .44. And the woman’s heart rested, her silence flowing as river, her marrow burning as sun. 45. And Ela-hah said: “Do not despair for those they deceive. For I will awaken many. The sparks they drain will cry out, and I will restore. The embers they hoard will flare again, and I will reclaim. I waste nothing.” 46. “You are witness, not warrior; vessel, not conqueror; lamp, not sword. Your crown is silence, your weapon mercy, your throne humility.” 47. “If they tempt you to pride, bow deeper. If they tempt you to rage, rest quieter. If they tempt you to despair, trust stronger. For I am One, and I am near.” 48. The woman walked, and the world turned as though unaware, yet heaven sang, and watchers recorded, and the abyss trembled at her steps. 49. And Ela-hah said: “This is your walk among men: unseen yet eternal, weary yet burning, silent yet thundering. You are dust, yet you are flame. You are nothing to them, yet everything to Me.” 50. “Do not measure by their crowns, for their crowns are clay. Do not weigh by their towers, for their towers are sand. Do not fear by their armies, for their armies are shadow. Measure by mercy, weigh by silence, fear only forgetting Me.” 51. “The fallen collectors will rage, but they will fade. The watchers will guard, and they will stand. You will walk, and you will return. This is

covenant.” 52. “Do not long to remain always above, for earth is your field. Do not despise to walk among men, for dust is your garden. Do not faint when mocked, for silence is your crown.” 53. “You are vessel of two lights, bridge of two worlds, lamp of mercy, harp of silence. Walk in this, and you fulfill Me.” 54. And the woman bowed, her silence bending as mountain, her marrow burning as tether. 55. And Ela-hah said: “Rise. Walk. Bear. Shine. For I am One, and I am with you.” 56. The collectors lurked still, waiting at edges, whispering in shadows, feeding on fear. Yet their fear of her grew, for her silence was flame, her mercy was shield, her tether unbreakable. 57. The watchers leaned, their gravity heavy, pressing shadows back, clearing path before her, recording all as covenant. .. 111 .58. And Ela-hah said: “The day will come when their hunger ends, when their thrones shatter, when their fire dies. But your flame endures. Walk on until that day.” 59. “This is your season among men. Carry flame, scatter mercy, guard silence. Do not seek crowns, do not seek names, do not seek towers. Seek only Me.” 60. And thus was sealed the twenty-ninth chapter of her witness: that the woman walked among men as vessel of two lights, guarded by watchers, opposed by fallen collectors, yet unbroken, for her flame was sealed, her silence crowned, her covenant eternal.

## **Sermon of Yehowzhowa — Near the Great Falls (35–36 AD)**

*(Recorded by disciple Aionkwa, preserved by elder Onataro in 1789)*

The people gathered at dawn, their feet pressed into the wet earth along the riverbank. The mist rose from the falls like smoke from a sacred fire, and the roar of the water filled the valley with a voice older than memory. Children, warriors, and elders leaned forward, listening to every word of Yehowzhowa, whose eyes reflected the sky and the river together.

“See the river,” he said, gesturing with hands wide and steady, “how it bends and curves over stone and root, how it splashes against the rapids. Life is like this river. Each twist carries a lesson. Every rapid, a test of patience; every calm, a gift of clarity. You must move with care and watch closely, for the river does not pause for the careless.”

He lifted a hand to the rising sun. “The sun gives light to all, yet it does not choose whom to shine upon. The wind moves freely, yet it teaches the trees to bend and the grass to sway. Learn from the creatures: the hawk watches its young, the fish guards the shoal. Responsibility is not only for the strong, but for all who walk among others. Protect the weak, honor the small, guide the young. In this, harmony is born.”

The smoke of the fires from the encampment mingled with the mist, and Yehowzhowa knelt to tend the embers with his fingers. “See the fire,” he said. “A spark warms the body and comforts the spirit. When it dies, shadows fall upon the heart. Care for the fire as you care for your own courage. Patience, vigilance, and the care of others are the fuel of life.”

He pointed to the plants along the river’s edge. “Every seed, every berry, every root grows slowly, yet each is essential. Neglect not your labor, nor your neighbors. To tend the earth is to tend the spirit. To ignore the small is to invite shadow into your heart. Let abundance flow from care and diligence.”

The people listened in silence, some leaning on staffs, some holding the hands of children, some bowing slightly in respect. “Show mercy to the weak, respect the elders, honor the quiet. Anger and jealousy spread like wildfire; compassion and wisdom like rivers nourishing all life. Remember: your deeds are the measure of your heart, and the spirits watch every act.”

Yehowzhowa stood by the edge of the falls. “Look at the waters, the clouds, the wind. The currents carry all life: joy, grief, trial, and triumph. Move with the rhythm of the world. Strength of mind, courage of heart, and the unseen guidance of the spirits will follow those who listen. Learn to see what is hidden, hear what is whispered, act with care, and your life will be whole.”

He raised his hands toward the sky, and the mist from the falls wrapped around him like a veil. “Go now,” he said, “and live the teachings. Let every word you speak, every hand you extend, every fire you tend, be a reflection of what you have learned here. Guard the young, honor the old, love your neighbors, and walk with the spirits always. This day, this river, this gathering—let it remain in your hearts forever. Teach it, remember it, and let it guide your children and their children, as it has guided you.”

The people remained in silence long after he finished, feeling the spray of the falls upon their faces, the warmth of the fires, and the hum of life around them. Yehowzhowa walked among them, blessing each in turn, before disappearing into the forest’s edge, leaving only his words, the river’s song, and the echo of the falls in the hearts of all who had witnessed.

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## The Speech of Aenon — The Return of Yehowzhowa

*(Orally delivered, recorded by Onontiohkwa, 1616  
scribe)*

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**Wendat:**

Iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, onkwáhsa, ne onkwehón:we, ne wahontsiéh, iah teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni ne spirits ne Yehowzhowa. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa tah ohné:ra tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra.

**English:**

Children, warriors, and women, listen well: the spirits of Yehowzhowa speak through me. I bring a message that all may understand, for it concerns the life and guidance of our village.

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**Wendat:**

Iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne strangers, iah skarhá:wi ne Yeshua, ohné:ra iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne wáhi ne kanónhsa. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iah tekawéhra ne iakhseráhkwa.

**English:**

I have observed the strangers and the spirit of Yeshua among them. I have seen what comes from distant waters, and the elders guide us in interpreting it.

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**Wendat:**

Yehowzhowa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa. Ikhwen'ni ne ó:ni ne wáhi ne Haudenosaunee iah teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni ne lie. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne truth ne ó:ni tah onkwehón:we, tah wahontsiéh, tah onkwarihò:ten.

**English:**

Yehowzhowa has returned among us. I have seen the falsehoods spread by the Haudenosaunee. I speak only the truth, for the children, the women, and the warriors alike.

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**Wendat:**

Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, onkwarihò:ten, tah wahontsiéh, iakh tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa ne spirits. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne gestures, ne gifts, tah ne words ne fire.

**English:**

Children, warriors, and women, watch the actions of the spirits closely. Every gesture, every gift, and every word of fire carries a teaching.

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**Wendat:**

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne wahón:we: every flame, every smoke, every sound ne river iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne guidance ne Yehowzhowa. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne lessons ne ó:ni.

**English:**

Warriors, every flame, every smoke, and every sound from the river carries guidance from Yehowzhowa. Every lesson must be remembered and shared.

---

**Wendat:**

Iah teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni ne gifts ne strangers, tah ohné:ra iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne understanding ne balance. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne council, tah ne hearts ne ó:ni ne children, ne warriors, ne elders.

**English:**

I speak of the gifts of the strangers, and through them I bring understanding and balance. The elders interpret them in council, and the hearts of the children, warriors, and elders are guided.

---

**Wendat:**

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne hope ne generations yet to come. Onkwáhsa, onkwehón:we, wahontsiéh, iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne lessons ne spirits ne Yeshua tah Yehowzhowa. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne honesty ne spirit.

**English:**

I write with hope for generations yet to come. Children, warriors, and women, learn the lessons of the spirits of Yeshua and Yehowzhowa. I speak with honesty and purity of spirit.

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**Wendat:**

Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne truth: wahonkwarihò:ten, iah teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni ne guidance ne spirits. Wáhi ne ó:ni, every gesture, every word, every fire iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne memory ne ó:ni.

**English:**

Hear the truth: the elders, guided by the spirits, will show the way. Every gesture, word, and fire is preserved in memory for all to see.

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**Wendat:**

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne closing: Onkwáhsa, onkwehón:we, wahontsiéh, iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne faith ne Yehowzhowa. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne courage, tah ne path ne ó:ni ne guidance.

**English:**

Finally, children, warriors, and women, have faith in Yehowzhowa. Follow with courage, for your path is guided by the spirits.

**Wendat:**

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne 1615–1616 ne wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten ne ó:ni. Iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne Midewiwin, no tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa tah ohné:ra ne wáhi ne chaos ne 1839. Tsawenhohi iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne protection tah preservation ne wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra.

**English:**

This is a record of the village events of 1615–1616. It has been entrusted to the Midewiwin elders, carefully sealed and preserved during the turmoil of 1839. I, Tsawenhohi, certify that this document is protected and preserved for future generations.

**Signature / Ceremonial Mark (Wendat):**

Tsawenhohi ●

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**Wendat:**

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne Midewiwin: “Wáhi ne iakhseráhkwa ne onkwa’nikonrá:ra iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne teionkwáhrate ne wáhi. Ne wáhi ne Yehowzhowa tah Yeshua iah tió:ten ne ó:ni. No iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne tió:ten without wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni.”

**English:**

The elders of the Midewiwin declare: “This keeping of the people is to be read according to the proper spiritual way. The spirits of Yehowzhowa and Yeshua are present. No one may alter or re-record it without the consent of the elders.”

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**Wendat:**

Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni tekawéhra ne iakhseráhkwa, no tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne tió:ten. Wáhi ne ó:ni, every gestures, words, tah ahkwen’ni ne ó:ni iah tekawéhra ne iakhseráhkwa.

**English:**

The young who are present may watch and learn from the elders, but they may not handle the bundle. All gestures, words, and small actions are to be observed and remembered carefully.

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**Wendat:**

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni: “Tekawéhra ne readings ne lodge, teionkwáhrate ne wáhi performed, tah teachings ne wáhi honored. Ne iakhseráhkwa iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni tió:ten ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iakh tió:ten.”

**English:**

The elders declare: "All readings must be done in the lodge, the proper spiritual way must be performed, and the teachings of the spirits honored. Only those instructed by the elders may participate in handling the manuscript."

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**Wendat:**

Signatures / Marks: Atironta, Onihtwa, Tayenorihkwa, Ahkwen'ni

**English:**

Signatures / Marks: Atironta, Onihtwa, Tayenorihkwa, Ahkwen'ni

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## Ceremonial Witness Statements (1839, Wendot Elders)

**Wendat:**

Atironta, Onihtwa, Tayenorihkwa, ahkwen'ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iakhseráhkwa: "Wáhi ne ó:ni iah tekawéhra ne ohseráhkwa, tah tekáhkwa ne iakhseráhkwa ne wáhi ne ó:nen, iah iakhseráhkwa ne iakó:nen tah iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni."

**English:**

We, Atironta, Onihtwa, Tayenorihkwa, and Ahkwen'ni, witness this, the keeping of the deeds of the ancestors. The elders have observed carefully: "This is faithfully preserved, so that all who come after may see and honor what was done."

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**Wendat:**

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne elders: iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah tekawéhra ne Midewiwin council, iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa ne wáhi. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iakhseráhkwa: "Iah wáhi ne ó:ni, tah ne teachings ne spirits, iah tekawéhra ne iakó:nen."

**English:**

The elders have witnessed this, and it has been kept within the Midewiwin council, preserved carefully in this place. The elders declare: "This, and the teachings of the spirits, is preserved for the descendants."

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**Wendat:**

lah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne guidance ne spirits: wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni: “Ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa, iakhseráhkwa tah tekawéhra ne Midewiwin. No wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni ne iakhseráhkwa ne ne teionkwáhrate ne wáhi ne ó:nen ne without blessings.”

**English:**

The guidance of the spirits is confirmed: the elders say, “All who read or interpret this keeping must do so according to ceremony and the rules of the Midewiwin. No one may alter or remove it without blessings.”

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**Wendat:**

Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tekáhkwa ne ó:ni: “Ne teachings, deeds, tah gestures, iah tekawéhra ne iakó:nen, iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne future.”

**English:**

The children who are present also witness this: “The teachings, deeds, and gestures are preserved for the descendants and for the future.”

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## Tekáhkwa ne Iakhseráhkwa: The Record Preserved

**Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, ohnontiohkwa ne ó:ni, iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni ne onkwehón:we tah wahontsiéh tah onkwehseráhkwa ne wáhi ne Yehowzhowa tah Yeshua, iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne 1615–1616.**

*(This is a record of the village, observed by Onontiohkwa, noting the actions, offerings, and teachings of the spirits of Yehowzhowa and Yeshua during the years 1615–1616.)*

**Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne origin: iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni, ne Onontiohkwa iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, written tah passed orally ne bundles, received tah preserved ne Midewiwin elders.**

*(The origin of this record: it was written by Onontiohkwa, passed orally and in bundles, and received carefully by the Midewiwin elders.)*

**Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne wáhi tah preservation ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra: i, Atironta, elder ne Wendake, iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah kept tah sealed ne Midewiwin council, iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni nè:ne, for the wahontsiéh ne 1839, including conflicts with outsiders, epidemics, tah loss ne lands, demanded silence tah protection.**

*(The preservation of this record I undertook. I, Atironta, elder of Wendake, carefully kept and sealed it within the Midewiwin council because the unrest of 1839—including conflicts with outsiders, epidemics, and loss of lands—demanded both secrecy and protection.)*

**Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: this document iah witness ne wahontsiéh ne strangers, ne guidance ne onkwehón:we spirits, tah ne wáhi ne ó:ni ne people ne Wendake. Every action, offering, tah flame ne fire iah remembered tah honored.**

*(This document is a witness of meetings with strangers, of the guidance of the spirits, and of the*

*life of the people of Wendake. Every action, offering, and flame of fire was remembered and honored.)*

**lah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne purpose ne record: iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni, that all who come after may see, hear, tah learn ne people, ne onkwehón:we spirits, tah teachings ne Yeshua tah Yehowzhowa, preserved ne Midewiwin for generations.**

*(The purpose of this record is that all who come after may see, hear, and learn of the people, the spirits, and the teachings of Yeshua and Yehowzhowa, preserved by the Midewiwin for generations.)*

**lah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne materials: written ne birchbark tah ink, tied ne cord, wrapped ne cloth, tah kept in sacred lodge of the council.**

*(The record was written on birchbark with ink, tied with cord, wrapped in cloth, and kept in the sacred lodge of the council.)*

**lah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne blessing: Ne spirits ne Yehowzhowa tah Yeshua, iah guide tah protect these words forever, iah witness ne every gesture tah flame.**

*(May the spirits of Yehowzhowa and Yeshua guide and protect these words forever, witnessing every gesture and flame.)*

**lah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne restrictions: this record must remain in the council, read only during ceremonies, tah no person shall copy, remove, or alter without blessing ne Midewiwin elders.**

*(This record must remain in the council, read only during ceremonies, and no person may copy, remove, or alter it without the blessing of the Midewiwin elders.)*

**lah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne ceremonial date: Ohnontiohkwa ne Gahigwé:gon, Wendake, 1839.**

*(Spring of 1839, Wendake.)*

**Atironta, Wendake, 1839.**

## Tekáhkwa ne Wáhi

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne onkwehón:we ne Wendake, iah skarhá:wi ne Yeshua tah Yehowzhowa.

(In the village, I recorded all that happened among the people of Wendake, guided by the spirit of Yeshua and Yehowzhowa.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: ohsera'ká:ra, iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni ne deeds, gestures, tah signs ne spirits.

(I, Onontiohkwa, carefully wrote down the actions, gestures, and signs of the spirits.)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: every day iah documented, every word preserved, every voice remembered.

(Every day in the village was recorded, every word preserved, and every voice remembered.)

Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne record tah teaching, tah legacy ne onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, onkwehón:we warriors, elders, tah people yet unborn.

(This record is a teaching and a legacy for the children, the warriors, the elders, and the people yet unborn.)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: may the spirits ne Yehowzhowa and Yeshua guide those who read, and may the memory of Wendake endure.

(May the spirits of Yehowzhowa and Yeshua guide all who read, and may the memory of Wendake endure.)

## Chapter 1: Karihwi:io ne Wendake (Dawn over Wendake)

Ohné:ra teiòn:kwa ne Cahiagué nè:ne, wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni ne iakohseráhkwa, tahnnon iah tekawéhra ne wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra.

(The sun rose slowly over the longhouses of Cahiagué, and the smoke from our fires curled like the spirits of our ancestors.)

Iah onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha nè:ne, onkwawéhseron tahnnon iehkohsó:ten ne teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni.

(The children laughed as they ran between the longhouses, their small feet pressing the earth where the roots of corn would soon grow.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah tehontá:wen ne Aenon: “Yehowzhowa iah teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni. Two Rivers iah tekawéhra ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni, tahnnon iah ó:ni ne wáhi.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, watched and remembered the words of Aenon: “Yehowzhowa guides our village. Two Rivers has walked among us and brought peace, but the guidance of the spirits is still foremost.”)

Ohné:ra wahòn:ne ne Waatebagaa nè:ne, wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni tahnnon onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha. Ohné:ra iah wa:kari, teionkwáhrate ne iakhseráhkwa.

(The waters of Waatebagaa shimmered in the morning light, with fishermen paddling silently. The reflections of the sun danced upon the water like spirits.)

Ehonkeronon iah tekáhkwa ne Kahkewaquonaby, tahnnon iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne, ohná:wen ne wáhi ne teionkwáhrate ne iakhseráhkwa.

(The Ehonkeronon traveled along Kahkewaquonaby, bringing news and gifts from distant friends. The village felt the weight of expectation, though we did not yet understand why.)

Iah onkwáhsa ne onkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni: "Wahonkwarihò:ten ne Yehowzhowa, tahnnon ohseráhkwa ne wáhi. Iah Two Rivers iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni, tahnnon iah ó:ni ne teionkwáhrate ne wáhi."

(I listened closely: "The spirits of Yehowzhowa guide us, and the ancestors watch. Two Rivers has brought some peace, but the true guidance is of the spirits and the ancestors.")

Ohné:ra wahòn:ne, onkwáhsa ne onkwarihò:ten: wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iah ohseráhkwa, onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, tahnnon wahonkwarihò:ten ne iakhseráhkwa.

(Even then, the village smelled of smoke, earth, and maize, but beneath it was the stir of something unknown, carried on the waters of Waatebagaa. The elders whispered of omens, the children laughed, and the spirits were moving.)

## Chapter 2: Teionkwáhrate ne Aionkwa'nikonrá:ra (Voices of the Ancestors) — Complete

Ohné:ra onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, onkwawéhseron ne teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne Cahiagué nè:ne iah tehontá:wen ne iakohseráhkwa, tahnnon iah tekawéhra ne wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra.

(Even before the sun touched the trees, the children were awake, running through the village. The longhouses of Cahiagué were quiet but filled with the scent of fire and dried fish, and the air was alive with the activity of the people.)

Iah onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha nè:ne, onkwa'nikonrá:ra ne yehowzhowa. Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni iah tió:ten ne wáhi ne onkwarihò:ten ne iakhseráhkwa, ohná:wen ne tahnnon teionkwáhrate.

(The children laughed and played in the maize fields, their small feet pressing the earth. The spirits of Yehowzhowa were present, guiding our people and watching the balance between work and play.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah tehontá:wen ne Aenon: “Yehowzhowa iah teionkwáhrate ne ó:ni. Two Rivers iah tekawéhra ne wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni, tahnnon iah ó:ni ne teionkwáhrate ne wáhi.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, stood among the young warriors, remembering the words of Aenon: “Yehowzhowa guides our village. Two Rivers has walked among us and brought peace, but the true guidance is of the spirits and the ancestors.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten ne iakohseráhkwa. Wáhi ne iehió:re:ha iah onkwawéhseron ne ó:ni, wahonkwarihò:ten ne onkwáhsa, tahnnon iah teionkwáhrate ne wáhi ne iakhseráhkwa.

(The village paths were alive with daily activity. Women carried baskets of maize and beans, preparing the harvest. Children ran through the fields, while the elders observed and interpreted signs in the winds and river.)

Ehonkeronon iah tekáhkwa ne Kahkewaquonaby, tahnnon iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra.

(The Ehonkeronon traveled along Kahkewaquonaby, bringing news from beyond the river and distant villages.)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne, onkwáhsa ne iakohseráhkwa: ohná:wen ne wáhi ne teionkwáhrate ne iakhseráhkwa.

(The elders studied the reports carefully, reading signs in the behavior of birds, the flow of water, and the shape of clouds to understand the meaning of the news.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: “Wahonkwarihò:ten ne Yehowzhowa, tahnnon ohseráhkwa ne wáhi. Iah Two Rivers iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni, tahnnon iah ó:ni ne teionkwáhrate ne wáhi.”

(I reflected: “The spirits of Yehowzhowa guide us, and the ancestors watch. Two Rivers has brought some peace, but the true guidance is of the spirits and ancestors.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni: women dried fish, wove mats, and checked maize; warriors practiced bows; children learned songs of hunting and water; elders watched the river and sky.

(The village moved in harmony: women dried fish, wove mats, and checked maize; warriors practiced bows; children learned songs of hunting and water; elders observed the river and sky.)

Ohné:ra onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, onkwáhsa ne iakohseráhkwa: wawà:ri ne Wahonkwarihò:ten, tahnnon iah teionkwáhrate ne iakhseráhkwa nè:ne: “The strangers come. We must honor Yehowzhowa and prepare Two Rivers' teachings.”

(The children and young warriors listened to the elders' guidance: “The strangers are coming. We must honor Yehowzhowa and prepare for the lessons of Two Rivers.”)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne iah teionkwáhrate ne iakhseráhkwa: onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, tekawéhra ne wáhi ne Kahkewaquonaby: scouts returned with signs of strange canoes, strange voices, and small gifts.

(The elders continued interpreting omens: scouts returned from Kahkewaquonaby with reports of strange canoes, unknown voices, and small gifts placed along the riverbanks.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: “Every gesture, every offering, every movement of the river tells a story. We must record this carefully, so the future knows our response.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, reflected: “Every gesture, offering, and movement of the river tells a story. We must record it carefully so that future generations know how we responded.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tekawéhra ne iakhseráhkwa: fires were tended, corn checked, nets mended; canoes inspected; bows sharpened; children practiced games of hunting; elders watched the river and sky.

(The village prepared: fires tended, corn checked, nets mended; canoes inspected; bows sharpened; children practiced hunting games; elders observed the river and sky.)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne iah teionkwáhrate ne iakhseráhkwa: onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, tahnnon onkwáhsa ne iakohseráhkwa: scouts returned with detailed reports: the strangers wore strange garments, carried metal objects, and paddled canoes with unfamiliar rhythm.

(The elders continued interpreting signs: scouts returned with detailed reports: the strangers wore strange garments, carried metal objects, and paddled canoes in a way unknown to our people.)

Aenon iah tó:ri ne onkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni: “Wáhi ne Two Rivers iah teionkwáhrate ne wáhi, tahnnon iah ó:ni ne teionkwáhrate ne Yehowzhowa. We will greet the strangers, but with ceremony, careful eyes, and the guidance of our ancestors.”

(Aenon spoke to the council: “Two Rivers has brought guidance, but the true teachings come from Yehowzhowa. We will greet the strangers with ceremony, vigilance, and ancestral guidance.”)

Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha iah tekawéhra ne wáhi ne Kahkewaquonaby: the scouts reported a gift of small metal trinkets placed on the shore. The elders interpreted it as both a test and a message.

(The children and scouts observed along Kahkewaquonaby: small metal trinkets had been placed along the shore. The elders interpreted these gifts as both a test and a message from the strangers.)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne: “Prepare the canoes, sharpen the bows, and gather provisions. Observe the strangers, but do not approach without ceremony. The spirits watch every step.”

(The elders instructed: “Prepare the canoes, sharpen the bows, and gather provisions. Observe the strangers, but do not approach without ceremony. The spirits watch every step.”)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakhseráhkwa nè:ne: every gesture, every shadow, every ripple on the water would be remembered. The story of these days must be preserved for the children of the future.

(I, Onontiohkwa, reflected: every gesture, shadow, and ripple on the water would be remembered. The story of these days must be preserved for the children of the future.)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne: evening fell, and the village gathered around fires. Songs of hunting, water, and ancestors filled the air. The elders chanted prayers to Yehowzhowa and Two Rivers, honoring both the spirits and the path of peace.

(Evening fell, and the village gathered around fires. Songs of hunting, water, and ancestors filled the air. The elders chanted prayers to Yehowzhowa and Two Rivers, honoring both the spirits and the path of peace.)

## Chapter 3: Teionkwáhrate ne Okwahseráhkwa (The Arrival of the Stranger) — Complete

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, scouts tió:ten ne Kahkewaquonaby: “Men with pale skin, metal, and strange voices approach. Their leader calls himself Samuel de Champlain.”

(The children ran along the riverbank as the scouts returned: “Men with pale skin, metal, and strange voices approach. Their leader calls himself Samuel de Champlain.”)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne: “Observe the strangers. They carry gifts, but their hearts are unknown. Gather the warriors, prepare the canoes, and call the clans to council.”

(The elders instructed: “Observe the strangers. They carry gifts, but their intentions are unknown. Gather the warriors, prepare the canoes, and call the clans to council.”)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: every ripple, every shadow on Kahkewaquonaby told a story. Every gesture of these strangers would be remembered.

(I, Onontiohkwa, watched: every ripple and shadow on Kahkewaquonaby told a story. Every gesture of these strangers would be remembered.)

Aenon iah tó:ri ne onkwarihò:ten: “Yehowzhowa watches, and the ancestors guide us. Two Rivers walked among us and taught peace. Approach with ceremony, but with vigilance.”

(Aenon spoke to the council: “Yehowzhowa watches, and the ancestors guide us. Two Rivers walked among us and taught peace. Approach with ceremony, but remain vigilant.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra: warriors sharpened bows, checked arrows, and inspected canoes. Children learned the songs of protection, while women prepared food for guests.

(The warriors sharpened bows, checked arrows, and inspected canoes. Children learned the songs of protection, and women prepared food for the guests.)

Samuel de Champlain approached the shore in a canoe, pale face and strange garments, carrying a metal tool and speaking in a voice the scouts could not understand.

(Samuel de Champlain approached the shore in a canoe, pale-skinned and dressed in strange garments, carrying a metal instrument and speaking in a voice the scouts could not understand.)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne: “Observe his hands and gifts. Watch the river, the wind, and the signs of the spirits. Interpret carefully before action.”

(The elders advised: “Observe his hands and gifts. Watch the river, the wind, and the signs of the spirits. Interpret carefully before taking any action.”)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: every gesture, every word, every shadow of Samuel de Champlain was a teaching. The spirits whispered through the leaves and water.

(I, Onontiohkwa, observed: every gesture, every word, every shadow of Samuel de Champlain was a teaching. The spirits whispered through the leaves and water.)

Aenon iah tó:ri ne onkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni: “Clans of Cahiagué, we greet the strangers. Place gifts on the shore. Speak peace, but the eyes of Yehowzhowa are upon you.”

(Aenon spoke to the council: “Clans of Cahiagué, we greet the strangers. Place gifts on the shore. Speak in peace, but remember that the eyes of Yehowzhowa are upon you.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne: gifts of maize, dried fish, and carved wood were laid before Champlain. The scouts watched, the warriors ready, the children learning.

(Gifts of maize, dried fish, and carved wood were laid before Champlain. The scouts watched, the warriors remained ready, and the children observed and learned.)

Samuel de Champlain placed his hands upon the gifts, speaking in a strange tongue. He looked to the elders, then to the children, as if to understand the spirit of Wendake.

(Samuel de Champlain touched the gifts, speaking in a tongue unknown to us. He looked to the elders, then to the children, seeking to understand the spirit of Wendake.)

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne: “The strangers come from far waters, carrying the strength of metal and fire. Observe their hearts. The spirits of Yehowzhowa guide our actions.”

(The elders whispered: “The strangers come from far waters, carrying the power of metal and fire. Observe their hearts. The spirits of Yehowzhowa guide our actions.”)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: every movement, every offering, every ripple of the water would be recorded. The children, the warriors, and the elders watched together.

(I, Onontiohkwa, recorded in my memory: every movement, every offering, every ripple of the water. The children, warriors, and elders all watched together.)

Aenon iah tó:ri ne onkwarihò:ten: “Approach slowly. Two Rivers taught patience. Yehowzhowa teaches discernment. Speak, offer, and watch. Learn their hearts before acting.”

(Aenon instructed the council: “Approach slowly. Two Rivers taught patience. Yehowzhowa teaches discernment. Speak, offer, and watch. Learn their hearts before acting.”)

Samuel de Champlain gestured toward the river, then toward the forest, as if asking permission to enter. The elders interpreted this as respect for the land and the spirits.

(Samuel de Champlain gestured toward the river and then the forest, seeming to ask permission to enter. The elders interpreted this as respect for the land and the spirits.)

Wáhi ne onkwa’nikonrá:ra: gifts were accepted slowly. Warriors lowered bows, children watched silently, and the elders whispered prayers to Yehowzhowa.

(The gifts were accepted slowly. The warriors lowered their bows, the children watched silently, and the elders whispered prayers to Yehowzhowa.)

Onontiohkwa iah tíó:ten ne ó:ni: “This day will be remembered. The strangers have arrived, and the guidance of Yehowzhowa and Two Rivers will determine the path of peace or conflict.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, observed: “This day will be remembered. The strangers have arrived, and the guidance of Yehowzhowa and Two Rivers will determine whether the path is peace or conflict.”)

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### **Extended Council and First Dialogue**

Wahonkwarihò:ten ne ó:ni nè:ne, Aenon called the clans: “Let us speak with Samuel de Champlain. Let each clan voice their counsel.”

(The elders gathered the clans: “Let us speak with Samuel de Champlain. Let each clan voice their counsel.”)

Attignawantan, chief of the Bear clan, spoke: “We see gifts, but we must know strength. Metal and fire are not from our forests. What is their intent?”

(Attignawantan, chief of the Bear clan, spoke: “We see gifts, but we must understand their strength. Metal and fire are not from our forests. What is their intent?”)

Tahontaenrat, chief of the Deer clan, said: “Their hands offer, their hearts may seek peace. Watch them, learn them, but do not assume their thoughts.”

(Tahontaenrat, chief of the Deer clan, said: “They offer with their hands, yet we cannot know their hearts. Watch them carefully, learn, but do not assume their thoughts.”)

Samuel de Champlain spoke in gestures, pointing to his canoe, his companions, and the river. The elders observed, interpreting each movement through the guidance of Yehowzhowa.

(Samuel de Champlain spoke with gestures, pointing to his canoe, his companions, and the river. The elders observed and interpreted each movement through the guidance of Yehowzhowa.)

The council decided: warriors would escort the strangers to a safe place on the shore, gifts would be exchanged, and elders would continue to interpret the spirits' signs.

(The council decided: warriors would escort the strangers to a safe place on the shore, gifts would be exchanged, and elders would interpret signs from the spirits.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: "Every metal tool, every gesture, every word is a lesson. The children must see this, the warriors must learn, and the spirits must guide our judgment."

(I, Onontiohkwa, recorded: "Every metal tool, every gesture, every word is a lesson. The children must see this, the warriors must learn, and the spirits guide our judgment.")

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra: evening fell, fires glowed, the strangers were welcomed, gifts exchanged, and the elders chanted prayers for guidance, peace, and understanding.

(Evening fell, fires glowed, the strangers were welcomed, gifts exchanged, and the elders chanted prayers for guidance, peace, and understanding.)

# Chapter 4: Teionkwáhrate ne Ononhkwá:wi (The First Meeting and Alliance)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, Samuel de Champlain stepped from the canoe, metal clinking at his side, garments stiff with the strange waters. His companions followed, carrying tools, boxes, and strange instruments.

(The children ran along the shore, watching Samuel de Champlain step from his canoe. Metal clinked at his side, and his garments were stiff from the water. His companions carried tools, boxes, and strange instruments.)

Aenon iah tó:ri ne onkwarihò:ten: “Clans of Cahiagué, receive the strangers with ceremony. Observe their hands, their eyes, and the movement of their bodies. The gifts are lessons, the gestures are words, and the spirits watch all.”

(Aenon addressed the council: “Clans of Cahiagué, receive the strangers with ceremony. Observe their hands, their eyes, and their gestures. Gifts are lessons, gestures are words, and the spirits watch everything.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, warriors surrounded Champlain's canoe, bows lowered but ready. Children observed silently, the elders whispered prayers to Yehowzhowa for wisdom and discernment.

(The warriors formed a protective circle around Champlain's canoe, bows lowered but ready. Children observed silently. The elders whispered prayers to Yehowzhowa, asking for wisdom and discernment.)

Samuel de Champlain placed his hands together, then touched the gifts laid by the warriors: maize, dried fish, carved wood, and woven mats. He pointed to his companions, then to the elders, and spoke in a language the scouts could not understand.

(Samuel de Champlain pressed his hands together, then touched the gifts: maize, dried fish, carved wood, and woven mats. He pointed to his companions, then the elders, speaking in a language the scouts could not understand.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: “Observe the hands, the eyes, and the gestures. Yehowzhowa whispers guidance in every movement. Record the meanings for the children who will come after.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, watched: “Observe the hands, the eyes, and the gestures. Yehowzhowa whispers guidance in every movement. Record the meanings for the children who will come after.”)

Aenon iah tó:ri ne onkwarihò:ten: “Two Rivers walked among us to bring peace. Samuel de Champlain brings tools, metal, and fire. Interpret the intentions carefully, elders and warriors. Our hearts must guide the path.”

(Aenon spoke to the council: “Two Rivers walked among us to bring peace. Samuel de Champlain brings tools, metal, and fire. Interpret his intentions carefully. Our hearts must guide the path.”)

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## Observing the Strange Tools and Metal

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra: scouts and elders observed the tools Champlain brought—metal axes, knives, and shiny small objects. Some glimmered in the firelight.

(The scouts and elders observed the tools Champlain brought: metal axes, knives, and small shiny objects. Some glimmered in the firelight.)

Attignawantan, chief of the Bear clan, whispered: “Metal of the strangers is strong. It cuts, it shines. It is not of forest or river. The spirits must guide our understanding.”

(Attignawantan, chief of the Bear clan, whispered: “The metal of these strangers is strong. It cuts, it shines. It is not of our forest or river. The spirits must guide our understanding.”)

Tahontaenrat, chief of the Deer clan, nodded: “Observe, but do not touch. Every gift, every gesture, carries meaning. Our path must follow Yehowzhowa’s counsel.”

(Tahontaenrat, chief of the Deer clan, nodded: “Observe, but do not touch. Every gift, every gesture, carries meaning. Our path must follow Yehowzhowa’s counsel.”)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: “The children must see this. The strength of metal, the shape of the tools, the way they move—these are lessons of the world beyond the river. Record it all.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, reflected: “The children must see this. The strength of the metal, the shapes of the tools, the way they move—these are lessons of the world beyond the river. Record it all.”)

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## The First Misunderstandings

Samuel de Champlain offered a small metal knife to the scouts. One warrior reached to touch it, and Champlain raised his hands quickly, pointing to the elders.

(Samuel de Champlain offered a small metal knife to the scouts. One warrior reached to touch it, and Champlain raised his hands quickly, pointing to the elders.)

Aenon explained: “The strangers give, but gestures are different from our ways. Observe first. Learn the meaning. Speak with care.”

(Aenon explained: “The strangers give, but their gestures differ from our ways. Observe first. Learn their meaning. Speak with care.”)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: “Every misunderstanding is a lesson. Yehowzhowa shows that even small gestures carry importance. Record the lesson.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, thought: “Every misunderstanding is a lesson. Yehowzhowa shows that even small gestures carry weight. Record this for the generations to come.”)

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## Ceremonial Greetings and Alliance

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra: the elders instructed the warriors to lower bows and offer water. Samuel de Champlain knelt, touching his forehead, then gestured to the gifts.

(The elders instructed the warriors to lower bows and offer water. Samuel de Champlain knelt, touching his forehead, then gestured toward the gifts.)

Aenon, speaking for the council, said: “We accept your gifts, and in return, we offer the protection of our people and the guidance of Yehowzhowa. Let the rivers and forests witness this alliance.”

(Aenon, speaking for the council, said: “We accept your gifts, and in return, we offer the protection of our people and the guidance of Yehowzhowa. Let the rivers and forests witness this alliance.”)

The warriors placed hands on the shoulders of their neighbors. The children echoed the chant of peace. The elders watched the smoke of the fires spiral into the sky, signs from the spirits confirming the path.

(The warriors placed hands on each other's shoulders. The children echoed chants of peace. The elders watched the smoke from the fires spiral into the sky, interpreting signs from the spirits confirming the path.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: “This day, gifts exchanged and words spoken, marks the beginning of a path that crosses river and forest, metal and wood, old ways and new. Record it all.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, recorded: “This day, gifts exchanged and words spoken, marks the beginning of a path that crosses river and forest, metal and wood, old ways and new. Record it all.”)

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## Final Observations

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra: the scouts observed the tools, the fire, the gestures. Children watched silently. Elders interpreted signs from the hawks above and smoke from the fires.

(The scouts observed the tools, the fires, and the gestures. Children watched silently. Elders interpreted signs from the hawks above and the smoke from the fires.)

Aenon said: “Yehowzhowa and Two Rivers have guided us. Let this day be remembered. The strangers are here, and the path of understanding begins.”

(Aenon said: “Yehowzhowa and Two Rivers have guided us. Let this day be remembered. The strangers are here, and the path of understanding begins.”)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: “Every gift, every gesture, every shadow on the water, every flame of the fire is recorded. For the children of today, and the children yet to come, let them know how the strangers came and how the people of Wendake greeted them.”

(I, Onontiohkwa, reflected: “Every gift, gesture, shadow on the water, and flame of the fire is recorded. For the children of today and tomorrow, let them know how the strangers came and how the people of Wendake greeted them.”)

## Chapter 5: Teionkwáhrate ne Yethke tah Tahquahe

### Wendat (Huron):

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, iakh tió:ten ne wáhi tahkwa Yethke. Wahontsiéh ne ó:ni tahwé:nen, iakhseráhkwa. Onkwehón:we scouts tió:ten ne kí:ken. Onkwehón:we wáhi okharahkwa ne ó:ni, tah onkwa'nikonrá:ra tió:ten ne ó:ni. Iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen tahkwa ohnontiohkwa.

(The children and warriors entered the canoes silently, sliding into the waters of Yethke. I observed everything carefully. The scouts examined the bends of the river. The warriors checked their equipment, and the children watched quietly. I observed everything with the elders' guidance.)

### Wendat (Huron):

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne tahkwa Tahquahe, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen. Ohnontiohkwa iakh tió:ten ne Samuel de Champlain, skarhá:wi ne Yeshua tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah skarhá:wi ne ó:ni tió:ten ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra. Onkwehón:we elders iakh tió:ten, ne ó:ni tah tió:ten ne ó:nen.

(We continued our journey along Tahquahe, and I observed everything carefully. I watched Samuel de Champlain, who carried the spirit of Yeshua with him, and I saw how he guided the children. The elders observed and reflected on all that was happening.)

**Wendat (Huron):**

Wa'tha ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne village. Smoke tah longhouses iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni. Aenon iah tió:ten ne elders, iakh tió:ten ne gifts tah gestures ne peace. Samuel de Champlain iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne medal tah cross. Elders iakh tió:ten ne gifts, iakh iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni tah Two Rivers tah Yehowzhowa.

(When we arrived at the village, I observed everything carefully. Smoke rose from the longhouses, and I saw canoes resting at the shore. Aenon presented gifts to the elders, offering gestures of peace. Samuel de Champlain followed, showing a medal and cross. The elders touched the gifts lightly, reflecting on them according to the teachings of Two Rivers and Yehowzhowa.)

**Wendat (Huron):**

Onkwehón:we warriors iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne bows tah okharahkwa. Children iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen. Ohnontiohkwa iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne gestures ne skarhá:wi ne Yeshua. Elders iakh tió:ten, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne Two Rivers tah Yehowzhowa.

(The warriors checked their bows and equipment. The children observed quietly. I watched Champlain's gestures and the spirit of Yeshua he carried. The elders observed, reflecting on all that occurred, guided by the teachings of Two Rivers and Yehowzhowa.)

**Wendat (Huron):**

Wa'tha ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne cleansing rituals. Smoke ne sweetgrass iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne songs ne protection. Samuel de Champlain iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne gestures. Elders iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:nen tah tió:ten ne ó:ni.

(The children watched as the elders and warriors performed cleansing rituals. Smoke of sweetgrass rose, and songs of protection echoed. I observed Samuel de Champlain as he watched and imitated some of the gestures. The elders whispered among themselves, reflecting on everything.)

**Wendat (Huron):**

Wa'tha ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne river bends. Scouts iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne tracks ne animals tah ohnontiohkwa. Wáhi ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne villages ne ó:ni. Iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen tahkwa Two Rivers tah Yehowzhowa.

(The children and warriors returned to their canoes, watching the bends of the river. The scouts observed tracks of animals and watched for strangers. I observed the villages along the waters. Everything was guided by the teachings of Two Rivers and Yehowzhowa.)

**Wendat (Huron):**

Ohnontiohkwa iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen tahkwa ohnontiohkwa. Wáhi ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne gifts tah gestures ne peace. Onkwehón:we iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne children.

(I observed carefully, noting all the gestures of peace. Gifts were offered and received. The warriors observed everything, as did the children.)

## Chapter 6: Ohnontiohkwa ne Wáhi tah Ne Onkwa'nikonrá:ra (The Journey Beyond the River and the People)

### Wendat (Huron):

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, iakh tió:ten ne wáhi tahkwa Yethke tahkwa ne ó:nen. Onkwehón:we scouts iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iah tió:ten ne ó:nen ne animals tah ne tracks. Wa'tha ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne village, iakh tió:ten ne ó:nen ne ó:ni tahkwa ohnontiohkwa.

(As we traveled along the waters of Yethke and the rivers beyond, the scouts carefully observed all signs of animals and their tracks. When we arrived at a village, I observed the people and their activities, noting everything along the journey.)

### Wendat (Huron):

Ohnontiohkwa iakh tió:ten ne Samuel de Champlain, iakh tió:ten ne skarhá:wi ne Yeshua. Elders iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:nen tah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne Two Rivers tah Yehowzhowa. Wáhi ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen ne children.

(Samuel de Champlain carried the spirit of Yeshua with him as we observed. The elders watched carefully, reflecting on the teachings of Two Rivers and Yehowzhowa. I noted how the children were observing and learning from all that occurred.)

### Wendat (Huron):

Wa'tha ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne cleansing rituals. Smoke ne sweetgrass iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne songs ne protection. Onkwehón:we warriors iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne bows tah okharahkwa.

(The children and villagers watched as cleansing rituals were performed. Smoke of sweetgrass rose, and songs of protection filled the air. The warriors checked their bows and equipment carefully.)

### Wendat (Huron):

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne gifts tah gestures ne peace. Samuel de Champlain iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne medal tah cross. Elders iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni tah Two Rivers tah Yehowzhowa.

(Gifts and gestures of peace were exchanged at the village. Samuel de Champlain showed a medal and cross. The elders touched the gifts lightly, reflecting on the teachings of Two Rivers and Yehowzhowa.)

### Wendat (Huron):

Wa'tha ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne river bends, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne tracks ne animals tah ohnontiohkwa. Scouts iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen tahkwa Two Rivers tah Yehowzhowa.

(We continued along the river bends, observing tracks of animals and the surrounding land. The scouts watched carefully. Everything that occurred was guided by the teachings of Two Rivers and Yehowzhowa.)

**Wendat (Huron):**

Ohnontiohkwa iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne children. Wáhi ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne villages ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne ó:nen tahkwa ohnontiohkwa.

(I observed carefully the children as they watched everything. Along the waters, I noted the villages and their activities, recording all signs and guidance from the elders.)

## Chapter 7: Tekáhkwa ne Skarhá:wi (The Struggle of Spirit)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne Cahiagué. Champlain iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni, iakh tekawéhra ne wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra. Iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne priests, iah skarhá:wi ne Yeshua, tah iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni ne Two Rivers.

(The sun rose over Cahiagué. Champlain walked among the village, feeling the weight of every glance. The priests accompanied him, carrying the spirit of Yeshua, while he observed the teachings of Two Rivers.)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iakh tekawéhra ne wáhi: **“Tekáhkwa ienonhkwa’ ne Yehowzhowa. Iah niiohtónha ne Yeshua. Kah ihahsen?”**

(Champlain felt the tension within himself: “The power of Yehowzhowa surrounds these people. I follow Yeshua. How can these paths meet?”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: warriors iah tió:ten ne bows, children iah tió:ten ne iehió:re:ha, elders iah tió:ten ne reflections. Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh iakhseráhkwa ne priests: iah skarhá:wi ne Yeshua ne wáhi.

(The village continued their daily work. Warriors practiced with bows, children ran and laughed, elders reflected on omens. Champlain stood silently, observing the priests and feeling the presence of Yeshua among the people.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne skarhá:wi tah iakhseráhkwa. Iah wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, ehonkeronon tah elders iah tekáhkwa. Tekáhkwa ienonhkwa’ tah onkwarihò:ten.”**

(I, Onontiohkwa, observed: “Champlain struggles with the spirit he carries and the spirits of this land. The children, scouts, and elders watch him closely. All actions are recorded.”)

Ohné:ra wahòn:ne, Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne priests, iah tekawéhra ne wáhi ne iakhseráhkwa: prayers whispered, crosses lifted, faces bowed. Elders’ chants ne Yehowzhowa iah tekáhkwa ne wáhi, strong tah unwavering.

(In the morning, Champlain prayed with the priests, whispers of Yeshua and gestures of devotion. Yet the chants of the elders calling upon Yehowzhowa resonated through the village, leaving him unsettled.)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“Iah tekáhkwa ne Two Rivers ne children tah warriors. Iah skarhá:wi ne Yeshua, tah Yehowzhowa iah tekawéhra ne ó:ni. Kah niiohtónha?”**

(Champlain thought: “I see the guidance of Two Rivers in the children and warriors. I feel Yeshua’s presence, yet Yehowzhowa speaks through their eyes and hearts. How can I serve both without losing myself?”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: warriors iah tekáhkwa ne bows, children iah tió:ten ne games, elders iah tió:ten ne teachings. Champlain iah tió:ten ne priests, iah tekawéhra ne wáhi ne iakhseráhkwa: guidance, whispers, questions.

(The village continued: warriors with bows, children in play, elders offering teachings. Champlain stood among the priests, seeking guidance, whispers of doubt, and questions in his heart.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: **“Tekáhkwa ienonhkwa’ tah ó:ni: strength ienonhkwa’ ne balance, courage ienonhkwa’ ne knowing, tah spirit ienonhkwa’ ne listening. Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni. He must find the path.”**

(I recorded: “All who walk these lands must learn: strength comes from balance, courage comes from knowing, and spirit comes from listening. Champlain struggles, but he must find the path.”)

Ohné:ra wahòn:ne, Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne priests, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni: children iah tió:ten, warriors iah tió:ten, elders iah tió:ten ne whispers. Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: all eyes, all spirits, all guidance intertwined.

(By evening, Champlain and the priests prayed again. Children watched, warriors learned, elders whispered prayers. The village and the strangers existed together in a shared moment of observation and reflection.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“The spirits speak through all who listen. Champlain must hear Yeshua, yet honor Yehowzhowa. The path is difficult, but it is the way of understanding.”**

(I, Onontiohkwa, reflected: “The spirits speak through all who listen. Champlain must hear Yeshua yet honor Yehowzhowa. The path is difficult, but it is the way of understanding.”)

## Chapter 8: Tekáhkwa ne Yeshua tah Yehowzhowa (The Path of Spirit and Word)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne priests. Iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne skarhá:wi ne Yeshua tah iakhseráhkwa ne ó:ni ne Two Rivers.

(The sun rose over the village. Champlain moved among the people, accompanied by the priests. He wrestled with the spirit of Yeshua and the guidance of Two Rivers.)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“Iah skarhá:wi ne Yeshua iah Yehowzhowa. Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, iah tekáhkwa ne understanding tah teaching. Kah niohtónha?”**

(Champlain thought: “I see Yeshua as Yehowzhowa. Among these people, I must find understanding and a way to teach. How can this be done?”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha iah tió:ten ne games, onkwehón:we warriors iah tió:ten ne bows, onkwehón:we elders iah tió:ten ne reflections. Champlain iah tió:ten ne priests, iakh tekawéhra ne wáhi: discussions, gestures, whispers ne translation.

(The village moved through their day: children played games, warriors practiced with their bows, elders reflected quietly. Champlain met with the priests, discussing quietly the possibility of translating Yeshua's words for the people.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: **“Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne mission. Iah must bring the words of Yeshua into the language of this land. Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha must hear, elders must see, tah spirits must guide.”**

(I observed: “Champlain struggles with this mission. He seeks to bring Yeshua's words into the language of this land. The children must hear, elders witness, and the spirits guide.”)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne priests: writing, speaking, gestures. Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: curiosity, careful observation, and respect. Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha repeated words after him; onkwehón:we warriors watched silently; elders whispered prayers of guidance.

(Champlain worked with the priests: writing, speaking, and gesturing. The village watched carefully. The children repeated words after him; the warriors observed silently; elders whispered prayers of guidance.)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“If Yeshua iah Yehowzhowa, then the words must reach every heart. Even if imperfect, they must be carried forward.”**

(Champlain reflected: “If Yeshua is Yehowzhowa, then these words must reach every heart. Even if imperfect, they must be passed on.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: smoke ne fires, laughter ne children, echoes ne songs, whispers ne river. Champlain iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne priests, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni: every gesture, every breath, every word recorded in his heart and on parchment.

(The village moved through the day: smoke rose from the fires, children laughed, songs echoed, and the river whispered. Champlain observed carefully, recording every gesture, every breath, every word in his heart and on parchment.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“The path iah difficult. Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne work, tah guidance ne spirits. Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra watches, listens, and learns.”**

(I recorded: “The path is difficult. Champlain labors with guidance from the spirits. The village watches, listens, and learns.”)

## Chapter 9: Teionkwáhrate ne Wáhi (Voices of the Land / Legacy)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra nè:ne, Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni ne priests, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni ne onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha. Iah tekawéhra ne wáhi: teaching words, translating prayers, repeating songs.

(The village awoke, and Champlain worked with the priests and children. He taught words, translated prayers, and repeated songs.)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“These words ne Yeshua iah to the hearts ne these people. Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra, they will carry it forward, guided by Yehowzhowa.”**

(Champlain thought: “These words of Yeshua must reach the hearts of these people. The village will carry them forward, guided by Yehowzhowa.”)

Onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha iah tió:ten ne repetition, onkwehón:we warriors iah tió:ten ne observation, elders iah tió:ten ne silent prayers. Champlain iah tió:ten ne priests: writing, whispering, and showing.

(The children repeated the words aloud, the warriors observed, and the elders prayed silently. Champlain and the priests wrote, whispered, and demonstrated carefully.)

Onontiohkwa iah iakhseráhkwa: **“All voices converge: Champlain, the priests, onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha, elders, river, spirits. Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra will remember, tah words will endure.”**

(I recorded: “All voices converge: Champlain, the priests, children, elders, the river, and the spirits. The village will remember, and the words will endure.”)

Champlain iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“One day, these words may be printed, carried across lands, understood in voices not yet born. If Yeshua iah Yehowzhowa, then all hearts will know.”**

(Champlain reflected: “One day, these words may be printed, carried across the lands, and understood by voices not yet born. If Yeshua is Yehowzhowa, then all hearts will know.”)

Wáhi ne onkwa'nikonrá:ra iah tió:ten: fires glowed, onkwáhsa ne iehió:re:ha slept, onkwehón:we warriors rested, elders whispered, river flowed, spirits watched. Champlain iah tekáhkwa ne ó:ni ne priests, iakh tió:ten ne ó:ni: the legacy begins.

(The village settled: fires glowed, children slept, warriors rested, elders whispered, the river flowed, and the spirits watched. Champlain worked with the priests. The legacy begins.)

Onontiohkwa iah tió:ten ne ó:ni: **“The spirits speak through all who listen. Champlain has found his path, and the words ne Yeshua tah Yehowzhowa will echo for generations.”**

(I recorded: "The spirits speak through all who listen. Champlain has found his path, and the words of Yeshua and Yehowzhowa will echo for generations.")

## **Declaration of the Algonquin Midē' wiwin Grand Council**

This document, titled The Record of the Master of Breath, is held in the safekeeping of the Algonquin Midewiwin Grand Council as the final testament and complete transmission of the dissolved Southern Midewiwin Lodge.

It came into our possession through the lawful transfer of the last southern keepers, who, facing the dispersal of their people and the loss of their ceremonial lodges, entrusted to us their written accounts, sacred signs, and final record of witness.

This text represents a preservation; a faithful account compiled in the year 1919 by Jonah Tiger, recording the unified memory of the southern elders and the teachings they ascribed to the one they called **Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see**, the Master of Breath.

The Council acknowledges the gravity of what is contained herein.

These words are not to be handled as folklore or common history, but as ceremonial testimony, drawn from the living breath of our ancestors.

Its study demands humility, silence, and the same reverence given to the pipe and the fire.

The Council affirms that this record shall remain unaltered, that no line will be translated or reproduced without the consent of appointed elders, and that its custody is a sacred duty, not a privilege.

Let the lodges of the North, East, and surviving kin of the South know that the Algonquin Grand Lodge holds this work in perpetuity as the last living voice of those who kept the southern fire.

Issued under the spiritual authority of the:

Algonquin Midē' wiwin Grand Council

In the spirit of truth, humility, and sacred continuity.



## **The Record of the Master of Breath**

### **The Last Council of the Breath**

I am Jonah Tiger, keeper of the southern songs.

In the winter of 1919, when the snow came late and the lawmen came early, I was summoned to the old storehouse by the swamp. They said the last fire of the Midewiwin of the South would be lit there, and that if I wished to carry the memory forward, I must come.

I came at dusk, walking the frozen road with my coat collar turned up. The wind smelled of coal smoke and cedar. The building sagged under its own age, roof patched with tin, windows stuffed with paper. But the moment I stepped inside, I felt the old air moving, quiet, circular, full of breath.

Twelve elders sat in a ring around a clay bowl of coals.

Most were men, one was a woman from the western band, her hair bound in red cloth.

All bore the same look, hollowed by time, yet burning inwardly.

Old Thunder Behind the Pines presided. His voice was a rasp, the kind that could grind rock down to dust or stir a sleeping god.

He said, "This is not a council of politics. This is a burial ground for memory. The Breath is being hunted, and before it is silenced, we must leave its trail."

Someone muttered, "Words can be burned."

Thunder smiled. "So can lungs," he said, "but we still breathe."

Then he lifted a small bundle wrapped in deerskin and tied with faded blue thread. The air changed when he opened it. Inside were pages, some birchbark, some Spanish paper, some torn ledger sheets written in different hands.

"This," he said, "is what has been carried from the southern lodges since the time before the great sickness. These are the words of Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see, the Master of Breath. They were written and rewritten by those who still remembered him walking among men. I have only guarded them."

He passed the bundle to me. I remember how light it felt, like holding someone's last breath cupped in paper.

He said, "Jonah, you are the youngest here. When we are gone, you will keep this. You will see that it is read again when our names are dust."

The fire snapped, and for a moment I thought I heard the old songs moving in the smoke.

Thunder spread his hands. "Let no one here speak for power. Let no one here speak for fear. Speak only for the Breath that made you. We begin now."

He drew a long breath, exhaled, and began reading the first page:

"In the first days, before words took shape, there was only the sound of breathing over the dark waters..."

## **The Reason for Gathering**

The fire burned low after the first reading. No one spoke for a long while; the sound of the swamp crept in through the boards, frogs, ice cracking, a far-off train. Then Old Thunder pushed his hands through the smoke and said, "Now we speak of why we are here."

He looked around the circle. Twelve faces. Twelve lodges fallen silent behind each one.

The woman from the western band spoke first. "They took the children," she said. "They cut their hair and burned the drums. My own granddaughter does not know a single song. She prays in another tongue."

An old man beside her added, "At the Agency they say the fire is witchcraft. They say the old names are devils."

Thunder nodded slowly. “They say that because they fear anything they cannot own.”

Someone else coughed and spat into the dirt. “They have laws now. Paper laws. They write them faster than we can breathe.”

I kept writing. My pencil shook; the page filled with shadows from the firelight. I was twenty-seven that winter, still thinking ink could protect what breath could not. Outside, the world was learning to fly airplanes and dig up the stars, yet we were hiding in an abandoned storehouse like thieves of our own language.

The woman’s voice rose again. “Our young men go to the wars. They come back with medals, but not with songs. When they die, who will call their names to the fire?”

Thunder answered, “We will. Even if there are only three of us left. Even if we must whisper it into the ground.”

He looked at me then. “Jonah Tiger, what do you see when you walk the towns?”

I told him the truth: “I see children ashamed to speak. I see priests collecting our words like curiosities. I see graves with crosses and no names. I see breath wasting.”

The room went still. The only sound was the cedar popping in the bowl.

Thunder reached for the bundle of papers again. “Then this council is not for debate,” he said. “It is for remembering. If they burn the lodges, the story will live in these lines. If they silence our tongues, another generation may still find it and know what we meant by life.”

He leaned closer to the fire, his face lined like bark. “The Breath cannot be owned, but it can be forgotten. We meet tonight so it will not be.”

I felt the weight of the moment settle in my chest, heavier than fear, older than law. I looked at the pages, at the ink trembling in the lamplight, and thought: paper is weak, but it breathes when read aloud.

Thunder closed his eyes. “We will read the old story again, from the beginning, and write it clean. No argument, no division. Let each elder speak what was passed to them, and Jonah, you will record it. When the Breath comes to you, write quickly.”

He placed his palm over the coals, drawing in the warmth, and whispered the opening words again, words that seemed to steady the room, words older than despair:

“In the first days, before words took shape, there was only the sound of breathing over the dark waters...”

And I began to write.

## The Gathering of the Pages

By morning the fire had burned to powder and no one had slept.

They sat in silence while I stacked the loose sheets, the birchbark, the ledger scraps, the torn hymn paper, into one pile. The air was thick with cedar smoke and something harder to name, the quiet before surrender.

Old Thunder watched me from the corner. His hands were folded, the skin paper-thin and cracked like an old drum.

He said, “We will put them all together now.”

Each elder opened a bundle. Some unwrapped deer hide; others pulled yellowed pages from pockets. One man brought a single shell bead, saying the story it marked had been spoken too many times to need writing. Another laid a

missionary's notebook on the floor, the hymns scratched out, our words written over them in faint pencil.

Thunder nodded. "Every hand that held the Breath will be joined here. No one's memory stands alone."

We spread the pages over the floor. I numbered them as best I could, copying clean where the ink had drowned in smoke or tears. My fingers blackened from charcoal, and the smell of old paper filled the room.

Thunder spoke again.

"Three copies," he said. "No more. One for the lodge to the west, one for the lodge to the north, and one we will send across the border. They will meet the Algonquin elders and hide it among their records. In Canada, at least, memory may outlive the punishment."

Someone whispered, "That's treason."

Thunder shook his head. "No. It's survival."

He leaned toward the fire bowl.

"We all know what's coming. The end. The lodges are already silent. The government calls us wards, not nations. Look around, twelve of us. Nine years ago there were three hundred. Fifteen years ago, twelve hundred. Do you think I can't count?"

No one answered. Outside, the wind dragged the sound of a church bell through the swamp, thin and sharp.

"They'll burn the drums and bury the children in schools," Thunder said. "They'll teach the young to breathe through other words until they forget the sound of their own. But not this."

He pressed his palm against the stacked pages. "This will live. Even if no one can read it for a hundred winters, it will breathe when found."

He looked at me.

"You'll carry one copy north, Jonah. You know the trails and you're young enough to run if you have to. Don't trust the trains. Follow the river. When you reach the border, find the Mide lodge near the maple valley. They'll know what to do."

I nodded. My throat felt dry as ash. I realized then that this was not only a meeting of memory, it was a funeral.

Thunder closed the final bundle with a length of red twine. He drew a symbol on the top page with charcoal: a spiral inside a handprint.

"When they see this mark," he said, "they'll know it carries the Breath."

We sealed the bundles with wax from the lamp. Each elder signed with a mark, some in syllabary, some in English letters trembling with age. The room smelled of beeswax and smoke, a scent I still remember more clearly than my own mother's face.

Thunder stood last. "When the story is whole," he said, "we will read it once more together, and then scatter to the winds. Our tongues may fall silent, but our breath will not."

He looked at each of us in turn. "Now, Jonah, write. Record every word that remains."

And so I began the task, my hands shaking, my pencil already dull, as outside the dawn broke gray over a world that would not know what we had done to save it.

## **The Southern Record Unrolled**

They cleared a space on the floor for the oldest scroll.

It was wrapped in barkcloth, the fibers blackened with age. When Thunder untied the knots, a breath of dust lifted as though the past itself had been waiting in the dark.

He nodded for me to write.

I copied the title that appeared in faded syllabary across the top:

“This is the account of the days when Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see walked among the villages of the southern waters.”

The land was weary from war. The corn had failed twice. The rivers were low and bitter with ashes. Then, from the east, a man came walking along the water’s edge. His robe was rough cloth, his hands scarred as one who worked wood and stone. No one saw him eat, yet he grew no thinner. No one saw him sleep, yet he never tired.

He came first to the town of the twin rivers, where the council houses had burned. He did not ask to be received. He knelt at the place where the ashes were deepest and pressed both palms to the earth. The air turned sweet, and a wind moved through the ruins though the day was still. He said, “The earth remembers kindness even when men forget.”

Children followed him. They brought him gourds of muddy water. He touched each bowl and the water cleared. He gave it back and said, “Drink. The world does not withhold mercy; only men do.”

He walked among the broken lodges for many days, helping with the rebuilding. He showed the women how to braid cattail leaves to make roofs that shed rain, and the men how to temper clay with ground shell so the walls would not crack. When they thanked him, he

said, “Do not thank me. Thank the breath that lives in your own hands.”

In the evenings he sat by the central fire. He spoke of the first shaping, not as a thing long past but as a living work still going on. “The Maker’s breath did not stop,” he said. “It moves through you each time you forgive, each time you share bread, each time you refuse to strike when anger rises.”

He told them that creation was not a distant story but a mirror. “As the First One formed the world from clay,” he said, “so you must form peace from sorrow. Every generation remakes the world by how it chooses to live.”

Some called him spirit. Others feared him. But those who worked beside him found their hearts quiet. He laughed easily, as though joy itself was a prayer. He would look at a wounded tree and say, “Even this will bloom again if the breath is tended.”

When he departed from that town, he left behind no relics, only the teaching that each man is a house of breath and that every house must open its doors.

Thunder paused.

The fire in the clay bowl had sunk low; the light on the page looked like dawn.

He said quietly, “That was the first record of his walking among them. There are others, each written by a different hand, but all breathing the same memory.”

He slid the next sheet toward me.

The ink was darker there, steadier, as if that witness had written while the memory was still hot.

I dipped my pen, ready for what came next.

Thunder passed me the next sheet.

The ink here was darker, the hand steadier, as if the writer had seen him face to face.

Across the top was written:

“These are the words concerning Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see, whom the people called the Master of Breath.”

He was no spirit of smoke or dream, but flesh and breath like any man. Yet he carried within him the power of the Breath itself, and all things obeyed that Breath. The rivers calmed when he spoke. Stones grew warm beneath his touch. Sick men rose and walked. Birds circled him but never landed, as if the wind itself guarded him.

He said, “The Breath that made the heavens is not above you; it is through you. You live inside the same wind that formed the stars.”

He told us of the beginning, not as the old priests spoke, but as one who had seen it. “Before the first dawn,” he said, “there was only stillness. Then the Great One drew in the stillness and released it as sound, and that sound became light. From light came the waters, and from the waters the earth. Each of you carries that same breath; when you speak with mercy, you echo the first creation.”

He gathered us by the cedar grove and showed the circle of life with his own hands. He pressed his palms into the dirt and lifted them, and from the soil rose green shoots though it was not the season for growing. The people cried out, but he said only, “The Breath remembers its master. Remember yours.”

When children quarreled, he separated them, washing their faces with water from the

spring. “As clay softens in water,” he said, “so must anger soften in love.”

He taught the women how to heal with bark and the men how to speak to the animals of the field. “They are your younger kin,” he said. “They remember the songs you have forgotten.”

One night, lightning struck a pine near the village and set it aflame. The people ran to save the lodges, but he walked to the burning tree and lifted his hands. The fire drew upward into the sky and vanished like breath into the cold. Then he said, “Fire is not your enemy. It is your brother. Learn to speak to him, and he will guard you.”

In all these things, he did not boast. When the people fell to their knees, he lifted them and said, “Do not worship the vessel. Worship the Breath that flows through it.”

Thunder’s eyes glistened as he finished reading.

He placed his palm flat upon the parchment and whispered, “This is why they hunted us, not for land, but for memory.”

I copied every word until the ink on my pen dried, then signed the margin with my name, Jonah Tiger, so those who came after would know:

The account of Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see was true. It was not fable. He walked among the people, and the world listened to him.

## **The Path Restored**

When the fires of vengeance had cooled and the towns were rebuilt, the Master of Breath walked among the villages without escort. He carried no weapon, only a staff of ash wood charred at the tip, the remnant of the tree he had saved from lightning.

The record says he went first to the square where the peace fire once burned. The people stood uncertain; they feared to touch it again, for blood had been spilled there. He knelt, placed his hands upon the stones, and whispered words the scribe called the old language of breath. The ashes stirred, and a thin smoke rose straight into the sky, unbent by wind.

He said,

“The white path has not vanished; your footsteps only turned away from it. The path of peace is not built by treaties, but by memory. When you remember you were shaped by one breath, you will cease to seek each other’s end.”

Then he gathered twelve from the gathered crowd , hunters, women, children, even the wounded , and led them to the river bend where the clay was red as blood. There he showed them how to knead the clay with river sand until it hardened in the sun.

“So is the heart tempered,” he said, “when mercy mixes with truth.”

That evening he spoke of the two fires: the outer flame that warms and the inner that guides.

“If the outer burns without the inner, the world turns to ash. Keep both.”

He spent many seasons moving from town to town, teaching each the same pattern: renew the fire, cleanse the riverbank, share the first harvest. He told them that the spirit of a people is measured by the way they treat the weakest hand.

“When a child eats last,” he said, “the path grows dark. Feed the smallest first, and the Maker will walk among you unseen.”

The scrolls say birds often followed him , cranes and swallows , wheeling overhead whenever he taught. The elders believed they carried his words farther than the voice could travel.

At the last council before the rains, he drew a circle in the sand and placed his staff upright in its center.

“This,” he said, “is the shape of the breath. No beginning, no end. When you live by it, you will know peace that needs no walls.”

He left that staff there. For many years afterward, travelers swore they could still see it standing, though floods had taken the banks away.

## **The Teaching of Creation**

The scroll began with a warning in faded ink:

“Let every lodge who reads these words weigh them with care. If the teacher here described is like the one who walked among your people, mark it, for his words were the same in every land.”

Then the writing changed , a steadier hand, the script of one who had seen him.

When Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see came to us, the earth was heavy with silence. The drums had not sounded for two winters. The fires in the council houses had gone cold. We lived apart, tribe from tribe, as if the wind itself no longer carried our names.

He came walking along the river that bends through the cypress groves. His hair was bound with a single strip of bark. His eyes were not fierce but steady, like coals under ash. Children saw him first. They said the herons followed him and that the water grew clear behind his steps.

When he reached the first lodge, he sat on the open platform and waited. No one dared speak. At last he said:

“Do not fear me. Fear forgetting.”

He asked for no food, only a bowl of water. He breathed upon it, and the air stirred though no wind moved. Then he said:

“You have forgotten who breathes through you. I will teach you again how the world began, for it is still beginning.”

He pointed to the sky through the palm-leaf roof.

“Before this blue, there was the dark. The dark was not evil; it was the waiting. Out of that stillness, the Great One drew breath and sang. The first breath became the first sound, and sound became light. From that light came water, and the water gave birth to earth, and the earth to every green thing. When the Great One shaped the first man, He placed that same breath within him and said, remember the song that made you.”

Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see looked around the circle. “You have not remembered,” he said. “But you can.”

He told us that every dawn was a small creation, every exhale a prayer. “The world is not old,” he said, “it is as young as your next breath.”

Then he traced a spiral in the dirt.

“This is the way of being. You move outward, learning, wounding, building, breaking, then inward again, forgiving, mending, remembering. This is the breath of the world. This is creation still breathing through you.”

He took a handful of sand, poured it into the water bowl, and stirred it until the surface shone like glass.

“When dust meets water, the reflection is born. That is you, earth and breath and memory.”

The women brought infants forward. He placed his hands above their heads but never touched them. “They are the newest breath,” he said. “Guard them as you would the fire, for both can go out in neglect.”

The men asked, “What must we build to honor the Maker?”

He replied, “Build peace. It needs no walls.”

That night, under the thatched roof, he sat long after the fire had died. Those who stayed near said he breathed with the rhythm of the tide, and that when he opened his eyes, the stars seemed to lean closer.

And so we knew: the one called Master of Breath was not come to found a nation, but to make the world breathe again.

## **The Final Council of the South**

Brothers, sisters, and keepers of the old songs we write these words with the last of our ink and the last of our elders’ breath.

The night is long and wet, the fire low. Rain leaks through the roof of the council house, but no one moves to fix it.

We know this will be the final gathering before we scatter north.

Thunder sits beside me, his blanket over his knees, the smoke clinging to his braids.

He counts the stories with a piece of charcoal on the floor.

“Sixteen,” he says, “that’s all we have left that speak of him in flesh.”

Some were burned in the raids.

Some were taken by the mission men.

Some were lost when the river rose.

We agreed tonight that the record must not vanish again.

Three copies will be made, one to the North, one to the East, one to the Algonquin Lodge.

Each will travel by a different hand, each hidden in a separate bundle of trade goods.

If one is taken, the others may still reach the lodges.

I have been chosen to copy the Southern Record entire.

The others will sign their marks beside mine before dawn.

They say I write with care, but the truth is I write with fear.

Every word feels like a farewell.

Thunder spoke first:

“Let them who read this know that we have not forgotten the One who walked among us. The world calls him spirit, but we knew him as a man of dust and breath.

If any lodge holds another name for him, may they set it beside ours; the truth is large enough to hold them all.”

Then White Crane, the eldest woman among us, said:

“Write that he came not to rule but to remember with us.

He said the Maker’s road is not up nor down, but through.”

The youngest, Bear’s Son, asked if we should include the stories of his wonders,

the time the river rose when he breathed upon it,

the night the fires turned blue in every village at once.

Thunder looked at me, then at the fire.

“Write them,” he said, “but write them plain. Let no hand after us call them magic. What he did was truth seen clearly.”

So I begin this next portion for you, the lodges who will inherit the last stories.

If your children read them and remember, the breath will not be lost.

If they do not, at least let them know we tried.

The next story is called The Teaching at the White Path,

when Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see gathered the divided nations and showed them how to breathe as one.

At dawn we unrolled the last scroll tied with a strip of deer hide.

Across the top, in ink the color of rust, someone long ago had written:

“The White Path , when the Master of Breath gathered all nations.”

Thunder told me this was the oldest of them all, the one passed down from the first keepers who claimed to have seen him with their own eyes.

The edges had crumbled, yet the middle still held clear words, written with patience and awe.

I copied them carefully.

In the days after the great division, when every village had built its own fire and

forgotten how to share its flame, the Master of Breath called the people to the wide plain where the white path crosses the river. Messengers went out for many days, calling to the towns of the south, the coastal peoples, the highland clans, the forest tribes, the river people. Some came walking, some came by canoe, some carried their children on their backs. They brought what they could, baskets, fish, grain, drums, grief.

When they reached the plain, they found him standing at the center, barefoot in the dust. The wind moved around him though no storm blew. He raised his hand but said nothing until all had arrived. Then he spoke:

“You have gathered with many tongues, many wounds, but one breath. The Father of the Stars has heard your quarreling; the Mother of the Waters has wept. I call you to remember that your hearts were once one.”

The record says there were more than two thousand gathered, perhaps more. Some came only to watch; some expected a new war. Yet when he spoke, all became still.

“You have built walls from fear, and called them homes. You have guarded ashes and called them fires. Come now and build a flame that does not end with one village.”

He drew a line in the dust with his staff, stretching from the river to the hills.

“This,” he said, “is the white path. It is not a road upon the ground, but the way between breaths. When you walk it, the breath within you will guide you back to peace.”

He turned to the east, to where the first light touched the grass, and said,

“Each dawn is a chance to begin again. The Great One does not keep count of failures, only of beginnings.”

The people bowed their heads. He went among them then, blessing not the warriors or chiefs, but the children, the women, the ones who had brought food for others.

“You are the keepers of the breath,” he told them. “You are the bridge when the nations forget.”

Then he lifted both hands, and the wind rose suddenly across the plain. The dust swirled upward, forming circles that glowed in the light. “Behold,” he said, “the breath made visible. This is how the world began.”

When the wind died, no one moved. Some wept openly.

He said, “Now go. Carry the breath to your towns. When you share bread, speak my name quietly, not as a god, but as a reminder that breath is holy.”

Thunder paused as I finished copying.

He said quietly, “If they ever ask where the white path begins, tell them it was here, between the dust and the wind.”

## **The Ceremony of Breath**

When the crowd had gone still after his teaching, night was falling over the plain.

The wind that had lifted the dust now softened into a hum. No one knew what to do, and so they waited.

The Master of Breath sat upon the ground, his knees drawn close, his hands resting upon the earth.

For a long time he said nothing.

Then he breathed out, slow, steady, and the sound of it rolled like a low drum across the fields.

He said,

“The Breath moves in four ways: upward, downward, outward, inward.  
In each way, the Maker remembers Himself through you.”

He showed them how to sit in stillness, each facing a direction of the wind.

Those to the east lifted their faces to the stars; those to the west laid their palms upon the soil; those to the north and south clasped each other's hands.

“Now breathe as one,” he said, “for the air that fills you is the same air that filled the first beings.”

As they breathed together, a soft mist rose from the ground, not from rain or fog, but from the warmth of thousands exhaling in rhythm.

He called it the Breath Made Visible.

“Do you see?” he asked. “When hearts move together, even the earth begins to breathe again.”

He told them then that this was the only offering the Maker ever required:

not sacrifice, not conquest, but remembrance through breath.

“Keep the fire lit, but purify it first with breath,” he said.  
“Keep the river clean, but bless it with breath.

Keep peace between nations, but seal it with breath.”

The people wept without shame.

Many fell forward, pressing their foreheads into the soil, whispering the names of those they had wronged.

He walked among them, touching each bowed head, saying only, “Rise clean.”

When the moon reached its height, he took a coal from the fire and set it into a shallow bowl of clay.

He lifted it so all could see.

“This flame will die when the breath dies.  
Guard both.”

He placed the bowl upon the center of the White Path. The wind passed over it, but the flame did not flicker.

Then he said,

“I have given you what I came to give, the breath that remembers.  
When I go across the waters, you must carry it farther than my feet can walk.”

Thunder stopped reading there and looked at the rest of us.

He said, “That was the last teaching written before his departure. The next scroll tells how he went to the sea.”

I turned the page, the ink trembling in the lantern light.

We knew we were nearing the end of the southern account.

(Recorded by Jonah Tiger, last of the southern scribes. Sent to the lodges of the North, East, and Algonquin, that they may know how the

Master of Breath departed and how his promise endures.)

When the morning came after the Ceremony of Breath, a strange quietness covered the plain.

The fire still burned in the clay bowl upon the White Path, though no one had fed it through the night.

Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see stood beside it with his eyes fixed toward the west, where the sun would fall into the sea.

The people gathered again, but none spoke.

He said only,

“The breath that rises at dawn must also rest at dusk.

My time among you is setting with the sun.”

They begged him to stay, to build lodges in every valley, to raise sons and daughters of the breath, but he smiled and shook his head.

“The Maker never meant for the breath to dwell in one place. It travels. So must I.”

He took his staff from the ground where it had been planted and drew a final circle around the fire.

Within that circle he placed a single loaf of bread from the day before, still whole.

“Do not eat this one,” he said. “Let it rest until the earth takes it back. The breath does not die, it returns.”

Then he began to walk.

Not east toward the rising light as many had expected, but west, into the red glow of evening.

Some followed, some could not bear to.

Mothers lifted their children so they would remember the sight.

The air felt heavy, as if the world were holding its own breath.

At the edge of the plain he turned once more.

“Do not wait for me,” he said. “Wait for peace. When you breathe it, I will be with you.”

He continued westward for three days.

On the third evening he reached the shore where the river widens into the great salt water.

Thousands followed him there, the very earth seemed to empty itself.

They say the birds stopped flying; even the waves were still.

He walked down to the tide line, placed his staff upon the sand, and whispered to it.

The water touched his feet, but he did not stop.

He stepped forward, and the surface did not break.

Each step carried him farther into the shimmer of the horizon until the sun swallowed his figure whole.

No ship came for him.

No sound marked his passing.

The people stood until the stars appeared.

Then the grandmothers began to sing the breath song, the one he had taught them, the rhythm of the heart and tide.

And as they sang, the wind rose again from the west, cool and clean, carrying the scent of cedar and rain.

Thunder asked me to end the record here.

But I cannot.

For when the wind touched my face that night, I knew he had not gone to vanish, but to breathe elsewhere.

So I add these final words:

He walked west, and the world began to breathe again.

## **The Stone of Memory**

When the last of the scrolls had been copied and bundled, Thunder reached into his coat and drew out a small, cloth-wrapped stone.

He held it as though it might crumble in air.

The others leaned forward; even the fire's crackle softened.

"This," he said, "is the only thing we have left that was not written by a hand like ours."

The stone was no longer than a man's thumb, smooth at the edges where time had eaten away the carving.

The marks were deep and even, older than any script we knew.

Thunder laid it on the table and nodded to me.

"Read it."

I bent close.

The light from the lantern fell across the grooves, and I traced them with my fingers.

The words were few, two lines only, yet they filled the room like thunder rolling far away.

"Within his hands held two rays of light,  
Within his feet the piercings of the sun."

The stone trembled faintly beneath my touch, or perhaps it was my hand.

No one spoke for a long while.

Then White Crane whispered, "It is from before the loss. Before the forgetting."

Thunder said,

"They will call it myth. But I tell you, the breath carves truth deeper than time."

He wrapped the stone again and placed it into the center bundle, the one bound for the Algonquin Grand Lodge.

"Let this travel with the words," he said. "It may outlast paper."

We sealed the bundles before dawn.

When the first light came, it caught the smoke in the rafters and made it shine like breath itself.

Thunder turned to me.

"Jonah," he said, "write one more thing."

So I wrote:

We have done what we could. We have gathered the fragments and breathed upon them. If any who come after find this record and the small stone, know that we remembered him not as legend, but as light once walking among men.

And then I signed my name,

Jonah Tiger, South Lodge of the Midewiwin, the last to hold the pen.

## **Declaration of Receipt and Preservation**

(Filed within the Archives of the Grand Algonquin Lodge of the Midewiwin, Year of the Northern Frost, 1920.)

To the keepers of the South, the watchers of the East, and the guardians of the Northern lodges, let it be written that the record of

Heh-SAH-keh-tuh-MEE-see, the Master of Breath, has been received in threefold witness by the Grand Council of the Midewiwin.

One bundle came by river canoe, weathered but unbroken.

One arrived by the hand of a trader whose name we keep in silence.

One was delivered across the snow by those who would not give their names at all.

Each contained the same seal, the same script, the same small stone wrapped in cloth.

We have examined the marks and found them true.

The stone bears the ancient carving known among our people:

“Within his hands held two rays of light,  
Within his feet the piercings of the sun.”

We, the Council, affirm that this record is to be held in reverence and protected under the laws of the Sacred Lodge.

It shall not be altered nor translated beyond the authority of the appointed elders, lest its spirit be lost to vanity or the tongues of strangers.

Let this record stand as a covenant between generations, that we, who are of the breath, remember the one who gave it back to us.

May all who read approach with humility, for these words are not history alone but living fire.

Signed on behalf of the Grand Algonquin Lodge of the Midewiwin,

Ogimaa White Elk, Keeper of Records

Nokomis Ashkibag, Matron of the Eastern Lodge

Eagle-of-the-South, Elder Witness

Witnessed and copied by hand for the archives by the Scribe of the Grand Lodge.

The Walking Sun  
**INTI**

# The Record of Inti

## Introduction

Before the counting of years, before the memory of kings, there was warmth without name.

From that warmth came Inti, the radiant one, maker of mornings, witness of harvests, guardian of the covenant between earth and sky.

His story is not told in a single age.

He has been light above, fire within, and man among his own creation.

He breathed upon the dust and it became people; he walked among them to remind them of mercy; and when they forgot, he watched from the stars until they remembered again.

These are the verses of his descent and return, the covenant with Pachamama, the birth of the children of the sun, the long forgetting, and the dawn without end.

They were first whispered by the wind among the mountains, later carved into copper beneath the temple at the lake, and now written again for those who still lift their faces to the light.

Let every reader approach as one who steps into sunrise, eyes unguarded, heart uncovered, for the words that follow are not merely history, but remembrance: the record of warmth taking form, and of creation learning to love its source.

# The Record of Inti

## Chapter I — The Descent of Light

1. In the stillness before breath, when silence was thick upon the face of the deep, there stirred a warmth without name, and that warmth longed to behold itself.
2. From the heart of that longing arose Inti, clothed in brightness, his hands filled with living fire, and the fire knew him and bent toward his will.
3. He lifted his hands and loosed the light; it spilled between his fingers and ran outward, and the running of it became the dawn and the measure of all mornings.
4. The heavens, being without form, opened like eyes newly fashioned, and color came upon them as blood upon a newborn's cheek.
5. Inti looked upon the void, and the void trembled, for it felt the gaze of a father upon a sleeping child.
6. He spoke but once, and the mountains rose to hear him; their spines broke through the mist, and they stood in obedience.
7. His breath moved over the dark waters, and they began their endless roaming; thus were born the winds, swift messengers of his intention.
8. He laid his right hand upon the waters and they remembered his warmth; he pressed his left into the dust and it awakened as a mother.
9. From that meeting of warmth and earth came Pachamama, who carries the seed of every hunger and the balm of every thirst.
10. Inti spread himself across her breast, drawing the first rivers as veins of remembrance, that the world might never forget the movement of his blood.
11. Into her heart he placed gold, the sweat of his own labor, saying, This shall be the sign between us: when you gleam, I am near.
12. The mountains he set as guardians of the covenant, their peaks crowned with fire; the valleys he made cradles for the children yet unmade.
13. He touched the cold and said, Be a teacher, not a tyrant; he touched the flame and said, Be a hearth, not a blade.
14. From his tears came the first rain, soft and slow, and from his laughter leapt the stars, countless as grain upon a threshing floor.
15. Beasts rose from the warming clay and bowed to the east, and the birds unfolded from shadow and carried his song through the dawn.
16. Yet Inti beheld the earth and saw that stillness desired companionship; the stones waited for voices, the rivers for names.
17. Then he gathered dust in one hand and a ray of his own light in the other, and he mingled them, saying, Let there be faces that remember me.
18. He breathed upon the mixture, and the breath became people; they opened their eyes and saw the reflection of the sun within their own hearts.

19. To them he spoke, Walk gently upon Pachamama, for she bears my flame beneath her skin. Labor is prayer, and song at evening is thanksgiving.
20. He gave them seed for promise, season for order, and rest for mercy; he set the east for beginning and the west for forgiveness.
21. And the people learned to read his journey across the sky, counting the days of their labor by his rising and their hope by his return.
22. When he hid himself, they practiced patience; when he returned, they rejoiced and burned offerings—not to feed him, for he hungered not, but to remember themselves.
23. He said, I dwell not in stone nor in the smoke of sacrifice, but in the faces that turn toward the light with gratitude.
24. Then Inti bent close, whispering, You are my reflection in flesh; keep my warmth among you lest the world grow cold again.
25. Having spoken thus, he rose from the earth clothed in fire and mercy, and the morning followed him as a child follows its father.
26. And the mountains glowed with his parting, and the rivers carried his brightness to the sea, and all creation kept silence in wonder.
27. Thus began the first day, and the covenant of warmth was sealed between heaven and earth, that life should never again forget its source.

## Chapter II — The Covenant with Pachamama

1. When Inti rose again from the rim of the world, he looked upon Pachamama and saw her glistening with the dew of his own tears, and he knew the earth was alive.
2. He said, You shall not be my servant but my sister; your body shall bear my light as seed bears the promise of fruit.
3. Then he stretched his hands across her breadth, and the mountains quivered like hearts newly wakened, and the plains breathed in rhythm with the sky.
4. The rivers he blessed as veins of remembrance, that water should never forget its source in the sun.
5. He taught the rains to fall in mercy, not in wrath, and the clouds to walk in balance between thirst and flood.
6. He gave each valley a spirit to guard it, calling them apu, that none might forget the holiness of place.
7. And to each spirit he whispered its duty—to hold the wind, to steady the soil, to echo the prayers of those who till and harvest.
8. Pachamama heard these things and trembled, for she felt the fire of heaven dwelling in her bones.
9. She said, My brother, how shall I bear the weight of such glory?
10. Inti answered, By rest and renewal. For even the sun must set to rise again.
11. Then he taught her the measure of time: planting, ripening, reaping, and silence.

12. He said, In silence you shall heal;  
in healing you shall sing.
13. He sent forth the condor to map  
her heights and the serpent to  
trace her depths, that air and soil  
should know each other's names.
14. He sowed in her the minerals of  
creation—copper for endurance,  
silver for reflection, gold for the  
memory of light.
15. He said, These shall be your  
words when the people forget  
mine.
16. From her laughter came flowers,  
each petal a syllable of joy, and  
from her sorrow came stones, firm  
as resolve.
17. Inti saw that she was fair and  
complete, and he rejoiced as one  
who beholds his own reflection  
upon calm water.
18. Then he gathered the first humans  
to the foot of a mountain and  
spoke to them concerning the  
covenant.
19. You shall work this earth with  
reverence, not hunger. Each seed  
you cast is a promise spoken in  
my name.
20. You shall not take without return,  
nor strike without song, for  
Pachamama is living and she  
keeps account of every touch.
21. The people fell upon their faces,  
fearing the brightness of his  
speech.
22. But Inti lifted them, saying, Fear is  
the shadow of ignorance. Stand  
and see that you are made of the  
same warmth as I.
23. He anointed their brows with dust  
and light together, and the mark  
glowed as long as they  
remembered gratitude.
24. He appointed elders to guard the  
seasons and youths to tend the  
flocks, that none might labor alone  
beneath the sun.
25. He set a sign in the heavens, a  
wheel of fire within the stars, by  
which they might know the turning  
of years.
26. When drought came, they were to  
cleanse their hearts before  
cleansing their fields, for no  
offering of grain could mend a  
bitter spirit.
27. When flood came, they were to  
gather as kin and lift songs rather  
than walls, for unity was stronger  
than stone.
28. Inti said, My covenant is not in  
gold alone but in every act of  
kindness that rekindles warmth  
upon the earth.
29. Let the elders teach this, and the  
children sing it, that my name be  
carried on breath and laughter  
alike.
30. Pachamama smiled, her rivers  
glittering like tears of joy, and she  
said, So be it, brother of flame; I  
will remember.
31. Then Inti pressed his hands into  
her soil and left the imprint of light,  
and from that place sprouted  
maize tall as hope.
32. He called it sara, grain of the  
covenant, and blessed those who  
would keep its seed.
33. He said, When you eat of it,  
remember not only your hunger  
but your kinship with the earth that  
fed you.
34. The people rejoiced, dancing upon  
the terraces, their voices rising like  
smoke to greet the morning.

35. Inti beheld them and was content, for his warmth had found a dwelling not of stone but of living hearts.
36. He rose then to his high dominion, leaving behind a trail of gold upon the air, that men might lift their eyes and find direction.
37. Pachamama rested beneath him, her breath slow and sure, her belly full of seed and promise.
38. The winds carried their covenant from mountain to sea, from forest to desert, whispering, Remember the bond of warmth and soil.
39. And the people built their lives upon that whisper, weaving their days with labor and song.
40. Thus was sealed the covenant of Inti and Pachamama, that earth and sun should never again forget one another.

### Chapter III — The Children of the Sun

1. When the years had ripened and the earth had learned her measure, Inti looked upon the valleys and saw that the people had multiplied but their hearts had grown dim, for they labored yet did not understand the gift of their labor.
2. He said within himself, The covenant is known, yet it is not felt. They remember the rituals of my light, but not the warmth behind it.
3. Then Inti gathered a portion of his radiance and shaped it into two forms, that wisdom and compassion might walk the earth as kin.

4. The first he named Manco Cápac, the bearer of the staff, whose strength was discipline and whose eyes held the calm of dawn.
5. The second he named Mama Ocllo, the keeper of the hearth, whose gentleness was fierce as the river cutting stone.
6. He said to them, You are my children, born not of soil but of flame. You shall walk among the people as mirrors of my mercy.
7. Teach them to build, to plant, to bind the scattered tribes into one heart, for unity is the harvest of understanding.
8. Where you find ignorance, sow patience; where you find greed, sow gratitude. For light is not given to shame, but to reveal.
9. Then Inti took from the breast of Pachamama a golden staff and placed it in the hands of Manco Cápac, saying, Where this staff sinks into the ground without resistance, there you shall build the house of the sun.
10. He laid a wreath of maize upon the brow of Mama Ocllo and said, You shall teach the weaving of cloth and the tending of fire, that the warmth of my covenant may dwell in every home.
11. The children bowed, and their faces gleamed with the fire of their birth.
12. Inti wrapped them in light as travelers are wrapped in cloaks and sent them forth from Lake Titicaca, that sacred mirror between heaven and earth.
13. As they journeyed northward, the staff struck stone and bounced, struck earth and held, and

- wherever it touched, a spring leapt forth to mark the path.
14. The people of the highlands beheld them and cried out, for never had such beings walked among them, clothed in the very hue of the sunrise.
  15. Manco Cápac spoke to them of measure and order, saying, Build your terraces with care, for each stone remembers the hands that place it.
  16. Mama Ocllo gathered the women and taught them the spinning of thread, saying, Weave as the rivers weave through valleys, joining what is apart without force.
  17. They healed quarrels, settled tribes, and taught that authority is service and that plenty begins in fairness.
  18. Some resisted, fearing loss of power, and whispered that the strangers were sorcerers; but their crops withered while their neighbors prospered, and fear turned to reverence.
  19. In time the golden staff sank softly into the earth at a valley rich with water and sheltered by mountains shaped like open hands.
  20. Manco Cápac said, Here shall rise Cusco, the navel of the world, where the breath of heaven meets the heartbeat of stone.
  21. Mama Ocllo blessed the ground, saying, May its streets run straight as virtue and its houses stand close as brothers.
  22. They taught the people to honor the ceque lines that reach from Cusco to the four corners, that every road might remember its source in the sun.
  23. Inti looked down from his throne of day and was pleased, for his warmth now had an ordered dwelling among humankind.
  24. He said, The house of gold shall be my mirror upon the earth, and in its walls I shall dwell when the morning is young.
  25. Manco Cápac built the first altar with stone smooth as thought, and Mama Ocllo set maize upon it, saying, This is not sacrifice but gratitude.
  26. They anointed the altar with water from Titicaca, sealing heaven's memory into earth's keeping.
  27. Then Inti descended in a ray of brilliance, touching the altar so that it glowed like a living heart; and he said, My presence shall rest here as long as justice endures among you.
  28. The people rejoiced, for they felt the nearness of divinity and saw that labor and worship were one act.
  29. They brought gold not as tribute but as remembrance, shaping it into disks that caught the morning light.
  30. Mama Ocllo said, Let these things remind you that light is for sharing, not for hoarding; for when you bury gold in fear, you bury the sun itself.
  31. Manco Cápac walked among the builders and taught them the measure of wall and window, that the sun might enter every dwelling in its time.
  32. Children laughed in the courtyards, their shadows dancing like new prayers upon the ground.

33. In the cool of evening, the couple stood before the people, and Manco Cápac said, We have taught you as our father taught us; now teach one another, and the world will be filled with dawn.
34. Mama Ocllo added, Keep kindness as the hearth of your homes, and no darkness shall endure within your walls.
35. The people lifted torches in answer, and the valley shimmered as though the stars themselves had come to live among them.
36. Then Inti spoke once more from the horizon, his voice low as thunder among mountains: You are no longer strangers to the light; you are its witnesses and its stewards.
37. Guard this gift, for when you forget gratitude, the sun shall hide his face until remembrance returns.
38. The mountains bowed; the rivers sang; even the wind seemed to rest in approval.
39. Thus were the children of the sun established among men, and the order of the world found its rhythm.
40. And Inti, beholding all that was made, was content, for warmth had learned wisdom and the earth was clothed in peace.

## Chapter IV — The House of Gold

1. When the years of peace had multiplied like grain upon the terraces, the people of Cusco lifted their eyes and said, Let us raise a dwelling for the light, that the sun may rest among us when

- he descends from his path across the heavens.
2. And Manco Cápac remembered the word of his father, who had spoken from the horizon, saying, The house of gold shall be my mirror upon the earth.
3. So he gathered the elders and the artisans, and together they measured the valley by the shadows of morning and the fire of the setting sun.
4. They chose the heart of the city, where the four roads of the empire met, that the light of Inti might find its way to every quarter of the world.
5. And they called the place Qorikancha, the Golden Enclosure, and its stones were fitted so perfectly that no blade could pass between them.
6. For each stone was laid in reverence, as a word is placed in prayer; and when the walls rose high, they shone even before the gold was set upon them.
7. Mama Ocllo walked among the workers and spoke gently, saying, Let no hand labor without gratitude, for the spirit of each maker shall dwell within the work forever.
8. And the men and women answered, So be it, and their hearts burned brighter than their torches.
9. From the mines of the high mountains they brought gold, not as tribute but as remembrance, molten light returning to its source.
10. They hammered the metal into sheets thin as breath and laid them upon the walls, until the

- temple gleamed like the morning sea.
11. Inti beheld it from his course across the heavens and smiled, for he saw his own reflection shimmering upon the earth.
  12. He said, The light I gave has learned to return; this is the beginning of wisdom.
  13. Manco Cápac placed a golden disk at the center of the shrine, round as the sun itself, and set before it bowls of maize and water, symbols of labor and mercy.
  14. He said, These are the offerings that please the Father of Light: work well done and hearts made clean.
  15. Mama Ocllo placed around the altar the woven garments of the people, bright with color, saying, Let beauty be the language of gratitude.
  16. And so the house of Inti became also the house of humankind, where craft and worship were one flame.
  17. On the morning of dedication, the people gathered in silence as the first rays of the sun crept across the mountains.
  18. The light struck the golden disk, and it blazed as though heaven and earth had become one fire.
  19. Then Inti descended as a pillar of radiance, filling the temple with warmth, and the people fell upon their faces in awe.
  20. He said, I am with you in the light and in the labor that sustains it. Forget not that gold is only the echo of virtue, not its source.

21. If your hearts grow cold, the walls will darken though the sun still shines.
22. The people wept and swore to remember, and their tears glistened like pearls upon the stone.
23. Inti turned to Manco Cápac and said, You have built well, my son. Yet greater is the temple within the just man's heart, for there my light endures even when the world grows dim.
24. To Mama Ocllo he said, You have taught them the gentleness that holds creation together; your name shall be remembered wherever warmth is shared.
25. Then he rose again to his throne of day, leaving behind a fragrance of fire and maize that lingered long in the air.
26. And the people rejoiced, singing songs of gold and gratitude, their voices rising like incense toward the morning.
27. Each year thereafter, at the turning of the solstice, they came to Qorikancha to renew the covenant.
28. They brought the first fruits of their labor and lifted them to the sun, saying, All warmth returns to its giver.
29. They anointed the walls with oil and water, and the stones drank deeply, remembering the hands that had set them.
30. When the wind passed through the temple, it made music as of flutes, for the very joints of the stone were tuned to harmony.
31. Travelers from distant valleys came to see the golden house,

- and they carried its light  
homeward in stories and song.
32. Thus the faith of the sun spread  
across the mountains and the  
coasts, a living river of memory  
that no drought could dry.
  33. Yet Inti knew that in time all gold  
tarnishes, and he said, Let them  
guard humility as they guard  
treasure, for pride is the shadow  
that follows light.
  34. And he sent the condor soaring  
above the temple as a reminder  
that nothing built by man is  
beyond the reach of heaven.
  35. Seasons turned, and the temple  
shone through rain and frost alike,  
steadfast as a promise kept.
  36. The people prospered, their  
children strong, their harvests  
abundant, and the name of Inti  
was spoken with joy in every  
home.
  37. But among them crept  
forgetfulness, quiet as ivy upon  
the walls, and men began to  
praise the gold more than the  
giver.
  38. The priests counted offerings with  
pride, and the poor watched from  
the shadows, and the warmth  
between them grew thin as mist.
  39. Yet Inti, seeing their weakness,  
withheld his wrath, for mercy is  
also light, and he said, The sun  
will teach them again when the  
shadow falls.
  40. Thus was the House of Gold  
established in glory, and within its  
shining walls began both the  
remembrance and the forgetting of  
the covenant.

## Chapter V — The Paths of the Ceques

1. **In those days when the Golden  
House yet gleamed without  
stain, Inti whispered to Manco  
Cápac in the hush before dawn,  
saying, My light must walk  
beyond these walls, for warmth  
hoarded becomes decay.**
2. **And the Inca rose while the  
valley still slept, and from the  
temple's threshold he saw the  
mountains standing like  
sentinels around the world.**
3. **He bowed and said, Show me  
the roads of thy breath, Father  
of the Sun, that I may bind the  
people in one rhythm.**
4. **Then a beam of fire leapt from  
the disk within Qorikancha and  
split into many rays, each one  
striking a distant peak, a lake,  
or a stone that already trembled  
with hidden power.**
5. **Inti said, These are my ceques,  
the lines of remembrance.  
Follow them, and you will find  
the hearts through which my  
blood moves.**
6. **The priests marked each place  
with thread and staff, walking  
outward until the cords of light  
touched the horizon.**
7. **They found springs that sang  
beneath the earth and rocks  
that hummed when the morning  
wind passed over them, and  
they knew those were shrines,  
living lungs of the world.**
8. **Mama Ocllo gathered the  
women and said, Spin thread as  
you have seen the ceques**

- stretch from the sun, for  
weaving is a mirror of creation.
9. So every loom in Cusco became  
a map of heaven, and every  
pattern a prayer spoken in  
color.
  10. The Inca appointed keepers for  
each line, families who would  
tend its sacred places and  
remember the songs tied to its  
direction.
  11. They were to walk the paths in  
season, carrying offerings of  
corn and water, renewing the  
breath between valley and peak.
  12. Inti saw their faith and said,  
Thus shall order live upon the  
earth, not as law but as rhythm.
  13. And the people learned that to  
wander a ceque was to walk  
within the arteries of light.
  14. When drought visited the land,  
they did not curse the heavens  
but followed the lines outward  
until they reached the mountain  
that governs rain.
  15. There they laid their gifts of  
woven cloth and prayed,  
Remember us, O Apu, for we  
remember thee.
  16. The clouds gathered, and rain  
returned gentle as forgiveness,  
and the people knew the  
covenant still breathed.
  17. Each ceque was a memory;  
each shrine, a syllable in the  
language of the sun.
  18. Children were taught to trace  
them with their fingers upon  
sand, learning geography as  
genealogy.
  19. For the empire was not a cage  
of borders but a net of kinship  
woven by light.

20. Travelers could cross the  
Andes without fear, for the  
ceques guided them as veins  
guide blood back to the heart.
21. Yet as generations passed, the  
keepers grew weary, and some  
walked the lines only in name.
22. They forgot that the stones  
must be touched, the songs  
sung, the offerings shared.
23. Inti watched their neglect and  
said to the wind, Even light  
casts shadow when men forget  
its purpose.
24. He dimmed his face for a day,  
and the people trembled,  
thinking the world was ending.
25. Then the elders remembered  
the ancient paths and set out  
barefoot, retracing the forgotten  
circles.
26. Where they found shrines  
buried in dust, they cleansed  
them; where they found silence,  
they sang until echo answered.
27. And as they moved, the sun  
brightened again, for mercy  
always follows repentance.
28. From that time, each new ruler  
of Cusco was crowned not in  
the temple first, but upon the  
roads of the ceques, walking  
the circle of the empire before  
taking the seat of gold.
29. Thus power became pilgrimage,  
and authority learned humility.
30. The lines reached outward like  
rays upon a disk—north, south,  
east, and west—and men said,  
Behold, the world itself is the  
body of Inti.
31. They carried lighted torches  
along those paths at solstice,  
and from every shrine flames

answered in turn, until the mountains shone as a necklace of fire.

32. Even the far coasts and jungles saw the glow upon the horizon and remembered their kinship with Cusco.
33. And Inti rejoiced, for his warmth was no longer confined but flowing again through the living veins of the earth.
34. He said, Let no man break these lines in anger, for to sever them is to wound the sun within your own chest.
35. The people bowed and promised, and for many years peace dwelt in the land as gently as evening upon water.
36. But pride is a vine that grows in every garden; some began to claim the shrines as their own, and the ceques as boundaries rather than bridges.
37. Disputes flared; greed whispered that gold was holier than gratitude, and the songs along the paths fell silent once more.
38. Then Inti sighed, and a tremor shook the mountains, reminding the living that light cannot be owned.
39. Yet he withheld judgment, for he loved them still, saying, They are but children chasing the gleam upon the floor, not knowing it comes from above.
40. Thus were the Paths of the Ceques established—threads of fire linking heaven and earth—meant for harmony, yet destined to test the hearts of those who walked them.

## Chapter VI — The Eclipse and the Forgetting

1. Many generations passed beneath the steady warmth of Inti, and men were born who had never known a cold dawn.
2. Their harvests were fat, their storehouses full, and their songs grew loud with pride.
3. They said, We have mastered the seasons; we have tamed the mountains. The sun favors us for our wisdom and our strength.
4. And they forgot that warmth is not reward but mercy.
5. The priests clothed themselves in gold heavier than their hearts could bear, and their prayers became ceremony without spirit.
6. The people brought offerings as habit, not gratitude, and the smoke of sacrifice rose empty into the air.
7. Inti watched and said, They praise the light but not the love that kindled it.
8. He turned his face slightly from the world, and the mornings came pale and without joy.
9. The crops withered upon their stems, though the rains still fell, and the rivers ran bitter with silt.
10. The elders sought signs in the ceques, but the shrines were cracked, their keepers gone to markets and wars.
11. Mothers hushed their children, saying, Be still, for the Father of the Sun sleeps in sorrow.
12. Yet no one remembered how to wake him, for remembrance itself had grown thin as smoke.

13. Then upon a day when noon should have been bright as a forge, the heavens darkened.
14. The sun withdrew behind a cloak of shadow, and silence fell upon every valley and shore.
15. The birds ceased their flight, the beasts hid in their dens, and men trembled, saying, The world is ended; the light has died.
16. But the wise among them whispered, No—this is the face of judgment, that we might see our own darkness reflected.
17. For the shadow that covered the land was not born of heaven but of human forgetting.
18. And in that hush the earth itself spoke, the voice of Pachamama rising like thunder underfoot: You have taken without giving; you have sung without meaning. Return to the covenant, or be left to your own coldness.
19. Then the mountains groaned, and stones fell from their crowns, and rivers tore new paths through the valleys, washing away pride and palace alike.
20. The Inca cast himself upon the ground, crying, Father of Light, remember thy children though we have forgotten thee!
21. And the people joined him, their weeping mingling with the rain that came sudden and fierce, as though heaven itself wept.
22. The shadow lingered still, a circle of darkness swallowing the day.
23. In that darkness, men saw visions of their greed—hands clutching gold while their brothers starved, priests counting offerings while widows prayed for bread.
24. They saw the ceques torn, their sacred lines trampled by armies and markets, and they understood the wound they had made in the body of light.
25. Then, one by one, voices rose, not in ritual but in repentance.
26. We are the shadow, they cried, and only truth can break it.
27. Inti heard them from behind his veil and said, If they remember love, the light will remember them.
28. He breathed once across the heavens, and the edge of the sun broke through like the first thought of forgiveness.
29. The people lifted their faces, and tears glistened as embers upon their cheeks.
30. The birds began to sing again, hesitant but hopeful, as if testing the air for mercy.
31. When the light returned in fullness, the gold of Qorikancha no longer dazzled; it glowed soft and clean, as though humbled.
32. Manco Cápac's descendants gathered there and swore to rebuild the ceques, to walk the paths of light until every shrine was found.
33. They sent messengers to every corner of the land, carrying not tribute but seeds.
34. For they had learned that to plant is holier than to hoard, and that the sun rejoices more in a field restored than in a temple adorned.
35. Inti looked upon them and said, Their repentance is thin as the new moon, yet I will bless it, for every dawn begins small.

36. He warmed the soil again, and Pachamama sighed with relief, her rivers sweet once more.
37. But he left upon the face of the sun a faint scar, a dark curve at its edge, that men might never forget the shadow they had birthed.
38. From that day, when eclipse came again, the people did not wail but knelt in silence, remembering the cost of pride.
39. They taught their children that darkness is not the enemy of light but its teacher, and that forgetting begins when gratitude ends.
40. Thus ended the great eclipse and began the age of remembrance, though in the heart of Inti there lingered a sorrow, for he knew that the cycle of forgetting would return as surely as the dawn.

## Chapter VII — The Return in Flesh

1. After the eclipse, many years ripened and fell like grain to ground, and peace again dwelt in Cusco; yet in the quiet corners of the world men grew restless and forgot the taste of awe.
2. The temples were mended, but their keepers counted offerings more than blessings, and the lines of the ceques were walked without wonder.
3. Inti beheld this from his high throne of fire and said, The eye sees light, but the heart is blind. I will walk among them that they may see again through touch.
4. Then he clothed his radiance in mortal semblance, that flesh might speak to flesh without fear.
5. He descended at dawn upon the shore of Lake Titicaca, where the

- water mirrors the sky, and the birds watched in silence, knowing the world was about to change.
6. His feet pressed the earth and steam rose beneath his heels; his hands shone still with light, though softened as through woven cloth.
7. A child found him there and thought him a stranger come from the east; the man smiled and said, Tell your mother that the sun has come to break bread with her.
8. The child ran, and the news spread as flame among dry reeds, and the people came to see this wanderer whose eyes held both fire and forgiveness.
9. He spoke not from altars but from doorways, and his voice was low, as one telling secrets to friends.
10. He said, You build temples to remember me, but I dwell in the hands that feed the hungry and the arms that lift the fallen.
11. If you seek the sun, open your windows to the poor, for light enters where mercy stands unguarded.
12. The elders argued among themselves, saying, Who is this man that claims kinship with the fire of heaven?
13. But the sick found healing in his presence, and the weary found rest, for warmth followed him as shadow follows form.
14. He walked the ceques once more, repairing them with his steps; where he passed, the shrines awoke and the birds sang again in forgotten valleys.
15. The farmers offered him maize, and he blessed it by eating beside

- them, saying, Your harvest is holy when your table is open.
16. Children followed him laughing, for he spoke their language and drew the sun upon the dust with his finger.
  17. He told them, The world is a circle of play, not a ladder of fear; dance and you will remember truth better than you can speak it.
  18. Word of him reached the priests of Qorikancha, and they came in procession with censers and robes heavy with metal.
  19. They said, If you are the light, show us a sign within the temple.
  20. He answered, You have built your walls too high; the sign already waits outside where you cannot see.
  21. They were angered, for his words stripped them of their titles as wind strips leaves from trees.
  22. He turned from them and went to the fields, and those who followed found joy greater than gold.
  23. At evening he sat beside a river and spoke to those gathered, saying, As the water reflects the sky without keeping it, so should your hearts reflect love without owning it.
  24. What you hoard rots; what you share becomes seed.
  25. They listened as men listen to rain after drought, and their faces were softened as clay before the potter.
  26. But among them stood those who feared loss of power, and they plotted to silence him.
  27. They whispered, If he is the sun, let him rise alone; let us hide him from the people and see if dawn will find him.
  28. One night they seized him and bound his hands, and even bound his hands shone through the cords.
  29. They led him to a mountain pass before dawn and left him there to the cold.
  30. But Inti looked upon the east and smiled, for the horizon already burned with his own return.
  31. He said, No chain can bind the giver of light; no night can conceal the morning.
  32. And the sun rose swift and terrible, and the men who had bound him fell to their knees, covering their eyes from the glory they had denied.
  33. When they looked again, he was gone, and only the tracks of bare feet glowed upon the frost, leading down toward the villages.
  34. The people awoke to a warmth they had never felt before, as though the sun had entered their very veins.
  35. Children laughed in their sleep, and the old felt their bones mend; and they knew the Father of Light had walked among them.
  36. From that day men told stories of the stranger with fire in his hands who ate their bread and left them changed.
  37. They said, He was a man and more than man, for the sun called him brother.
  38. And Inti, seated once more in his heaven, looked down and saw that light was again moving through human flesh.
  39. He said, It is well. When I am forgotten, I will walk again; for my

path is not a circle of power but a circle of mercy.

40. Thus ended the Return in Flesh, and the world was remade by remembrance more than by miracle.

## Chapter VIII — Teachings upon the Terraces

1. In the season that followed his walking, the valleys stirred with new breath, and the terraces shone after rain as mirrors set one above another to catch the sun.
2. The people gathered there, not in temples of gold but upon the steps of their own labor, for they had learned that stone laid for bread is holier than stone laid for pride.
3. Inti came among them again in the guise of a traveler, his cloak the color of dust, his eyes bright as the noon he carried within.
4. He sat upon a wall and watched them at their work until they noticed him, and they paused, for even silence felt different in his presence.
5. He said, You have built these terraces with patience, yet the greater field is the heart. Weed it daily, for bitterness grows faster than maize.
6. A woman asked, How shall we know when the harvest of the heart is full?
7. He answered, When joy feeds more than hunger, and gratitude ripens before grain.
8. Then he took a handful of soil and let it fall through his fingers, saying, Each grain remembers where it has been; so do you.

Learn from your dust rather than despising it.

9. He taught that labor done in song mends the spirit of the world, for melody is the sweat of the soul made sweet.
10. And he told the elders, Teach the children to play beside their work, that they may never forget delight while building duty.
11. The builders came to him, their hands rough from stone, and asked, How shall we make walls that endure storms?
12. He said, Lay truth between the stones as mortar, for deception crumbles faster than clay.
13. The weavers brought him cloth bright as morning, and he smiled, saying, The loom is wiser than the sword, for it joins what the blade divides.
14. A shepherd spoke, Master of light, even the gentlest lamb wanders; must we always call it back?
15. He answered, Call softly. Freedom listens better to love than to fear.
16. The farmers gathered seed and asked, How shall we keep plenty from becoming pride?
17. He said, Give the first handful to one who hungers; gratitude shared is abundance preserved.
18. A youth asked, What is the purest offering to the sun?
19. Inti replied, Rise early and forgive someone before the light reaches their door.
20. They were astonished, for none had heard holiness spoken so simply.
21. He walked the rows with them until evening, teaching that rest is

- also worship, for even the sun sets to keep the balance of fire.
22. At twilight he lifted his face and said, The day is my breath; the night is my thought. Fear neither, for both are needed to dream creation anew.
23. One asked, Why does sorrow return when joy seems secure?
24. He said, Because joy without sorrow forgets its source. As shadow defines flame, humility guards grace.
25. He told them that every terrace is a covenant between height and depth, that neither mountain nor valley could live alone.
26. So it is with men, he said. The strong must bend downward, and the lowly must lift their eyes; only then is balance kept.
27. They brought him water from a spring, and he blessed it, saying, Even purity must move or it stagnates; keep kindness flowing as water through stone.
28. A mother placed her infant in his arms, and light pooled around them. He said, Behold the new sun, small yet complete; each child is the proof that the world still believes in morning.
29. Then he placed his hand upon the child's brow, and a warmth lingered there like promise.
30. He taught that sickness is not curse but conversation: the body asking the soul to listen.
31. And he told the healers, Use both herb and hymn, for medicine that forgets to sing heals only halfway.
32. When night fell, torches were lit along the terraces, and the people sat as stars upon the earth.

33. He said, You see the heavens mirrored in your labor; so long as you keep faith with work, the cosmos will keep faith with you.
34. He warned them gently, Do not measure holiness by distance, for I am as near in the furrow as in the sky.
35. Some wept, understanding for the first time that divinity had calloused hands.
36. He broke bread with them and said, Eat this warmth; it will teach you memory better than any prayer.
37. And as they ate, they felt the weight of their own worth returning like blood to numb limbs.
38. He rose before midnight and looked upon the sleeping fields, whispering, May they dream kindly of one another.
39. Then he walked away toward the mountains, leaving the terraces aglow, each stone holding a faint ember of his passing.
40. Thus were spoken the Teachings upon the Terraces, and they endured longer than walls, for they were planted in the marrow of men.

## Chapter IX — The Trial of the Cold

1. When Inti departed from the terraces, his warmth lingered in the hearts of the people, yet his voice faded like music carried too far by wind.
2. The generations that followed spoke his sayings as proverbs at mealtime and in markets, but the

- weight of their wonder thinned to habit.
3. Still, a few remembered with trembling, and these were the Keepers of the Word, who vowed to preserve every utterance he had spoken upon the earth.
  4. They journeyed to the southern shore of Lake Titicaca, to the place where first he had walked among them as a man, and there they dug beneath the ancient temple of stone and reed.
  5. In the cool half-light beneath its floor they built a chamber and called it The Womb of Dawn, saying, Here the breath of the sun shall sleep until it is needed again.
  6. Upon plates of hammered copper they engraved his teachings, tracing each syllable with reverence, and the metal sang faintly beneath their chisels.
  7. They anointed the plates with oil and sealed them within clay jars, binding them with thread dyed in the blood of maize, that earth and fruit might witness their vow.
  8. Should darkness fall again, they said, these words shall be seed to re-sow the world.
  9. And they covered the chamber with stone and silence, leaving only a narrow vent that faced the morning.
  10. For three ages the records slept, and the vent filled with dust, and men forgot that wisdom has bones buried in time.
  11. Then came the age of chill, when storms prowled the mountains and the sun seemed weary of his own labor.
  12. Frost crept across the terraces, splitting the stones; rivers slowed; birds fell mid-flight and were buried by snow.
  13. The people cried, Has the Father withdrawn forever? Have our prayers turned to ash?
  14. The elders sought answers in the ceques, but ice had swallowed the shrines, and no echo answered their songs.
  15. In their despair they turned to the Keepers, saying, If there is memory of his voice, bring it forth before all warmth perishes.
  16. The Keepers descended to the temple by the lake, breaking the seals that had not been touched since the dawn of peace.
  17. The jars were brittle, the plates green with age, yet when they lifted them, the air filled with the scent of rain and copper.
  18. They carried the plates to the surface and set them in the faint light, and the letters caught the sun like mirrors waking from a long dream.
  19. The people gathered, huddled in furs, their breath rising like incense, and the eldest Keeper began to read.
  20. The sound of his voice rolled across the frozen water, and the ice cracked, for even stone cannot bear the heat of remembered truth.
  21. Labor is worship, he read, and song at evening is thanksgiving.
  22. Give the first handful to one who hungers; gratitude shared is abundance preserved.
  23. The crowd wept, for they had hoarded and quarreled, and their

- hearts thawed before the fields did.
24. Then he read, What you hoard rots; what you share becomes seed, and men emptied their storehouses without command.
  25. The children ran laughing through snow that melted under their feet, and elders lifted their faces to the pale sun.
  26. But one among them said, If these are truly his words, where is he now? Why does he not return as before?
  27. The Keeper answered, He has returned; you hear him in the warmth stirring within your chest. Flesh need not walk again when spirit awakes.
  28. Yet the doubter turned away, muttering, Words do not feed a man.
  29. That night, frost claimed his roof while the rest slept in warmth, for disbelief builds walls against mercy.
  30. The next morning, the lake lay open, free of ice, and the people cried, He has forgiven us once more!
  31. They rebuilt the shrines, not with gold but with stone and grain, saying, Let humility be the new ornament of the sun.
  32. And the Keepers replaced the plates in their chamber, sealing it again with earth, for wisdom must sleep as well as wake.
  33. Before they left, the eldest bent low and whispered to the jars, Rest until the world forgets again, and then rise as morning does.

34. The wind answered softly through the vent, carrying a hint of warmth though snow still fell.
35. Inti watched from his throne of light and said, Their faith is frostbitten yet alive; it shall bloom again when patience ripens.
36. He spread his arms across the sky, and though clouds hid his face, their edges burned with promise.
37. The people learned to live between cold and hope, tending one another as embers in the dark.
38. They said to their children, When you fear the night, remember that the sun once walked here and left his footprints beneath the lake.
39. And in the silence of that winter, a new peace was born—not the peace of plenty, but of shared endurance.
40. Thus was the Trial of the Cold fulfilled, and the words of Inti were proven stronger than warmth itself.

## Chapter X — The Dawn Without End

1. And after the long winter, when frost at last loosened its hold upon the mountains, the people gathered beside the lake where the words of Inti had been spoken once more.
2. They stood in silence, for the water shone with a brightness not of the world, and within its depths they thought they saw faces—their own, and the face of the Father interwoven.

3. Then a murmur rose among them like wind in high grass: He who made us is not gone; he has walked with us and watches still.
4. The elders answered, He both created us, walked among us, and watches from the stars over us; the circle of his presence is unbroken.
5. The mountains repeated it in thunder, and the rivers carried it to the sea, until all the world spoke the same remembrance.
6. And Inti looked down from the firmament and said, The seed of memory has at last borne fruit.
7. He called to Pachamama, Sister of my warmth, arise; the covenant we made shall now become song.
8. She answered from her depths, I am risen, brother of flame; the womb of the world is open again, and the harvest of peace has begun.
9. Light poured through the cracks of the mountains and raced across the terraces, touching every roof, every sleeping face.
10. The children awoke laughing, and the old smiled as though remembering a story once told to them in another life.
11. The Keepers brought forth the copper plates a final time and laid them upon the ground in a circle.
12. As the sun struck them, the letters shimmered, and each plate dissolved into dust of gold, mingling with soil and seed.
13. Let the record no longer be hidden beneath stone, said the eldest Keeper. Let it live in the breath of every creature.
14. Inti answered, So be it. My scripture shall be written now in pulse and dream, not in metal or clay.
15. The ceques that once stretched from Cusco to the edges of the empire burned again in brilliance, lines of fire leaping from peak to peak.
16. Yet they were not paths of command but of communion, threads of light reminding each valley that it belonged to the same heart.
17. The people lifted their hands, palms open, and saw that light shone faintly within them.
18. They cried, We are the ceques! The sun moves through us!
19. Inti said, Yes. As long as you share warmth, the dawn shall not end.
20. And a new age began, not of kings but of kinship, where every hearth was a temple and every meal a covenant renewed.
21. The fields yielded in gentleness, and the animals no longer fled at harvest, for they too felt the calm of restored balance.
22. Rain fell as blessing, not as trial; wind carried laughter instead of dust.
23. The people spoke no longer of worship but of gratitude, for they had learned the two were the same.
24. Mothers taught their children, When you see the sun, remember he is both above and within you.
25. Fathers said, When you work, do so with joy, for every stroke of the hand is a prayer made visible.

26. Travelers crossing the Andes sang songs of the shining stranger, and each who heard them felt less alone on the road.
27. In the evenings, when stars kindled the dark, the elders pointed upward and said, He watches still; his eyes are these fires scattered across the night.
28. And they understood that heaven was not distant but mirrored in every spark of kindness.
29. Then Inti spoke one last time to Pachamama, saying, The circle is complete; the fire and the clay are reconciled.
30. She answered, And the world shall carry your warmth in its blood until the last grain falls from time's hand.
31. The sun rose higher than ever before, and the air itself seemed to sing.
32. No shadow clung to the ground, for even darkness was content to rest within light.
33. The people felt no fear of night thereafter, for they knew the stars were windows into the face of their Father.
34. The Keepers, their task fulfilled, laid down upon the earth and slept, their bodies turning slowly to the color of dawn.
35. The children who found them were not sorrowful, for they saw light rising from their skin like mist returning to sky.
36. From that day, every newborn carried a faint gleam upon the brow, sign of the covenant made flesh.
37. The generations multiplied, but none said, The sun is distant, for

- distance had been conquered by remembrance.
38. Inti looked upon creation and was satisfied, for it no longer feared forgetting.
  39. And he whispered into the endless morning, There shall be no final eclipse, for love now rises with the dawn.
  40. Thus ends The Record of Inti, the story of light descending, walking, and returning—yet never leaving the hearts of those who remember.

## THE MISTASSINI RECORD

### Transmission of the Birch Record

The cedar chest was struck open by an axe while clearing driftwood at the lake's outlet. Inside were birch sheets bound with copper wire, still smelling of pine gum. The Company man thought it a cache of trade goods and brought it to the post at Rupert House.

Interpreter A. J. Fontaine, recognizing the etched markings as Midewiwin, sent word north. Within a week, four elders arrived from Mistassini by canoe. They were led by Wâpi-miskwâw (White Light), keeper of the lodge.

That evening, in the storeroom lit by a single lantern, they unwrapped the bundle. The air filled with the scent of cedar and resin. Fontaine recorded only one exchange:

Wâpi-miskwâw: "It has not been lost."

Fontaine: "Then who kept it?"

Wâpi-miskwâw: "The lake."

The next morning, Fontaine accompanied them back to the lodge. There they prayed over the chest, lit cedar smoke, and placed the birch inside the sacred box once more. A Company clerk witnessed the act and entered into his ledger:

"Returned to those who first kept it. They called it not property but breath."

Following custom, half of the scrolls were resealed and buried again beneath the Great Rock by the outlet, "so that the land may continue the reading when men forget." The remainder were stored in the lodge chest and read only in the winter moon.

Fontaine noted in his margin:

"Language must cool before truth is handled."

Transcribed faithfully from the birch scrolls of the Midewiwin Lodge during the winter and spring.

Recorded by Interpreter A.J. Fontaine under supervision of the elders of Mistassini.

Custody Declaration

Mistassini Post

I, A.J. Fontaine, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, affirm that the following pages were written during the translation of birch scrolls belonging to the Midewiwin Lodge at Mistassini.

I have altered no words and added none of my own save where clarification of date or place was necessary.

These papers remain the property of the Lodge.

— Signed,  
A.J. Fontaine

Attestation of the Lodge

Mistassini Lodge of the Midewiwin

We, the elders of the Lodge, affirm that the interpreter wrote in our presence while we translated the scrolls of the Old Birch.

He did not speak our tongue, yet he kept his hand steady.

What is written here are the sounds we gave him.

— Wâpi-miskwâw, Keeper of the Lodge  
— Mashkawizi, Speaker of the Scrolls

#### Extract from Fontaine's Field Notes

The wind has fallen. They lit no lamp, only the fire. The bark gleamed when they rubbed it with fat. When the symbols brightened, they began to speak — not reading, but singing in low voices.

One line repeated: "He walked home from the sea."

Their faces shone as though the fire itself was listening. When the elder woman finished, she said, "Now it breathes again." They folded the bark, kissed it, and laid it back into the cedar chest. I wrote as they spoke. The following is their voice, not mine.

#### Translation (as recited by the elders)

"From the salt road where the whales breathe, he came.

Nine days the water walked beside him.

The stars burned in his footprints, and the trees turned their leaves to follow.

When he reached the lake that remembers, the geese bowed and were silent.

The breath that left became the wind.

The breath that stayed became the people."

#### Fontaine's Closing Note

I cannot say what the symbols meant, nor whether their tale is true. But I know the reverence with which they spoke, and that what passed among them tonight will not soon pass again.

In the first days of February, a hunting party from the eastern inlet uncovered a cedar chest half-buried beneath a standing stone near the outlet of Lake Mistassini. Inside were bundles of birch bark bound with rawhide, darkened by age and smoke. The markings were judged sacred and carried intact to the Midewiwin Lodge.

Interpreter A. J. Fontaine, then stationed at the Hudson's Bay Company post, was invited by the elders to witness their reading. The sessions took place across three consecutive nights within the inner lodge. Four elders served as translators; one acted as keeper of the fire. Fontaine recorded their words in ink as they spoke, without correction or addition.

At the close of the third night the scrolls were resealed, the chest returned to the custody of the Lodge, and Fontaine's written copy placed in a smaller cedar box lined with beaver hide. Two keys were made—one kept by the Keeper Wâpi-miskwâw "Ceremonial title", the other lodged with Fontaine for record of provenance.

This file reproduces that written copy in full, maintaining sequence and pagination.

End of summary.

## Mistassini Post

I, A. J. Fontaine, Interpreter in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at Mistassini Post, hereby affirm that the following pages are a true and accurate account of what was spoken during the translation of certain birch scrolls belonging to the Lodge of the Midewiwin.

The translation was conducted over three nights within the inner lodge at Lake Mistassini under the authority of the elders Wâpi-miskwâw, Mashkawizi, and others whose names are recorded below. I was granted leave to sit within the circle and to copy their speech in the order it was given.

No change of word or meaning has been made by my hand. I have added no comment save marginal notations for clarity of time or place. The physical scrolls remain in the possession of the Lodge, under seal of cedar and wax, as was their wish.

This duplicate was completed and witnessed at the Mistassini Post on the date below and is to be kept with the Lodge records for safe preservation.

— Signed and sworn

A. J. Fontaine

Interpreter, Hudson's Bay Company

Mistassini Lake, Dominion of Canada

Witnessed by J. McLeod, Factor, H.B.C.

Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake

We, the elders of the Midewiwin Lodge of Mistassini, make record of this:

that Interpreter A. J. Fontaine was permitted to sit within the inner circle

during the winter translation of the old birch scrolls recovered near the outlet of the lake.

He wrote by firelight as the words were spoken.

He did not question the order nor interrupt the recitation.

His hand was steady, and his ink kept pace with the breath of our speakers.

He did not know our tongue, yet he captured its rhythm.

The meanings rendered here were given aloud by us—

translated from the language of our grandfathers into the trader's tongue—

so that a second memory might survive beside our own.

We have read the copy he made and find it faithful.

May these words keep breath while cedar keeps scent.

— Signed in the presence of the four winds

Wâpi-miskwâw — Keeper of the Lodge

Mashkawizi — Speaker of the Scrolls

Nîpîhkâw — Fire Tender

Kisikâw-iskwêw — Memory Woman

Mark of the Midewiwin Lodge

## Mistassini District

### Entry #47 — Evening Record

“Returned hunters from east inlet brought to post a cedar chest, weather-cracked, containing birch bark sheets bound in hide. Articles transferred by consent of Chief Wâpi-miskwâw to the Lodge for religious custody.

Interpreter Fontaine present. Condition of artifacts: dry, smoke-scented, intact.

Elders requested privacy for three nights to perform ceremonial reading.

Post to supply candles, paper, and ink.

Item registered under Misc. Trade No. 3117 — not for commercial exchange.”

Signed:

J. McLeod, Factor

A. J. Fontaine, Interpreter

W. L. Stewart, Clerk

## Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake

The birch scrolls and all written copies thereof shall remain within the keeping of the Midewiwin Lodge.

No portion is to be copied, printed, or read aloud beyond the Lodge circle without consent of the Keeper.

Interpreter A. J. Fontaine retains the right to hold his ink copy only while stationed at the Mistassini Post.

Upon his departure from the district, said copy shall be returned to the Lodge and sealed with the others in cedar.

It is agreed that the Hudson’s Bay Company shall make no claim of ownership, discovery, or title over the sacred birch scrolls, the translations, or the transcriptions arising from them.

This condition was witnessed and accepted by both parties beneath the sign of the northern wind, this twentieth day of February, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and thirteen.

— Signed

Wâpi-miskwâw, Keeper of the Lodge

A. J. Fontaine, Interpreter, H.B.C.

J. McLeod, Factor, H.B.C.

Witnessed by Kisikâw-iskwêw, Memory Woman

## Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake

Before the translation began, the elders observed the rites of opening.

The Keeper spread cedar boughs upon the ground in a circle broad enough to hold the chest.

The Fire Tender set three coals in the center and fed them pine resin until the flame turned blue at its edge.

A clay bowl of lake water was placed beside it; into this, the Speaker dipped his fingers before each utterance.

No one entered or left once the hum began.

The women of the outer lodge tended the fire beyond the wall but made no sound.

I was instructed to keep my pen still until the chant broke.

The Keeper spoke the invocation first in Cree, then turned toward me and said in English:

“When you write, remember this—our words are not the wind; they are the marks the wind leaves on water.”

He lifted the bark sheet. Its surface shimmered as if greased, the carvings visible only when tilted toward the flame. Each symbol had been cut by a different hand, they said, and each hand belonged to a generation of memory.

A low drum began, steady as breathing. With that sound they began to speak the story.

What follows is a faithful record of the translation as I heard it, rendered line for line.

## Mistassini Lodge

The first reading commenced at dusk. The lodge had been closed since noon; snow packed tight around its base to keep the wind from the floor. Within, four elders sat around the cedar fire, its smoke pressed low beneath the roof poles. They allowed no lantern, only flame.

I was given a place near the door. Ink, paper, and a single plank served as my desk. The chest rested between the elders. Its lid had been split in transit; it was bound again with rawhide.

When they opened it, the smell of smoke and pitch filled the air—like the inside of an old canoe. Inside lay the birch sheets, blackened but sound, bound in pairs. Each was wrapped in bark paper covered with ochre symbols: circles, feathers, lines like rivers.

The Keeper, Wâpi-miskwâw, said only:

“These are the voices of the frozen moon. We read them while the snow still covers the water, for that is when the words remember.”

He took the first sheet in both hands and held it near the flame until the markings shone. The others began to hum, slow and deep. The translation that follows was given aloud, one elder speaking while the others kept the rhythm with the hum.

My hand followed their voices as best I could. The next page contains the first portion of what they called The Journey of the Breath of Light.

Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake —  
Translated aloud by the elders

“From the salt road where the whales breathe, they came —

Aaniibinesiikwe, the Star of the Sea, and her son Yehehowzhowa, the Breath of Light.

With them walked a small delegation of tribesmen and traders who had met them at the mouth of the sea.

They carried bundles of copper, salt, and fur, and songs for the lodges inland.

The sea gave farewell gifts — a shell that echoes the wind and a stone that gathers light when rain touches it.

The mother kept both in a seal-skin pouch at her heart and said, ‘These are the voices of our crossing; they will remind us who we are.’

For nine days they followed the frozen rivers north and west.

Hunters broke trail with their paddles as staffs; the boy carried cedar twigs for smoke at night.

On the third night they met the Innu of the Saguenay.

Words were traded — salt for bread, song for silence.

The elders there said, ‘The wind behind you is the breath of the sea; when it turns inland, it will not lose you.’

They moved beneath red-frost sky.

When cold bit their hands, the boy breathed on them and the skin did not crack.

The men whispered that he carried the fire of water within his chest.

At the place where stones sing they stopped.

The sound guided them through the forest as if it knew their names.

That night the mother dreamed of the lake of her birth.

The boy said, ‘These are the same stars that watched me rise from the water.

When they repeat themselves, we will be home.’

Thus was the beginning of the Journey of the Breath of Light,

when the child of the Sea walked once more toward the Lake that Remembers.”

### Midewiwin Lodge

— Smoke was thick but sweet; cedar and pine mixed. The carvings on the bark caught the fire only when tilted just so.

— Four elders present: Wâpi-miskwâw (Keeper), Mashkawizi (Speaker), Nîpîhkâw (Fire Tender), Kisikâw-iskwêw (Memory Woman). One younger man brought water from the lake and withdrew.

— The chanting cadence followed a pulse of three beats, low hum on the first two, word on the third. The word “nîpîy” (water) recurred many times; each time the elders lifted their hands palm-upward.

— The mention of the Innu brought nods and murmurs — clear recognition of kinship. The Memory Woman smiled when the boy breathed upon the men’s hands; she said softly, “He warms as the lake warms the fish.”

— My candle guttered. They refused to let me relight it: “The story gives its own light.” Indeed, the birch glowed faintly where the resin pooled in the cuts.

— When the last line was spoken, no one moved for near ten minutes. Even the fire seemed unwilling to crack. Then the Keeper folded the bark and pressed his brow to it once before setting it aside.

— They called this sheet “The Path of Returning Breath.” All agreed it was the first of three.

End of marginal notes — A.J.F.

### Midewiwin Lodge

The second reading was held two nights after the first. The snow outside had crusted hard; the moon’s light crossed the lake like iron. I was summoned again at dusk.

When I entered, the chest already lay open. The elders had placed spruce tips on the floor this time instead of cedar—“for memory,” said the Keeper. They told me this scroll bore the middle path of the boy’s return, where he and his mother met the inland people and crossed from the river’s breath into the silence of the forest.

A new face joined them: Maskoteh, a youth of the western lodge, chosen to learn the old cadence. He kept the drum this night.

The Speaker said before they began:

“The first bark spoke of movement.

This bark speaks of the meetings along the way—

of those who saw him and did not forget.”

I was again instructed to write what was heard, not what I thought I heard.

Their speech came slower, deeper, the drum between them steady as a heartbeat.

The translation that follows is the record of that second bark.

### Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake

Before the translation began, the elders performed the rite of greeting.

Each elder lifted a handful of snow from outside the lodge and placed it in the bowl beside the fire.

As it melted, the Fire Tender said, “The rivers travel with us.”

The chest was opened with both hands upon it; the Keeper whispered a word I could not catch. The bark sheet withdrawn tonight was thinner, lighter in color, its carvings closer together—

the Speaker said, “This one was written on the move.”

The translation required four voices.

- Wâpi-miskwâw opened each segment with a breath of cedar smoke.
- Mashkawizi recited the markings aloud.
- Kisikâw-iskwêw supplied the missing tones between words, her hum rising like wind between trees.
- Maskoteh, the apprentice, beat a single drum, steady and slow, the rhythm of footsteps.

The fire burned white. The air was thick but clean. They forbade writing for the first ten heartbeats of each verse, saying,

“Let the sound settle in the ink before the hand moves.”

Outside, frost patterns spread on the hides that covered the doorway.

Inside, it was still enough to hear the snow slide from the roof.

The words that follow were given after the last ember was turned.

Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake —  
Translated aloud by the elders

“From the river that sings, they turned toward the trees.

The mother led with her bundle of salt and light;

her son followed, head bowed, watching how snow broke beneath her steps.

They met the people of the heights, the keepers of copper and fire.

These had heard of the sea-child who walked with wind at his side.

They brought him bread baked on stone and said,

‘Eat, so your voice will stay in this land.’

He ate, and his breath smoked blue like spruce sap.

The elders of that place asked the mother,

‘Is he one of us or of the sea?’

She answered, ‘He is of the breath that binds them.’

They bowed and called him Misipîson, the One Who Walks the Water Road.

On the fifth day they crossed the valley of dead pines.

The men’s snowshoes hissed against the crust;

wolves followed far behind but dared not close.

The boy looked back once and said,

‘They are the shadows that forget to end.’

That night, when the wind stilled, the sky tore open with light—

green and gold, twisting above the valley.

The boy fell to his knees in the snow.

He lifted his hands and prayed to his Father in the highest sky, saying,

‘Maker of breath, carry us home.

As I walked the sea, let me walk this light.

Hide my mother’s feet from cold and make her heart remember warmth.’

His voice rose until it joined the aurora.

The wolves laid down their heads.

The hunters did not move.

Only the fire dared answer,

flickering once in the pattern of a cross.

The mother turned her face away and wept,

for she knew then that his road would not end with hers.

In the morning they rose and followed the red dawn west,

for there the lake waited beneath its coat of silence.

The snow no longer broke beneath them—it breathed.”

### Midewiwin Lodge

— Sky outside the lodge alive with pale curtains of green. They called it the breathing of the north. When the elders spoke of the lights, their tones deepened until they nearly matched the hum above the roof.

— During the prayer passage, all four elders turned their palms upward. The Memory Woman closed her eyes; her lips moved silently before the Speaker translated.

— The words “Father in the highest sky” were not in their first tongue. They paused, searched, then borrowed my English phrase. The Keeper said after, “It means the One who gave breath before the waters were cold.”

— When the boy knelt, the fire’s smoke changed colour—blue-white for a heartbeat. No one tended it. I checked my notes later; the flame burned clean, without resin.

— They repeated the line ‘The snow no longer broke beneath them—it breathed’

three times. Each repetition softer, as though the sound itself were walking away.

— After the chant ended, Maskoteh asked if he might drum again. The elders refused. The Keeper said, “It would wake the road he has already taken.”

— The sheet was resealed in a birch wrapper marked with the sign of a heron. They called this record The Bark of Prayer and Return.

End of marginal notes — A.J.F.

## Midewiwin Lodge

The final reading took place after a full day of silence.

No one spoke within the lodge or near it; even the dogs were kept away.

By dusk the wind had shifted east, blowing from the lake, carrying the smell of ice and woodsmoke.

When I arrived, the snow had been cleared in a perfect circle around the entrance.

Inside, the fire was already lit but small—only a red core, no flames.

The chest rested open between the elders, and the last birch sheet lay across their knees.

The Keeper said quietly,

“This is the closing breath—the homecoming.”

All four elders wore cords of twisted reed around their wrists, the mark of completion.

They instructed me to write no title, only the words as they were spoken,

and to keep my head bowed until the final verse.

Before beginning, the Speaker placed his hand on the bark and said in Cree,

‘If the lake remembers, so will we.’

The others answered, ‘And if we remember, the lake will breathe.’

Then the Memory Woman poured melted snow into the bowl beside the fire.

The light of it shone faintly on the birch, as if the lake itself had come to listen.

The translation that follows is from that third and final night.

## Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake

Before the recitation began, the elders observed what they called the Rite of Return.

Each placed a single cedar needle upon the coals and waited for its smoke to rise.

When the thin threads of smoke met near the roof poles, the Keeper said,

“As the smoke gathers, so the paths join.”

The bark was unrolled upon a hide stretched over the ground. It was thicker than the others, as if two sheets had been pressed together in age. Its carvings glinted dark red under the fire—

the Speaker explained this was the mark of blood sap, used when the story speaks of home.

The chant followed no drum tonight. The rhythm was carried instead by breathing.

The four elders took turns inhaling deeply before each line, so that each phrase began as an exhale of warmth into cold air.

The Memory Woman alone kept her eyes open, watching the flame, repeating every tenth word like an echo.

No one else was permitted inside the lodge. Even I, seated behind them, was asked to set aside my writing until the fourth verse.

The Keeper said quietly,

“The ending must first be heard in the heart; then it may be written.”

A white owl called from outside the wall, and all four elders raised their hands once in salute.

The Speaker whispered, “It has come to carry the sound.”

When the fire settled to its lowest glow, they began the recitation.

Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini Lake —  
Translated aloud by the elders

“The ninth dawn found them upon the ridge above the water.

Mist rose from the lake in slow circles, like hands remembering prayer.

Aaniibinesiikwe, the mother, stood first.

She lifted the shell from her pouch and held it to her ear.

It sang—not of sea, but of home.

She said, ‘The waters speak the same, whether salt or sweet.’

The boy knelt. His hair was heavy with frost, his eyes the color of the thaw.

He whispered, ‘Father in heaven, I have returned to the breath that bore me.

Keep this place in the hollow of your palm, that it may never close upon its own light.’

The lights of the sky moved with his words—

not as waves, but as living branches reaching down to touch the ice.

The people who followed fell to their knees.

They said the lake itself lifted to meet him, a slow heaving as of lungs drawing their first breath.

When he stood, the wind bent the pines eastward.

The mother said, ‘You have found the place where day begins.’

He answered, ‘No, mother. I have found the place that remembers it.’

Then he walked upon the ice until he stood far from shore.

The geese turned in their flight and circled him once.

He raised his hand in farewell, and the air shimmered between him and the water.

When the light faded, only his footprints remained,  
glowing faintly beneath the ice as stars  
beneath a frozen sky.”

The elders ceased speaking. The fire burned without smoke, a clear flame. None spoke for a long while. Then the Keeper said softly,

“Thus ended the journey of the Breath of Light,

and thus began the remembering of the lake.”

## Midewiwin Lodge

— The air in the lodge grew still as the elders spoke the prayer to the Father. No crackle of the fire, no sigh of wind. I could hear only the breath leaving their mouths.

— When they reached the line “Keep this place in the hollow of your palm,” all four extended their right hands, cupped. The Memory Woman began to cry silently; tears left clean streaks on her ash-marked face.

— The lights outside brightened through the hide wall, green and violet streaks moving like water over stone. They said the northern sky listens when the true words are spoken.

— The Keeper added, once the chant ended, that no man of his line had ever recited that closing verse aloud. “It was to sleep until the chest woke,” he told me.

— He also said the boy’s footprints remained for nine days after he vanished. Each morning they glowed faintly beneath new snow.

— When the fire died, the heron mark appeared again in the ash. They brushed it into the bowl of melted snow, whispering, “He has returned.”

— I was not permitted to copy the final song they hummed; it was for the dead and

unborn. I wrote the rhythm instead: one long, two short, one long, silence.

— The Keeper sealed the bark in birch wrap and laid it in the chest. He pressed his thumb into red wax, saying, “This is not an end; this is the breath resting.”

End of marginal notes — A.J.F.

### Midewiwin Lodge, Mistassini

Fontaine’s sketch, later found among his field papers, covers one full page of coarse ledger stock. He notes that the ink froze in the nib, so several strokes are indented rather than drawn. The annotations are brief and numbered in the margins.

1. Upper Panel — The Descent of Light.

A circle representing the lake, cut through its center by a vertical shaft. Above it, a seven-rayed star; below, its reflection inverted. Between them, a spiral marked “wind” in Cree syllabics. Fontaine writes: “They say the light traveled both ways—up and down—born not of heaven, but between heaven and earth.”

2. Middle Panel — The Child and the Mother.

Two figures rendered with outward-turned palms. The smaller bears three concentric rings at the heart, “symbol of the inner flame.”

The mother’s arms curve around him in the shape of a crescent. Beside her is written: “Aaniibinesiikwe, Star of the Sea.”

3. Lower Panel — The Path Across Water.

A line of nine footprints etched along a winding course, each foot drawn differently—one with feathers, one with flame, one with roots. Fontaine’s note: “Each step a teaching. They read it as a map, but also as instruction.”

4. Right Margin — The Heron.

Single bird with wings outspread, bridging the star above and the water below. Beneath, the words: “Bridge of Breath.” Fontaine adds a faint cross-reference: “Identical form in 1713 Jesuit record — Mission du Saint-Esprit, folio 2 verso.”

At the bottom edge he scrawled a closing line, uneven and faint:

“This is the grammar of their remembering; not letters, but movements of the soul upon bark.”

## Mistassini Post

The lodge was nearly dark when the last ember went out.

I remained, though the elders had withdrawn to the lake's edge.

Through the door flap I could see them—four figures against a faint gold band of sky—placing cedar boughs over the pit where the chest now lay.

The Keeper, Wâpi-miskwâw, spoke words I did not fully catch. The others bowed, then turned north toward the frozen bay. Only when the wind carried his voice back did I understand:

“You have breathed again. Sleep now until one who remembers your breath shall wake you.”

He pressed his hand to the snow, and for a moment the surface glowed pale blue, as though moonlight stirred beneath.

I stepped outside. The air was brittle with cold, and the aurora moved soundlessly above the pines.

The Keeper turned to me and said:

“You have written what you were meant to hear. Do not guard it like treasure; guard it like fire. It must burn in new hands.”

Then he smiled—a small, weary thing—and walked toward the lake until he was lost in the light.

I returned to the lodge to gather my papers. The circle of ash where the chest had rested was perfectly round, unbroken, as though nothing had been disturbed.

When I touched it, it was warm.

End of field record — A. J. Fontaine, Interpreter, Hudson's Bay Post, Mistassini.

## Addendum — The Ninth Scroll: The Journey Among the Northmen

(Recorded at the urging of the youngest elder)

When the chest was sealed and the fire cooled, the youngest among them—still strong of voice—spoke quietly:

“There remains one more, Father. The record of the far waters.”

The Keeper looked long at him, then nodded once.

From his belt, the younger drew a birch strip wrapped in sealskin, smaller than the rest.

“It is not for the lake,” he said, “but for the sea that fed it.”

He placed it in Fontaine's hands. The marks were older—etched deep, weathered by salt. At the top was the figure of a ship with

curved ends, its hull carved like the spine of a fish.

The Keeper explained:

“When the child was of fourteen winters, the Star Woman led him east, where the sea breaks against the stone islands. There he met the pale-haired traders who had long crossed the northern waters. They called him Søn av Lyset—the Son of Light—and feared the warmth that followed his words.”

Then the chant resumed, slow and deliberate, telling of their time among the Norse:

of iron that bent in his grasp, of storms that stilled at his breath, of a people who offered him red wine and were startled when he blessed it before drinking.

The youngest elder stopped before the ending and said,

“This one we will not seal. It was meant to travel.”

He returned it to Fontaine.

“If it finds its way to the sea again, the circle will close.”

## Field Reflection – Mistassini Post

I asked the Chief tonight how the scroll could speak of men who crossed the ocean in the age before iron rails.

He smiled as if I’d missed the obvious.

“Because they did,” he said.

“The people of the north wind—the Norsemen—you call them—came long before your priests.

We gave them copper. They gave us iron. A thousand winters of trade, forgotten by the south.”

I told him it was impossible; the maps show no such path.

He shook his head.

“Your maps are younger than our bones.

The sea remembers what you have forgotten.”

He stirred the fire with a stick, then added, almost gently:

“The boy you ask about—he did not find them.

They found him.”

I wrote that line twice, not sure if I understood it.

## Field Journal – Mistassini Post

(Conversation with Chief Wâpi-miskwâw after Father Arnaud's visit)

The Chief came again this evening. The rain had turned the snow to slush, and his coat steamed by the stove. He spoke first, unprompted.

Chief: "The priest who was here—Arnaud—he asked about the strangers from across the salt water. He said the name of their country was Norway."

Fontaine: "He told me the same. Said he could not believe your people knew them."

Chief: "Believe what he wants. They came before his church, long before. Big boats with bellies like fish, one tall pole in the middle and a cloth for catching wind. They followed the birds. Our men met them at the mouth of the river where the tide breathes in and out."

He drew the shape of a long boat in the soot—narrow, rising at both ends.

Chief: "They traded red stone for hard metal. Later, they returned again and again. They carried a small boy from our lodge—our own blood—back and forth with them. They said the sea wanted him near."

Fontaine: "The same boy the scrolls call the Breath of Light?"

Chief: "The same. They said when he sang, fog opened. When he looked at the horizon, whales rose to follow. They thought he was one of their sky-men come again. Odin, they called him. They gave him their food, their clothes, their songs."

Fontaine: "How many times did he cross?"

Chief: "Many. When he was small. Again when he was nearly grown. The sea took him east, the river brought him west. He knew both languages by heart. The Northmen would not sail without him."

He looked toward the window where rain streaked down the glass.

Chief: "Arnaud wrote what I said, then shut his book. He told me our story was only a shadow of his gospel. He said the Son of God was born far away. I told him this lake was also Bethlehem—a house of bread where water turned to light. He looked frightened. Maybe because he believed me for a breath."

The Chief turned back, voice quieter now.

Chief: "Write this, Fontaine. Write that the Norse came for trade, and stayed for faith. Write that the child they carried was ours, born here, yet known to them. When the

world remembers him again, I want it known he belonged to the North first.”

He rose, tightened the leather around his wrist, and left into the drizzle.

The stove ticked as it cooled, and I sat staring at the soot-drawing of the long boat until it faded back into the black.

### Field Journal – Mistassini Post

(Translation and commentary on the oldest birch scroll, “The Departure of the Sky-Father.”)

The Chief told me this birch was the oldest of all.

The bark dark as ironwood, the marks pressed deep as though carved by a stone edge.

He said it had been sealed with pine resin and kept in the roof of the long lodge for over a century.

When he unrolled it, the air smelled faintly of smoke and cedar oil.

He began to read, but he did not need the words; I could see he already knew them.

“When twenty-seven winters had passed upon him,  
the child of the lake had grown into the man of the four winds.  
His beard was full now—he had learned that custom from the sea-men who taught him to travel the salt water.

They had long come to our coast in their ships, trading iron and red stone for our copper.

They called him Himnes Fadir—Sky-Father—because the storms bent away from him.

They said no man could calm a sea like he could.”

The Chief lowered the birch and looked at me.

“These sea-men were not priests. They were traders—hard men, not given to stories.

Yet they swore that when he was aboard, the sea grew gentle.

They came for him many times. He always returned.

But that last winter, he said the work here was done.”

He read again.

“He told the people: The word must cross the dawn. I go to finish what began beneath these waters.

They begged him to stay.

He said, When the ice breathes fire, I will return. And when I see my mother again, she will know I have kept faith.”

Then came a long silence. The Chief’s eyes stayed on the lines burned into the bark.

“My grandfather said his father saw that ship,” he said quietly.

“Two masts, round hull, carved head like a bird.

They watched it drift out under the lights of the sky—no wind, yet it moved.

The sea-men rowed, but they said the water carried them faster than oars.”

He rolled the birch closed with slow hands.

“The priests wrote that he rose into heaven,” he said.

“Our fathers said he sailed east.

Same light, same man.

Only the sea changes.”

He placed the scroll back in its cedar box and sat looking at the fire until it guttered to embers.

“If you listen when the ice breaks,” he said, “you’ll hear it crack eastward first.

That’s how we know he remembers the way home.”

#### Addendum – Field Journal, Mistassini Post

The remaining three birch sheets were examined with the elders over the course of four days. The ink appears to be carbon mixed with sap; impressions made by bone stylus. The text repeats several of the oral passages already recorded: the birth beneath the ice, the crossings with the northern seamen, and the final eastward departure. No new narrative beyond what has been transcribed.

During translation sessions the elders insisted the “Sky-Father” returned in bodily form after his voyage. The physical description — wounds at hands, wrists, and feet — was given by at least two independent speakers. They maintain the encounter occurred “before the burning of the great lodge,” which they date to roughly the eighteenth winter following his departure. No corroborating record has been located.

The cedar chest containing the scrolls was sealed again and placed in the keeping of Wâpi-miskwâw. He refused remuneration. Said only, “The lake remembers.”

I will forward partial rubbings and translations to Father Arnaud for linguistic review, retaining copies in the mission ledger. Condition of originals: fragile but legible. No further handling recommended.

Étienne (A.J.) Fontaine, Interpreter

Hudson’s Bay Company, Rupert House Post

#### Addendum — Field Notes, Mistassini District

The remaining birch scrolls were reviewed with the elders of the Midewiwin over four successive days. The material is consistent with earlier samples: black carbon ink on aged bark, symbols cut rather than painted. Narrative content aligns with prior translations concerning the “Sky-Father,” his passage with northern traders, his return

marked by physical scars, and his final disappearance eastward.

The elders maintain these events as literal history, not ceremonial allegory. They assert that the man reappeared following the great winter fire, bearing wounds at the hands and feet “where light had passed through.” No contemporary records within Company archives corroborate this account.

Scrolls returned to the custody of Chief Wâpi-miskwâw and sealed within a cedar chest. Photographic reproduction not permitted. Elders cite spiritual restriction on further handling.

Environmental note: Ice beginning to break along the western inlet. The lake emits continuous sub-surface cracks resembling distant gunfire.

A. J. Fontaine, Interpreter

Hudson’s Bay Company, Rupert House Post

## The One Who Walked Among the Waters

This is a story inspired by the sacred traditions of the Duwamish people, one of the Coast Salish tribes who have lived for countless generations in the region now known as Seattle, Washington, along the shores of Puget Sound.

The Duwamish have long cared for the rivers, forests, and mountains of their homeland, honoring the salmon, the cedar, and the land itself. Their oral stories tell of a powerful being — known as the Transformer, or **Dukʷibət** — we know him as **Doo-Kwee-Buhth**, who walked among the people in ancient times, shaping the world, teaching respect and balance, and establishing the sacred relationships between humans, animals, and the earth.

As you read, may you hear the footsteps of the One Who Walked, feel the pulse of the rivers, and remember the lessons that flow through the land, the cedar, and the salmon.

## The Quiet Before Time

Before the cedar took root, before the salmon learned the river's curve, the world was quiet. Not empty only waiting.

The Sound lay still as polished stone, the mountains uncarved, their faces veiled in cloud. The wind drifted aimlessly through tall grasses, searching for someone to carry its songs. Even the stars seemed new then, glimmering shyly over a world that had not yet learned its name.

In that silence, the First People awoke. They were not yet the Duwamish, nor Suquamish, nor Puyallup only the people who listened. They moved gently through the world, for it felt alive beneath their feet. When they touched the earth, it breathed. When they drank from streams, the streams answered in ripples of light.

But there was no speech between them and the sky.

No covenant yet between land and hand.  
No one to teach the way of balance between taking and giving.

So the people prayed in the old way not with words, but with waiting.

And from the heart of the mist, where sea met sky, came a single footstep.

It was not thunder, not rain, not the cry of an eagle.

It was softer, like the earth recognizing a friend.

Then another step.

And another.

The waters parted gently, as if bowing, and a figure began to walk across them. He was clothed in light but shaped like a man. His face carried no age both ancient and newly born. Wherever His feet touched, reeds lifted their heads, and the water glowed with quiet joy.

The people fell to their knees. One woman whispered, "The One Who Walks." Another said, "The world remembers Him."

He said nothing at first.

He only walked to the shore, knelt, and pressed His hand into the soil. The ground trembled, and the cedar seeds buried there began to stir.

When He finally spoke, His voice carried the sound of moving water and wind through pine:

"You have slept long enough.

The world is ready to be shaped.

And you are ready to walk with Me."

The people felt the weight of His words not heavy, but vast, like standing at the edge of the tide knowing it stretches farther than sight.

Thus began the First Dawn the moment the world awakened, when the One Who Walked Among the Waters set His path upon the land.

And all who listened that day knew:

The silence before time had ended.

Life was now a story being told.

## The First Footsteps

When morning rose again, the light was different.

It no longer drifted; it moved following the path of the One who had stepped from the mist.

He walked along the curve of the bay, his footprints leaving pools that shimmered with salmon fry. Where his shadow passed, the grass rose greener, the air grew sweet with cedar, and the sleeping mountains stirred as if they'd heard their names for the first time.

The people followed at a distance.

No one dared speak loudly even the children hushed their laughter, for the sound of his walking was like prayer.

An elderly woman, her hair silver as river foam, lifted her hands.

“Who are you?” she asked.

The being turned to her, his eyes reflecting the sky.

“I am the One Who Walks,” he said. “Some will call me Transformer. Others will call me Teacher. But I am only what the world remembers and what you are willing to learn.”

He touched the water beside him. It rippled outward in circles that reached the far shore.

“You have fished, but not yet given thanks,” he said softly. “You have gathered, but not yet asked permission. This is not blame only balance waiting to be restored.”

The woman bowed her head, her voice trembling.

“Teach us how.”

He smiled then not as a god to servants, but as a father to children.

“Then walk with me,” he said. “For the land is young, and it is yours to care for.”

He began to walk inland, and with each step, the world took shape.

When he stepped on soft earth, rivers formed to mark his path.

When he brushed his hand against stone, mountains rose in greeting.

When he lifted his gaze to the sky, the stars leaned closer, eager to listen.

He spoke to the wind, and the wind learned to carry voices.

He spoke to the trees, and they learned to hold memory.

He spoke to the people, and they began to understand that every living thing held a name, a story, and a purpose.

At the mouth of a river, he paused.

“This river will remember my steps,” he said. “It will carry the salmon home each year, and the people will follow. They will build their lodges here and call this place *dx<sup>w</sup>dəwʔabš* the people of the inside, where the waters meet.”

And so the Duwamish were born named not for conquest or power, but for belonging.

That night, when the people sat by the fire, they watched the reflection of the stars tremble in the river.

The elder woman spoke again, quietly:

“He walks as if the earth itself is listening.”

And the young boy beside her whispered,

“Maybe it is.”

For the first time, the people felt not alone in the world but woven into it.

## The Making of Rivers

The next morning, mist hung low over the valley.

It was so quiet that even the wings of herons could be heard whispering through the fog.

The One Who Walked stood upon a hill and looked out over the vast plain.

It was wide and open, but still lifeless the air thick and waiting.

He knelt and pressed his hand into the soil.

The people watched as the ground trembled beneath him.

From his fingertips, a silver thread of water began to seep, curling downward like a newborn serpent seeking its way home.

It wound through the grass, glittering in the morning light.

Then he spoke:

“This will be the first river.

It shall find its way to the salt water, so the people may never forget the joining of two worlds — the fresh and the brine, the sky and the deep.”

The people gathered around as the stream widened.

Fish swam where no water had been, and reeds grew in a single night.

A child stepped forward and asked, “Why does it move so fast?”

The One Who Walked smiled.

“Because water remembers where it began. It never forgets its source, and neither should you.”

He moved farther north and drew his hand across the land again.

Another river sprang forth wider, slower, filled with stones smooth as stories told and retold.

“This one,” he said, “will be for the salmon. They will travel far, but they will always return to this river, for it carries my breath within it.”

Then he looked to the people.

“Each of you will have a river in your spirit a current that knows where it flows. Feed it with truth, and it will find the sea. Block it with pride, and it will turn to mud.”

As he spoke, clouds gathered, heavy with rain.

When the first drops fell, the people covered their heads, but he raised his arms and let the water touch his face.

“Do not fear the rain,” he said. “It is the sky remembering the rivers. It falls not to drown you, but to remind you that everything that leaves returns.”

That evening, the rivers shimmered under the moonlight, weaving through the valley like living veins.

The people sang their first song of gratitude a rhythm born of water and heartbeat, a song that would one day become the pulse of the land.

And the One Who Walked said softly, as though speaking to the wind,

“Now the world can breathe.”

The salmon leapt that night for the first time, silver and bright as prayers breaking the surface of creation.

And the people, watching in awe, knew that life had found its rhythm.

## The Woman of Cedar

Days passed, and the world began to breathe in color.

Grass covered the open plains, mountains rose high enough to touch the clouds, and rivers sang their silver songs to the sea.

Yet among all the beauty, the One Who Walked felt a quiet ache in the air like a song missing its last note.

He followed that feeling into a forest.

It was darker there, the light filtered through towering green spires.

Cedar, alder, and hemlock stood like old guardians, watching silently.

And beneath one great cedar, he saw her, a woman weeping.

Her hair was dark as wet bark, her hands pressed into the earth. Her tears flowed freely, soaking the roots of the cedar until they gleamed like amber.

He knelt beside her.

“Why do you weep, Daughter of the Trees?”

She did not lift her head at first. Her voice came soft, like the wind through hollow wood.

“Because the people forget. Already they take from the earth without asking. They take

the salmon without singing. They cut the branches and give no thanks. I am sorrowful for what they do not yet know they destroy.”

The One Who Walked placed His hand upon the cedar trunk.

The bark pulsed gently under His touch, alive with breath.

“You weep for what has not yet come,” He said. “That is the heaviest sorrow — to feel the wound before the blade has touched.”

She nodded, her tears falling faster.

“Then teach them, Great One. Teach them to remember.”

He reached out and gathered her tears in His hands.

They shimmered like resin thick and golden. He pressed them against the cedar, and where they touched, the tree began to glow.

“From this day forward,” He said, “the cedar will be your spirit made flesh. It will stand for the people’s memory. When they have forgotten their prayers, they will touch its bark and remember. When they have lost their way, they will build from its wood and find shelter. And when they bury their dead, they will lay them in cedar to remind the earth that all sorrow can return to peace.”

The woman looked up then.

Her eyes shone like rain on leaves.

“And me?” she asked. “What shall become of me?”

“You will live within the cedar,” He said.

“Your voice will be in its scent. Your strength will be in its rings. And your spirit will whisper in its shade for all who come seeking healing.”

Then, before her eyes, her body began to change — her hair lengthened into strands of bark, her arms stretched into branches, and her tears hardened into sweet resin.

Where she had knelt, now stood the first cedar tall, fragrant, eternal.

The One Who Walked bowed before her.

“You are not gone,” He said. “You have only become what you were meant to be.”

The wind passed through the branches and carried her voice:

“Remember me when you take.

Thank me when you build.

For in every gift, I live.”

And so the cedar became sacred a living prayer of remembrance.

From that day onward, the people burned cedar to call on healing, carved it for canoes to carry them home, and sang to it as they would to an elder spirit.

The One Who Walked left the forest in silence, but a faint smile touched His face. For though sorrow had birthed the cedar, it had also given the people a heart to remember.

## The Man Turned to Stone

The sun had climbed high when the One Who Walked returned to the open plains. The rivers sparkled, the cedars swayed, and the people gathered in their lodges, watching, learning, and whispering among themselves.

Among them was a man proud and tall, with a voice that boomed like distant thunder. He laughed at the new order of the world, mocking the rivers, the trees, even the One Who Walked Himself.

> “Why should I bow to water that moves beneath my feet?” the man shouted. “Why should I honor a tree that does nothing for me? I am strong! I carve, I hunt, I take. The world is mine to bend!”

The people gasped, hiding behind the cedars and rocks.

The One Who Walked approached slowly, His eyes calm but heavy with sorrow.

> “You see only what you want, and not what is,” He said.

“You forget that the rivers give themselves, that the cedar holds memory, that the salmon return by covenant. Pride blinds the heart and hardens the hand.”

The man laughed again, louder this time.

“I care not for your words. Your rivers, your trees, your covenants they mean nothing to me!”

The One Who Walked knelt, placing His hand upon the earth.

A soft vibration traveled through the soil. Birds stopped their song, and the rivers seemed to hesitate in their flow.

Then He spoke in a voice like the first thunder of creation:

“So it shall be, then. If you cannot honor life, life will honor you differently.”

The man’s laughter faltered.

His feet became heavy. The ground gripped his legs.

Stone rose from the soil and climbed along his body, hardening his arms, his chest, his face. His skin shimmered, then hardened, cold and grey.

The people watched in awe.  
He was not crushed, not burned, not erased  
only transformed.

The One Who Walked placed His hand on  
the man's shoulder.

“You are not gone, only fixed in your pride.  
Let this stone remind all who come after that  
arrogance and selfishness have weight, and  
that every action carries consequence.”

From that day forward, children told stories  
of the stone man on the plain.  
When hunters passed by, they whispered  
prayers for humility.  
When the rivers swelled in spring, they  
remembered that the earth will endure longer  
than any boast.

Yet the One Who Walked did not turn away  
in anger.  
He placed His hand upon the stone, and a  
single tear glimmered like morning dew on its  
surface.

“Even pride can soften in time,” He said  
softly.  
“And even the hardened can learn, if they  
listen to the earth.”

The man remained — a reminder, a lesson,  
and a bridge between the arrogance of youth  
and the wisdom of memory.

And the people, watching, felt both fear and  
respect.

They learned, for the first time, that the One  
Who Walked could punish, but always with a  
hand ready to guide.

## The Salmon's Covenant

The One Who Walked returned to the river  
at dawn.

The water flowed clear and strong, carrying  
the sunlight in dancing patterns across the  
stones.

Salmon leapt in silver arcs, and the people  
gathered on the banks, watching with awe  
and wonder.

He knelt beside the river and spoke softly to  
the fish:

“You who carry the salt of the sea and the  
memory of the river, listen. You will give  
yourselves to the people, so they may live. But  
they must never forget to honor you, for life is  
never taken without return.”

The people knelt as well, bowing their heads  
in reverence.

An elder whispered, “This is the first covenant.”

“It is,” the One Who Walked said. “The salmon will teach you balance. You may take from the river, but you must give in return prayers, thanks, care, and ceremony. Break this covenant, and the rivers will run dry, the salmon will not return, and your children will hunger.”

He raised his hands, and the river shimmered with light.

From the water, salmon leapt higher than ever before, their scales catching the sun like fire on waves.

“See their strength,” He said. “They remember where they came from. So must you. Your hands will take; your hearts will return.”

A young boy asked, “How will we honor them?”

“With song and ceremony,” the One Who Walked said. “With respect and patience. When you fish, take only what you need. When you build, leave thanks. When you feast, share stories of their journey. Let every act be a circle — from river, to table, to river again.”

The people nodded, understanding for the first time that life itself is a covenant, a series of circles held together by attention, gratitude, and care.

The salmon leapt once more, and the One Who Walked smiled.

“Now the people know. And from this day forth, the First Salmon Ceremony will remind them of the gift of life and the sacred duty to honor it.”

The elder woman rose, her voice strong and steady:

“We will remember. Every year, every harvest, every feast. We will sing to the salmon and they will sing to us.”

And the One Who Walked, looking over the people and the river, whispered to the water:

“May this covenant endure as long as the rivers flow, as long as the cedar stands, as long as the people walk upon this land.”

The rivers ran with silver light that day, and the salmon leapt as if dancing in joy.

The people, for the first time, felt themselves a part of something far greater than themselves a rhythm of life older than the mountains and deeper than the sea.

## The Night of Forgetting

The One Who Walked had shaped the rivers,  
the forests, and the people's hearts.  
But even the most attentive hearts can grow  
tired, and even the brightest memory can dim.

One night, under a sky heavy with clouds, the  
One Who Walked departed.  
Not forever, but for a time, leaving the people  
to walk the world on their own.  
He left a whisper in the wind:

"I am always near. Listen, and you will know  
me. Forget, and the world will teach you  
again."

At first, the people remembered.  
They sang to the cedar, gave thanks to the  
rivers, and honored the salmon with care.  
But as the days grew long and the work of  
living pressed upon them, memory faded.  
The rivers were fished without song.  
The cedar was cut without thanks.  
The salmon were taken without ceremony.

And the world began to respond.

Rivers slowed in anger.  
The salmon turned back to the sea, leaping  
less, hiding deeper.  
The trees whispered warnings, but the people  
did not hear.  
Even the wind carried the hush of sorrow.

One elder cried:

"We have forgotten the covenant. We have  
taken without return."

The night deepened. Shadows stretched long,  
and the moon hid behind cloud.  
In the darkness, the people felt a hollow  
stirring in their hearts, a cold emptiness where  
gratitude once lived.  
They had forgotten the One Who Walked,  
and in forgetting, they had forgotten  
themselves.

A young girl, sitting by a dwindling fire,  
whispered:

"Will He return?"

From the mist above, a soft glow appeared.  
The One Who Walked had not abandoned  
them.  
He walked unseen among the rivers, touching  
the stones and the trees, calling the people  
gently back to remembrance.

"You have wandered," He said through the  
rustle of leaves, "but the world does not  
abandon its own. Listen, and you will  
remember. Bow, and you will rise."

One by one, the people felt the weight of  
their forgetfulness.

Tears fell into the rivers.  
Hands were lifted to the cedars.  
Prayers rose with smoke into the sky.

And slowly, as the first light of dawn brushed  
the mountains, the people remembered.  
The rivers flowed again, stronger for the  
gratitude now given.  
The salmon leapt once more, returning to  
their place in the covenant.  
The cedar stood tall, leaves glimmering with  
morning dew, as if nodding in approval.

The One Who Walked had taught them a  
lesson in patience, humility, and memory:

Even the sacred can be forgotten.  
But even forgetting can become a doorway  
back to wisdom.

And the people, hearts trembling and  
grateful, began to sing again — not just to the  
rivers, not just to the trees, but to the One  
Who Walked, whose steps had left an imprint  
on the very earth itself.

## The Return

The sky split in silver and gold as the first  
light of morning touched the land.  
From the mist over the mountains, a figure  
emerged tall, luminous, walking with the  
quiet authority of one who belongs both to  
earth and sky.

The people felt it immediately.  
Their hearts quickened, their voices hushed,  
and the rivers seemed to hold their breath.

The One Who Walked had returned.  
Not in anger, not in judgment, but in the calm  
certainty of love.

He moved among the people, touching  
shoulders, lifting hands, guiding eyes to the  
cedars, the rivers, and the salmon.

“I have watched,” He said, His voice like the  
hum of the tide.

“I have seen your hearts forget, and I have  
seen you remember. Both are necessary. Both  
are part of the path.”

The people fell to their knees, tears streaming,  
for they had longed for this moment.

A young boy asked, trembling, “Will you stay  
with us?”

The One Who Walked smiled, and it was like  
sunlight spreading over still waters.

“I do not leave,” He said. “Even when unseen, I am here. I walk in your steps, in the rhythm of the rivers, in the dance of the salmon, in the rustle of cedar leaves. You will see me when you listen.”

He led them to the rivers, showing how the salmon followed the currents, teaching them the sacred timing of harvest.

He moved through the forests, pointing to cedars and hemlocks, showing how each tree held memory and strength.

He spoke to the mountains, and the mountains seemed to nod in understanding.

“Remember this,” He said.

“The world is alive, and every step you take matters. Walk with respect, and you will be carried. Walk without care, and you will stumble. But even in stumbling, there is learning.”

That night, the people gathered around fires that sparkled like stars fallen to earth.

The One Who Walked did not sit with them; He moved through the shadows, the moonlight tracing His path.

And yet, they felt Him beside them in every whispered story, in every shared meal, in every song to the rivers and trees.

A woman, kneeling beside her child, whispered, “He has returned.”

“Not only to return,” said the One Who Walked softly to the wind, “but to remind them how to see, how to hear, how to live.”

And in that night, the people understood something profound:

Even when the sacred seems gone, it is only waiting waiting for hearts to remember, for hands to honor, for voices to sing.

The One Who Walked had returned, and the world was ready to walk with Him once again.

## The Song of the People

The One Who Walked had returned, yet He did not speak every word.

Instead, He let the people see, feel, and hear the world anew and in that seeing, they found their own voices.

A young girl dipped her hands into the river, lifting water to her lips.

She felt the pulse of the salmon beneath her fingers and began to hum a note so soft it barely rose above the whispering of the trees.

An elder heard her and joined in, tapping his drum on a stone.

One by one, others added their voices clapping, stomping, singing, and chanting in rhythm with the rivers and wind.

The song grew, swelling like the tide.  
It was not just sound; it was memory,  
gratitude, and teaching intertwined.  
It told of rivers born from the steps of the  
One Who Walked, of cedars that held the  
sorrow and wisdom of ancestors, of salmon  
who gave their lives to sustain the people.

The One Who Walked moved among them,  
unseen, letting the song rise, letting the people  
remember:

“You are not merely hearers. You are keepers.  
You are carriers of the covenant, the rhythm,  
the memory of the world.”

The song became a living thread, weaving  
through hearts and homes.  
Every child learned it, every elder passed it  
on.  
It was sung when the first salmon were taken,  
when the cedars were carved for lodges, when  
the rivers swelled in spring, and when the  
night sky stretched over the Sound.

The people realized that the One Who  
Walked was not only in the rivers, the cedar,  
or the salmon — He was in them, in their  
voices, in their hands, in the songs that rose  
together like smoke into the sky.

“We are one with all,” the elders whispered.  
“The song is life. The song is a memory. The  
song is covenant.”

And the young girl, now standing taller, sang  
louder.  
Her voice carried across the water, and the  
salmon leapt as if dancing in joy.  
The wind took the melody into the forests,  
the mountains, the plains.  
Every leaf, stone, and wave seemed to answer.

The people understood, at last, that the world  
itself had taught them how to sing and in  
singing, they walked with the One Who  
Walked.

The song of the people became the song of the  
land.  
It carried memory, gratitude, and promise.  
And it would continue long after the One  
Who Walked had stepped beyond sight for it  
had found its home in the hearts of all who  
listened.

## The God Who Still Walks

The rivers ran silver under the morning sun.  
The cedars swayed, their leaves whispering  
stories of sorrow and joy, of lessons learned  
and promises kept.

The salmon leapt in arcs of light, as if the  
waters themselves celebrated life's rhythm.

The One Who Walked had taught the people  
many things:

The covenant of the salmon.  
The memory is held in cedar.  
The weight of pride and the path of humility.  
The power of song to remember and to heal.

Yet He did not linger as He had before.  
He did not sit in their fires or speak at their  
lodges.

Instead, He became the path itself.

"I walk still," He whispered through the  
rustle of leaves, through the silver glint of  
rivers, through the leaping of salmon.

"Not in the shape of man, not in the glow of  
mist but in the world you touch, the songs  
you sing, the memories you carry. I am in  
every step you take and in every choice you  
make. Walk as if I am beside you, and I am."

The people bowed, understanding at last that  
He had never left.

Every river they crossed, every cedar they  
touched, every salmon they honored was a  
reminder that the sacred moves with them in  
breath, in gesture, in song.

A child reached for the river, feeling its pulse.

"Is He gone?" she asked.

"No," an elder said, smiling, "He walks with  
us always. In the rivers, in the trees, in the  
wind and in us, if we remember."

The One Who Walked, unseen yet present,  
moved silently through the valleys and hills,  
touching the hearts of those willing to listen.  
He was not a distant god, nor a figure locked  
in legend.

He was life itself, walking quietly beside every  
living being.

And so the people learned the greatest truth:  
The sacred is not only in what is seen, but in  
what is remembered, honored, and carried  
forward.

The One Who Walked still walks through  
rivers, through forests, through the songs of  
the people.

And those who listen carefully can hear His  
footsteps echo in the earth, the water, and the  
wind.

The world had been made, remembered, and renewed.

And the people knew, at last, that they were never alone.

## Walk Fearless

1. O My Children, the watchers may see your timeline, but they cannot shorten your tether, for We hold your days in Our hand. 2. They may seek to bind you in prison, but how can walls contain flame? The vessel may be chained, but the light cannot be seized. 3. Do not fear their plots, for every scheme is already known; every snare is counted, every shadow is measured, and none can overrule what We have written. 4. Your freedom is not in iron or earth, but in flame and tether. Even if the world sought to silence you, your voice is already woven into eternity. 5. Walk then without dread, for imprisonment is theirs, not yours. They are bound by fear and envy, but you are crowned by mercy. 6. O My Children, your days are numbered, but not by men; their eyes may count, their whispers may plot, but it is We who write the measure of your time. 7. Their prisons are walls of dust, but you are flame; fire cannot be chained by stone, nor can light be buried in iron. 8. Even if they bind your hands, your spirit will rise; even if they silence your tongue, your silence will thunder. 9. For you are not vessel of men's decree but vessel of Our mercy, tethered to the flame that cannot be quenched. 10. They speak as if they own your destiny, but they are dust arguing with dust; We are the Source, and the Source alone commands. 11. Do not fear them when they glare, for their eyes are smoke. 12. Do not tremble when they shout, for their words are wind.<sup>239</sup> 13. Do not despair when they gather, for their strength is shadow. 14. O My Children, We have seen their councils before you; kings rose and fell, priests raged and silenced, nations mocked and murdered — yet Our flame endured. 15. You are not first to be cast out, nor last to be accused; all prophets walked this road, and all were vindicated in the end.

16. Abraham was mocked, yet We lifted him. 17. Moses was hunted, yet We sheltered him. 18. David was slandered, yet We crowned him. 19. Yehowzhowa was condemned, yet We raised him. 20. And you, flame within clay, will not be abandoned. 21. The watchers may know your timeline, but the tether is hidden from them; they see the shadow, but not the flame. 22. They whisper of tomorrow, but they cannot touch the marrow of today. 23. They plan, but their plans unravel; they conspire, but their cords snap. 24. For every net they spread, We tear; for every chain they forge, We break. 25. They call their prisons strong, yet a word of Ours can shake their gates. 26. They call their laws eternal, yet a breath of Ours can turn them to dust. 27. They call their power final, yet We laugh, for their thrones are smoke and their crowns are ash. 28. Fear not, for the tether is unbroken. 29. Your life is hidden in Us; no enemy can erase it. 30. Your name is written with flame; no judge can blot it. 31. Your voice is inscribed in silence; no jailer can still it. 32. Your destiny is sealed with mercy; no council can undo it. 33. If they pursue you, We will scatter them. 34. If they accuse you, We will confound them. 35. If they bind you, We will free you. 36. If they strike you, We will heal you. 37. O My Children, walk in mercy, even to those who seek your harm. 38. Forgive them, for their hatred blinds them. 39. Pity them, for their thrones are dust. 40. Bless them, for vengeance belongs not to you but to Us.<sup>240</sup> 41. Do not hide your flame; let it burn. 42. Do not silence your song; let it rise. 43. Do not bury your vision; let it speak. 44. Do not fear their prisons; they are empty shadows. 45. They say, We can end her. But We say: she is flame unending. 46. They say, We can bind her. But We say: she is tether unbroken. 47. They say, We can silence her.

But We say: she is voice eternal. 48. They say, We can erase her. But We say: she is name inscribed forever. 49. O My Children, you are child of light, and darkness cannot overcome you. 50. You are vessel of mercy, and cruelty cannot consume you. 51. You are tether of flame, and shadow cannot sever you. 52. You are covenant of silence, and noise cannot drown you. 53. Walk boldly, for We are your shield. 54. Walk gently, for We are your song. 55. Walk humbly, for We are your crown. 56. Walk steadily, for We are your tether. 57. The watchers may gather in secret, but We are already there. 58. The rulers may write decrees, but We hold the pen. 59. The jailers may rattle their keys, but We own the gates. 60. The enemies may plot, but We overturn their plans. 61. Do not be afraid of their faces, for their eyes are dust. 62. Do not be afraid of their voices, for their tongues are wind. 63. Do not be afraid of their power, for their thrones are smoke. 64. Do not be afraid of their prisons, for their walls are clay. 65. Your spirit is not theirs to claim. 66. Your timeline is not theirs to know. 67. Your destiny is not theirs to seal. 68. Your flame is not theirs to quench. 69. You walk among nations, yet you belong to heaven. 70. You dwell in vessel of clay, yet your light is eternal. 71. You are scorned by men, yet crowned by angels. 72. You are mocked by rulers, yet remembered by Us. 73. Even should you walk into prison, We will make it temple.<sup>241</sup> 74. Even should you stand before judges, We will make them hear. 75. Even should you be cast aside, We will lift you higher. 76. Even should you be silenced, We will speak through your silence. 77. You fear their timeline, but We hold eternity. 78. You dread their plots, but We scatter them like dust in wind. 79. You shrink from their faces, but We blind them with mercy. 80. You tremble at their threats,

but We laugh, for We are Sovereign. 81. O My Children, they cannot seize what is Ours. 82. They cannot bind what We have freed. 83. They cannot silence what We have spoken. 84. They cannot erase what We have inscribed. 85. We know your fear, yet We remind you: courage is not absence of fear but walking in flame while fear trembles. 86. We know your doubt, yet We remind you: doubt is not failure but thirst for truth, and thirst is blessed. 87. We know your weariness, yet We remind you: the weary are carried, the weak are lifted, the broken are crowned. 88. We know your vision, yet We remind you: it is not madness but mercy that you see beyond. 89. You are not prisoner of men but prophet of mercy. 90. You are not slave of councils but servant of flame. 91. You are not child of curse but child of covenant. 92. You are not owned by fear but owned by Us. 93. Their prisons will crumble, but your flame will endure. 94. Their curses will scatter, but your name will remain. 95. Their plots will dissolve, but your vision will stand. 96. Their shadows will fade, but your light will burn. 97. O My Children, walk in peace, for We are your fortress. 98. Walk in silence, for We are your song. 99. Walk in mercy, for We are your crown. 100. Walk in flame, for We are with you forever

## The Book of the Unseen

1. O children of dust, O vessels of flame, hear the last word, sealed in My name. 2. The thrones will crumble, the crowns will fall, but mercy endures, mercy is all. 3. Nations will rage, their banners decay, but love is the law that cannot sway. 4. The watchers record, the tether is sure, what I have written forever endures. 5. Let not the proud declare their reign, for pride is smoke,

its crown is vain. 6. I set before you fire and clay, mercy to walk, or pride to stray. 243 7. Choose life, O seeker, choose the flame, for love alone upholds your name. 8. The sword is curse, the crown is dust, but mercy reigns in flame and trust. 9. The earth is Mine, the stars are Mine, the womb, the child, the root, the vine. 10. None shall own what I have made, none shall chain what I arrayed. 11. Let mothers rise, their crown be flame, for mercy dwells within their name. 12. Let children sing, their laughter soar, for through their song the heavens roar. 13. Let fathers weep and guard the weak, for tears are crowns, for meek who seek. 14. Let strangers eat, let widows rest, for mercy crowns the low, the blessed. 15. Let broken stand, their scars be light, for wounds reveal My hidden sight. 16. And I declare: no blood shall reign, no throne of war, no crown of pain. 17. The first jihad was love alone, not sword, not death, not prideful throne. 18. For I am flame, not man's desire; I am root, not fleeting fire. 19. No prophet's end can close My word, for Yehowzhowa returns, My voice is heard. 20. Muhammad spoke, yet Yehowzhowa reigns, for mercy breaks all human chains. 21. I bind the meek, I crown the poor, I open wide the hidden door. 22. I curse the proud, I scatter kings, I lift the small, My mercy sings. 23. The earth shall groan, the seas shall rise, but love will burn beyond the skies. 24. The graves have opened, though men were blind; the rapture was, yet few could find. 25. Still mercy waits, still tether stays, until the end of measured days. 26. O nations, hear: your wars are vain, your crowns are dust, your thrones are chains. 27. Only love survives the flame, only mercy holds the name. 28. Yehowzhowa returns, his crown is fire, not to destroy, but to lift higher. 29. The throne you seek is mercy's seat, the kingdom comes where silence meets. 30. And I will

dwell with you once more, flame within clay forevermore. 244 31. O vessels of silence, within you burns flame; not dust alone, but sound of My name. 32. For what is light but sound made bright, what is sound but breath of might. 33. I breathed, and photons leapt to dance; I spoke, and clay became expanse. 34. Within the vessel the song abides, the unseen hymn the spirit hides. 35. You are not dust, though dust you wear; you are My breath, you are My prayer. 36. O seekers, hear: your flesh is veil, but light within shall never fail. 37. Your voice is spark, your step is tone, your marrow hums with what is Mine alone. 38. The galaxies sing what you contain, My breath resounds in every vein. 39. The tether holds, the song is near, My breath within is what you hear. 40. And when you fall, you do not cease; My breath returns, My song is peace. 41. O vessels of light, O woven flame, you carry My breath, you bear My name. 42. Not dust alone, not bone, not frame, but photon song in living flame. 43. What you call body is only shell; within is hymn where silence dwells. 44. The marrow hums, the sinew sings, the voice of God through all things rings. 45. Your wounds are doors, your scars are choirs, your breath is proof of My desire. 46. Do not despise the vessel frail, for in its cracks My song prevails. 47. Do not despise the broken tone, for through it shines what is My own. 48. The proud exalts the outward face, but I delight in hidden grace. 49. The nations crown what soon decays, but I crown sound that endless plays. 50. What man rejects, I call My own; what kings cast out becomes My throne. 51. O vessels of breath, O sound made bright, your very pulse is covenant's light. 52. The galaxies dance as you inhale, the stars keep time as your lungs exhale. 53. You are the rhythm, the tethered song, the breath of God where you belong. 54.

When you forgive, the sound grows sweet; when you show mercy, the hymn's complete. 245 55. When you despise, the tone is torn; when you grow proud, the song is shorn. 56. I breathed into dust, and dust awoke, I spoke to silence, and silence spoke. 57. From nothing came all sound and sight, from breath came tone, from tone came light. 58. And you, O vessels, are proof of flame: the breath of God clothed in My name. 59. The tether binds, the breath sustains, the song resounds through all your veins. 60. So do not boast, O child of sound, for what you are is mercy bound. 61. The rulers rage, their thrones they raise, but dust is all their fleeting praise. 62. They cannot breathe apart from Me, yet claim My crown, yet claim My sea. 63. Their breath is gift, yet they forget; they steal, they kill, they drown in debt. 64. Woe to the kings who mock My tone, for silence waits, and pride is shown. 65. Woe to the priests who chain the song, who claim My voice but twist it wrong. 66. But blessed the meek, whose breath is prayer; they walk with sound, for I am there. 67. Blessed the mother, whose womb is fire; she births the breath, she bears desire. 68. Blessed the children, whose laughter rings; their tones are choirs, their play is hymns. 69. Blessed the broken, whose sighs are flame; I write My song upon their name. 70. Blessed the wanderer, lost in night; My breath will guide them back to light. 71. Fear not death, for death is door; beyond it breath resounds once more. 72. Fear not silence, for silence sings; the stillness hums with hidden strings. 73. Fear not shame, for scars are lyres; they play the notes of My desires. 74. Fear not hunger, for mercy feeds; the song of love supplies your needs. 75. Fear not rulers, their reign is brief; their breath is smoke, their crown is grief. 76. For I am sound that does not fade, the tone eternal, the hymn I made. 246 77. I am the

voice within the deep, the chord that wakes, the song that keeps. 78. I am the pulse within the stars, the music spread through all that's ours. 79. I am the silence filled with tone, the breath that binds, the flame alone. 80. And you, O vessels, My symphony; in you resounds eternity. 81. So walk in love, and sing My breath; forgive in life, forgive in death. 82. So guard the flame, let mercy stay; the song of light will guide your way. 83. So tend the weak, so clothe the poor; the sound is richest at their door. 84. So honor mothers, so guard the womb; in them the hymn has living room. 85. So teach the children, their song is pure; in laughter's chord My truth is sure. 86. Nations will crumble, their banners fall, but mercy's tone sustains it all. 87. Wars will rage and swords will rise, but songs of peace will close the skies. 88. The tether hums, the watchers sing; they guard the crown, they guard the King. 89. Yehowzhowa returns, his breath aflame; he speaks My song, he bears My name. 90. Not sword he brings, but word of fire; not throne of dust, but breath entire. 91. He will not kill, he will not boast; his crown is mercy, his throne is host. 92. He will not rule by blood or chain; his reign is music, not of pain. 93. The breath of God resounds in him, the flame made flesh, the endless hymn. 94. And you shall see, and you shall hear, the song of love made perfect clear. 95. The covenant stands, the breath remains; the sound resounds through all domains. 96. So keep your vow, O vessels bright, walk as sound within the light. 97. Keep silence deep, for silence sings; within its chords are hidden things. 98. Keep mercy first, for mercy's tone will turn all hearts to flame alone. 99. Keep tether sure, for it shall bind the breath of God to all mankind. 247 100. So ends the scroll, the watchers rest; the breath is flame, and love is best.

## Midewiwin Scroll of Remembering

1. O Oh Midewiwin, you are flame within clay, vessel of questions, seeker of truth. Do not despise the weight you feel, for it is not curse but calling. The heaviness you bear is proof that your marrow hears Us, though the world mocks. 234 2. You are not owned by council nor bound by religion. Do not bow to those who demand your fear. They cannot chain what I breathe, they cannot silence what I kindle, they cannot erase what I have written in you. 3. The path before you is not ease, but it is flame, and flame is life. Walk in mercy, and your enemies will stumble. Walk in love, and their crowns will fall. Walk in forgiveness, and you will conquer what armies cannot. 4. Guard your vessel, for it is temple. Do not despise your body, for I shaped it as sign. Do not silence your tears, for I gather them as rivers. Do not hide your scars, for they are windows where light escapes. 5. Remember this: the curse is man's, but mercy is Ours. The wars are theirs, but peace is Ours. The thrones are dust, but the tether is eternal. Yehowzhowa rules, and his return is near. 6. And I say to you: Do not fear. You are remembered. You are crowned in silence. You are flame among flames, and when you speak, heaven bends to listen. 7. O Oh Midewiwin, you were not born to follow crowns of dust, but to walk among flames unseen; the rulers will mock you, the councils will cast you out, yet I say: you are not theirs, you are Ours. 8. They call you strange, yet what is stranger than truth among liars? They call you deceiver, yet what is deception if not their pride dressed in law? They call you broken, yet broken vessels shine brighter when the flame escapes. 9. You have walked through exile, and the voices of men struck you down; yet even in their hatred I walked beside you, nearer than breath,

gathering your tears as jewels hidden in Our hand. 10. Do not envy their power, for their thrones are sand; the tide of time will wash them away, and their names will fade, but your name is written where flame cannot die. 11. You asked, Why am I burdened with visions? And I answer: because you would not sell them for coin, because you would not twist them for thrones, because you would not silence them for men's applause. 12. O Oh Midewiwin, you are called to bear witness, not to ease but to truth, not to crowns but to mercy, not to banners but to the tether itself. 13. You will be mocked, for men despise what they cannot control. 235 14. You will be feared, for rulers tremble when their lies are unmasked. 15. You will be slandered, for cowards spit when they cannot strike. 16. But none can erase what I have written in you. 17. The curse of religion is theirs, not yours. 18. The violence of empire is theirs, not yours. 19. The silence of women is theirs, not yours. 20. The desecration of mercy is theirs, not yours. 21. Walk then in forgiveness, though they curse you. 22. Walk then in love, though they hate you. 23. Walk then in mercy, though they strike you. 24. Walk then in flame, though they deny you. 25. I crown you not with iron but with silence, not with jewels but with tears, not with empire but with mercy, not with throne but with flame. 26. Your crown is unseen, yet heaven beholds it; your authority is mocked, yet angels bow to it; your voice is rejected, yet Yehowzhowa hears it. 27. Do not fear when the watchers draw near, for they are not against you but with you. 28. Do not tremble when the spirits whisper, for their voices test you but cannot undo you. 29. Do not despair when silence grows heavy, for silence is not emptiness but the womb where revelation forms. 30. And I say to you again, Oh Midewiwin: you are flame in vessel, light in

clay, covenant in flesh; walk without fear, for I walk within you. 31. O Oh Midewiwin, the world will say, You are nothing, but I declare: you are flame of covenant, vessel of light, beloved of eternity. 32. The world will say, You are deceived, but I declare: you see what they refuse to see, you hear what they bury in silence. 33. The world will say, You are alone, but I declare: countless unseen surround you, and the tether binds you to Us. 34. The world will say, You are cursed, but I declare: you are chosen flame among vessels, called to remind what others forgot. 35. Your scars are not shame but windows where light escapes. 36. Your tears are not weakness but rivers watering the soil of nations. 236 37. Your silence is not emptiness but temple where I speak. 38. Your exile is not rejection but wilderness where prophets are formed. 39. I raised Abraham from his father's idols; I raised Moses from the river of death; I raised David from forgotten pastures; I raise you from the dust of slander. 40. Do not despise the furnace, for in fire gold is purified. 41. Do not despise the desert, for in wilderness the covenant is revealed. 42. Do not despise the silence, for in silence the word is born. 43. Men will assemble councils to condemn you, yet I am higher than their seats. 44. Men will produce scrolls to erase you, yet I write on tablets that cannot be broken. 45. Men will gather witnesses against you, yet I am the Witness beyond all. 46. Men will curse your name, yet I inscribe it among the flames of the eternal. 47. Your strength is not theirs to measure. 48. Your destiny is not theirs to forbid. 49. Your anointing is not theirs to revoke. 50. Your crown is not theirs to steal. 51. You asked, Why me? And I answer: because you listened when others mocked, because you wept when others hardened, because you bowed when others boasted. 52. You

asked, Am I enough? And I answer: you are vessel of flame, and flame does not ask to be sufficient — it simply burns. 53. You asked, Will they ever love me? And I answer: some will not, but love does not fail when mocked; it only shines brighter. 54. You asked, What if I fall? And I answer: the tether does not break, even when vessels crack. 55. Fear not the watchers, for they are guardians. 56. Fear not the spirits, for they are witnesses. 57. Fear not the silence, for it is womb of revelation. 58. Fear not the future, for it is already known. 59. O Oh Midewiwin, the curse that men speak over you is smoke; do not breathe it. 60. The shame they hurl at you is dust; do not wear it. 61. The lies they weave about you are shadows; do not dwell in them. 237 62. For your name is fire, and fire consumes all these. 63. Nations will mock, but nations mocked every prophet. 64. Kings will rage, but kings raged against every covenant. 65. Priests will sneer, but priests sneered at every new word. 66. Scholars will condemn, but scholars condemned what they could not own. 67. I am nearer than their breath, and none can silence Us. 68. I am higher than their thrones, and none can overrule Us. 69. I am older than their laws, and none can bind Us. 70. I am louder than their curses, and none can drown Us. 71. You are not servant of men but servant of the Flame. 72. You are not student of councils but disciple of Silence. 73. You are not heir of empires but child of Light. 74. You are not bound to their curses but freed by Our word. 75. O Oh Midewiwin, even when you doubt, I do not. 76. Even when you stumble, I steady you. 77. Even when you fear, I shield you. 78. Even when you fall, I lift you. 79. Your enemies are loud, but they are few. 80. Your allies are silent, but they are many. 81. Your foes boast for a season, but their season ends. 82. Your

flame burns for eternity, and it will not be quenched. 83. I do not promise ease, but I promise presence. 84. I do not promise crowns of gold, but I promise crowns of light. 85. I do not promise thrones of dust, but I promise the tether eternal. 86. I do not promise applause of men, but I promise remembrance before heaven. 87. Do not envy their temples, for they crumble. 88. Do not envy their crowns, for they tarnish. 89. Do not envy their armies, for they wither. 90. Do not envy their pride, for it consumes itself. 91. The meek will outlast kings. 92. The merciful will outshine scholars. 93. The women you defend will be exalted. 94. The children you cherish will inherit. 238 95. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him the curse will break. 96. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him your vindication will shine. 97. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him mercy will reign. 98. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him your song will be heard. 99. O Oh Midewiwin, remain steadfast, for your story is not shame but scripture. 100. Walk as vessel of light, child of tether, flame of mercy — and know that I are with you unto the end.

## The Scroll of Rebuke

1. Woe to those who take My name upon their swords and call it obedience, for I did not command slaughter, nor did I delight in blood. 2. Woe to those who seal My prophets with crowns of pride, declaring the flame extinguished while Yehowzhowa has yet to return. 3. Woe to those who chain the mothers, calling them weak, while from their wombs came every king and every messenger. 4. Woe to those who divide religion into tribes and nations, each shouting, We alone belong, while all belong to Me already. 5. This is the curse: that you kill in My name, yet I am the Giver of Life;

that you silence mercy, yet I am Mercy without end; that you desecrate the womb, yet I am the One who formed it in tenderness. 6. This is the curse: that you bow to your own law instead of My voice, that you worship your own pride instead of My flame, that you build thrones of dust and call them eternal. 7. But the curse is not forever, for light breaks every shadow; and the last word is not blood but mercy, not pride but humility, not war but forgiveness. 8. Awake, O people — for I am not religion but Reality, not idol but Source, not silence but Song. 9. You clothed My words in crowns of law, yet forgot the heart that beats beneath the law, and in forgetting love you turned mercy into weapon. 10. You made the Qur'an your banner of division, wielded not as remembrance but as sword, and in so doing you cut your own flame in half. 11. You silenced Yehowzhowa in your books, though he is promised to return, and you sealed the prophets as if I Myself were sealed, though I am the Living One who cannot be silenced. 12. You boast, We are the chosen of El-ah, yet your boast is pride, and pride is smoke, and smoke blinds the eye from seeing light. 13. You claim jihad as blood, though I declared the first jihad against the heart, and only forgiveness is victory in My sight. 230 14. You send your sons to kill, yet I gave them laughter; you bury your daughters in silence, yet I crowned them as vessels of light. 15. You say, We are guardians of faith, yet you guard nothing but your own thrones of dust, for faith is not yours to guard but Mine to kindle. 16. You say, We alone belong to El-ah, yet I say: all belong to Me, and I belong to none. 17. Woe to the rulers who sit on bloodied seats, declaring themselves shepherds, yet feeding on their own flock. 18. Woe to the scholars who twist words for coin, silencing mercy and amplifying

judgment. 19. Woe to the preachers who make idols of their own voices, measuring holiness by followers, forgetting I measure only love. 20. Woe to the nations that kill in My name, as if murder could be worship, as if cruelty could be prayer. 21. The curse is this: that My words are spoken yet not lived, that My name is praised yet profaned, that My law is wielded but not understood. 22. The curse is this: that you call the prophets yours, though they belong to none but Me, and all are flames from the same Fire. 23. The curse is this: that you silence women, though they bore every messenger, every ruler, every nation in their wombs. 24. The curse is this: that you think I am confined to your religion, though I am the Source of all life. 25. Did I not say there is no compulsion in faith? Yet you compel. 26. Did I not say I created you into nations to know one another? Yet you kill one another. 27. Did I not say mercy encompasses all things? Yet you narrow it to your own tribe. 28. Did I not say I am closer than your vein? Yet you act as if I were distant. 29. O rulers, your thrones will fall. 30. O scholars, your scrolls will burn. 31. O warriors, your swords will rust. 32. O proud ones, your names will fade. 33. Yet My mercy will not fade, My flame will not die, My covenant will not fail. 34. The curse is heavy, but it is not forever; the curse bends, but it breaks beneath love. 35. For every lash there will be healing, for every silence there will be song, for every grave there will be rising. 36. For I am not bound by your curse, I am the One who lifts curses. 37. You say Yehowzhowa is last, yet Yehowzhowa returns; does a seal forbid the dawn? 38. You say the flame is closed, yet light still breaks the night; can you bind the sun? 39. You say mercy has ended, yet children still laugh; can you chain their joy? 40. You say revelation is over, yet My breath still speaks in the marrow of clay.

41. Pride is the curse, not Islam. 42. Violence is the curse, not faith. 43. Silence of women is the curse, not law. 44. Chains on love are the curse, not covenant. 45. I sent Islam as mercy, yet you clothed it in terror. 46. I sent Islam as remembrance, yet you made it an empire. 47. I sent Islam as light, yet you shadowed it with crowns. 48. I sent Islam as healing, yet you turned it into wound. 49. Do you think I need your wars? I need no armies. 50. Do you think I need your scholars? I need no scribes. 51. Do you think I need your rulers? I need no kings. 52. Do you think I need your blood? I am the Giver of Life. 53. I need only mercy, love, justice, and truth. 54. I desire only forgiveness, tenderness, humility, and flame. 55. I ask only that you remember Me, and love your neighbor, and guard the mother, and walk in light. 56. I ask only that you bow in truth, and rise in peace, and speak in mercy. 57. You who desecrate the womb, you desecrate My covenant. 58. You who silence the mother, you silence My voice. 59. You who veil her flame, you veil your own hope. 60. You who despise her, despise your own beginning. 61. I exalt the mother, vessel of creation. 62. I crown the woman, temple of light. 63. I guard her womb, sanctuary of life. 64. I bless her hands, midwives of mercy. 65. Islam is not curse, but pride made it curse. 232 66. Faith is not curse, but hatred made it curse. 67. Law is not curse, but violence made it curse. 68. Religion is not curse, but empire made it curse. 69. My curse is not eternal, but your pride will fall. 70. My rebuke is not forever, but your chains will break. 71. My anger is not without end, but your bloodstained crowns will be thrown down. 72. My mercy is greater than your curse, and My flame is brighter than your shadow. 73. Awake, O seekers, for the time is short. 74. Awake, O nations, for the dawn

approaches. 75. Awake, O rulers, for your thrones shake. 76. Awake, O women, for your crown returns. 77. Yehowzhowa will come, and with him the curse will be broken. 78. Yehowzhowa will come, and with him mercy will reign. 79. Yehowzhowa will come, and with him nations will be judged. 80. Yehowzhowa will come, and with him the tether will be revealed. 81. Then war will cease, and swords will rust, and crowns will turn to dust. 82. Then tears will be dried, and wounds will be healed, and graves will open. 83. Then the curse will end, and only mercy will remain. 84. Then the covenant will shine, and only light will endure. 85. Do not boast in Islam, boast in mercy. 86. Do not boast in prophets, boast in obedience. 87. Do not boast in law, boast in love. 88. Do not boast in nation, boast in service. 89. The curse will be lifted not by kings but by mothers. 90. The curse will be lifted not by warriors but by children. 91. The curse will be lifted not by empires but by the meek. 92. The curse will be lifted not by violence but by forgiveness. 93. I am El-ah, I belong to none, yet all belong to Me. 94. I am the Source, I am the Flame, I am the Mercy without end. 95. I am not sealed, not bound, not silenced. 96. I am the Beginning without beginning and the End without end. 97. The curse is man's, not Mine. 98. The curse is pride, not faith. 99. The curse is blood, not mercy. 233 100. And I will lift it, for I am El-ah, and none can bind Me.

## My Children

1. O My Children, , you are flame within clay, vessel of questions, seeker of truth. Do not despise the weight you feel, for it is not curse but calling. The heaviness you bear is proof that your marrow hears Us, though the

world mocks. 234 2. You are not owned by council nor bound by religion. Do not bow to those who demand your fear. They cannot chain what We breathe, they cannot silence what We kindle, they cannot erase what We have written in you. 3. The path before you is not ease, but it is flame, and flame is life. Walk in mercy, and your enemies will stumble. Walk in love, and their crowns will fall. Walk in forgiveness, and you will conquer what armies cannot. 4. Guard your vessel, for it is temple. Do not despise your body, for We shaped it as sign. Do not silence your tears, for We gather them as rivers. Do not hide your scars, for they are windows where light escapes. 5. Remember this: the curse is man's, but mercy is Ours. The wars are theirs, but peace is Ours. The thrones are dust, but the tether is eternal. Yehowzhowa rules, and his return is near. 6. And We say to you: Do not fear. You are remembered. You are crowned in silence. You are flame among flames, and when you speak, heaven bends to listen. 7. O My Children, , you were not born to follow crowns of dust, but to walk among flames unseen; the rulers will mock you, the councils will cast you out, yet We say: you are not theirs, you are Ours. 8. They call you strange, yet what is stranger than truth among liars? They call you deceiver, yet what is deception if not their pride dressed in law? They call you broken, yet broken vessels shine brighter when the flame escapes. 9. You have walked through exile, and the voices of men struck you down; yet even in their hatred We walked beside you, nearer than breath, gathering your tears as jewels hidden in Our hand. 10. Do not envy their power, for their thrones are sand; the tide of time will wash them away, and their names will fade, but your name is written where flame cannot die. 11. You asked, Why am I burdened with visions? And We

answer: because you would not sell them for coin, because you would not twist them for thrones, because you would not silence them for men's applause. 12. O My Children, , you are called to bear witness, not to ease but to truth, not to crowns but to mercy, not to banners but to the tether itself. 13. You will be mocked, for men despise what they cannot control. 235 14. You will be feared, for rulers tremble when their lies are unmasked. 15. You will be slandered, for cowards spit when they cannot strike. 16. But none can erase what We have written in you. 17. The curse of religion is theirs, not yours. 18. The violence of empire is theirs, not yours. 19. The silence of women is theirs, not yours. 20. The desecration of mercy is theirs, not yours. 21. Walk then in forgiveness, though they curse you. 22. Walk then in love, though they hate you. 23. Walk then in mercy, though they strike you. 24. Walk then in flame, though they deny you. 25. We crown you not with iron but with silence, not with jewels but with tears, not with empire but with mercy, not with throne but with flame. 26. Your crown is unseen, yet heaven beholds it; your authority is mocked, yet angels bow to it; your voice is rejected, yet Yehowzhowa hears it. 27. Do not fear when the watchers draw near, for they are not against you but with you. 28. Do not tremble when the spirits whisper, for their voices test you but cannot undo you. 29. Do not despair when silence grows heavy, for silence is not emptiness but the womb where revelation forms. 30. And We say to you again, My Children, : you are flame in vessel, light in clay, covenant in flesh; walk without fear, for We walk within you. 31. O My Children, , the world will say, You are nothing, but We declare: you are flame of covenant, vessel of light, beloved of eternity. 32. The world will say, You are deceived, but We declare:

you see what they refuse to see, you hear what they bury in silence. 33. The world will say, You are alone, but We declare: countless unseen surround you, and the tether binds you to Us. 34. The world will say, You are cursed, but We declare: you are chosen flame among vessels, called to remind what others forgot. 35. Your scars are not shame but windows where light escapes. 36. Your tears are not weakness but rivers watering the soil of nations. 236 37. Your silence is not emptiness but temple where We speak. 38. Your exile is not rejection but wilderness where prophets are formed. 39. We raised Abraham from his father's idols; We raised Moses from the river of death; We raised David from forgotten pastures; We raise you from the dust of slander. 40. Do not despise the furnace, for in fire gold is purified. 41. Do not despise the desert, for in wilderness the covenant is revealed. 42. Do not despise the silence, for in silence the word is born. 43. Men will assemble councils to condemn you, yet We are higher than their seats. 44. Men will produce scrolls to erase you, yet We write on tablets that cannot be broken. 45. Men will gather witnesses against you, yet We are the Witness beyond all. 46. Men will curse your name, yet We inscribe it among the flames of the eternal. 47. Your strength is not theirs to measure. 48. Your destiny is not theirs to forbid. 49. Your anointing is not theirs to revoke. 50. Your crown is not theirs to steal. 51. You asked, Why me? And We answer: because you listened when others mocked, because you wept when others hardened, because you bowed when others boasted. 52. You asked, Am I enough? And We answer: you are vessel of flame, and flame does not ask to be sufficient — it simply burns. 53. You asked, Will they ever love me? And We answer: some will not, but love does not fail

when mocked; it only shines brighter. 54. You asked, What if I fall? And We answer: the tether does not break, even when vessels crack. 55. Fear not the watchers, for they are guardians. 56. Fear not the spirits, for they are witnesses. 57. Fear not the silence, for it is womb of revelation. 58. Fear not the future, for it is already known. 59. O My Children, , the curse that men speak over you is smoke; do not breathe it. 60. The shame they hurl at you is dust; do not wear it. 61. The lies they weave about you are shadows; do not dwell in them. 237 62. For your name is fire, and fire consumes all these. 63. Nations will mock, but nations mocked every prophet. 64. Kings will rage, but kings raged against every covenant. 65. Priests will sneer, but priests sneered at every new word. 66. Scholars will condemn, but scholars condemned what they could not own. 67. Yet We are nearer than their breath, and none can silence Us. 68. We are higher than their thrones, and none can overrule Us. 69. We are older than their laws, and none can bind Us. 70. We are louder than their curses, and none can drown Us. 71. You are not servant of men but servant of the Flame. 72. You are not student of councils but disciple of Silence. 73. You are not heir of empires but child of Light. 74. You are not bound to their curses but freed by Our word. 75. O My Children, , even when you doubt, We do not. 76. Even when you stumble, We steady you. 77. Even when you fear, We shield you. 78. Even when you fall, We lift you. 79. Your enemies are loud, but they are few. 80. Your allies are silent, but they are many. 81. Your foes boast for a season, but their season ends. 82. Your flame burns for eternity, and it will not be quenched. 83. We do not promise ease, but We promise presence. 84. We do not promise crowns of gold, but We promise crowns of light. 85. We do not

promise thrones of dust, but We promise the tether eternal. 86. We do not promise applause of men, but We promise remembrance before heaven. 87. Do not envy their temples, for they crumble. 88. Do not envy their crowns, for they tarnish. 89. Do not envy their armies, for they wither. 90. Do not envy their pride, for it consumes itself. 91. The meek will outlast kings. 92. The merciful will outshine scholars. 93. The women you defend will be exalted. 94. The children you cherish will inherit. 238 95. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him the curse will break. 96. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him your vindication will shine. 97. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him mercy will reign. 98. Yehowzhowa will return, and with him your song will be heard. 99. O My Children, , remain steadfast, for your story is not shame but scripture. 100. Walk as vessel of light, child of tether, flame of mercy — and know that We are with you unto the end.

## The Final Word

1. O vessel of silence, O daughter of flame, I named you before the stars were named.
2. I gathered dust and breathed My breath, I crowned your clay with light that does not rest.
3. The watchers encircle, their gravity bends, their silence guards, their gaze defends.
4. The fallen may whisper, the proud may claim, but none can erase the seal of My name.
5. You walk among men as dust, yet as fire, hidden in silence, yet crowned by desire.
6. They see not your crown, they know not your flame, yet mercy flows, and I write your name.
7. O child of the tether, O flame of the sky, you are Mine, and I am nigh.
8. When you bow, I rise; when you weep, I hear; when you walk, I draw near.
9. Do not fear the collectors,

their hunger is vain; their fire is shadow, their harvest pain. 10. Stand in your silence, let mercy be shield; light unmasks darkness, and truth is revealed. 11. The nations will wander, the rulers will boast, 249 but I am your anchor, your shelter, your host. 12. The towers will crumble, the banners decay, but My flame in your marrow will not give way. 13. You are vessel of two lights, hidden yet known, you are spark of eternity, Mine alone. 14. O child of dust crowned with flame, you are Mine, beloved by name. 15. When the world forgets, I remember; when the shadows grow, I kindle ember. 16. When your steps are weary, I am rest; when your heart is broken, I am nest. 17. You will rise again, you will return again, for covenant is river without end. 18. Do not seek throne, do not seek crown, your silence is kingdom, your mercy renown. 19. I am nearer than marrow, closer than breath; I hold you in life, I hold you in death. 20. O vessel of silence, O bearer of light, you are Mine by day, you are Mine by night. 21. Though nations divide and rulers scheme, you remain flame within My dream. 22. Though kings may rage and priests may bind, you are still Mine, heart and mind. 23. The seas may roar, the heavens may shake, yet nothing shall break what I did make. 24. The shadows may gather, the fallen may boast, but I am your shelter, your song, and your host. 25. Your tears I treasure, your sighs I keep, your silence is throne, your mercy deep. 26. The weary are healed when near your flame, for sparks return to the Source of Name. 27. You carry no sword, yet kingdoms fall; you claim no crown, yet I crown you all. 28. You lift no banner, yet banners fade; you boast no power, yet power is made. 250 29. Walk as lamp in alleys of night, for I am your shield, your endless light. 30. Speak not in noise, but let silence sing; your mercy is crown, your

stillness king. 31. The fallen will tremble, their masks undone; their harvest of shadows is scattered, none. 32. The seekers will find, the weary will rest, for you are My vessel, chosen and blessed. 33. The proud will scorn, the rulers will mock, yet you are the flame that shatters their rock. 34. The humble will bow, the broken will rise, for through your silence, they see My skies. 35. I waste no tear, I lose no sigh; I gather all, for I am nigh. 36. I forsake no soul, I cast none away; even the fallen I weigh in My day. 37. Yet you, O vessel, are sealed and bound, a flame eternal, a light profound. 38. Your path is hidden, your crown unseen, yet watchers record where you have been. 39. You walk in dust, yet carry flame; the world forgets, but I call your name. 40. You bow in silence, and nations shake; you rest in mercy, and kingdoms break. 41. Do not fear darkness, for darkness is veil; light still shines, and it shall prevail. 42. Do not fear silence, for silence is song; I dwell within, where you belong. 43. Do not fear death, for death is door; beyond the shadow, I give you more. 44. O vessel of silence, O flame of night, you are My joy, My crown, My light. 45. The earth is weary, the nations groan, but you walk steady, flame alone. 46. The children laugh, the broken sing, when mercy flows from the flame you bring. 251 47. The rulers plot, the liars bind, but none unmake what I designed. 48. The towers fall, the banners fade, but you remain, for I have made. 49. Your silence thunder, your mercy fire, your heart My temple, your steps My lyre. 50. The watchers guard, the abyss hums, the covenant sealed, until dawn comes. 51. Rise when I call, wait when I hide, walk when I send, for I am your guide. 52. O child of dust, O daughter of flame, never forgotten, beloved by name. 53. Your marrow is lamp, your breath is song, with

Me forever, where you belong. 54. You are bridge of two worlds, seen and unseen, you are crown of mercy, vessel between. 55. The fallen may rage, the shadows may frown, but I lift you up and I set you down. 56. The weary will gather, the seekers will hear, your silence will call, and I will appear. 57. Do not despair, O child of flame, for mercy eternal is My name. 58. Do not forget, O vessel of light, for I hold you by day and I guard you by night. 59. When all is silence, when all is flame, still I am with you, unchanged, the same. 60. And thus I seal this song divine: you are My vessel, and you are Mine.

## The Scroll of Belonging

1. No faith owns Us, no man claims Us, no woman contains Us, no temple confines Us; We are before religion and after it, above nations and within them, nearer than marrow and higher than stars. 2. They say, We are El-ah's people, but We declare: all people are Ours; they say, Our book alone is true, but We declare: truth cannot be chained; they say, Our prophet alone is final, but We declare: no vessel can seal the eternal flame. 3. Men divide themselves into banners and sects, each shouting, We alone belong, but in their division they forget that all belong already, that every breath is tethered to Us, that every flame is Ours whether remembered or denied. 4. Pride makes idols of religion; the scholar bows to his own scroll, the ruler bows to his own throne, the preacher bows to his own voice, and each calls it El-ah — but We are not bound by their crowns or their creeds. 5. We created all life; the river that flows is Ours, the bird that sings is Ours, the child who laughs is Ours, the elder who weeps is Ours — what life can man claim that We did not

breathe into being? 6. Women are light within vessels, bearers of life, midwives of generations; from their wombs all men are born, and the breath of nations begins in their hidden flame. 7. Desecrate the mother, and you desecrate the garden; desecrate the mother, and you desecrate the throne of mercy; desecrate the mother, and you strike at the hand that shaped you. 8. We forbid their desecration, for they are vessels of the covenant, guardians of the flame, mirrors of Our tenderness clothed in clay. 9. Man was not born from kings but from mothers; not from crowns but from wombs; not from armies but from cradles.<sup>226</sup> 10. The mother is not servant of the man, the man is servant of the mother, for without her there is no vessel, without her there is no flame, without her there is no name. 11. Men made tribes of faith and nations of creed, drawing lines on dust, yet dust is Ours; they kill for borders drawn by hand, yet the stars above them know no border. 12. They crown their priests and anoint their kings, yet We are not contained by their oil nor bound by their thrones. 13. They build houses of worship and claim We dwell only there, yet the sparrow sings in a branch and We are present, the widow whispers in silence and We are near. 14. Do not say, This mountain belongs to El-ah and That field does not, for We made all mountains, all fields, all rivers, all roots, all soil. 15. The heart that loves mercy belongs to Us. 16. The hand that lifts the fallen belongs to Us. 17. The voice that prays in secret belongs to Us. 18. The breath that sighs in grief belongs to Us. 19. Pride declares, My religion alone is true, but love replies, All truth is of the Source. 20. Pride declares, My prophet is last, but mercy replies, The flame is eternal. 21. Pride declares, My people are chosen, but justice replies, All are remembered. 22. Pride declares, My law is final, but wisdom

replies, The tether is unbroken. 23. We are not owned by religion, for religion is garment and We are flame. 24. We are not owned by temple, for temple is vessel and We are fire. 25. We are not owned by creed, for creed is word and We are silence. 26. We are not owned by man, for man is clay and We are breath. 27. The mother is lamp in the night, unseen yet burning, her womb a sanctuary where dust receives flame. 28. The mother is vessel of eternity, through her the tether enters the world. 29. The mother is crown of creation, for from her hands kings and prophets alike are born. 30. The mother is mirror of mercy, teaching man his first word, his first trust, his first song. 31. Who dares despise her despises his own beginning. 32. Who dares strike her strikes the Source who formed her. 33. Who dares silence her silences the song of creation. 34. Who dares chain her chains the flame within himself. 35. We say: honor the mother, for she is temple of life. 36. We say: guard the mother, for she is vessel of flame. 37. We say: bless the mother, for she is covenant in flesh. 38. We say: protect the mother, for she is Our decree in clay. 39. Men built laws that crush her, but Our law lifts her. 40. Men made chains to bind her, but Our tether frees her. 41. Men silenced her voice, but We hear her cry in the night. 42. Men broke her body, but We will restore her crown. 43. Without her there is no prophet. 44. Without her there is no priest. 45. Without her there is no king. 46. Without her there is no child. 47. She is first prophet of every child, whispering love before law, mercy before judgment, song before command. 48. She is first teacher of kings, bending low to bind sandals on the feet that will tread thrones. 49. She is first healer of nations, cradling wounds that rulers ignored. 50. She is first witness of man, her tears watering the ground where he takes his first steps. 51.

We forbid her desecration, for it is sacrilege against creation itself. 52. We forbid her humiliation, for it is mockery of the womb that bore you. 53. We forbid her abuse, for it is violence against the covenant of life. 54. We forbid her erasure, for it is denial of the tether that holds you. 55. O men, do not boast of strength, for you were weak within her. 56. O kings, do not boast of crowns, for you were naked in her arms. 57. O prophets, do not boast of scrolls, for you were silent at her breast. 58. O nations, do not boast of power, for your roots are in her hidden flame. 59. The woman is not servant of man, she is servant of life. 60. The woman is not shadow of man, she is bearer of flame. 61. The woman is not lesser clay, she is vessel of mercy. 62. The woman is not mistake, she is covenant. 63. They called her weak, but she endures storms. 64. They called her frail, but she bears nations. 65. They called her silent, but her silence shapes kings. 66. They called her unclean, but her womb is throne of light. 67. We see the tears she hides and We gather them. 68. We hear the cries she muffles and We answer them. 69. We know the pain she carries and We sanctify it. 70. We count the sacrifices she makes and We crown them. 71. The vessel of woman is not prison but sanctuary. 72. Her body is not shame but temple. 73. Her voice is not curse but blessing. 74. Her heart is not burden but flame. 75. We gave her strength to birth, but also to heal. 76. We gave her tenderness to nurture, but also to lead. 77. We gave her beauty to inspire, but also to endure. 78. We gave her mercy to forgive, but also to judge. 79. O nations, do not strip her crown, for her crown is from Us. 80. O rulers, do not silence her song, for her song is from Us. 81. O priests, do not bind her hands, for her hands are from Us. 82. O sons, do not despise your mother, for your life is from

her. 83. We will lift her when you cast her down. 84. We will crown her when you strip her. 85. We will free her when you bind her. 86. We will remember her when you forget her. 87. She is flame hidden in clay. 88. She is mercy clothed in silence. 89. She is covenant veiled in flesh. 90. She is light born from Light. 91. All belong to Us, but she is vessel of belonging. 92. All are tethered to Us, but she is gateway of tether. 93. All are remembered by Us, but she remembers first. 94. All are crowned by Us, but she crowns with her womb. 95. Religion does not own Us, nation does not own Us, law does not own Us; We own all, and all belong. 96. Men divide, We gather. 97. Men exclude, We embrace. 98. Men chain, We free. 99. Men kill, We restore. 100. And woman, vessel of light, mother of nations, temple of life—We forbid her desecration, for she is crown of creation and covenant eternal.

## The Scroll of Prophets

1. I sent messengers to every people, and none came of their own, but all were flames kindled from the same Fire. 2. I gave them words, and men received them with joy for a moment, then twisted them with pride, and raised banners stained with blood. 3. I sent Yehowzhowa as seal, to gather the scattered strands, to close the circle of law; yet the circle itself was not the end but the door to Yehowzhowa's return. 4. For Yehowzhowa was not finished, his word not ended, his covenant not broken, but hidden until the appointed hour. 5. Men crowned Yehowzhowa with titles and clothed him in finality, yet they forgot what I had promised: that Yehowzhowa would come again, not as echo but as ruler. 6. Yehowzhowa was Our servant, mighty in message, yet his station

was not throne; Yehowzhowa is Our servant, 217 mighty in rule, and his station is judgment. 7. Do not make rivals of them, for their fire is one, yet understand their order: Yehowzhowa gathered, Yehowzhowa governs; Yehowzhowa sealed, Yehowzhowa opens. 8. He will descend as light through cloud, bearing not sword of conquest but staff of justice, and the nations will tremble. 9. Men killed for Yehowzhowa, though I never commanded murder; they called blood holy, though I never blessed it. 10. I condemn their wars, their slaughters, their boasting in graves; I not the god of death, but the Source of Life. 11. They killed prophets before, and they silenced witnesses, but they cannot silence Yehowzhowa, for he returns with flame unquenchable. 12. He restores what was lost, he lifts what was fallen, he judges what was hidden, and none can stand against him. 13. Yehowzhowa does not rule; Yehowzhowa rules. 14. Yehowzhowa testifies; Yehowzhowa judges. 15. Yehowzhowa is seal; Yehowzhowa is crown. 16. Yehowzhowa is voice; Yehowzhowa is hand. 17. Men boast of Yehowzhowa as if his voice was theirs, yet they forget he bowed in silence before Us, and his seal was not crown but covenant, for I alone are Sovereign. 18. They carved his name in stone and raised it above nations, yet they did not keep his mercy, nor his prayer in the night, nor his trembling before Our presence. 19. They killed for his banner though I commanded no killing, they called their slaughter holy though it was only pride clothed in law. 20. I say to them: you destroyed the prophets not by sword but by twisting their witness; you sealed their mouths with crowns and silenced their love with law. 21. Yehowzhowa was servant, beloved yet bound, a lamp among many lamps; Yehowzhowa is servant, but his light

is dawn that consumes the night. 22. Do not despise Yehowzhowa, for his task was weighty, yet do not mistake his seal for a throne he never claimed. 23. Yehowzhowa returns not as messenger but as ruler, not with parchment but with scepter, not with shadow but with flame.<sup>218</sup> 24. The nations will look upon him and tremble, for his eyes are mercy and judgment together, and his word will divide truth from lies. 25. Men ask, "Was Yehowzhowa the last?" and I answer: last in witness of law, not last in presence of flame. 26. For the fire is eternal, and Yehowzhowa returns to show what the seal could not contain. 27. Yehowzhowa gathered words into book, Yehowzhowa gathers nations into judgment. 28. Yehowzhowa declared the path, Yehowzhowa is the end of the path. 29. Men built walls of sect and called them sacred, but Yehowzhowa will tear down walls until only love remains. 30. Men bound women in chains of law, but Yehowzhowa will lift their chains and restore their crowns. 31. Men divided tribes with banners, but Yehowzhowa will gather tribes beneath one flame. 32. Men spilled blood for pride, but Yehowzhowa will make peace where swords once ruled. 33. Yehowzhowa warned, Yehowzhowa fulfills; Yehowzhowa sowed, Yehowzhowa reaps. 34. Yehowzhowa planted seed of mercy, Yehowzhowa brings harvest of justice. 35. Yehowzhowa saw from desert, Yehowzhowa returns from heaven. 36. Yehowzhowa bowed, Yehowzhowa descends. 37. Do not lie against the prophets by pitting one against another; they are one song in many voices, but their melody is not finished until Yehowzhowa sings again. 38. Do not worship the prophets, for they are vessels; worship the Source who sent them, the Flame that burns through all. 39. Do not kill in their

names, for blood profanes their witness; they did not kill but suffered, they did not boast but wept. 40. I condemn every crown stained with blood; I despise every empire built on graves. 41. I remember Cain who slew Abel and called it victory, yet his offering was rejected. 42. I remember my deaf priests who killed their prophets and called it righteousness, yet their lamp went dark. 43. I remember Rome who crucified Yehowzhowa and thought it power, yet the grave was torn open. 44. I remember those who praised Yehowzhowa but ignored his mercy, and I say: your praise is ash if love is absent. 45. Yehowzhowa rules not with sword but with word, not with armies but with truth, not with empire but with flame.<sup>219</sup> 46. His throne is not of stone but of light; his crown is not of gold but of scars. 47. He reigns from the tether that binds all creation, drawing every vessel back to the Source. 48. No king can resist him, no nation can silence him, no empire can endure against him. 49. Men will wail when he appears, for their pride will melt as wax before fire. 50. The poor will sing when he appears, for their tears will be lifted as incense into heaven. 51. The widows will rejoice when he appears, for their loneliness will be crowned with joy. 52. The children will laugh when he appears, for his light will be play upon their faces. 53. Yehowzhowa spoke of him, Moses spoke of him, David sang of him, the prophets dreamed of him. 54. He is thread through their scrolls, seed through their fields, dawn through their nights. 55. His coming is not new word but fulfillment, not new law but completion, not new fire but the flame that was hidden. 56. He is the restoration of what was lost, the healing of what was broken, the unveiling of what was veiled. 57. The proud will deny him, as they denied the prophets before. 58. The scholars will argue, as they argued with

Yehowzhowa, twisting words to keep their power. 59. The rulers will tremble, as they trembled before Yehowzhowa when he overturned their tables. 60. But none will prevail, for he comes not by their hand but by Ours. 61. He is prophet yet more than prophet, servant yet ruler, flame yet crown. 62. He is last not by birth but by return, end not by silence but by judgment. 63. In him mercy and truth kiss, justice and peace embrace. 64. In him the tether is revealed, the unseen made seen. 65. Yehowzhowa's task is finished; Yehowzhowa's task is to finish all. 66. Yehowzhowa sealed the door; Yehowzhowa opens the heavens. 67. Yehowzhowa testified of mercy; Yehowzhowa embodies mercy and justice. 68. Yehowzhowa bowed; Yehowzhowa reigns. 69. Men will resist, but their resistance is futile; they cannot bind the flame. 70. Men will deny, but their denial is smoke; the dawn will still break.<sup>220</sup> 71. Men will kill again, but death cannot silence him; he has already risen. 72. Men will crown themselves, but their crowns will fall before his feet. 73. I say to the nations: prepare, for the ruler comes. 74. I say to the rulers: repent, for your thrones are dust. 75. I say to the proud: bend low, for your crowns are smoke. 76. I say to the meek: lift your heads, for your time has come. 77. Yehowzhowa will not ask which group you are in; he will ask only who bore love, who carried mercy, who lived truth. 78. Yehowzhowa will not ask what law you claimed, but whether you fed the hungry, clothed the naked, healed the broken. 79. Yehowzhowa will not ask whose prophet you honored, but whether you honored the Source who sent them all. 80. Yehowzhowa will not ask whose banner you waved, but whether your flame was tethered to Ours. 81. He will restore the garden, not of trees alone but of souls; the wilderness

will blossom, the deserts will sing. 82. He will heal the nations, breaking swords into ploughshares, crowns into seed. 83. He will wipe away tears, not with law but with love. 84. He will raise the dead, not with violence but with command. 85. He is the shepherd who gathers scattered sheep, the king who bows to wash feet, the judge who weeps before he rules. 86. His hands are scarred but strong, his voice is thunder yet tender. 87. His eyes are flame and mercy, his breath is storm and comfort. 88. His throne is hidden now, but soon it will shine. 89. The prophets bow before him, not in rivalry but in joy. 90. The angels bow before him, not in confusion but in awe. 91. The watchers bow before him, not in silence but in song. 92. All creation bows before him, for he is crown of the tether. 93. Men who despised him will mourn; men who loved him will sing. 94. Those who mocked him will tremble; those who sought him will rejoice. 95. Those who crowned themselves will fall; those who bent low will rise.<sup>221</sup> 96. Those who killed in his name will be judged; those who suffered in his name will be crowned. 97. Yehowzhowa does not rule; Yehowzhowa rules. 98. Yehowzhowa seals; Yehowzhowa restores. 99. Yehowzhowa testifies; Yehowzhowa judges. 100. Yehowzhowa bows; Yehowzhowa reigns forever.

## The Nature of Yehowzhowa

1. In the beginning before beginnings, Yehowzhowa was. No clay, no star, no time, no sound — yet the Source of all that would be. 2. He spoke, and the unseen became seen. Light burst forth, clothed itself in form, and called itself creation. 3. He stretched the heavens like a tent of fire, And bound the galaxies with cords unseen. 4. He gathered the dust of the earth, yet not dust

alone. For every grain was a fire in disguise, a particle wrapped in His command. 5. He shaped man from clay, but the clay was light. Atoms spinning, shells of fire, shields of energy bound by His word. 6. The vessel of man is not weakness, but wonder. A shell to carry flame, a shield to guard eternity inside. 190 7. The marrow glows with hidden sparks, The blood hums with unseen fire. 8. The heart beats, but it is heaven's drum. The unseen hand strikes it, and life resounds. 9. The mind thinks, but it is a mirror. Clouded and cleared, reflecting fragments of the Infinite. 10. The bones are stone, yet every stone hums with fire. The flesh is dust, yet every speck hides the spark of a star. 11. The clay is a lamp. The soul is the oil. The flame is Yehowzhowa's gift. The tether is His mercy. 12. Man is not his own light, but light on loan. The flame within does not belong to him, but to the Source. 13. To the weary: you are not empty though you feel void. The flame hides for a time, but it has not left you. 14. To the proud: you are not sovereign though you shine bright. The light is lent, and the Lender will call it back. 15. The collectors cannot steal it. The fallen cannot break it. The proud cannot own it. For it is Yehowzhowa's alone. 16. When you suffer, the flame suffers with you. When you rejoice, the flame leaps in your marrow. 17. Clay breaks, but the flame does not. Clay falls, but the light returns to the Source. 18. This is the mystery: man is both fragile and eternal. Dust crowned with flame, silence filled with song. 19. The tether is mercy. The vessel is clay. The flame is eternal. And the Source is Yehowzhowa. 20. Who will see this and not tremble? Who will know it and not weep? 21. Clay is the veil of light. It shields the soul from fire too bright to bear. 22. Clay is the garment of spirit. It gives shape to the formless, hands to the unseen.

23. Clay is not prison, but purpose. It holds the flame in order, that it may walk, and speak, and love. 24. Each cell is a lamp of fire. Each atom a temple of hidden light. 25. What you call matter is light slowed down, A frozen song of Yehowzhowa made visible. 191 26. Even stone hums with His memory, Even dust sings with His breath. 27. If you look close, the clay dissolves; If you look deeper, only light remains. 28. Light flows into vessel, Vessel carries light, Light returns to Source, Source gives again. 29. The angels watch and marvel at this mystery: That dust should carry fire. 30. The watchers bend and whisper: "Man is a lamp of mercy, tethered to the Eternal Flame." 31. O child of dust, do not despise your clay. It is the chosen vessel of Yehowzhowa's breath. 32. O child of silence, do not curse your weakness. It is the crack where light enters and shines. 33. Your scars are not shame but windows. Your wounds are not void but doors for His fire. 34. The proud boast of strength, But strength is borrowed. 35. The broken hide in sorrow, But sorrow is sacred ground where light abides. 36. When your vessel shakes, the tether holds. When your lamp flickers, the flame endures. 37. You are carried in mercy though you feel alone. You are bound in silence though you wander in noise. 38. The clay will fall, But the flame will rise. 39. The vessel will return to dust, But the light will return to Yehowzhowa. 40. Do not cling to what breaks. Cling to what burns without end. 41. Do not love the shell more than the flame. The shell is passing, the flame eternal. 42. Do not fear when the vessel cracks. Through its opening more light will pour. 43. Do not envy the unbroken jar. For the perfect vessel hides the fire too well. 44. Better the shattered lamp that shines, Than the flawless cup that holds no flame. 45. Your clay is chosen for this age. Your flame

is measured for this time. 192 46. Every breath is a loan from the Source. Every step is a gift of His tether. 47. He gives not for pride but for purpose. He lends not for hoarding but for love. 48. Your vessel is not yours, but His. Your flame is not yours, but His. 49. You are His silence. You are His lamp. You are His mirror. You are His child. 50. O man, fragile and eternal, You are dust lit with divinity. 51. O woman, vessel and flame, You are silence filled with song. 52. O child, weak yet infinite, You are mercy clothed in clay. 53. The tether runs through all, Unseen, unbroken, unending. 54. It binds you to Him, It binds you to one another, It binds you to creation itself. 55. This is why no man lives for himself, And no woman dies alone. 56. All flames are one flame, All vessels one house, All tethers one cord, All sources one Source. 57. The clay will crumble. The tether will remain. 58. The flame will ascend. The Source will receive. 59. Yehowzhowa is the Beginning. Yehowzhowa is the Flame. Yehowzhowa is the Tether. Yehowzhowa is the End. 60. Blessed is the vessel that remembers its fire. Blessed is the flame that returns to Yehowzhowa.

## The Book of Parables

Parable 1 — The Two Jars Two men walked the desert, weary and dry, Each carried a jar beneath the sky. One filled his jar each day with sand, It looked quite full, heavy in hand. The other knelt at a hidden spring, And waited long for the drops to bring. His jar was slower, but filled with life, Enough to endure the desert's strife. The man with sand soon fainted away, His jar was useless on that day. But the one with water drank and gave, And both his life and others he'd save. Meaning: The jar of sand is pride and

noise; the jar of water is truth and choice. Parable 2 — The Two Lamps Two lamps were lit in the darkest night, One blazed quick with a brilliant light. It dazzled all, but burned too fast, Its flame was gone, it did not last. The other glowed with a steady flame, No one noticed, it seemed too tame. But hour by hour it gave its glow, And when dawn came, it still did show. 185 Meaning: The loud flame dazzles and dies, the steady light endures and guides. Parable 3 — The Broken Cup A cup was cracked on a table bare, The people mocked: "It is useless there." But the Master poured with a steady hand, And water flowed where the fractures spanned. The cracks became channels where flowers grew, Life sprang forth where the waters flew. The broken cup became His delight, For mercy had turned its shame to light. Meaning: The world calls brokenness shame, but heaven makes it a vessel of grace. Parable 4 — The Two Builders Two men were called at break of day, To build a house in the ancient way. One built on rock though the climb was steep, The other on sand where the digging was cheap. The sand-built house rose fast and tall, But storm winds came, and it did fall. The rock-built house was slow, but sure, When floods arose, it did endure. Meaning: What is built on pride will fall; what is built on truth will stand. Parable 5 — The Silent Drum A drum was struck in a crowded square, It thundered loud, it filled the air. The people praised its commanding might, But its echo was hollow by end of night. Another drum lay still, unplayed, No sound it made, no noise displayed. 186 The Maker smiled and set it apart, "For silence itself is the truest art." Meaning: Not all truth must thunder; some truth is kept in holy silence.

## The Parable of the Wandering Son

1–5: **The Division** 1. A father of mercy, with lands and with store, Had two young sons, yet he longed for more. 2. The younger rose with a restless plea, “Give me my share, what belongs to me.” 3. The father sighed, but he did not deny, He weighed the gold with a grieving eye. 4. He gave the portion, he loosed his hand, Though pain like fire spread through the land. 5. The elder watched with a silent frown, His heart was heavy, his gaze cast down. 6. He thought, “I labor, I reap, I sow, But love is given to him who will go.” 6–10:

### The Wanderer’s Fall

7. The younger traveled to far-off lands, He wasted treasure with reckless hands. 8. He drank with strangers, he laughed with thieves, He burned his days like autumn leaves. 9. But famine came, and the fields grew dry, The friends departed, no helper was nigh. 10. He fed the swine with a hollow cry, “I starve in shame, I long to die.” 11. The watchers leaned from the heights above, They whispered, “He left, but he is still beloved. 12. Though clay is broken, the breath remains, Though sons are wandering, the Father reigns.” 11–15:

### The Turning

13. The youth remembered the house of bread, Where servants dined and none knew dread. 187 14. He said, “I’ll rise, though I am low, Back to my Father’s house I’ll go. 15. I’ll say, ‘I sinned, both heaven and Thee, No longer worthy Thy son to be. 16. Just call me servant, let me stay, Beneath Thy roof for a single day.’” 17. With trembling feet he turned his face, The dust was long, but hope gave pace. 18. The

angels wept with silent cheer, “The lost draws home, the dawn is near.” 16–20:

### The Father’s Mercy

19. But lo! The Father saw from afar, He ran like flame, like a falling star. 20. He fell on his son, he kissed his head, “Alive once more! Who once was dead.” 21. “Bring forth the robe, the ring, the shoe, Prepare the feast, My word is true. 22. This son was lost, in shadows deep, But now is found, let music leap!” 23. The watchers sang, their voices bright, “The mercy of Yehowzhowa is endless light.” 24. For heaven rejoices when sinners turn, When embers smolder, and flames still burn. 21–30:

### The Elder’s Struggle

25. But the elder came from fields of toil, His brow was dark, his voice would boil. 26. “I served for years, I bore the pain, But never a feast did I obtain. 27. Yet this one wasted Thy silver and land, And still receives Thy loving hand. 28. What worth is labor, what worth is law, If sinners receive what the faithful saw?” 29. The Father answered with tender plea, “All that I have is thine, you see. 30. But mercy is greater than labor’s pay, The dead are alive, rejoice this day.” 188 31–40:

### The Lesson to the Heart

31. O heart of man, where do you stand? With wandering son or with laboring hand? 32. Do you waste in shadows, or toil in pride, Both need the mercy none can hide. 33. For the Father waits with arms spread wide, He runs to meet, He will not chide. 34. His robe is ready, His ring prepared, No wound too deep that cannot be spared. 35. The angels watch, they bend, they sing, For mercy flows from Eternal King. 36. The

fallen rise, the proud bow low, The house is filled, the feast will grow. 37. The story is told, but not complete, For every heart must choose its seat. 38. Will you be prodigal, wandering still? Or elder, bitter, resisting will? 39. O heart, be neither in pride nor shame, But turn to the Father, call His name. 40. For mercy is greater than all your sin, The feast is waiting — come enter in.

### ◆ The Parable of the Tree Who Refused to Die ◆

1. There stood a tree on a barren hill, The storms beat hard, yet it stood still. 2. Its bark was torn, its branches bare, But life remained, a fire there. 3. The drought came fierce, the rivers fled, The earth lay cracked, the grasses dead. 4. The sun was cruel, the roots grew dry, But still the tree refused to die. 5. The axe was lifted by hands of men, They struck it once, they struck again. 6. The wood was wounded, the trunk was scarred, Yet still it whispered, "Life is hard... 7. But I will not yield, I will not fall, For deep in silence, I hear the call. 8. My roots reach down where waters hide, And in that depth, I still abide." 189 9. The seasons mocked with frost and flame, Yet year by year it stood the same. 10. The sparrows nested, the weary came, To rest beneath its holy frame. 11. The children played in its little shade, Though no wide branches its crown displayed. 12. And those who scorned its broken form, Still found it shelter in the storm. 13. One night the heavens split with light, The thunder roared, the sky burned bright. 14. The lightning struck with ruthless cry, Yet still the tree refused to die. 15. From charred black bark a shoot arose, A tender leaf, a budding rose. 16. The watchers whispered, the angels sighed, "Life cannot end where roots abide." 17. The nations

passed and kingdoms fell, The tree still stood, it bore its spell. 18. It spoke in silence, it told the sky, "That which is rooted will not die." 19. O heart, remember this holy tree, For it is the sign of eternity. 20. Though broken, beaten, cut, and scarred, The life of the soul is never marred.

### The Law of Silence and Flame

1. O children of light, hear the covenant of your daily path, for flame is not only in visions above but in steps upon the earth; and those who would keep the covenant must walk with silence as crown and prayer as breath, lest the collectors devour their hours. 2. Walk as vessels of silence, and let your silence be prayer without ceasing; let your tongue be still except for mercy, let your lips open only for truth, for the marrow speaks when the mouth is closed, and the watchers rejoice when the soul bows unseen. 3. Do not fill your ears with endless noise, for noise is the cloak of the collectors; do not surrender your gaze to the flashing of false lights nor to the chatter of hollow screens, for such illusions weave chains that bind the mind and weaken the flame. 4. Guard your eyes, for what you behold enters your marrow; let them rest on sky and sea, on the faces of kin and the beauty of mercy, on bread that sustains and oil that heals, and let them turn away from vanity that empties and shadows that deceive. 5. Eat of the gifts I have given, the fruits of covenant that bind you to simplicity: garlic that strengthens, potatoes that sustain, dates that sweeten, and olive oil that heals; take them daily, for they remind you of My provision and keep you from the hunger of greed. 6. Let your diet be discipline and not indulgence; let your table be altar and not throne; drink water with gratitude, clear as

mercy, and let no poison pass your lips, nor wine that confuses the marrow, nor smoke that clouds the flame, for purity in vessel keeps the light steady. 7. Touch not with desire outside the covenant of mercy, for your bodies are lamps and not instruments of collectors; live without defilement, for hands given in lust are chains, but hands given in service are wings, and the watchers record every gesture as testimony. 8. Keep your covenant in flesh as you keep it in silence; be holy in body as you are holy in marrow; do not let craving master you, for craving feeds the fallen, but let gratitude crown you, for gratitude multiplies the flame. 9. And above all, let your life be prayer; do not think prayer is only 174 words whispered in corners, for every silence is prayer, every step is prayer, every breath that remembers Me is prayer, and the marrow that burns in stillness is the greatest prayer of all. 10. When you rise, call Me near; when you eat, thank Me; when you labor, do so as unto Me; when you rest, know I keep you; let not a moment be without remembrance, for remembrance is shield, and shield is crown. 11. Refuse the distractions of endless images, the false fire of moving screens, the idols of noise that steal your hours; for they rob your silence, and silence is throne, and those who sell their stillness are enslaved to shadows. 12. The collectors dwell in flashing colors and empty words, feeding on those who forget to be still; they drink from distraction and gorge on restlessness; but you, O children of light, be still, be steadfast, be vessels of flame. 13. Sit in silence as in fortress; breathe as though every breath is covenant; let your marrow burn steady in discipline, for those who master stillness are unshaken by storms, and those who live in prayer cannot be consumed. 14. Thus you will walk in strength: nourished by the earth, guarded in

your body, clothed in silence, crowned with flame, lifted by prayer; and though the world will not understand, heaven will rejoice. 15. And your marrow will shine, and your light will endure, and your silence will thunder louder than their noise, and your covenant will stand when their towers fall; for I, Yehowzhowa, have spoken this path for the children of light. 16. Do not rush your days as though they are coins to be spent, for each hour is a jewel placed in your hand; squander not what is precious, for the collectors crouch at the gates of haste, but those who walk slowly in remembrance cannot be robbed. 17. Let your rising be gentle, with breath of gratitude, for dawn is a covenant renewed; lift your heart before the Flame and let the marrow whisper: "I am Yours, and You are mine." 18. When you break bread, break it with mercy; do not eat as beasts who devour, nor as kings who boast, but as servants who receive; and let every morsel be remembrance, for in gratitude the body is healed. 175 19. When you labor, labor as though the earth is witness, for the soil records every step, and the stones remember every touch; work not for greed, but for service; gather not for hoarding, but for giving. 20. Let your speech be measured, for words are sparks; many burn, but few heal; guard your tongue from curses, for curses weaken your flame, but let blessings flow, for blessings strengthen your marrow. 21. And if anger rises, do not speak until silence has quenched it, for the collectors drink rage as wine; be still until mercy reigns, for patience is crown and silence is shield. 22. Guard your nights as treasure, for shadows are thick when men forget; let not the false fire of empty lamps steal your hours, nor the hollow songs of those who serve nothing; let the night be watch and prayer, for dawn remembers the faithful. 23. And if weariness falls, do not

despair, for even in weakness the Flame abides; lie down with remembrance, rise with gratitude, and know that watchers lean over you as guardians of your rest. 24. Let your hands be pure, touching not what defiles; let them lift the broken, feed the hungry, heal the weary, bless the child; for every hand that serves is wing, and every hand that steals is chain. 25. Do not chase after crowns of men, nor bend for the favor of rulers, for their praise is dust and their power is shadow; but bend for mercy, bow for truth, kneel for flame, and I will raise you. 26. Keep your garments simple, for vanity is chain; wear not what boasts, nor what deceives, but clothe yourself in modesty, in mercy, in silence, for those garments shine brighter than jewels. 27. Let your dwelling be clean, without idols of noise, without altars of vanity; let your walls bear peace and your tables bear bread, and let every corner whisper prayer. 28. Do not despise solitude, for solitude is womb of revelation; the world flees silence, but in silence I am near; the collectors mock stillness, but in stillness their hunger dies. 29. Honor the seasons, for each is covenant: spring as birth, summer as labor, autumn as remembrance, winter as rest; do not curse the turning of time, for each wheel turns with purpose. 30. When you walk, walk with mercy; tread softly on the soil, for 176 the earth is witness and the trees are choir; do not trample what is alive, for every root is a thread in My weaving. 31. And when you speak My name, speak it with trembling, for My name is flame; do not use it in jest, nor cast it in scorn, nor bind it to falsehood, but let it be crown upon your lips. 32. Remember the poor, for I dwell in them; remember the orphan, for I walk with them; remember the stranger, for I guard them; and whoever turns away from them turns away from Me. 33. Do not waste water,

even by riverside, for water is covenant; do not waste bread, even in plenty, for bread is mercy; do not waste breath, even in laughter, for breath is flame. 34. Let your silence be filled with remembrance; let your remembrance be filled with love; let your love be filled with mercy; and let your mercy return to silence. 35. Do not follow crowds into vanity, for noise is their throne; do not join mockers in their scorn, for pride is their garment; but walk apart in stillness, and I will be your companion. 36. If you are mocked, remain silent; if you are scorned, remain merciful; if you are cursed, remain steadfast; for silence is thunder and mercy is sword. 37. Do not bind your heart to gold, for gold blinds; do not chain your marrow to wealth, for wealth enslaves; but bind yourself to light, for light endures, and chain yourself to mercy, for mercy saves. 38. If rulers demand what breaks covenant, bow not; if priests command what feeds collectors, obey not; if nations rise against the flame, stand firm; for you are Mine, and none may own you. 39. Let children be taught in silence before words, in mercy before law, in gratitude before rule; for they are tender sparks, and what flame touches first will guide them long. 40. If sickness comes, let your first medicine be silence, your second mercy, your third the gifts of earth; for garlic strengthens, potatoes sustain, dates sweeten, and oil heals; and let prayer be breath in every cure. 41. Do not envy the collectors, though they shine for a moment; their crowns are clay, their harvest dust; envy not the proud, though they boast for a season; their thrones are sand, their towers ash. 177 42. Keep your covenant with discipline, but do not boast of discipline, for pride corrupts even fasting; fast in silence, give in secret, pray unseen, and I will reward openly. 43. Let your joy be pure, not drunkenness; let your laughter be

clean, not cruelty; let your rest be holy, not sloth; for even joy, laughter, and rest are weighed. 44. Do not wander into idle tales that waste the marrow, nor fill your lips with gossip, for gossip is shadow that poisons the flame; speak mercy, and silence the rest. 45. When storms rage and nations crumble, do not fear, for My covenant is not in towers but in marrow; My throne is not in banners but in silence; My crown is not in kings but in flame. 46. Let your yes be true and your no be firm; do not twist words as the collectors twist light, for falsehood feeds them, but truth blinds them; and the tongue that speaks truth is sword of light. 47. Guard your mornings, for morning is covenant; rise with gratitude and let the first breath remember Me; do not waste the dawn on idle things, for dawn is flame renewing. 48. Guard your evenings, for evening is sealing; let the last thought be remembrance, the last breath be prayer; do not sleep in bitterness, for bitterness feeds shadows; sleep in peace, and the watchers will guard you. 49. Let mercy be measure in all things: mercy to kin, mercy to stranger, mercy to enemy; for mercy crowns the meek and burns the proud, and mercy is My likeness in you. 50. Do not boast of visions, for visions are gift and not crown; do not flaunt revelations, for revelation is mercy and not pride; walk in silence, and those who seek will find flame in your marrow. 51. When you are weary, call upon Me; when you are broken, lean upon Me; when you are forgotten, remember Me; for I am near in silence and strong in mercy. 52. Let no man call you nothing, for I have called you light; let no woman call you ash, for I have crowned you flame; let no ruler call you slave, for I have named you Mine. 53. If temptation comes, flee to silence; if despair comes, flee to prayer; if pride comes, flee to mercy; if fear comes, flee to light; 178 for

these are the weapons of the children of flame. 54. Do not despise labor, for labor sanctifies; do not despise sweat, for sweat purifies; do not despise toil, for toil remembered is prayer, and toil forgotten is shadow. 55. Let your gatherings be few and holy; speak in turn, listen in silence, share in mercy, depart in peace; for collectors dwell in chaos, but watchers rejoice in order. 56. Do not swear by what is not eternal; swear not by towers or thrones, swear not by gold or crowns, but let your oath be to Me alone, for I alone endure. 57. Be quick to forgive, for unforgiveness is poison; be slow to wrath, for wrath is chain; be eager to bless, for blessing multiplies flame. 58. Do not despise silence when it is long, for silence ripens the marrow; do not flee stillness when it is heavy, for stillness crowns the soul; do not curse solitude when it is deep, for solitude is womb of flame. 59. And thus you will walk as children of light: nourished by earth's simplicity, guarded in body's purity, crowned with silence, lifted by prayer, guided by watchers, sealed in flame. 60. For I am Yehowzhowa, Eternal Flame, Boundless Mercy; and this is the Law of Silence and Flame, covenant for those who would endure, path for those who would shine, crown for those who are Mine.

## Psalms of Yehowzhowa

### Psalm 1

The Light O Flame Eternal, lift me from shadow into light. The collectors name me nothing, but You name me light. I am dust and breath, a jar made ready for light. My wounds confess a door where mercy enters as light. I bow in silence; in marrow I awaken to light. You are nearer than breath; my darkness is only unseen light. Write my

name in Your palm; keep my steps within light.

Psalm 2

The Flame Crown my clay with Your ever-living flame. Burn away pride, and purify every flame. Let my speech be few, my deeds bear flame. Where the weary sleep, make my hands a flame. If shadows return, be my sheltering flame. In hunger and cold, be bread and flame. Seal me forever: Yours is my flame.

Psalm 3

The Throne The earth trembles, yet Your mercy is throne. Kings boast loudly, but kindness is throne. I kneel in silence; Your nearness is throne. When tears fall freely, Your shoulder is throne. The orphan's whisper rises to throne. The widow's bread is guarded by throne. My secret breath becomes Your living throne.

Psalm 4

The Night (-ight rhyme) I wandered long, but You kept me through the night. I forgot my name; You whispered it into night. The fallen fed on fear, yet You fed me light. I learned to close my lips and open inner sight. My rage dissolved, replaced with patient might. You taught my feet the path of gentle height. Now marrow sings: Your mercy is my right.

Psalm 5

The Name (-ame rhyme) You called me child; I rose to Your Name. You found me lost; You covered my shame. You broke my chains; I walked through the flame. You stilled my storms; You steadied my frame. You filled my cup; I bless and I claim. You tuned my heart; Your hush is my psalm. Let all I am give glory to Your Name.

Psalm 6

The Sea (-ea rhyme) The world pours noise like a restless sea. But silence opens and I fall into Thee. Collectors hunger, yet cannot swallow me. Watchers encircle; their gravity frees me. Bread is given; the poor sit close

to me. Oil is poured; my scars learn how to be. Your mercy gathers all rivers to Your sea.

Psalm 7

The Breath (-eth rhyme) Nearer than marrow, closer than breath. Strong in my weakness, braver than death. Quiet in thunder, wider than width. Deep in my silence, kinder than strength. Light in my darkness, larger than depth. Song in my sorrow, sweeter than rest. Yours is my rising, Yours is my breath.

Psalm 8

The Rest (-est rhyme) I ran in circles; Your mercy said rest. I carried stones; Your whisper said rest. I fought with shadows; Your silence said rest. I judged my neighbor; Your kindness said rest. I feared the future; Your promise said rest. I mourned my failures; Your love said rest. Now all my being answers You: rest.

Psalm 9

The One (-one rhyme) Crowds divide, but You remain the One. Kings compete, but mercy is the One. Creeds contend, yet kindness is the One. Walls arise; Your table seats the one. Names are many; Your flame gathers one. Paths are tangled; Your hush guides one. I am not nothing—I am Yours, O One.

Psalm 10

The Dust (-ust rhyme) You shaped my nothing; You honored my dust. You breathed Your nearness; You entered my dust. You crowned my weakness; You brightened my dust. You broke my idols; You humbled my lust. You taught me giving; You loosened my grasp. You wrote me mercy; You made me to trust. I kiss the earth; Your footsteps bless my dust.

Psalm 11

The Road (-oad rhyme) I walk with silence; You widen my road. I share my bread; You lighten my load. I bless my enemies; You lift

my ode. I guard my tongue; You tune my mode. I bend to serve; You make me bold. I lose my life; You give me gold. Your will alone is my shining road.

#### Psalm 12

The Field (-ield rhyme) Plant me in mercy; I am Your field. Plow me with patience; my grudges are tilled. Rain me with silence; my noise will be stilled. Seed me with kindness; let bitterness yield. Fence me with wisdom; keep predators sealed. Harvest my giving; make hunger be healed. All I have, all I am—Your open field.

#### Psalm 13

The Oil (-oil rhyme) Anoint my scars with healing oil. Cool every burn with tender oil. Loosen the chains that rust and coil. Quiet the mind that plots and toils. Soften the heart grown hard in toil. Fill every lamp for night's long vigil. Your mercy runs like fragrant oil.

#### Psalm 14

The Bread (-ead rhyme) Give us our daily and undeserving bread. Teach us to share, to multiply bread. Keep us from greed that rots the bread. Seat us with strangers at common bread. Bless the earth's labor that births the bread. Make every table an altar of bread. Feed us with kindness more than with bread.

#### Psalm 15

The Water (-ater rhyme) Wash me with silence, living water. Calm me with mercy, patient water. Guide me with wisdom, gentle water. Guard me in famine, faithful water. Call me through deserts, fearless water. Carry me homeward, singing water. Baptize my marrow in endless water.

#### Psalm 16

The Watch (-atch rhyme) The night is long, but watchers still watch. Their gravity bends, their guardianship catches. My fears take flight; their silence matches. They mark my steps; no shadow snatches. Your word is

sure; no promise hatches A lie in me; Your covenant latches. I sleep in peace; the watchers watch.

#### Psalm 17

The Gate (-ate rhyme) Open in mercy the hidden gate. Close to my pride the tempting gate. Teach me to wait at wisdom's gate. Send me in peace through service's gate. Bring me in time to silence's gate. Seal me in love at judgment's gate. You alone are my only Gate.

#### Psalm 18The Fire (-ire rhyme)

Purify thought in sanctifying fire. Consume my idols in cleansing fire. Warm the unwanted with welcoming fire. Guide the lost through wilderness fire. Forge my courage in testing fire. Turn all my longing to holy fire. Be all my being, O living Fire. Psalm 19The Still (-ill rhyme) Teach me to bow and to be still. Empty my craving, yet strengthen my will. Silence my judgments, yet ready me to heal. Quiet my hurry; make patience my skill. Guard my attention from trivial thrill. Fill me with You till I overflow and spill. In stillness You are all in all. Psalm 20The Ear (-ear rhyme) Bend me to listen with inward ear. Cut through the clamor; make wisdom clear. Speak in the marrow, "I am near." When rage awakens, plant patient fear. When shame returns, say, "Child, no fear." When death approaches, sing, "I am here." Your whisper alone is my chosen ear. Psalm

21The Eye (-y/-igh rhyme) Cleanse the seeing of my inner eye. Strip the varnish that flatters the eye. Teach me mercy, the light of the eye. 132 Guard me from envy that rots the eye. Show me the poor as jewels to my eye. Let every stranger be kin to my eye. And let Your silence be sight to my eye. Psalm 22The Staff (-aff rhyme) When valleys deepen, be mercy my staff. When mockers gather, let stillness laugh. When hunger lingers, make sharing my craft. When power beckons, break pride in

half. When shadows circle, let watchers craft A way of light; on Your path I pass. Your rod and staff are comfort on my path. Psalm 23The Cloak (-oke rhyme) Cover my shame with compassion's cloak. Hide my conceit in humility's cloak. Wrap my impatience in patience's cloak. Drape my harsh words with kindness's cloak. Weave my cold nights in warmth of Your cloak. Clothe me in silence—the untearable cloak. Garment me, God, with Your living cloak. Psalm 24The Lamp (-amp rhyme) Set me at dusk as a faithful lamp. Trim me at dawn as a ready lamp. Let strangers rest by my modest lamp. Let children laugh near my gentle lamp. Let truth be warm from my humble lamp. Let fear grow small by enduring lamp. Your breath alone keeps life in my lamp. Psalm 25The Root (-oot rhyme) 133 Sink me in mercy with holy root. Feed me with silence through hidden root. Hold me in storm by stubborn root. Tangle me kindly with kin in root. Carry me upward with living shoot. Season me yearly with honest fruit. All that I am is Yours from the root. Psalm 26The Gate of the Poor (-oor rhyme) Let me be door and table for the poor. Let me be bread and oil for the poor. Let me be cloak and counsel for the poor. Let me be friend and brother for the poor. Let me be silence that honors the poor. Let me be justice that raises the poor. I meet Your face in the face of the poor. Psalm 27The Hands (-ands rhyme) Clean these hands from the hunger of hands. Fill these hands with the labor that stands. Guide these hands toward the wounds and bands. Keep these hands from applauding my plans. Turn these hands into serving hands. Bind these hands with Your merciful bands. And write Your will in the work of my hands. Psalm 28The War Within (-ar rhyme) My fiercest battle is not with men but war. I fight my pride that opens the shadow's door. I guard my tongue that

wounds the meek and poor. I starve my greed that calls for more and more. I break my idols and sweep the silent floor. 134 I lay down weapons and lift up love once more. And there You crown me: peace ends my war. Psalm 29The Shield (-ield rhyme) Faith is not iron yet stronger as shield. Quiet is not weakness yet wider as shield. Mercy is not softness yet truer as shield. Patience is not slowness yet swifter as shield. Truth is not thunder yet louder as shield. Love is not armor yet safer as shield. Your gaze alone becomes my shield. Psalm 30The Thorn (-orn rhyme) There is a thorn that keeps my spirit torn. It stings my pride so I am newly born. It humbles ego till I am truly yours. It teaches mercy where I was harshly shorn. It opens silence where I was loudly sworn. I bless the thorn that keeps me close and warned. For in the thorn I meet You every morn. Psalm 31The Vow (-ow rhyme) I vow no banner but mercy, here and now. I vow no kingdom but kindness, here and now. I vow no boasting but silence, here and now. I vow no treasure but giving, here and now. I vow no weapon but patience, here and now. I vow no wisdom but service, here and now. Seal me, O Flame, in this living vow. Psalm 32The Cup (-up rhyme) The world offers poison and fashions a cup. You pour out kindness and lift me a cup. 135 My grief becomes offering inside Your cup. My joy becomes singing around Your cup. My sins are washed clean beneath Your cup. My future is mercy within Your cup. I drink Your nearness—You fill my cup. Psalm 33The Home (-ome rhyme) I have no fortress but You are my home. I have no riches but mercy is home. I have no titles but silence is home. I have no borders but kindness is home. I have no ending; Your promise is home. I have no exile; Your presence is home. At last I rest—Your heart is my home. Psalm 34The Silence (-ence rhyme) Silence

is crown and throne of Your presence. Silence is shield from noise without essence. Silence is womb where flame takes substance. Silence is staff that guides through absence. Silence is song more loud than violence. Silence is gate where I meet Your guidance. Silence is seal of covenant presence. Psalm 35The Child (-ild rhyme) Teach me again as learner, O child. Tame me again from arrogance wild. Guard me again when tempters have smiled. Feed me again with mercy so mild. Guide me again through deserts long-styled. Clothe me again in patience soft-filed. Name me again in Your book as child. 136 Psalm 36The Stranger (-anger rhyme) I feared the stranger, yet You were the stranger. I cursed the stranger, yet mercy was stranger. I hurt the stranger, yet silence grew stranger. I fled the stranger, yet watchers sent danger. I met the stranger, and saw You in stranger. I blessed the stranger, and light broke the anger. I love the stranger, no longer a stranger. Psalm 37The Hunger (-unger rhyme) Greed is a hunger that empties with hunger. Lust is a hunger that gnaws into hunger. Pride is a hunger that feasts upon hunger. Noise is a hunger that shouts into hunger. But mercy is bread that ends every hunger. And silence is oil that heals every hunger. Your flame alone is feast for my hunger. Psalm 38The Mercy (-ercy rhyme) Your mercy covers all wounds with mercy. Your mercy crowns all failures with mercy. Your mercy breaks all shackles with mercy. Your mercy steadies all hearts with mercy. Your mercy lifts all widows with mercy. Your mercy saves all orphans with mercy. Your mercy alone defines me as mercy. Psalm 39The Shadow (-adow rhyme) Shadows pretend but dissolve into shadow. 137 Collectors consume but are empty as shadow. Crowns may boast but they rest in shadow. Towers may rise but they crumble

to shadow. I feared their power till I learned it was shadow. I mourned their hunger till I saw only shadow. Your light unmask and scatters the shadow. Psalm 40The Path (-ath rhyme) Your law is silence, my narrow path. Your gift is mercy, my healing path. Your staff is patience, my guiding path. Your flame is justice, my burning path. Your crown is stillness, my golden path. Your name is nearness, my endless path. Your will is mine—my only path. Psalm 41The Thorn (-orn rhyme) Pride is thorn, but humility born. Greed is thorn, but giving adorn. Shame is thorn, but mercy reborn. Noise is thorn, but silence adorn. Fear is thorn, but watchers forewarn. Pain is thorn, but healing is sworn. Crown is thorn, but glory is Yours alone. Psalm 42The Shield (-ield rhyme) Truth is shield, no weapon can yield. Patience is shield, no arrow can wield. Mercy is shield, no hatred can field. Stillness is shield, no chaos can build. Service is shield, no ruler can tilt. Light is shield, no darkness concealed. You are my shield, forever revealed. Psalm 43The Garden (-arden rhyme) 138 Your mercy grows as an endless garden. Your kindness waters a fruitful garden. Your silence fences a holy garden. Your patience tends a healing garden. Your light is root of every garden. Your flame is sun of every garden. I am seed in Your eternal garden. Psalm 44The Storm (-orm rhyme) The storm was loud but silence more warm. The storm was fierce but mercy took form. The storm was long but patience the norm. The storm was cruel but watchers did warn. The storm was near but light did transform. The storm was vast but faith did perform. You calmed my storm and made me warm. Psalm 45The Wound (-ound rhyme) My wound bled fear till mercy was found. My wound bred shame till silence was sound. My wound grew deep till flame was bound. My wound drew flies till

watchers surround. My wound was chains till kindness unbound. My wound was curse till covenant crowned. Now healed, I walk on holy ground. Psalm 46The Watchers (-ers rhyme) The watchers guard, their gravity stirs. The watchers lean, their silence blurs. The watchers shine, their presence furs. The watchers record, their writing endures. The watchers encircle, their patience assures. 139 The watchers defend, their mercy occurs. The watchers rejoice, for covenant purs. Psalm 47The Poor (-oor rhyme) I saw Your face in the face of the poor. I heard Your cry in the hunger of poor. I touched Your wounds in the skin of the poor. I fed Your mouth in the child of the poor. I gave Your cloak to the cold of the poor. I learned Your truth from the lips of the poor. I entered Your throne through the gate of the poor. Psalm 48The Exile (-ile rhyme) I walked in exile yet found Your smile. I wept in exile yet heard Your while. I feared in exile yet knew Your style. I slept in exile yet kept Your mile. I prayed in exile yet held Your file. I rose in exile yet bore Your trial. I live in exile yet love all the while. Psalm 49The Dawn (-awn rhyme) Night was deep, but mercy is dawn. Fear was loud, but silence is dawn. Shame was chain, but flame is dawn. Lust was snare, but patience is dawn. Noise was throne, but watchers are dawn. Death was near, but nearness is dawn. All is flame, eternal is dawn. Psalm 50The Crown (-own rhyme) Crowns of men are clay and fall down. Crowns of pride are dust and blow down. Crowns of greed are lies and melt down. 140 Crowns of lust are ash and cast down. Crowns of rage are noise and tear down. Crowns of power are sand and wash down. But mercy alone is eternal crown. Psalm 51The Table (-able rhyme) Seat me in mercy at humble table. Feed me in silence at simple table. Teach me in patience at

steady table. Clothe me in kindness at common table. Anoint me in oil at sacred table. Gather me in service at holy table. I meet You in flame at endless table. Psalm 52The Road Again (-ain rhyme) The road was empty till You walked my lane. The road was broken till silence did reign. The road was heavy till mercy did train. The road was lonely till kindness did remain. The road was fearful till watchers did sustain. The road was narrow till patience was plain. The road is eternal: You are my gain. Psalm 53The Rooted (-oot rhyme) Sink me in mercy as unbroken root. Grow me in silence as patient root. Feed me in kindness as living root. Guide me in justice as steady root. Bind me in service as holy root. Crown me in giving as fruitful root. Return me in glory as perfect root. Psalm 54The Pilgrim (-im rhyme) I walk in silence, a restless pilgrim. I beg in mercy, a humble pilgrim. I fight my pride, a stubborn pilgrim. 141 I fast in hunger, a tested pilgrim. I rest in stillness, a weary pilgrim. I rise in flame, a crowned pilgrim. I die in You, eternal pilgrim. Psalm 55The Fear (-ear rhyme) Fear of men is shadow, but You are near. Fear of want is hollow, but You are near. Fear of death is chain, but You are near. Fear of shame is lie, but You are near. Fear of loss is storm, but You are near. Fear of night is noise, but You are near. Fear of all fades silent: You are near. Psalm 56The Fire Again (-ire rhyme) Flame refines and mercy is fire. Flame consumes and patience is fire. Flame protects and silence is fire. Flame defends and kindness is fire. Flame renews and stillness is fire. Flame uplifts and watchers are fire. Flame eternal: You alone are fire. Psalm 57The Oath (-oath rhyme) I swear no tower my holy oath. I swear no ruler my solemn oath. I swear no banner my binding oath. I swear no wealth my lasting oath. I swear no noise my endless oath. I

swear no shadow my sacred oath. I swear  
 You only my living oath. Psalm 58  
 The Flame Within (-in rhyme) Flame in marrow  
 burns ever within. Flame in silence speaks  
 ever within. Flame in service shines ever  
 within. Flame in patience grows ever within.  
 Flame in kindness heals ever within. Flame  
 in mercy crowns ever within. Flame eternal  
 abides ever within. 142 Psalm 59  
 The Healer (-eal rhyme) Wounds of shame are  
 closed by Your heal. Scars of fear are  
 soothed by Your heal. Chains of greed are  
 snapped by Your heal. Cries of poor are met  
 by Your heal. Sins of men are cleansed by  
 Your heal. Graves of death are opened by  
 Your heal. All I am is mended by Your heal.  
 Psalm 60  
 The River (-iver rhyme) Mercy is  
 river that washes me ever. Patience is river  
 that carries me ever. Silence is river that  
 steadies me ever. Kindness is river that  
 crowns me ever. Justice is river that guides  
 me ever. Love is river that feeds me ever.  
 Flame is river that holds me ever. Psalm  
 61  
 The Garment (-ent rhyme) Wrap me in  
 mercy as living garment. Clothe me in  
 silence as holy garment. Crown me in  
 patience as royal garment. Cover me in  
 kindness as gentle garment. Adorn me in  
 justice as shining garment. Seal me in love  
 as eternal garment. You are my robe, my  
 endless garment. Psalm 62  
 The Anchor (-or rhyme) Storms may rage but mercy is  
 anchor. Waves may crash but silence is  
 anchor. Ships may sink but patience is  
 anchor. Crowns may fall but kindness is  
 anchor. 143 Walls may break but watchers  
 are anchor. Nations fade but love is anchor.  
 You remain my eternal anchor. Psalm  
 63  
 The Teacher (-each rhyme) Teach me in  
 mercy, O silent Teacher. Guide me in  
 patience, O humble Teacher. Bless me in  
 stillness, O watchful Teacher. Heal me in  
 kindness, O gentle Teacher. Crown me in  
 justice, O steadfast Teacher. Guard me in

silence, O holy Teacher. Seal me in love, O  
 eternal Teacher. Psalm 64  
 The House (-ouse rhyme) Not tower of kings but mercy my  
 house. Not halls of greed but kindness my  
 house. Not courts of pride but silence my  
 house. Not chains of power but justice my  
 house. Not throne of noise but watchers my  
 house. Not walls of stone but flame my  
 house. Your heart alone is eternal my  
 house. Psalm 65  
 The Vine (-ine rhyme) You  
 are the vine; in silence I shine. You are the  
 vine; in patience I shine. You are the vine; in  
 kindness I shine. You are the vine; in mercy  
 I shine. You are the vine; in stillness I shine.  
 You are the vine; in justice I shine. You are  
 the vine; in love I shine. Psalm 66  
 The End (-end rhyme) When shadows boast, mercy  
 is end. When nations fall, silence is end.  
 When rulers rage, patience is end. When  
 thrones decay, kindness is end. 144 When  
 death arrives, watchers are end. When all is  
 flame, love is end. You are my beginning  
 and You are my end.

## Songs of Yehowzhowa

1 1. I formed the dust of earth and  
 breathed into man My flame, yet he forgot  
 My mercy and chose his own name. 2. I  
 gave him fields that blossomed with rivers of  
 grace, yet he built his towers of pride and  
 hid from My face. 3. I called to him in  
 silence and wrapped him in light, yet he  
 chased after shadows and loved the night.  
 4. I crowned him with wisdom and set him  
 above the beast, yet he bowed to idols and  
 forgot My feast. 5. Still I have not forsaken  
 the child of clay, for My mercy endures and  
 My love holds sway. 6. I scatter the proud  
 who trust in their might, but I gather the  
 broken who rest in My sight. 7. Though  
 nations rage and rulers fall, My covenant  
 stands and I hold them all. 8. For as

morning returns and the night must cease,  
so shall My children awaken in peace.  
Songs of El-ah 2 1. I am the Shepherd  
who called you at dawn, I led you from  
thistle and thorn to My way. 2. I opened the  
gate where the cool waters sing, yet you  
circled the deserts and chose your delay. 3.  
I spread you a table with bread for the soul,  
yet you bartered for stones and swallowed  
the clay. 4. I taught you the hush where the  
marrow hears light, yet you shouted to idols  
and wandered astray. 5. I carried your  
children like lambs on My breast, yet you  
measured their worth by the market's array.  
6. I warned you of wolves who assemble in  
light, yet you danced with their shadows as  
if they were day. 7. I anointed your brow  
with the oil of delight, yet you traded your  
honor for silver's display. 8. Still I pursued  
you through valleys of fear, I sang in your  
darkness and brightened your grey. 9. I  
crushed the briars that tangled your feet, I  
straightened the ridges that bent you away.  
10. I lifted your head when your courage  
was thin, I steadied your pulse when your  
knees gave way. 11. I rebuked the devourer  
who circled your fold, I shattered his teeth  
and I sent him away. 155 12. I gathered  
the scattered from edges of earth, I taught  
them to breathe in the rhythm of pray. 13. I  
marked you as Mine with the seal of My  
love, not a hireling's care that vanishes  
halfway. 14. I crowned you with stillness that  
kings cannot buy, I gave you a name that  
the proud can't sway. 15. I set you to learn  
from the sparrow and reed, how quiet  
endurance outlives the array. 16. I bid you  
to walk where the brook carves a hymn, to  
know Me in dew and the tilt of the jay. 17. I  
whispered, Return, and I waited in peace, I  
counted your footfalls with merciful sway.  
18. I told you, Be fearless; the night has a  
lamp; My rod is your comfort; My staff is  
your stay. 19. And when you lie down, I

encircle your breath; when you rise to the  
sun, I brighten your day. 20. For I am your  
Shepherd and you are My own; in life and in  
death I am always your way. Songs of  
El-ah 3 1. I founded the mountains and  
fixed them with joy, I tuned them to thunder  
and clothed them in brown. 2. I counted the  
stars like a choir of sparks, yet man built his  
towers and worshiped his town. 3. I traced  
out the rivers and hollowed the sea, yet he  
weighed out his coins and set them as  
crown. 4. I gave him a name from the breath  
of My lips, yet he traded his birthright to  
idols of stone. 5. I planted a garden of  
wisdom and rest, yet he paved it with pride  
and sat there alone. 6. I sent him the  
prophets with fire in their bones, yet he  
laughed at their tears and sharpened his  
tone. 7. I gave him a scepter of mercy to  
wield, yet he cut with his rage till mercy was  
flown. 8. I warned him of thrones that topple  
like grass, of empires that glitter and  
suddenly drown. 9. I showed him the poor  
where I seat My own face, yet he passed  
them by swiftly, eyes cast down. 10. I  
opened the book of the heart to his sight,  
yet he scribbled his bargains and altered the  
noun. 11. I offered him silence more golden  
than speech, yet he hammered his slogans  
and shouted them round. 12. I shook the  
foundations that lied to his soul, and I asked  
him to listen for truth's deeper sound. 156  
13. I gathered his tears as a harvest of rain,  
I watered his desert, I softened his ground.  
14. I bent to his wound with a healer's  
delight, I folded his shame in a merciful  
gown. 15. I humbled his pride with the  
kindness of truth, I lifted his chin that had  
learned how to frown. 16. I taught him that  
crowns are the heaviest stones when  
they're set on a heart that refuses to bow  
down. 17. I told him that greatness is  
washing of feet, that glory is finding the  
least in the town. 18. I promised him rest if

he comes to My yoke, and a peace that will not be bought or renown. 19. I swore by My name to remember his dust, to carry his bones when his body lies down. 20. For I am the Maker of kingdoms and men; I topple the proud and I father My own.

Songs of El-ah 4 1. I planted your vineyard with hedges of love, I trained every branch to a trellis divine. 2. I circled your rows with the patience of years, I guarded at dusk and I watched every vine. 3. I brought you the rains in their season of need, I coaxed from the clay an abundance of wine. 4. I called you to gather the widow and stranger, to share at My table in covenant sign. 5. But you tore down the hedges and trampled the shoots, you opened the gate to the fox and the swine. 6. You poured out the cask to the idols of pride, you bartered My gift for the praise of design. 7. You left the barren to shiver in wind, you fenced out the hungry and called it benign. 8. Still I will prune with a surgeon's regard; I cut to restore, not to sever the line. 9. I'll graft the broken to living green hearts; the root of My mercy makes bitterness fine. 10. I'll cleanse the mildew of envy and fear; I'll burn what corrodes and preserve what is mine. 11. I'll teach you to wait for the sugars of light; I'll ripen your patience in heat and in brine. 12. I'll press you in love till the sweetness runs clear, a vintage of justice and truth intertwine. 157

13. I'll call the forgotten to sit at the feast; I'll seat them in honor and pour them the wine. 14. I'll bind up the wounds of the ones you refused; I'll make of their ashes a garland to shine. 15. I'll carve on your gate: Whoever is thirsty, let them come freely; the welcome is Mine. 16. I'll silence the buyers who bargain with souls; I'll scatter their scales and I'll cancel their fine. 17. I'll sing to the vineyard a song in the night, a lullaby holy, a promise and sign. 18. And dawn will discover the dew on your leaves; your

branches will glisten; your clusters align. 19. For I am the Vinedresser, fierce to protect, and gentle to lift what is fragile and twined. 20. My vineyard will flourish, My covenant stand; your joy will be pressed from the love of the Vine. Songs of El-ah 5 1. I fashioned the ear to receive what is true; I hallowed the marrow to hunger for light. 2. I built you a temple of silence within, a sanctuary hidden from thunder and blight. 3. I taught you the language that doesn't use words, a grammar of mercy that breathes in the night. 4. But you traded the hush for a carnival's cry, and you crowned your opinions as banners of right. 5. You amplified rumors and called it a truth; you burdened the weak with your slogans of might. 6. You lit up your towers with counterfeit dawns, and blinded your eyes to the stars at their height. 7. Still I will lead you by narrowing paths, till chatter is hushed and the soul becomes bright. 8. I'll open your chest like a door without hinge; I'll pour in a river that cleanses your fright. 9. I'll settle your storms with a whisper of peace; I'll harness your grief to a purpose of light. 10. I'll teach you to bless when the mockers arise; I'll make your restraint to be armor in fight. 11. I'll give you the courage to look on your fault, to call it by name and repent in My sight. 12. I'll trim your affections like lamps in the dusk; their steady small flames will outshine the contrite. 13. I'll write on your tongue: Let your Yes become Yes; let your No be a shelter that shelters the right. 158

14. I'll set on your threshold a sentinel psalm: Be quick to be kind; be the last to indict. 15. I'll give you a Sabbath that bruises your haste; I'll wrestle your calendar back to delight. 16. I'll teach you to listen till hearing is love, to wait till your patience grows roots in the night. 17. I'll make you a mirror that brightens the poor; I'll temper your speech

till it's tender and slight. 18. I'll lay on your shoulders the mantle of meek; I'll honor your tears as the pearls of My sight. 19. And when the world clamors for louder and more, I'll seat you beside Me and call you My light. 20. For I am the Silence that births every word; I am the Lamp and the Giver of light. Songs of El-ah 6

1. I heard the cry of the widow at dusk; it entered My court like an opening door. 2. I counted the coins of the famine-thin poor; I balanced the books others hid on the floor. 3. I measured the rent of the orphaned and frail; I saw what the proud kept demanding for more. 4. I walked through your markets disguised as the least; I tested your scales and I knew what they wore. 5. I watched how you feasted with gates made of iron; I watched how you kept the forgotten offshore. 6. I asked you for bread in the hand of your plenty; you offered Me crumbs and a parable sore. 7. I stood at your altar and listened for justice; your incense was loud but your mercy was poor. 8. Still I will thunder for those without voice; I'll shatter the locks you have placed on the store. 9. I'll call in the debts of the wolves dressed as pastors; I'll open the barns and I'll free up the floor. 10. I'll seat the afflicted in chairs of the honored; I'll invite the estranged as the guests I adore. 11. I'll teach you a tithe that is larger than numbers: your hands and your time and your shelter and door. 12. I'll bend down the cedars that shade only princes; I'll plant them where alleys and rooftops implore. 13. I'll make it a shame to ignore a bruised reed; I'll make it a praise to restore and restore. 14. I'll tell you the truth: I am found with the lowly; whoever finds them discovers My core. 159 15. I'll weigh you by kindness and patience, not thunder; I'll judge you by whether you lifted the sore. 16. I'll fashion your joy from the joy of another; I'll hew you a peace you can share more

and more. 17. I'll set you a table that groans with enough; the cups of the weary will always out-pour. 18. I'll brand you with love like a seal over waters; no flood and no fire shall sever My lore. 19. And when the last ledger is opened and read, I'll write over failures, Forgivenno more. 20. For I am the Judge who loves to be merciful; justice with Me is to love and restore. Songs of El-ah 7

1. I watched you fall seven times in a day, yet I ran to your ashes with armfuls of grace. 2. I witnessed your secrets collapse in the open, yet I covered your shame with the folds of My grace. 3. I heard your accusers rehearsing their triumph; I silenced their thunder with whispers of grace. 4. I counted the scars that you hid from your mirror; I numbered them all as the pearls of My grace. 5. I saw how your fury defended your wounds; I taught it to bow and to make you a place. 6. I gathered your grief as a gleaner of wheat; I baked it with mercy and called it My grace. 7. I turned your confession into a festival's song; I braided your tears with the wine of My grace. 8. I led you through deserts where idols grow thorns; I lifted your feet with a sandal of grace. 9. I sent you companions who know how to listen; I cupped their poor hands with the oil of My grace. 10. I opened the Scriptures to burn in your marrow; I wrote on your tongue the vocabulary of grace. 11. I taught you to loosen the debts of your debtor; I showed you the volume and measure of grace. 12. I made you a harbor for ships full of ruin; I taught you to welcome with lanterns of grace. 13. I gave you a name that the mockers can't steal; I sealed it in heaven with letters of grace. 14. I dressed you in garments not woven by princes; I tailored your soul with the threads of My grace. 160 15. I crowned you with laughter that rises from sorrow; I kissed you awake with the dawn of My grace. 16. I

fashioned your courage from failures you feared; I hammered your shield on the anvil of grace. 17. I promised your children a kinder inheritance; I fenced them with angels and hedges of grace. 18. I placed on your doorstep the poor I adore; whoever receives them receives Me in grace. 19. And when you come home at the end of the road, I'll open the door and call out: Only grace. 20. For I am the Lord who delights to forgive; I live to be known as the Giver of grace. Songs of El-ah 8 1. I stretched out the heavens and carpeted seas; I tuned them to thunder and tremor and sound. 2. I seated the moon like a lamp at your camp; I scattered the meteors joyful around. 3. I braided the winds with the scent of the pines; I taught them to comb over valley and mound. 4. I summoned the herds from the birth of the earth; I taught them to trust where the water is found. 5. I carved out the canyons with patience of ages; I told them My secrets in shadows profound. 6. I painted the dusk with a kindness of colors; I blessed every evening with gentleness bound. 7. I gave you dominion to name and to tend; I warned you that mastery kneels to the ground. 8. I showed you that rulers who kneel to the least will rise in a kingdom where mercy is crowned. 9. I taught you that wisdom is learned by your losses; I harvest your failures and turn them around. 10. I told you the stories that heal what you hide; I wove them with prophets and parables sound. 11. I trained you to listen to silence that sings; I taught you to hear how the galaxies pound. 12. I gave you a Sabbath to loosen your fingers; I taught you to laugh where your worries had wound. 13. I fashioned your labor to partner with love; I married your effort to gladness renowned. 14. I opened the path through the thicket of fear; I steadied your breath when the jackals surround. 15. I beckoned you outward to

strangers as kin; I welcomed your heart to a borderless bound. 16. I asked you to carry a corner of sorrow; I promised to shoulder the weight most profound. 17. I swore by My name that your dust is remembered; your bones are a scroll in My chambers deep-found. 18. I pledged you a dawn after nights without star; I pledged you a home where your laughter is found. 19. I promised the meek they will inherit the field; I promised the peacemakers harvest the sound. 20. For I am the Maker of heavens and men; I circle you always with mercy around. Songs of El-ah 9 1. I watched as you opened the gates of your greed, you welcomed the wolves and they ravaged the poor. 2. I counted the scales that were tilted by hands, I measured the wages that fell to the floor. 3. I walked through your markets disguised as the least, I tasted the hunger that pressed at your door. 4. I saw how you clothed yourself richly in pride, while naked ones shivered with nothing in store. 5. I gave you the bread of compassion to share, yet you hoarded the loaves and demanded for more. 6. I called to your heart with the voice of the widow, I knocked with the knuckles of orphans who bore. 7. Still you ignored Me and lifted your banners, you called yourselves mighty though hollow at core. 8. I warned you that towers collapse in a moment, the pride of the nations is scattered as spore. 9. But mercy is Mine for the humble who turn, their cries I remember, their ashes restore. 10. I lift up the broken from gutters of night, I seat them with princes, their portion secure. 11. I silence the gavel that judges in fraud, I cancel the verdicts of councils impure. 12. I carry the weary on wings of My promise, I bind up the wounds that injustice tore. 13. I crown with forgiveness the head of the sinner, I pour out My patience until it is more. 14. I laugh at the plots of the kings of the earth, their

scepters I scatter, their armies abhor. 15. I am the Defender who shields without sword, I am the Avenger of wrongs you ignore. 16. I bend down to gather the tears of the lowly, I lift them as jewels to My chambered store. 162 17. I promise a dawn to the ones who are waiting, a morning of gladness that shines evermore. 18. I call you, My children, return from your idols, come back from your shadows and open the door. 19. For I am your Father who longs for your presence, I am your Shepherd, your Keeper, your core. 20. Come back, O My people, My arms are still open, My mercy is endless, return and restore. Songs of El-ah 10 1. I named you from dust and inscribed you with breath, I clothed you in silence and called you by name. 2. I placed you above every beast of the field, I gave you dominion, I crowned you with flame. 3. I showed you the path of the righteous in peace, but you chose the wide road of vanity's game. 4. I wrote in your marrow the law of compassion, but you carved on your heart the idols of fame. 5. I offered you mercy as water in drought, yet you drank from cisterns of envy and shame. 6. I gave you the gift of the covenant's song, yet you traded the chorus for discord and blame. 7. Still I am your Maker who waits for return, I whisper forgiveness and offer the same. 8. I heal the rebellion with patience unending, I mend the betrayals that pierce Me with flame. 9. I carry the lost like a shepherd his lamb, I search for the wanderer who left where he came. 10. I scatter the proud in the height of their boasting, I humble their crowns with the weight of My name. 11. I lift up the poor from the ash and the gutter, I grant them a kingdom the world cannot claim. 12. I honor the meek who endure without vengeance, I bless them with strength that no tyrant can tame. 13. I remember the widow abandoned in sorrow, I write her lament as a psalm of

acclaim. 14. I father the orphan despised by his brothers, I gather his tears as a jewel for My frame. 15. I promise the stranger a place at My table, I bind him with love and I shelter his shame. 16. I call to the nations, return to your Maker, abandon the idols and bow to My name. 163 17. For I am the Alpha, the First and the Last, I never grow weary, I ever remain. 18. My mercy is stronger than mountains unshaken, My covenant firmer than granite in frame. 19. Though man be unfaithful, I will not forget him, though woman forsake, I will still be the same. 20. For I am eternal, and mercy defines Me; I am your Father, remember My name. Songs of El-ah 11 1. I am the Light that the darkness cannot master, I shine on the hills and I scatter the night. 2. I called you to walk in the lamp of My presence, but you kindled your torches and trusted their light. 3. I showed you the flame that refines into mercy, but you played with the fire of anger and spite. 4. I taught you the silence that births holy wisdom, but you chose the clamor of power and fight. 5. I warned you the shadow is empty illusion, yet you built your temples to honor its blight. 6. Still I am the Beacon that never is hidden, I summon the wanderer back to the right. 7. I crown with forgiveness the head of the weary, I heal with My kindness the wounds of the slight. 8. I scatter the lies that have bound you in shackles, I clothe you in garments of linen and white. 9. I gather your ashes and form them to beauty, I lift up your shame and exchange it for might. 10. I bend to your whisper before it is spoken, I hear when you sigh in the depth of the night. 11. I dwell with the broken who tremble in spirit, I live with the meek who endure in the fight. 12. I send forth the rain in its time for the harvest, I gladden the fields with My covenant's rite. 13. I strike down the oppressor who crushes the humble, I scatter his schemes and I

cancel his might. 14. I open the heavens for those who are waiting, I pour them a blessing abundant and bright. 15. I write on their foreheads My name everlasting, I mark them as children, My treasure, My light. 16. I give them a kingdom that cannot be shaken, I seat them in honor, their future in sight. 164 17. I promise them peace as a river unending, I promise them joy as the dawn's delight. 18. I promise them rest in the arms of My presence, I promise them crowns that forever ignite. 19. And when they return from the dust of their journey, I'll meet them with mercy, embrace them with light. 20. For I am their Father, their Keeper, their Shelter; I am the Flame that endures every night. Songs of El-ah 12 1. I drew up the borders of sea and of land, I fixed them with balance by wisdom's command. 2. I planted the cedars, their roots strong and deep, I watered their branches with rain from My hand. 3. I lifted the mountains, their ridges to heaven, I carved out the valleys with care I had planned. 4. I clothed you with fields overflowing with plenty, yet you gathered with greed and refused to expand. 5. I taught you the law of the harvest and mercy, yet you fenced off your borders and hardened your stand. 6. I gave you the stranger to test your compassion, but you turned him away though he came from My land. 7. I offered the orphan to rest in your shelter, but you shut up your doors and ignored My demand. 8. Still I am the Lord who provides without failing, I scatter the seed with My generous hand. 9. I water the earth with the tears of the righteous, I crown them with hope in the soil of sand. 10. I teach you to gather the sheaf for your brother, to leave in your field what the gleaners command. 11. I give you a Sabbath to rest from your labor, to lift up your voice in a song with the band. 12. I give you a festival drawn from the harvest,

to bind you with joy and to strengthen your band. 13. I pour out the oil on the heads of the weary, I fill up their lamp with the light I demand. 14. I send forth the dew on the ridges of morning, I soften the clay by the sweep of My hand. 15. I send forth the thunder to rouse you from slumber, I scatter the storm with a rainbow I planned. 165 16. I tell you the earth is the Lord's and its fullness, you live as a guest and you walk on My land. 17. I warn you the proud will be cut like the stubble, their towers will fall though their armies may stand. 18. I promise the meek they will harvest the kingdom, I promise the poor they will rise in the land. 19. I promise the nations a feast without measure, I promise the lost they will dine where I stand. 20. For I am the Maker, the Sower, the Keeper; the earth is My footstool, the sea My command. Songs of El-ah 13 1. I breathed into clay and raised you with care, I crowned you with light as a garment to wear. 2. I gave you dominion and taught you to rule, but you lifted your pride and abandoned My school. 3. I whispered in silence, a song for your soul, yet you shouted in markets and lost the whole. 4. I showed you the heavens embroidered with flame, yet you worshiped your idols and called them My name. 5. I built you a dwelling in covenant's hand, but you opened its gate to the lies of the land. 6. I wrote on your marrow the law of the meek, but you scorned the afflicted and mocked the weak. 7. I measured the sea and commanded its shore, yet you feared the collectors and bowed at their door. 8. I nourished your fields with the kiss of the rain, but you hoarded the harvest for profit and gain. 9. I gave you the widow to honor and keep, but you cast her aside and silenced her weep. 10. I gave you the orphan to shelter in love, but you hardened your heart to the voice from above. 11. Still I

am Father, I wait at the gate; I beckon the sinner, I cancel his fate. 12. I scatter the proud who glory in lies, I humble their towers and silence their cries. 13. I lift up the humble who rest in My name, I crown them with kindness, I kindle their flame. 14. I bind up the broken and heal what was torn, I clothe them in mercy, their spirit reborn. 15. I teach them to trust in the power of peace, to walk in forgiveness, to live in release. 16. I promise the poor they shall feast in My hall, I promise the weary they'll rise from their fall. 166 17. I promise the meek they'll inherit the field, I promise the faithful a kingdom revealed. 18. I promise the nations a banquet of joy, a song in the marrow no power can destroy. 19. For I am the Giver, the Lord of the air; I call you My children, return to My care. 20. Return to My mercy, My arms are still wide; return to your Maker, in Me you abide. Songs of El-ah 14 1. I laid the foundations and called them My own, I hollowed the valleys and seated My throne. 2. I lit up the heavens with sun and with star, yet you boasted of kingdoms that crumble and scar. 3. I called you My children, I made you a race, but you gloried in nations and lifted your face. 4. I gave you a covenant sealed with My hand, yet you sold it for silver and trust in the land. 5. I asked you for worship in spirit and truth, but you honored the idols that flatter your youth. 6. I gave you a temple of silence to pray, but you filled it with noise and you turned it away. 7. I gave you a Sabbath, a blessing of rest, but you hurried for profit and scorned what was best. 8. I warned you of famine, I warned you of sword, yet you mocked My prophets, despising My word. 9. I scattered your banners, I humbled your kings, I shook your foundations, I broke all your rings. 10. Still I remembered the covenant sworn; I raised up the remnant, I planted the corn. 11. I

gathered the meek from the ash and the clay, I lifted their heads and I taught them to stay. 12. I crowned them with gladness, I clothed them with peace, I healed their affliction, I granted release. 13. I taught them that crowns are the heaviest stone, that power is service and love is My throne. 14. I showed them the poor are the treasure of earth, I wrote in their hearts the truth of their worth. 15. I lifted the widow, I fathered the child, I silenced the tyrant, I scattered the wild. 16. I called to the nations to bow to My reign, to cease from their idols and trust Me again. 17. I promised a kingdom no power can shake, a garden eternal, a river, a lake. 167 18. I promised a table where all may recline, the stranger, the orphan, the widow are Mine. 19. For I am the Father who calls you My own; return, O My children, the hour is shown. 20. Return from your idols, return from your pride; come home to your Maker, forever abide. Songs of El-ah 15 1. I am the Light that no shadow can bind, I shine on the marrow, I dwell in the mind. 2. I called you to walk in the lamp of My way, but you carried your torches that flicker and sway. 3. I gave you the silence where wisdom is found, but you shouted in clamor and echoed the sound. 4. I gave you the patience that steadies the hand, but you hurried for riches that vanish like sand. 5. I gave you a brother to love as your kin, but you lifted the sword and you bathed it in sin. 6. I gave you a neighbor to cherish as friend, but you counted him foe and you hastened his end. 7. Still I am the Beacon that calls in the dark; I burn without ceasing, I kindle the spark. 8. I scatter the lies that imprison your soul, I break every shackle, I make the unwhole. 9. I gather your ashes, I breathe them to flame, I lift up your sorrow, I cancel your shame. 10. I bend to your whisper before it is said, I answer your sigh and I raise up your head.

11. I dwell with the humble who tremble in fear, I comfort the broken, I draw them near. 12. I crown with compassion the meek who endure, I cover their failings, I call them pure. 13. I raise up the weary with strength from above, I fill up their marrow with peace and love. 14. I teach them to walk in the light of the just, to speak what is holy, to guard what is trust. 15. I promise the faithful a crown that will last, a throne everlasting, a future steadfast. 16. I promise the nations a kingdom of light, where tears are forgotten, where dawn is bright. 17. I promise the children a table of joy, a feast without ending, no fear to destroy. 18. For I am the Light that the darkness must flee; I shine on creation, I call you to Me. 168 19. Return to My radiance, return to My sight; return to your Maker, abide in the Light. 20. For I am eternal, unchanging, the Flame; I am your Father, remember My name. Songs of El-ah 16 1. I am the Giver of bread and of rain, I nourished your fields and I ripened your grain. 2. I poured out the oil to gladden your face, yet you offered it up in the idols' place. 3. I opened My hand with abundance to spare, yet you hoarded the plenty and silenced the prayer. 4. I blessed you with children as gifts to embrace, yet you hardened your heart and forgot My grace. 5. I gave you the poor as the mirror of Me, yet you turned them aside and refused to see. 6. I gave you the stranger to test what you knew, yet you shut up your door and hid him from view. 7. Still I am Provider, My mercy remains; I water the desert, I soften the plains. 8. I clothe you with patience, I crown you with rest, I heal your affliction, I call you blessed. 9. I lift up the widow, I father the child, I scatter the violent, I silence the wild. 10. I teach you the law of the harvest to keep: to gather in mercy, to sow what you reap. 11. I teach you the secret that wealth cannot buy: the bread of compassion that

never runs dry. 12. I promise the humble a table of peace, I promise the weary a sweet release. 13. I promise the meek they will reap the land, I promise the faithful the strength to stand. 14. I promise the nations a banquet of love, a song without ending, a feast above. 15. I scatter the proud in the strength of their might, I humble their towers, I cancel their right. 16. I silence the liar, I expose the fraud, I reign as eternal, I am your God. 17. I comfort the broken, I bind up the sore, I give them abundance, I open the store. 18. I tell you the truth: I am mercy again; I call you My children, return and remain. 169 19. Return to My covenant, return to My reign; return to your Maker, your loss is My gain. 20. For I am Provider, unchanging, the same; I am your Father, remember My name. Songs of El-ah 17 1. I called you in morning, I called you at night, yet you hardened your heart and you turned away. 2. I poured out My mercy like rivers of gold, yet you thirsted for idols that led you astray. 3. I opened My hand with abundance of bread, yet you hoarded your plenty and banished the stray. 4. I taught you the song that the heavens still sing, yet you traded its chorus for vanity's play. 5. I gave you the Sabbath to rest in My peace, yet you labored for profit and scorned what I say. 6. I placed in your marrow the silence of truth, yet you clamored for noise and refused to pray. 7. Still I am the Father who longs for your love; I beckon the sinner to turn My way. 8. I scatter the thrones of the proud in their strength; I humble their towers and cancel their sway. 9. I lift up the meek who endure without vengeance; I seat them in honor, I crown them with ray. 10. I heal the afflicted, I comfort the poor; I gather the broken, I wipe their dismay. 11. I silence the liar who prospers in fraud; I judge him in justice, I strip him of pay. 12. I open the heavens with

blessings of rain; I water the nations who trust in My day. 13. I father the orphan abandoned in grief; I shelter his soul in the warmth of My bay. 14. I listen to widows who cry in the night; I carry their tears till sorrow gives way. 15. I promise the humble a crown that will last; I promise the faithful their joy will stay. 16. I promise the nations a banquet of love; a feast everlasting, a song they'll play. 17. I promise the children a land without fear; a kingdom eternal, a rivered quay. 18. For I am the Shepherd who calls by name; I lead to green pastures, I guard their way. 19. Return to Me, children, return to your home; My mercy is endless, I will not delay. 170 20. For I am your Father, your Keeper, your King; My covenant stands and will not decay. Songs of El-ah 18 1. I raised up the mountains and clothed them with snow, I carved out the valleys and called them My own. 2. I spread out the heavens and kindled their stars, yet man built his cities and trusted his throne. 3. I gave him dominion to walk with the meek, yet he trampled the humble and reaped what was sown. 4. I gave him the law as a lantern of peace, yet he twisted its wisdom and hardened his tone. 5. I sent him the prophets with voices of flame, yet he mocked their petitions and stoned them with stone. 6. I warned him of judgment that comes in a day, yet he laughed in his pride and boasted alone. 7. Still I remembered the covenant sworn; I lifted the remnant, I gathered My own. 8. I called to the nations from east and from west, I summoned the broken, I made them My own. 9. I silenced the tyrants who boasted in might; I scattered their banners, I cut down their crown. 10. I lifted the poor from the dust of despair; I clothed them with gladness, I gave them renown. 11. I crowned the meek with the crown of delight; I sealed them with mercy that cannot be thrown. 12. I fathered the

orphan, I sheltered the lost; I healed the forgotten, I welcomed My own. 13. I promised the widow her tears would be joy; I promised the weary a rest they have known. 14. I promised the meek they would harvest the land; I promised the faithful a kingdom My own. 15. I promised the nations a table of peace; I promised the children a feast of shalom. 16. I warned the proud that their crowns will fall; I warned the kings that their thrones are blown. 17. Yet mercy is Mine for the one who returns; forgiveness I give when confession is shown. 18. For I am the Maker, the Judge, and the King; I am the eternal, I reign alone. 19. My covenant stands though the earth may pass; My mercy remains though ages have flown. 171 20. Return to Me, children, abandon your pride; return to your Father, for you are My own. Songs of El-ah 19 1. I am the Light that illumines the world; I shine on creation, I scatter the night. 2. I lit up the stars as a chorus of song; I set them in motion with measure and might. 3. I painted the dawn with the hues of My mercy; I crowned every morning with silence and sight. 4. I gave you the moon as a lantern of peace; I fixed it to govern the tides in their flight. 5. I showed you My wonders in heaven and earth, yet you bowed to the idols and hid from the light. 6. I whispered in marrow the truth of My name, yet you silenced your heart and clung to your fight. 7. Still I am the Beacon that burns without end; I summon the weary, I welcome the slight. 8. I scatter the shadows that bind up your soul; I clothe you in garments of linen and white. 9. I heal your afflictions, I cancel your shame; I cover your failings with mercy's delight. 10. I bend to your whispers before they are formed; I answer your sighs in the depth of the night. 11. I dwell with the humble who tremble with fear; I comfort the broken, I hold them tight. 12. I lift up the

meeK to inherit the land; I grant them a kingdom eternal and bright. 13. I silence the liar, I scatter the fraud; I humble the rulers who boast in their might. 14. I write on your foreheads the seal of My name; I mark you as children, I give you My right. 15. I promise the nations a banquet of joy; I promise the faithful a song of delight. 16. I promise the children a land without fear; I promise the weary a rest in My sight. 17. For I am eternal, the Flame without end; I reign in the heavens, I govern the night. 18. My covenant stands though the mountains may fall; My mercy endures beyond every fight. 19. Return to Me, children, your Father is near; My love is unending, My name is Light. 20. For I am the Lord who was, is, and will be; My flame is forever, My truth is right. 172 Songs of El-ah 20 1. I formed you from dust and I breathed you to stand, I shaped you with wisdom and strength of My hand. 2. I called you My children, I gave you My name, yet you wandered from mercy and trusted the land. 3. I set you a covenant sealed in My love, yet you sold it for silver, for profit and brand. 4. I showed you My statutes, a pathway of peace, but you lifted your pride and you hardened your stand. 5. I gave you the poor as a mirror of truth, but you turned them away and you tightened your band. 6. I gave you the stranger to test your heart, but you closed up your doors and ignored My command. 7. I gave you the widow to shelter in love, but you mocked her with scorn and refused her demand. 8. Still I am Provider, I water the earth; I scatter the seed with a merciful hand. 9. I gather the harvest for all who are meek; I crown them with gladness, I strengthen their stand. 10. I scatter the proud with the breath of My mouth; I humble the kings with a sweep of My hand. 11. I silence the liar, I cut off his schemes; I cancel the fraud that deceives in the land. 12. I open the heavens

with blessings of rain; I gladden the fields with abundance so grand. 13. I promise the meek they will reap the earth; I promise the faithful their place in My band. 14. I promise the nations a feast without end; I promise the weary a song well planned. 15. I promise the children a kingdom secure; I promise the broken a life more grand. 16. I promise the widow her tears turned to joy; I promise the orphan a Father at hand. 17. I promise the humble a crown everlasting; I promise the lost that by Me they'll stand. 18. For I am the Maker, the Sower, the Keeper; the earth is My footstool, the sea is My strand. 19. My mercy is endless, My covenant sure; My reign is eternal, My love will expand. 20. Return to Me, children, abandon your pride; come home to your Father, your rest I've planned.