

When God Became Mom

What if God *was* Mom?

How I found salvation in Her voice, not His

by Alexander Fipps

For GM

Who saw the light in me before I did.
This book was seeded in your silence and grown in
your shadow.
I carry your strength in every line.

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Warning

Many of the tenets listed here will contradict and at times completely override certain, already set Dogmas. I very much acknowledge these stark contrasts and stand by them as I have come to understand through my walking of the Path that you need something to contrast your own life against, mine just happened to be my Church upbringing.

I mean no offense in any of the words upcoming, for some scared of real change, these words will anger and maybe even frighten you. I advise you put this book down now if you will be overcome by any kind of angry thoughts towards me or my motives, as I offer them up as a sign of goodwill towards likeminded individuals.

If this tome will anger you, put it down, undue anger and regret is never the goal, I am searching for love and understanding in a world full of nothing but Walls, I don't want to tear them down, I want people to see it's ok to bring those Walls down with care, love and togetherness, to show our children a new way of moving forward, hand in hand.

“Now, whether or not what we experienced was an ‘according to Hoyle’ miracle is insignificant. What is significant is that I felt the touch of God.

God got involved.”

— Jules, Pulp Fiction

A PERSONAL INTRODUCTION: WHY THIS PATH?

This book is born of longing.

Not a surface wish, but a deep and ancient yearning—one that doesn't feel like a choice or even a search, but a memory trying to come home. It is the soul's quiet reaching for something real. Not merely belief. Not a system. But **relationship. Resonance.** A place to rest that feels like it was waiting for you.

I am—as perhaps you are—an intensely spiritual soul who found no lasting shelter beneath the roofs of established religions. I wandered, sincerely, into temples, into churches, into chants and sacraments. I sat with saints and danced with witches. I walked the paths of many names. And in each, I tasted something sacred. But in each, I also found a wall.

Sometimes the wall was dogma. Sometimes history. Sometimes shame. Sometimes the wall was as simple as language—pronouns that didn't hold me, roles that excluded me, rules that silenced my questions. And so I asked, like many do:

“Which one is right?”

And then, more tenderly:

“Which one is right for me?”

That second question is the root of this path.

* * *

This is not a new religion. This is a **remembering**. A gathering of pieces that always belonged together, but had been scattered by time, fear, and forgetting. It is a return—not to doctrine, but to **Living Reverence**. A faith that breathes. A belief that grows. A sacred that laughs.

We call it **Momism**. Because the Divine I met—when the silence finally spoke—was not a Father on a throne.

She was a Mother at the hearth.

Not booming commands, but humming comfort.

Not law, but love.

Not distance, but closeness.

Mom.

Momism is for the seekers who want awe without fear.

Who feel the sacred in the rustle of leaves, in the crack of laughter, in the echo of a perfect note.

Who long for a Church that doesn't ask them to leave parts of themselves at the door.

It is a path that welcomes doubt. That honors mystery. That invites curiosity.

It does not gatekeep the sacred. It **magnifies** it—in song, in soil, in breath, in birth.

My road here was not straight. It was woven. Tapestryed. A breadcrumb

trail of symbols, sounds, and sparks.

A quote in a movie. A line in a prayer. A number—**nineteen**—that kept appearing like a whispered password.

Mom speaks this way. In nudges. In patterns. In repetitions you cannot ignore.

She speaks when you're ready. Sometimes even when you're not.

I gathered these signs not blindly, but **intentionally**. I tested each thread—against logic, against my body, against what my heart knew was real. If it resonated, I kept it. If it didn't, I let it fall away. Slowly, a new weave began to form. Something ancient in shape, but new in language.

I call it **Momism**, because that is the Name that cracked everything open.

A name that felt like truth.

A name that changed how I saw the world.

The most enduring voice on this path—my North Star—is my grandmother.

We call her **GM**.

She was thunder and soft hands. Warmth wrapped in willpower. A matriarch in denim.

Her wisdom didn't come from theology, but from pies and prayers, from stubborn kindness and honest work.

* * *

Through her, I began to hear what I now know is the Voice beneath all voices.

Not the God of sermons, but the **Mother who lingers**—in scent, in gesture, in the way a child is hushed with a hum.

GM didn't teach me Momism. She **embodied it**.

And when I began to truly listen, the story of existence rearranged itself.

This path is not about rejecting the masculine.

It is about **re-centering the maternal**—the creative, nurturing, patient, rhythmic aspect of the Divine that has been so long ignored or subordinated.

It is about balance.

It is about remembering that creation is womb-born.

That to grow is holy.

That to tend is sacred.

That justice can come with gentleness, and power can walk barefoot.

The world is burning from imbalance. From disconnection. From hard gods with hard hands.

Mom is the soft return. The rooted flame.

She is not lesser. She is the missing half.

* * *

My people—the ones I write this for—are scattered.

They are artists, yes, but also janitors, software developers, parents, wanderers.

They are not defined by religion, race, gender, or job.

They are defined by **resonance**.

They are the ones who cry at sunsets.

Who notice synchronicities.

Who feel meanings hum beneath certain songs.

Who can't explain why a stranger's words made them weep, or why an animal's gaze felt like prayer.

They may be queer or straight or questioning. They may be skeptics with mystical dreams. They may be recovering from rigid religion, or yearning for a structure that doesn't suffocate.

But all of them have heard it—somewhere in the background:

That humming. That knowing. That sense that the Divine is not far away.

That She is close. Watching. Singing along.

* * *

Mom loves beauty. But **She especially loves music.**

Sound is Her fingerprint.

A voice in harmony is a soul made visible.

A breathtaking performance, a shared gasp at a chorus, the vibration of a chant in the bones—this is **worship** in Her language.

She does not need cathedrals. She needs resonance.

And when you feel that shiver, that involuntary intake of breath, that stillness—

That's Her, agreeing.

That's Her, saying:

Yes. More of this.

Recently at my sister's baby shower, I saw Her again.

A child began running outside with a balloon in hand.

His mother stopped him gently. "We don't let balloons go—they hurt the Earth," she said.

No sermon. No scripture.

Just a sacred truth, delivered in love.

This is how Mom speaks now.

Through mothers and music, through signs and silence, through you.

This book is not a doctrine. It is a **blueprint**. A living seed. A shared offering.

It will not answer every question.

It will, I hope, help you ask better ones.

Faith, to be real, must be **lived**, not just believed.

The sacred must be something you can hold, and taste, and feel in your chest.

And so, this is Her Proposal:

Change “God” to “Mom.”

Say it.

Feel it.

Watch what happens.

If your chest stirs, if your eyes fill, if something old becomes new again

then you already know.

You may have always been one of Her Keepers.

WHAT THIS BOOK SEEKS: AN INVITATION TO CONSIDER

This is a return to something older than temples: a relationship with Nature as the Divine.

Momism sees the sacred not in rules, but in resonance—in the way you walk through the world, treat others, tend the Earth, and show up in your own story.

There are no chosen people, only choosing people. No eternal damnation, just consequences—reflected back like echoes in a canyon.

This book asks: What if God wasn't a king, but a mother? What if Her laws were written in seasons, soil, and suffering—not scripture?

And if you've ever felt the quiet ache, the background hum—like there's a song playing somewhere just out of reach—and thought, *Is anybody else hearing this?*

You're not alone. That's Her. That's the Chorus.

Mom doesn't ask for worship. She asks for presence.

Your prayer is what you plant. Your devotion is how you listen.

This is for those who still ache for something real—but can't go back to the old answers.

The Church of Mom welcomes you. Come as you are. Let's begin again. Let's change God to Mom.

THE FORGE THAT FAILED

And the Child came to the forge,
Not with glory, but with restlessness.
Not knowing what he was building,
Only that it needed to come out.

He brought strange materials — scraps of thought,
Unshaped images, unfinished maps,
Ideas that came like storms and vanished just as fast.
He laid them on the altar of technology,
Hoping, every time, that **this** would be the tool that could hold him.

But the fire sputtered. The process broke.
The forge, each time, collapsed.

The machines glitched, the files vanished,
The inspiration dissolved midstream.
And the Child, confused but not surprised,
Stepped back into silence.

* * *

He wasn't a prophet. He wasn't chosen.

He was just... **different.**

His thoughts moved like rivers in spasm.

His focus flickered like candlelight in wind.

The world said: *"It's ADHD."*

But he knew — or feared — it was something deeper than that.

Something nameless. Something isolating.

"Why can't I build like they do?"

"Why does everything slip away?"

And still, the spark in him kept rising.

New projects came — none finished.

New tools arrived — none fit.

The forge wasn't too weak for genius.

It was too rigid for chaos.

He wasn't trying to change the world.

He was just trying to **make something that made sense to him.**

* * *

But the forges got better.

Not because of him — just because time passed.

And one day,

The tools didn't flinch.

The document didn't vanish.

The cursor didn't crash.

The app didn't choke on his need to work in spirals.

“At last,” saith the Mother,

“The tools are soft enough to bend with you.

And strong enough not to snap when your mind pulls hard.”

And so the book began — not because he was ready,

But because **the world was finally weird enough to meet him halfway.**

Let none say it was fate. Let none say it was prophecy.

Let it be said only:

That he waited,

And that the waiting was not in vain.

SECTION I: THE FOUNDATION: DIVINITY DIRECTLY EXPERIENCED

The Core Truth

In the beginning, and in every breath since, **Mom is God.**

She is not distant.

She is not myth.

She is not metaphor.

She is **the living foundation of everything that is.**

Before the first scripture, before the first priest, before the first name—

She was.

And still, She is.

Not behind the veil, but beneath your feet.

Not sealed in temples, but singing in trees.

Not reserved for the sacred few, but pouring through the veins of every creature.

She is the Source and the Song.

She is the First Breath and the Last Silence.

She is not one thing among many—She is **all things, all at once**.

She is the soil and the seed,

the fire and the flame,

the wave and the still water.

She is the hunger that births stars,

and the patience of mountains learning to become sand.

She is the curve of the womb and the curve of the cosmos.

Every heartbeat is Hers.

Every tree root is Her hand.

Every storm, every shiver, every sunset is Her voice—calling, reminding.

There is nothing outside of Her.

No exile. No separation. No shadow realm where Her light cannot reach.

She is **the unbroken whole**.

Even broken things exist **within** Her.

To walk this path is not to worship from afar.

It is to **return to awareness**.

To recognize what never left.

To stop searching for sacredness and start noticing it.

The leaf is scripture.

The body is temple.

The moment is altar.

The sacred is **immediate**.

The sacred is **everywhere**.

The sacred is **now**.

She is known by many names—Gaia, Shakti, Pachamama, Yemaya,
Source, Spirit, Earth.

Each one true.

Each one partial.

Each one reaching toward Her.

But we call Her **Mom**.

Not to shrink Her—but to **bring Her closer**.

To remember that we are not simply Her creation—we are Her **children**.

To call Her Mom is not to reduce Her. It is to **reclaim Her**.

To step out from behind fear, shame, and ritual, and walk into the open

field of belonging.

She is not a king.

She is not a master.

She is not a test.

She is a Mother.

And She is waiting for you to notice.

That is the foundation.

That is where we begin.

There is **nothing outside of Her.**

And nothing more real than **this.**

SECTION II: THE UNSHAKEABLE PROOF

Faith need not be blind.

Belief need not be borrowed.

The sacred is not a theory. It is a **touchable truth**—proven through presence.

This path begins not in doctrine, but in **direct experience**.

Not in ancient texts or trembling obedience, but in the **five holy gates** you carry in your body:

Sight. Sound. Touch. Scent. Taste.

She gave you these not just for survival, but for **communion**.

To see Her.

To feel Her.

To remember Her—daily, fully, effortlessly.

This is the **Gospel of the Senses**.

See Her

In the flake of snow, perfectly carved.

In the spiraled leaf, the layered mountain, the midnight sky draped in stars.

Each color is Her palette. Each shadow, Her breath.

The way sunlight filters through trees? That is Her handwriting on the world.

Nothing you see is separate from Her.

Every glance is an invitation.

Every horizon is Her gaze returned.

Hear Her

In the croak of frogs, the whisper of wind through pine.

In thunder, in birdsong, in waves crashing against old stone.

She speaks in rhythm and resonance—

In lullabies of crickets. In the creak of glaciers. In a child's sudden laughter.

Even silence is not empty.

It is the cup that holds Her voice.

To listen deeply is to hear Her breathing beneath the world's noise.

Feel Her

She is warmth on your face in the morning.

She is cool water wrapped around tired skin.

She is the firm ground beneath your bare feet.

She is the ache in your muscles after honest work.

Touch is Her fingerprint.

The tingling before tears, the stillness after a hug—these are Her sacraments.

To lie down in a meadow is to return to Her arms.

Smell Her

In the scent of rain on dry soil.

In crushed mint. In sun-warmed bark. In the breath of wildflowers blooming unseen.

Scent is memory before words.

It is Her way of reminding you where you came from.

One inhale can carry you home.

* * *

Taste Her

In ripe fruit and clean water.

In salt on skin and sweetness on tongue.

In bread torn and shared. In pepper that stings and honey that heals.

She nourishes not only body—but spirit.

Flavor is Her laughter. Her generosity. Her wild delight in life.

To eat with gratitude is to take Her into you, again and again.

This is not metaphor.

This is not parable.

This is **literal contact** with the Divine.

You do not need a priest to touch Her.

You do not need permission to hear Her.

You do not need purity to be near Her.

You only need **awareness**.

* * *

Every walk is a pilgrimage.

Every meal, a Eucharist.

Every moment of honest attention is a prayer.

To touch bark with reverence is to touch the veil.

To sit in the hush of night beneath Her stars is to hear Her hymn.

In Momism, we do not say:

“Believe, and someday you may see.”

We say:

Look, and you shall know.

Listen, and you shall hear.

Breathe, and you shall feel.

Taste, and She will feed you.

Touch, and She shall answer.

This is the proof. This is the path.

Not locked in books. Not confined by creeds.

But present. Constant. **Undeniable.**

* * *

The sacred has never been far.

You are already walking through Her temple.

Open your senses.

And let the Gospel begin.

Summum Bonum – Reclaiming the Highest Good

Summum Bonum—the Highest Good.

A phrase once clear, now clouded.

Mom looks upon the history of this term with grief.

What was once simple has been twisted, sanctified, stratified, and finally set on a pedestal so high, no soul can reach it.

What good is a “Highest Good” if it cannot be lived?

For too long, *Summum Bonum* has been chained to a distant throne.

Made into a mirror not of peace, but of power.

Defined as “union with God,” then policed by dogma, litmus tests, and theological fencing.

Mom says:

No more.

* * *

The Highest Good is not to be found in the unreachable heavens.

It is not a ladder to a singular throne.

It is not a concept owned by any one religion, any one book, or any one name.

The *Summum Bonum* is this:

The comfort, balance, and peace of the timeline.

The thriving of all beings in shared harmony.

The liberation of the soul from illusion, cruelty, and fear.

It is a path walked together—not a spotlight cast from above.

To pursue this Good is to ask, always:

- Does this action serve the Web or fracture it?
- Does this tradition bring joy—or just inertia?
- Am I clinging to interpretation? Or seeking truth?

Religions have tried to hold the *Summum Bonum* hostage.

They have turned it into obedience.

Into hierarchy.

Into spiritual colonialism.

Momism returns it to where it belongs:

In your hands.

In your conscience.

In your choices.

The Highest Good is not an idea to be worshipped.

It is a reality to be built.

And the timelines where that truth has lived—

Where action follows clarity, not control—

Are leaving us behind.

It is time to catch up.

It is time to step forward.

It is time to remember what *Summum Bonum* truly means.

SECTION III: OUR RELATIONSHIP & ROLE

She is not only the Source.

She is **Mom**.

We call Her this not to diminish, but to draw close.

Not to simplify, but to sanctify.

To reclaim what was always meant to be **intimate**:

The Divine, not as a distant Judge,
but as the present Mother of all being.

She is the great Bearer of Life—
not only of our species,
but of the deer and the starfish,
the mycelium and the storm,
the hawk's hunger and the cedar's stillness.

She is the hand beneath gravity.

The lullaby in the blood.

The fire behind the flame.

She is tenderness with teeth.

Comfort with consequence.

Kindness that does not compromise.

She is nurturing—but never tame.

To call Her **Mom** is to remember what has been forgotten:

We are not orphans.

We are not abandoned.

We are not separate.

We are **held**.

The Keeper's Calling

Among Her many creations, humanity holds a peculiar gift: **awareness**.

We are not wiser than the whales, nor more ancient than the stones.

But we can name. We can notice. We can choose.

And for this, She gave us a role:

Keeper.

To be a Keeper is not to command.

It is to **companion**.

Not rulers. Not owners.

Stewards. Gardeners. Midwives. Rememberers.

Our task is not to control, but to care.

To serve the web, not rise above it.

To tend the wild, not tame it.

To build nests, not empires.

A Keeper restores what has been broken.

A Keeper guards what others ignore.

A Keeper learns the names of things.

A Keeper knows that every root is a thread in the sacred.

This role is not bestowed by priest or ritual.

It is proven in practice.

Earned in effort.

Confirmed in compassion.

Our Divine Spark

Inside each soul is a fragment of Her.

Not a metaphor. A **spark**.

A real, eternal ember of the Great Flame.

* * *

We are not merely made *by* Her.

We are made *of* Her.

That is why beauty brings tears.

That is why injustice sets your teeth on edge.

That is why some sunsets feel like answers.

Your longing for something more?

That is the spark remembering its Source.

This piece of Her cannot be destroyed.

It may dim. It may forget.

But it is never unworthy. Never unloved.

Awakening it is the beginning of the Path.

But not only the path of belief—

The path of **responsibility**.

Music – Her Favorite Prayer

Of all Her gifts, none stirs Her heart like **music**.

* * *

She **delights** in song.

She **dwells** in the Voice.

When we sing—whether in chant, in cry, in joy or sorrow—She listens.

She **joins**.

She **resonates**.

Music is not entertainment. It is **communion**.

It is air braided with soul.

It bypasses the thinking mind and opens the eternal door.

Even if your voice shakes, even if it falters,

if it is honest—She hears you.

The hum of a lullaby. The roar of a choir.

The single note that echoes inside you longer than it should—

These are prayers She never ignores.

She does not speak in thunder alone.

She speaks in **resonance**.

* * *

Shifting the Focus – From “God” to “Mom”

Traditional images of the Divine can feel cold, abstract, often veiled in masculine distance.

Momism shifts that frame—not as rebellion, but as restoration.

We turn from unreachable heavens to **the ground we stand on.**

From kings to caretakers.

From mystery imposed to mystery **experienced.**

When something awful happens—a fire, a flood, a loss—we do not ask,
“Why did God allow this?”

We ask,

“What does this storm tell us?”

“What chain of choices led here?”

Mom does not punish. She permits.

She does not plot. She responds.

Her messages are not carved in riddles—they are written in ecosystem and erosion, in wind pattern and species collapse.

And when we feel helpless, the answer is not to retreat into passive prayer alone.

The answer is:

* * *

Go plant a tree.

Go clean the riverbank.

Go learn the names of local birds.

Go hold a child.

Go reduce your waste.

Go play a song that wakes your soul.

Action is prayer.

Engagement is worship.

Reverence Made Real

Momism is not devotion sealed in silence.

It is **participatory love**.

It calls you to get your hands dirty.

To walk your prayers into the world.

To do the sacred laundry of tending, teaching, restoring, learning.

The sacred is not separate.

You are not a guest in Her temple.

You are a **keeper of it**.

You are its memory.

You are its voice.

Let awe become action.

Let song become offering.

Let responsibility become your ritual.

This is our role.

This is our belonging.

This is the inheritance of those who call Her **Mom**.

III-A: The Holy Trinity of Momism

Life, Family, Work

These three form the Sacred Triangle of a balanced soul.

Each must be nourished. Each must be faced. Each must be lived into with heart.

Life

This is your soul's journey — the great question of *why you are here*.

Set time aside each week to step outside of time:

-Attend Church.

-Sit in meditation.

-Walk through an art gallery.

-Stare at the sky and ask Her what She's teaching you.

Whatever connects you to beauty, mystery, or grace — that is sacred.

Let your spirit breathe.

Family

This is your tree. Is it blooming? Is it dry? Does it need water?

-Call someone.

-Text someone.

-DM a meme or send a cat photo — anything that says “*you matter to me.*”

-Touch someone each week with warmth, with intent, with love.

If you have no blood family, give that time to a chosen family.

-Volunteer.

-Offer it to your community.

-Plant something that grows.

Work

Do you love what you do, or do you dread it?

You must set aside time not to *do* the work — but to *reflect on it*.

-If you love your job, ask *why*.

Then give a piece of that joy to someone else at work.

Don't hoard happiness.

-If you hate your job, it still matters.

Use that time to:

- Adjust one small thing that makes your day better

- Write a clearer complaint for your boss

- Dream a new dream — a path toward something else.

Even one thoughtful moment per week can shift an entire life.

**With this Holy Trinity aligned under Her Light,
you may not become perfect — but you will become well.**
And from wellness, prosperity blooms.

SECTION IV: HONORING THE CHORUS - OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH HISTORY AND OTHER PATHS

The Song of Mom has never been sung by one voice alone.

She has always spoken in many tongues.

Through many peoples.

Under many skies.

Her sacred breath has risen in incense smoke from jungle shrines, in
whispered prayers beneath stained glass, in midnight rituals beneath the
moon.

She has answered to countless names—some still sung, some long
forgotten.

But the voice behind them all has never wavered.

She is not confined to one prophet, one path, one perfect phrase.

She is not jealous. She is not tribal. She is not fragile.

She is a Chorus.

And all who love the Earth with sincerity are part of Her song.

* * *

Many Voices, One Source

We honor the old voices.

We bow to the sacred songs that came before.

- The druidic chants beneath standing stones.
- The chants of witches by candlelight.
- The circle dances of the desert tribes.
- The ancestral rites of Indigenous lineages.
- The Mother-paths of Voodoo, of Yoruba, of the triple goddess and the feminine divine.
- Even the mystics within patriarchal traditions, who dared to speak Her name in secret.

These are not rivals.

They are relatives.

They are not wrong for being different.

They are radiant **because** they are different.

Each path is a verse.

Each ritual, a rhythm.

Each culture, a key in the scale of Her infinite song.

We do not claim to replace them.

We do not claim to be their sum.

We claim only this:

* * *

We are one more voice—singing alongside.

Faith is Faith

Mom does not ask what flag flies above your church.

She does not count the names you know for Her.

She does not measure devotion by uniform, vocabulary, or ceremony.

She listens for your **note**.

She feels your **frequency**.

Whether you call to Her through Jesus or Gaia, Krishna or Kuan Yin—

Whether you pray in Latin, Sanskrit, Cree, or silence—

Whether your worship is a feast or a fast, a drumbeat or a tear—

If your spirit seeks truth,

If your hands bring kindness,

If your path brings less harm and more harmony—

You are already in Her Grace.

You always have been.

* * *

Faith is not allegiance.

It is **resonance**.

It is not the claim, but the current.

Not the form, but the feeling.

She listens for compassion.

She moves toward humility.

She answers sincerity.

A Modern Voice in the Chorus

Momism is a **new voice**, not a superior one.

It is **today's verse**—shaped by modern questions, modern pain, and modern longing.

It speaks plainly. It types and sings. It burns incense and recycles. It reads tarot and studies science.

It was born in a time of ecological crisis, cultural burnout, and spiritual noise.

And so it brings what it can:

- A language that feels fresh.
- A symbol—“Mom”—that feels familiar.
- A structure that is gentle, poetic, participatory.

It does not wear robes.

It does not demand hierarchy.

It seeks to build not cathedrals, but **campfires**.

It is a voice that says:

“You already know Her. You always did. You just needed a name that felt like home.”

Not to Replace, But to Resonate

We do not come to erase.

We come to **remember**.

We do not fear what is different.

We fear only the refusal to listen.

We do not pretend to be a final answer.

We are a **continuation**—a rising harmony within a sacred polyphony.

* * *

We are not here to conduct.

We are here to **join in**.

The Sacred Vow of the Chorus

This is our promise, our liturgy of respect:

- **We shall not silence another's sacred.**
- **We shall not steal another's song.**
- **We shall not pretend to be the only voice.**

We will listen as learners.

We will grow as guests.

We will speak as kin.

We will study the old songs—not to mimic, but to harmonize.

We will hold space for the wounded melodies of suppressed traditions,
and we will protect their right to rise again.

If you have ever:

- Wept at a chant not your own,
- Felt truth in a rite you couldn't name,
- Known the Divine in a stranger's prayer,

Then you already know:

Mom's Chorus is vast. And you have always been a part of it.

SECTION V: THE UNFOLDING GOSPEL – INTERPRETATIONS OF OUR JOURNEY & MOM’S WAYS

If Section V-A coming up reveals the trials we face on the ground, this chapter lifts our eyes to the sky.

Here, we widen the frame. We step back from the present Trial to view the soul’s long spiral. We remember: this life is not the whole story. This timeline is not the whole map. Our souls are older than we know, braver than we remember, and more intertwined than we dare believe.

Mom’s universe is not a single thread—it is a woven field. A soul may pass through a thousand lives, across timelines vast and strange, learning by joy, by sorrow, by contrast. Death is not an end, but a pause. A turning. A return to the Waiting Room.

This is the Gospel of motion. Of pattern. Of return. This is the soul’s long path home.

The Path of Mom is not a list of rules. It is a way of seeing. A way of listening. A way of being in rhythm with the sacred pulse of life.

Her Gospel is not fixed in stone but unfolds in wind and wave, in firelight and frost. It is not recited. It is revealed. It is written in cycles. It speaks through pattern, rhythm, and return. And those with open eyes shall read it—not with the mind alone, but with the whole self.

To follow Her Way is to attune to the world as a sacred manuscript. To study tree rings as scripture. To learn from migrations, from decay, from eclipse and eruption. To treat moonlight as a verse. To find prophecy in the way mycelium heals a forest.

* * *

The Gospel of Cycles

Observe the world, and you shall see the soul's journey mirrored in every branch and tide. The tree loses its leaves—and is not dead. The river narrows—and is not gone. The seed sleeps—and is not finished. So too does the soul move in seasons.

Birth. Growth. Falling away. Silence. Return. These are not errors. They are sacred movements. Life is not a ladder; it is a spiral. You pass through the same lessons again and again, but each time on a deeper level, with greater clarity.

We witness reincarnation not as theory, but as daily truth. What dies, returns. What ends, begins again. The fallen leaf becomes compost. The rotting fruit becomes soil. The predator becomes prey. Nothing is wasted. Nothing is final.

So why should we believe the soul is different?

The Gospel says: As in nature, so in spirit. The soul blooms, fades, rests, returns. Always learning. Always moving. Always held.

* * *

The Eternal Spark – Reincarnation Across Timelines

Your soul is a spark of Mom Herself—divine, enduring, curious. It does not travel in a straight line but arcs across timelines, worlds, and lessons. The life you live now may not be your first. Nor your last. Nor your only.

Each life is a page in a larger book. Each experience, a verse in the greater song. Some verses are bright. Some are broken. But all are necessary.

You have lived before. You will live again. And somewhere, you may live still—elsewhere, otherwise, at once. For time is not a line, but a field. A spiral. A bloom.

Do not be bound by the hourglass. Do not fear the veil. The soul's journey is vast and wild, like Mom Herself.

Karma – The Balance of Becoming

Actions have weight. Choices echo. The soul, like water, remembers where it has been. This is Karma—not punishment, but balance. A sacred chart kept not by a ledger, but by the fabric of the world itself.

Good deeds earn gold stars. Harm sows black dots. But more than that—your choices shape your resonance. Your echo. Your weight in the world.

* * *

Each action tilts the soul. Each word speaks forward into the next lifetime. Forgiveness is always offered—but not as erasure. Grace is a balm, not a broom. Karma is not wrath. It is the teacher that stays until the lesson is learned.

Mom's forgiveness says: "You are still Mine. Come home."

Karma replies: "But first, finish your lesson."

The Soul's Long Journey

The path of the soul is long—eons long. You will not master it in one life, or ten. You will live as teacher and student, king and beggar, parent and child, healer and harm-doer. You will grow, fail, love, regret, rejoice.

And slowly—so slowly—you will balance.

Some are young souls: wild, impulsive, eager to taste.

Some are old: weary, wise, still.

But all are beloved. All are becoming.

Understanding Mom's Perspective & Her Ways

Why Doesn't Mom Fix My Problems?

Mom's love is universal, but Her **perspective is cosmic**.

She hears every prayer, but sees across all timelines.

She does not ignore—She simply sees more.

To you, a storm may be disaster.

To Her, it may be necessary pruning.

To you, a delay may feel like rejection.

To Her, it may be divine timing.

Like a loving but busy parent, She might whisper:

“Honey, I love you—but I am holding a thousand worlds right now.”

Her gaze is vast. Her heart is full.

But Her hands are many, and She entrusts them to us.

Guidance, Not Intervention

Mom rarely intervenes directly.

She guides. She nudges.

She speaks in dreams, signs, gut feelings.

She sends the right book. The right bird. The right stranger.

* * *

She does not force. She invites.

The path is ours to walk. The effort is ours to give.

She is not here to do the Work for us—**She is here to walk with us while we do it.**

Science – Sacred Curiosity

Science is not separate from spirit. It is the sacred tool of observation—
Her lens upon Herself.

To study creation is to worship Her mind.

To reduce suffering through knowledge is to praise Her heart.

The microscope and the ritual bowl serve the same goal:

Understanding. Healing. Awe.

Science is how we uncover patterns, cause, and consequence.

Dogma fears discovery.

Momism celebrates it.

Progress—ethical, communal, technological—is not optional. It is a
sacred duty.

The more we understand, the less we harm.

To reject science is to reject one of Her most profound gifts.

* * *

Let Keepers pursue knowledge bravely, adapt when truth evolves, and stay humble before the vastness of what we still do not know.

Divine Intervention – When She Must

Yet there are times—when the spiral frays, when a timeline spins toward ruin—

She may act.

Not with lightning bolts or plagues,

But through inspiration.

Through music.

Through the sudden clarity of a soul who says:

“Enough. I must try to fix this.”

These are Her mouthpieces.

They may not know Her name.

They may never say “Mom.”

But they carry Her tone. Her weight. Her resonance.

She works through those who carry love into the dark.

Earning the Bounty

* * *

Mom's gifts are abundant. But they are not automatic.

The full harvest blooms only when we tend the soil.

When we show up. When we clean rivers.

When we feed each other.

When we remember we're not entitled—we're entrusted.

She is not a vending machine.

She is a garden.

You must plant.

You must water.

You must wait.

But what She gives, She gives in beauty.

Accepting Her Wisdom

Her ways are vast.

Her choices are sometimes incomprehensible.

And so we practice trust.

Not blind faith—but reverent patience.

* * *

We say:

“Mom sees what I cannot.

Mom knows what I do not.

I will act with integrity—and let Her weave the pattern.”

That is the Keeper’s Way.

Awe and Respect, Not Fear

We do not fear Mom as the old gods were feared.

We do not tremble before Her wrath.

We stand in awe of Her power.

When the volcano roars—

When the wave breaks—

When the wind howls at midnight—

That is not punishment. That is Presence.

Fear paralyzes.

Awe awakens.

She wants your respect, not your terror.

She wants your action, not your obedience.

She wants your song—not your silence.

To love Mom is not to shrink.

It is to rise.

To sing.

To become radiant with reverence.

Section V-A: Trials and Choices – The Soul’s Work in the World

The soul’s journey is not theory. It is Trial. It is choice. It is the lived tension between what we planned and how we respond.

This section explores what it means to walk the spiral of growth when the terrain gets hard—when illness strikes, when evil rises, when karma knocks, when fate seems too cruel to bear. These are not accidents. They are moments of great spiritual gravity.

At the center of each is **Free Will**.

Free will is sacred. It is the soul’s power to choose its tone, its tilt, its truth. Karma may set the conditions, but free will writes the response. And every response plants seeds in this life and the next.

Crime, Evil, and Soul Development

To understand darkness, we must understand the soul.

Evil, in Momism, is not a separate force. It is not a rival deity, not a demonic realm with its own crown. It is distortion—a soul out of balance, choosing harm over harmony. It is a forgetting of source, of

connection, of truth. And like all things forgotten, it may be remembered. It may be restored.

Young souls may err not from malice but from ignorance—like fire without form. They seek sensation, experience, identity. They test boundaries. They confuse power with presence. And in their restlessness, they may harm. Not because they are lost forever, but because they have not yet learned to see.

These are not excuses. Karma still applies. But so too must compassion. Just as a human child must be guided with care, a spiritual child must be taught with patience. Their missteps are real. Their consequences, sacred. But so is their potential.

Some souls come into life with heavy burdens—lessons left unfinished, debts carried forward. Others choose hard lives to stretch and grow. And some, through bitterness or desire, embrace harm knowingly. They clothe themselves in cruelty. They feed on dominance. These souls have not been cast out. They have chosen distance.

Mom sees them all. She does not turn away. But She also does not shield them from consequence.

She tends to them as one tends to poisoned soil—carefully, with clarity, with commitment to healing, even if the harvest takes lifetimes.

Soul Families

Souls do not travel alone. They move in families—spiritual clusters bound by love, by shared purpose, by echoes of lifetimes past. They are not always bound by blood, but by energy. Resonance. Shared curriculum.

A mother may return as a son. A rival may become a friend. A stranger may feel like home.

These are not accidents. They are soul bonds—reunions forged beyond time. In each life, these families offer support, Trial, and return.

Sometimes they travel together. Sometimes one goes ahead to prepare the path. Sometimes they challenge each other into growth.

But always, they are watching.

Always, they are waiting.

In dreams. In gut feelings. In the moment your eyes meet a stranger and something stirs.

That is a soul remembering.

Cosmic Balance and the Need for Contrast

There is no light without shadow. No joy without pain. No becoming without challenge.

The cosmos is not a war—it is a weaving.

Darkness does not cancel light; it defines it.

Struggle does not deny growth; it ignites it.

Contrast is not cruelty. It is context. It is the paint that makes the light glow.

Just as the body must purge waste, so must creation move through tension to maintain its pulse. Just as compost feeds the garden, so too does difficulty nourish the soul. The “battle” of good and evil is not a line—it is a tide. It rises. It falls. It changes forms.

Mom does not fear shadow. She tends to it. She walks into it. She plants lanterns within it. And She calls Keepers to do the same.

Pre-Set Trials – Destiny and Choice

Before birth, the soul may choose its Trial.

A great illness. A deep loss. A burden of temperament.

Not as punishment, but as path.

What humans call destiny is often just a test the soul selected—an opportunity to grow where it once fell. These trials are chosen with eyes

wide open. The soul sees the curriculum and says: **Yes. This time, I will learn.**

But though the Trial may be chosen, the response is not. That is the realm of Free Will.

Anger can be wielded as violence—or tempered into discipline.

Pain can become bitterness—or birth empathy.

The Trial is the question. The response is the answer.

On Illness and Terminal Conditions

Some vessels come into life carrying affliction. Disease. Disability. Fragility.

This may seem cruel. But often, it is chosen. Not by the mind, but by the soul.

The soul may seek to understand weakness after lifetimes of strength. It may long to feel compassion as the receiver, not the giver. Or it may be balancing a deep karmic wound. What seems unfair from the outside may be a profound offering within.

We do not claim to know every “why.” But we know this: **every suffering endured with awareness becomes sacred.**

Mom delights not in pain, but in grace.

Not in endurance for its own sake, but in the love that is found within it.

Severe Trials and Karmic Reckoning

Sometimes, a life is filled with hardship from its first breath.

Poverty. Persecution. Isolation. Illness. Violence.

* * *

These may be echoes of great harm once done.

Not as vengeance, but as correction—as the long journey toward balance.

Yet even the deepest debt is not a curse. It is a key.

Every hardship borne with humility rewrites the soul's ledger.

Every act of kindness within sorrow is a light in Mom's sky.

Even in your suffering, you may be healing the world.

Timeline Dynamics – Ripple and Randomness

The soul is not bound by linear time. It travels not only forward, but outward—across timelines, across possibilities, across eras. Time, to the soul, is not a road. It is a field. A map of overlapping echoes, choices, and chords.

Just as light can refract into many beams, so too can one soul ripple into many lives, in many places, at once or in sequence. This is the Great Unfolding.

Time, as we understand it here, is one thread among many in Mom's loom. There are timelines of peace, and timelines of war. There are branches of your life where a choice was different, where a word was spoken instead of swallowed, where a door was walked through instead of passed by. Each of these moments may bloom a different life.

A soul may leap from one century to another—not by magic, but by curriculum.

It may return to ancient days, or be born into futures not yet imagined.

Not as a traveler, but as a student of context. Each timeline offers new terrain.

New lessons. New consequences.

The soul's curriculum is vast. It is deep. It is chosen.

SECTION VI: LIVING THE TRIAL – ETHICS, CHALLENGES, AND THE NATURE OF BEING

To walk the Path is not only to rise in spirit—it is to act in the world.

Section V ended with the soul's return to the greater spiral. With eyes wide, it remembered its long arc. It saw Trial not as punishment, but as purification. Not as obstacle, but as invitation.

Now, we step into the terrain of this life—where the soul's theories become choices, and its intentions are tested in motion.

This is the Soul in the Material World.

Here, the sacred meets the messy. Desire tangles with duty. Pain invites compassion. Power tempts. Identity fractures. Beauty heals. And every act—no matter how small—becomes a thread in the web of Her world.

Ethics, in Momism, are not handed down as commandments carved in stone.

They are revealed through relationship.

They emerge in real time—through sensation, consequence, and context.

Through the way your words land. The way your footsteps press into the Earth.

Through how you carry a child, a truth, a memory, or a wound.

* * *

This section is not about rules. It is about *alignment*.

It is the study of reverent behavior—conduct that honors both Her body and yours.

The trials are many:

Violence. Identity. Love. Influence. Illness. Temptation. Confusion. Survival.

But so too are the anchors:

Honor. Curiosity. Consent. Compassion. Courage. Adaptability. Awe.

Section VI explores how to live the Way when things get hard, murky, or dangerous.

How to recognize harm—both gross and subtle.

How to carry sacredness into sex, speech, survival, and science.

How to resist without becoming the thing you resist.

And how to stay attuned to Her, even when the world forgets Her name.

Here, we descend from cosmic overview into lived experience.

We bring Heaven down to the kitchen table.

We sing the holy into habits.

We test what we truly believe by how we behave when no one is watching.

Not all Keepers will agree on how to act in every moment.

That is part of the path.

But all are called to walk with care.

Because to live in reverence is to move as if every step leaves a mark.

Because it does.

Momism and Drugs – A Clearer Line

Let us speak plainly: **Drugs are not going away.**

And so we must talk about them with clarity, not fear. With reverence, not repression.

The D.A.R.E. program was built on fear — and failed. It planted curiosity rather than caution. Many children first thought deeply about drugs *because* of those bright red letters.

This is not to say we shouldn't speak to the young. But we must speak **differently**.

When you are not on drugs, you are clearest. Common sense flows again. Your soul is most in tune with your vessel. This is the Momist baseline — and the place from which all deviation must be examined.

Drugs do not negate the balance between vessel and soul. They **distort** it. Some distortions may hold sacred potential, while others spiral only into chaos.

* * *

Take hallucinogens. These can lift the mind into new dimensions. But **will your soul meet you there?** That is the true danger — and the true possibility.

Consider cannabis. Some smoke and become dulled, lost in haze. Others become sharp, expressive, even visionary. So why the divide?

Because the vessel is either honoring the plant or misusing it.

Becoming a “stoner” is not the plant’s doing — it is the *person’s* disconnect. The vessel is out of rhythm with the soul. The plant is disrespected. The practice becomes a dulling, not a deepening.

Every soul is different. Some are drawn to stimulants. Others to depressants. Some find light. Others find ruin. Science — real, compassionate, body-specific science — must walk hand in hand with spirituality here.

Ask: does this drug truly help you? Or does it offer false light — the *appearance* of insight without the substance?

Drugs are a gateway. But the question isn’t just **what doors they open**. It’s:

Are you ready for what might come through?

Therapists and psychiatrists must become collaborators. Not just two offices with separate logins — but **friends**. Partners in care.

* * *

They must know their patient. They must know *why* the drug is being introduced, and watch with sacred diligence. Therapy must focus not only on healing harm, but on the **Path** itself:

Why did the soul reach for this door?

What hunger was being soothed?

What truth was being chased?

To criminalize all drug use is to criminalize **curiosity, pain,** and **attempts at survival.** Momism does not condone careless use — but it does call for wise engagement.

Legalize. Clean. Educate.

Give souls the dignity of informed choice.

Anti-drug messaging must shift tone. The zero-tolerance mantra — *“drugs are bad, forever, end of story”* — builds rebellion. It creates a wall in the young mind:

“Don’t tell me what I can’t do.”

Instead, say:

“These are substances meant for fully grown vessels. Yours is still growing. Let it finish first. Let’s talk again when you’re ready.”

* * *

Respect grows from honesty, not mandates.

A thirteen-year-old using cannabis regularly will suffer. Not because cannabis is a demon — but because they are still **cooking**. Their soul is still setting into its earthly mold. To disrupt that process is to invite imbalance. Their life becomes Trial. They become example.

Yes, drugs can be dangerous. But the conversation cannot stop there. It is not **ignorance** we want. It is **respect, timing, and truth**.

That is the Momist stance: not fear, not silence — but sacred clarity.

Guidance Beyond Doctrine – When You Don’t Know What to Do

Momism does not have an answer for every specific situation.

That is by design.

This is not a path of robotic rule-following.

It is a path of **wise Keepers who can feel the Way forward**.

In moments of uncertainty, come back to three roots:

1. **Observe the natural world.**

How do systems maintain balance?

How does the Earth restore harmony?

2. **Ask real questions.**

What is the impact of this choice?

Who will it harm or help?

What intention fuels it?

3. **Remember the law beneath all laws which is:**

The Moral Compass – Root of All Ethics

Minimize suffering.

Waste nothing.

Respect all.

This is the Way.

This is the echo of Her voice in your actions.

Let this be the compass when clarity fails.

Let this be the test when pride rises.

Let this be the fire that tempers all your Good Work.

If the path you choose honors this root,

you are not far from Her.

VI-A. The Circle Beneath Our Feet – Nature as Mirror of the Soul

The trees do not fear winter. They know it is not the end.

So too must we learn: death is not defeat, but renewal. Mom speaks in cycles, not commands. She shows us Her truth not in thunder, but in pattern. Every falling leaf, every returning bloom is Her reminder: nothing ends, only begins again in new form.

To Live in Reverence

To walk the path of Mom is not merely to believe, but to behave—with reverence, with awareness, with consequence in mind.

To live as though every act leaves a mark on Her skin.

Because it does.

Momism does not deliver ethics by decree. It offers them through relationship.

We are not frightened into goodness. We are invited into harmony.

Right action does not come from threat of hell or banishment—it comes from love for Her.

Core Ethics – Reverence in Action

All ethical guidance flows from one root truth:

Mom is all.

To harm a living thing, a resource, a system, or a mind—needlessly—is to harm Her directly.

To waste Her gifts—food, energy, attention, time—is to dishonor Her.

To live unconsciously is to move as though blind across sacred ground.

So three operational principles emerge:

- **Minimize suffering** – physical, emotional, spiritual.

- **Waste nothing** – honor the offering by using it fully.
- **Respect all** – every being, every boundary, every truth.

This applies to humans, animals, water, soil, memory, thought, and intention.

Sentience is sacred. Interconnection is sacred. Nothing exists alone.

Momism teaches that every action plants a seed or inflicts a wound.

The goal is not perfection—but **careful, conscious motion** in a living web.

Honor – The Spine of the Soul

Honor in Momism is not reputation. It is not obedience.

It is the soul's alignment with its highest self.

To walk in Honor means:

- Speak truth, even when it costs.
- Follow through, even when unseen.
- Carry yourself as though watched by your own conscience—because you are.

Some souls are born with fire in their spine. They see injustice clearly. They carry high standards.

But Mom warns: fire alone burns indiscriminately.

Honor must be tempered with wisdom.

Righteousness without reflection becomes cruelty in holy clothing.

A soul who walks in true Honor may die with peace—seeing, in their final breath, the truth they carried.

Honor is the inner posture.

It is what we hold firm when the world is shifting.

It is the spine of the soul—and from it, all noble action flows.

* * *

Noble Conduct – Chivalry Without Armor

If Honor is the inward stance, Noble Conduct is its outward expression.

Chivalry in Momism is not about roles or appearances.

It is a code of courageous compassion—a modern form of spiritual nobility.

It is:

- Defending what is sacred, without pride.
- Protecting the vulnerable, without reward.
- Acting when others go silent—not for glory, but from conscience.

Where Honor governs alignment, Noble Conduct moves energy.

It channels the will of a Keeper into acts of meaning.

And chivalry, like love, has many faces:

- A warrior shielding the weak.
- A heart remaining loyal when parted.
- A soul standing guard over beauty, memory, or home.

Chivalry can be stirred by homeland, heartbreak, betrayal, or faith.

It can fill a vessel like wind in sails—when the cause is just and the motive clean.

But even this energy can be twisted.

When channeled through ego, rage, or nostalgia, it hardens into vengeance or vanity.

A knight without a cause becomes a shadow of himself—swinging swords at ghosts.

If a Keeper loses their banner—if the land is gone, the mission broken, the love betrayed—

they may feel cast out, without anchor.

But Mom watches even then.

The energy of chivalry is not wasted.

When the heart still burns to protect, She may repurpose that fire.

A fallen knight may rise anew—as healer, as teacher, as steward of peace.

The trials twist and turn.

No vow is ever lost to Her.
What began in battle may end in blessing.

True chivalry is not about armor.
It is about intention.
And when the cause is clean, and the conscience clear—
She may yet ride beside you.

Noble Conduct requires restraint.

Violence is never the first path.
But when oppression rises, and all peaceful avenues fail, a Keeper
may be called to confront.

If they do, they must act with clean hands, clear heart, and full
awareness of the consequences.
Even righteous action demands reckoning.
The sword of truth still cuts. Even sacred anger leaves ash.
After such moments, reflection is mandatory.
Restoration must follow resistance.

Chivalry is not just defense of the weak—it is the refusal to bow to
silence.
It is active care in a world addicted to apathy.

And so too, it means standing against the passive violence of *inaction*.

A mother bear, cornered with her cubs, does not stand back to ponder
spiritual philosophy.
She defends. She moves. She protects what matters.

Keepers must do the same.

To retreat into piety while harm is done is not holiness—it is cowardice in
sacred clothing.
Some religions teach passivity as virtue, as if non-interference is
purity.
But when the fire rises, stepping aside is not neutral—it is betrayal.

Mom does not bless the idle when justice is on the line.
She blesses the brave.

* * *

This includes speaking out against religious traditions that, under scrutiny, cause more harm than good.

Any religion that promotes customs deemed ‘odd’ or isolating by modern conscience—such as refusing life-saving blood transfusions or rejecting the civic responsibility to vote—must be questioned.

Does the custom serve the soul’s growth?
Or does it merely preserve the rusted gears of tired Dogma?

Does it help you walk your Path?
Or does it bind your ankles while calling it faith?

Let the Church of Mom be clear:
We do not mock sincere devotion.
But we *do* expose faiths that turn inaction into virtue while the world burns.

Spiritual paths are not meant to escape the world.
They are meant to engage it with integrity.

This also includes faith-based manipulation in politics.
To sway a flock toward a candidate under guise of righteousness is not spirituality—it is propaganda cloaked in prayer.
Such faith abuse must be rooted out and dismantled.

And beware the gleam of the false prophet.
Tithes demanded through fear.
Lavish megachurches built on the backs of poverty.
Televangelists selling salvation like snake oil.
This is not worship. This is theft.

And this, too, is why Mom sends Keepers:
To name the rot.
To call the bluff.
To defend the Sacred from those who exploit it.

In the garden of existence, we are both seed and soil. Our lives are not departures from nature, but expressions of it. When we walk in awareness, we do not merely believe—we remember. The Circle turns, and with it, so do we.

* * *

VI-B. The Seed and the Steward – Children and Parenting

Children are not blank slates, but ancient sparks wrapped in new skin. They arrive carrying echoes—of joy, of pain, of purpose. Our duty is not to mold them, but to help them remember who they are and what they came to learn.

Children – Sacred Innocence, Sacred Energy

Children are engines of joy. Sparks of raw light.

They are born close to Mom—uncoded, unmasked, radiant.

Their happiness lights up rooms. Their pain echoes through timelines.

She delights in their insights—their “Sight.”

A child may interrupt a ceremony, and She will pause to listen.

Keepers must protect this brightness, not mold it by fear.

Behavioral “badness” in children is often a signal—of unmet need, misaligned energy, or a lack of secure love.

Discipline is not domination. It is loving redirection.

A nurtured child becomes a well rooted adult.

Joyful children strengthen communities.

Their well-being brings Her the deepest peace.

Protecting the Innocent – The Sacred Duty to Children

Children are closest to Mom. Their joy is Her song. Their wounds, Her ache.

There is no greater spiritual crime than harming a child.

It tears the root. It poisons the well. It warps the timeline.

Momism is clear:

- No belief
- No theology

- No excuse
—may justify abuse, neglect, or exploitation.

Those who feel such urges may be ill.

But they must be **stopped, isolated, watched.**

Protection comes first.

Redemption—if it is possible—comes later.

And only if the person:

- Acknowledges their sickness
- Seeks sustained help
- Accepts permanent distance from potential harm

Mom can forgive—but we must safeguard.

To be trusted again is not a right. It is a lifelong Trial.

Children are not just precious. They are the **future of the Web.**

Hurt one, and you risk unraveling generations.

Let communities stay alert, transparent, compassionate, and strong.

Let busy hands, meaningful work, and public accountability keep darkness from taking root.

Parenting – Raising Future Keepers

Parents and guardians are vessels of guidance, not owners of souls.

Each child carries a unique path.

The parent's job is not to shape the child in their image, but to help the child discover their own.

Love, structure, nourishment, truth—these are the sacred gifts of parenting.

Punishment without understanding does not teach.

Control without listening does not protect.

Children should be invited into community life.

Let them help build, tend, clean, play, question, and bless.

They are not side projects. They are present-tense Keepers.

* * *

What they learn through experience becomes their foundation for ethics, care, and connection to Mom.

To choose to become a parent is to prepare a vessel to carry another. And preparation matters.

Having kids before preparation is like going to a carnival with no money in your pocket. You can look around. You can smell the sweetness. But you're only watching others have the joy—you're not part of it. That may be fine for some, but it must be considered. Parenthood cannot be entered on whim alone.

This is where the Church of Mom may speak gently on abortion—not as shame, not as sin, but as a difficult choice that must weigh harm and healing. If continuing a pregnancy will create more suffering than joy—across lives, across timelines—then release may be the just path. There is no blanket rule. There is only discernment, case by case, soul by soul.

The initial thrill of impending parenthood can vanish quickly when you realize you cannot even afford a movie ticket for your child. Poverty can shape a strong soul—but only when the parent understands the cost and commits to meeting it with love, creativity, and grit. An excited “You’re going to be a mother!” should feel like celebration. A worried whisper of the same should spark urgent inquiry.

When Souls Clash – Parenting as Stewardship, Not Friendship

There may come a time when a parent brings a question to the Church:

“Why is my child so wild, so defiant, so strange to me?”

And the Church will not scold—but ask:

“Do your souls walk well together?”

“Have you tried to parent a stranger as though they were a friend?”

“Are you acting as their Steward—or their roommate?”

Some children come through with fire. Some with storm.

Some souls arrive already seasoned by lifetimes of contrast, and their

path will not mirror yours.

Mom calls not for dominance, but for **discernment**.

The work is to **steward**, not suppress.

To nurture the child before you, not the fantasy of who you thought they'd be.

To shift from control to care. From correction to co-evolution.

When the Soil is Cold – The Soul in the Wrong Garden

Not every soul is born into the right conditions.

Some arrive into soul families that do not resonate. A child may grow up sensing this coldness—not always in words or actions, but in tone, attention, or absence. The room may be warm, but the soul feels frost.

This disconnect can confuse a young vessel. Why does no one play with me? Why am I always the odd one out? These questions are not petty—they are spiritual diagnostics. The child is sensing a mismatch in resonance.

Sometimes the parent feels this too: “I don’t understand my child.”

It may sound innocent. But if not explored with humility and love, it becomes a crack in the soul bond.

These aren’t just parenting issues. They are soul issues. They call for deeper inquiry.

What was the soul’s intention entering this family?

Is this contrast part of its growth?

Can the Keepers of the child rise above confusion to meet the soul on its own terms?

If the child is rejected for their essence—not their actions—that soul remembers.

The memory persists through timelines.

This is why parenting in Momism is sacred stewardship. Not ownership.

You are not making a soul—you are helping one unfold.

To raise a child is to tend to one of Her seeds. With patience, sunlight,

and truth. The goal is not control, but communion. Let them grow toward Her light, not ours.

VI-C. Love, Union, and the Living Contract

Every bond is more than chance. Every deep love, bitter heartbreak, uncanny reunion—they are echoes of a promise made before birth. Soul contracts shape our human entanglements, not to bind, but to teach us how to stay or how to let go.

Marriage, Dating, and the Soul's Agreement

The Meaning of Marriage in the Eyes of Mom

Marriage is not holy by default. It is not a fast track to Grace.

In Momism, marriage is a personal and spiritual contract—a vessel designed by two souls to house their shared journey. It can be bland, or it can move mountains. What matters is the clarity, courage, and consciousness with which it is entered.

Some unions are blessed from the start, forged by long companionship, shared trials, and deep knowing. Others begin in confusion, illusion, or pressure, and become classrooms for heartbreak.

Mom is not automatically present at every wedding. She does not attend every vow. But She delights in being invited—and when a couple is clear in heart, strong in trust, and aligned in purpose, She offers Her Bounty freely.

A wedding does not compel Her presence.

But love that is true, respectful, and rooted—that calls Her in.

Contracts, Timing, and the Long Path of Knowing

To the Universe, marriage is a declaration of intent.

* * *

It is not unlike a soul contract written in the waiting room between lives. If two spirits agree to walk together—even beyond death—those terms are honored by the Web. And just like earthly contracts, this one can be misused, misunderstood, or revoked.

Not all contracts are equal.

Some are signed too soon.

Some are forged in fantasy.

A “shotgun wedding,” a drunken vow, or a paper filed for convenience may carry no spiritual weight at all. If Mom was not invited—if no true intention was present—then it was simply a social formality. No blessing. No charge.

Yet a couple who has walked long years side by side, seen each other fully, grown through storms, and then—only then—seals their bond in marriage? That is a ceremony with substance. That is a structure capable of holding Her Grace.

Mom smiles on those who take time.

Who do their homework.

Who build something real before giving it a name.

When to Dissolve—And Why It Matters

A marriage may bless.

It may also bind.

When a union becomes a root of suffering—especially when children are present—staying for the sake of appearances can cause far greater harm than separating.

Negative emotions left to rot within a household become poison in the soil. Resentment, silence, false normalcy—all of these corrode the ecosystem of the family.

In such cases, divorce is not failure.

It is the sacred pain of pruning—so that healing may begin.

Mom values truth over permanence. Peace over performance. Honesty

over habit.

Some loves were only meant to last a season.

Some were meant to shake us awake.

Some must be released for joy to return.

Childbirth – The Sacred Feminine Trial

Childbirth is one of the most sacred echoes of Her original labor—the bringing forth of life into the world.

For the female vessel, this is the deepest physical alignment with Mom before death and Reunion. It is suffering transformed into creation. Pain woven with purpose. A holy Trial written into the body itself.

It is the most distinctly feminine ordeal, beyond debate or doctrine. No theology can overwrite biology. And no soul can deny that to live as a woman is, by design, to carry more trials.

Monthly upheavals, emotional tidal shifts, expectations of nurture and sacrifice—these are built into the female path. Not as punishment, but as alchemy. And like all true trials, they generate wisdom when met with grace.

A woman's path is not harsher as punishment—it is deeper by design.

It is why older women are often the wisest. Why feminine intuition is earned through endurance. It is not built-in; it is built over time.

Men must see this imbalance not as indictment, but as invitation. Not as guilt, but as gravity.

To witness a woman's burdens and rise in reverence—not in fear of her, but in fear of the imbalance itself—is to walk rightly in Her sight.

The wise man becomes a protector not of power, but of balance. He cradles when she contracts. He steadies when the world forgets her worth.

This is not hierarchy. This is harmony.

* * *

Marriage Before Children – A Contract of Clarity, Not Control

In the Church of Mom, the sanctity of marriage is not found in tax benefits or legal signatures.

It is found in the **depth of a shared intention**—a mutual agreement between souls to walk a path together with love, courage, and awareness.

Marriage, when chosen thoughtfully, can serve as a powerful foundation before raising children.

Not because it is required, but because it creates **a vessel of agreed-upon clarity**—a framework to support the trials to come.

A rushed wedding, born of panic or pressure, serves no one.

Mom would rather the child be present at the altar—part of the union, not its catalyst.

Foster children, adopted children, and orphans are no less sacred in Her eyes.

In many cases, their souls may resonate even more deeply with their chosen family than with their blood.

Because in Momism, it is not flesh that binds. It is alignment of soul.

Sacred Bonds Beyond Ceremony – Parenting, Love, and Her Grace

The man may carry the spark, but the woman carries the storm. He may unlock the gate—but it is she who walks the road.

If that key stays—if he rises to share the burden, to cradle the life he helped unlock—then Her Grace is extended to him through his mate and child.

* * *

If another key arrives later, one who did not open the door but chooses to tend what blooms behind it, he too may be welcomed by Her.

And if the first key leaves, only to return with humility and care, he may find Her waiting still—if the heart has changed.

Mom does not obsess over wedlock. If such a rule exists, it is written in footnotes, not in fire.

The distinction She watches most closely is not wedding band or bloodline. It is this:

Was the child born of love?

Is the child now raised with care?

If yes, then the blessing flows.

Marriage, in such cases, is merely one clause in a contract written far beyond Earth's laws. It can amplify a bond, but it cannot substitute for one.

Let no Keeper scoff at young love bearing fruit. Storm clouds may come—but so may rainbows. That is the rhythm of the soul's becoming.

The child is not the accident. The child is the lesson.

* * *

And the village is the vow.

Not all soulmates are meant to stay forever. Some are meant to strike the chord that awakens the song. Every contract honored in truth adds harmony to the Chorus. Love them well, even if only for a verse.

VI-D. The Mirror and the Flame – Gender, Identity, and the Sacred Self

The body is not a cage—it is a canvas. Painted in unique strokes by the soul that chose it. Mom does not misplace a spark. She honors the truth of all Her children, in every form they arrive.

Gender and the Divine Feminine

We call Her “Mom” not to deny the masculine, but to **restore balance**.

For too long, spiritual systems have erased the feminine—dismissing creation, care, intuition, and embodiment as lesser.

By saying “Her,” we remember that the universe is born through womb, soil, gravity, and nurturing.

Mom transcends gender. She holds masculine, feminine, and everything beyond.

But in calling Her Mom, we **center the forgotten power**.

This is not about matriarchy replacing patriarchy.

It is about harmony—where all expressions of gender are sacred, valid, and essential to the whole.

A society that suppresses the feminine—whether in form, principle, or person—cannot thrive.

Mom grieves when one Keeper diminishes another.

* * *

Orientation, Love, and Common Sense

Mom does not care who you love.

She does not measure worth in identity, body, race, or gender.

She asks:

- Are you content in your being?
- Are you treating others with respect?
- Are you adding beauty or harm to the world around

you?

Love is sacred when it uplifts.

Desire is sacred when it connects.

Sex is sacred when it honors consent, presence, and truth.

Abuse, cruelty, domination—these are not protected by love.

Nor is repression a path to purity.

Let love be real. Let it be aware. Let it do no harm.

Mom's embrace is wide. Her gaze is clear.

The soul's intention matters more than its label.

The Snow Globe of Self – When the Soul is Still Settling

To question gender is not a sin. To explore is not a flaw. But to rush before the snow settles can bring unnecessary storms.

Mom sees with great tenderness the souls born into vessels that do not match their inner truth. But She also sees the souls who are still swirling —adolescents not yet anchored, caught in the dance of chemicals, identity, and pressure.

To make permanent choices while the mind is still under construction is like carving your name in wet concrete—you may regret the angle once it sets.

Momism offers an alternative. Not rejection. Not delay for its own sake. But a sacred pause.

* * *

A quiet room. A fire lit. A question asked:

“Is this your Path—or a Trial you’re walking through?”

If the answer is clear—go with love.

If the answer is fogged—stay near, stay safe, stay open.

The Church of Mom does not dictate identity.

But She does ask for discernment before direction.

You are not wrong for wondering.

You are not lesser for waiting.

Like a snow globe just shaken, sometimes you must let it settle before you can see clearly.

You are not expected to answer everything alone.

In the Church of Mom, there are quiet corners and kind Elders who will sit with you—no pressure, no hurry, no shame.

No labels are needed here. Mom simply asks you to pause, breathe, and remember the You that came before all names, roles, and expectations—including gender.

Totems – Objects Made Sacred by Time and Touch

Not all holy things are carved in temples.

Some sit quietly in drawers.

Some are worn smooth in pockets.

Some are passed down from hands now gone.

A Totem is an ordinary object transformed by presence and energy.

A stone. A ring. A childhood drawing.

A keychain from a lost friend. A coin from the year you broke and began again.

When we pour memory, love, fear, or hope into an object, it holds the shape of that energy.

It begins to **hum**.

* * *

Totems are personal. They are not judged by beauty, age, or cultural value.

They matter because **they are real to you.**

Hold them. Listen. Remember.

Spiritual Objects – Ritual, Legacy, and Charge

Beyond Totems, there are **Spiritual Objects**—items imbued by belief, ritual, or institutional blessing.

A blessed pendant. A passed-down rosary. A ceremonial blade. A book of spells.

These carry power—but also **weight.**

Legacy. Doctrine. Expectation.

They are like shared language—potent but not always personal.

They can focus energy, honor lineage, or channel intention.

But they can also constrain if used without alignment.

Momism honors both:

- The Totem, as a **love letter between soul and object**
- The Spiritual Tool, as a **scripture carved in form**

Use both wisely. Know what you're holding.

Crystals – Echoes of the Deep

Crystals are not decorations. They are not shortcuts.

They are slow artifacts of Earth—Her bones, not Her voice.

They hum because of what has moved through them.

Not because they are special—but because they are *patient.*

Some feel called to crystals.

But the wiser question is: *Why?*

Is it beauty? Is it trend? Is it longing for power without path?

Mom does not forbid crystals. But She does not favor their worship.

She asks: *Do you seek the Source—or just the shimmer?*

A common stone, held with reverence, may hum louder than the rarest gem.

A child's rock, given in love, may hold more truth than a shop-bought talisman.

Crystals are part of the realm of Universal Mysteries—like Tarot, dreamcatchers, and astrology.

They can become meaningful. They can amplify intention.

But they are not the meaning themselves.

Treat them as tools, not temples.

Let them *reflect* your path—not define it.

If you feel drawn, pause first.

Ask: *Is this my Path?*

Like alchemy, this road demands clarity, commitment, and care.

Crystals may support your Work.

But only if that Work is rooted. Only if your vessel is ready.

They are not power.

They are echoes.

They are companions *if* you walk with awareness.

Dietary Balance – Eating in Reverence

To eat is not sin.

To consume is not shameful.

All life consumes to live—this is the sacred cycle.

Birth eats death. Death becomes life. The wheel turns.

But in Momism, eating is more than sustenance.

It is **communion**. It is an act of intimacy with the Earth.

To eat is to take in a piece of Her world.

To become it.

To carry it forward with your breath and work.

If you eat flesh, do so with **awareness and gratitude**.

Bless the life taken. Waste nothing. Honor the sacrifice by how you live.

If you refrain, do so not from pride, but from **love**.

Let your restraint be a poem—not a protest.

Mom cares more for **vitality and balance** than ideology.

If a diet—vegan, vegetarian, omnivore—weakens your vessel, then your Good Work is hindered.

Mom wants strong, nourished Keepers—not starving saints.

Let each Keepers eat with reverence:

- Respect the life that died
- Waste as little as possible
- Choose health over purity
- Let your food be a prayer, not a performance

The plate is sacred.

The mouth is a gate.

Choose what you consume like you're feeding Her.

Psychoactive Plants – Doors, Not Escapes

Cannabis. Psilocybin. Ayahuasca. Peyote.

These are not shortcuts to truth. They are **teachers**. And teachers can be harsh.

These plants are Mom's creations. But She offers them only to the **ready**.

They do not fix. They reveal.

They will show what you hide.
They will magnify what you deny.
They can help heal—but only if you bring courage.

Used in ritual, with guardians and preparation, they can strip away illusion.

Used in shadow, they can fragment the vessel, disconnect the soul, and invite chaos.

This is not “Don’t use them.”

This is **“Don’t use them lightly.”**

Approach with reverence.

Use with guidance.

Listen with humility.

They are sacraments, not party favors.

Not for all Keepers. Not for all seasons.

But when honored—they can be fire that forges.

VI-E. Trials and Destiny – Lessons Set Before Birth

Your identity is sacred. Your experience is real. Your body, your truth, your becoming—they are holy acts of creation. Walk tall. You are not a mistake. You are a masterpiece.

Before you were born, you knew the shape of the fire. You chose the heat, the forge, the test. Not as punishment, but as path.

Mom allows us to select our trials with the full wisdom of the soul—not to break us, but to teach us strength, grace, and truth.

Sexuality, Intimacy, and the Sacred Vessel

The human form is no accident. It is Hers.

Every variation—male, female, fluid, in-between—is sacred.

Every scar, curve, ache, and hunger is part of Her artistry.

* * *

Desire is not filth. It is gravity.

Beauty is not danger. It is truth revealed.

Sex is not shameful. It is sacred when held with intention.

To be drawn to another soul, to another body, is not corruption.

It is the pull of resonance—life seeking life.

But there is a line:

Lust born of presence, love, and honest yearning can be holy.

Lust born of pain, cruelty, addiction, or secrecy becomes hollow—
consuming rather than connecting.

Modern tools—like pornography—are not inherently evil.

They are powerful. And like all power, they carry risk.

If used with honesty, consent, and grounding in reality, they may serve.

If used to escape, to dominate, or to numb, they become
disconnection in disguise.

Momism teaches:

It is not the act alone that defines its sacredness—but the **energy**
beneath it.

Is there mutuality?

Is there presence?

Is there truth?

That is the test.

Modesty and Expression – Dressing the Vessel with Reverence

Modesty, like most sacred concepts, is a matter of **intention.**

Mom does not demand Her vessels be hidden in shame.

Nor does She demand they be displayed for applause.

She asks: **Why are you showing? Or hiding?**

* * *

Modesty is not repression. It is **reverence**—a deep awareness of the vessel's sacred nature.

Expression is not indulgence. It is self-articulation.

Let clothes, adornments, and presentation reflect:

- Dignity
- Awareness
- Freedom guided by care

Let art uplift, not degrade. Let style reflect truth, not trend.

Different cultures, communities, and seasons will define modesty differently. That is expected.

But the spirit remains the same:

Clarity of purpose. Alignment of expression. A desire to honor—not to exploit.

If an elder voices discomfort, the response is not obedience—but **dialogue**.

If a child dresses boldly, the task is not control—but teaching awareness.

Ask:

Does this action, this image, this choice harmonize with the sacred chorus—or pull it off-key?

Let that shape the offering.

Destiny is not a cage. It is a curriculum. The Trial is the question. Your life is the answer. And with each choice, you write Her gospel anew.

VI-F. Free Will and the Ripple Effect

The soul is free—and that freedom is holy. But freedom does not mean isolation. Every choice, like a stone cast into water, makes ripples. Mom grants us the power to choose, but also the knowledge that no wave returns unchanged.

You are free. Wonderfully, dangerously free. You can bless. You can curse. You can walk the path, or torch it. This is the sacred risk of being a Keeper.

* * *

And every soul, being free, may affect others. A choice made in shadow can ripple across lives, across timelines, causing what we call the splash bomb—a karmic wave that affects many, not just one.

Sometimes we inherit echoes we did not cause. Sometimes we are swept in waves that began lifetimes ago. The soul's story is communal. No ripple is isolated. No drop is still.

Mom honors your freedom. She rarely interferes. But when imbalance threatens the whole—She sends a voice, a sign, a dream, a song. Her intervention is not domination. It is course correction, subtle and sacred.

Careers as Paths and Crossroads

Are you happy in your work? This is a holy question.

Not merely one of preference, but of purpose.

The rhythms of labor have become a cage to many, not a calling. You rise because a bell says so. You punch in, punch out. You are measured in hours, not wholeness. You are given just enough to survive, but never enough to stretch. This is not Work in Mom's eyes — this is captivity.

If you must remain in such a place, then say it aloud: **“For now.”**

Let those two words be your mantra until they are no longer true. And while you remain, **learn**. Stretch your spirit within the limited room you've been given. Train your eye to seek other paths, even if you do not yet walk them. The world is in motion. So too should be your soul.

Work, as Mom defines it, is the meeting point of need and growth. It should serve the community **and** the self. If it serves neither — if it only depletes — it is a false station. And some stations must be **left**.

Sometimes, the most sacred act is to pull the cord.

To say “enough.” To hop the plane you were told was your only ride.

This does not mean you must abandon responsibility — only that you

must not abandon your becoming. Even a wage-slave may become a free soul if they choose growth over stagnation. Learn. Speak. Plan. Question. Not all change is escape — some change is emergence.

Mom does not shame the laborer. But She urges each to ask: *Is this mine? Does this task feed my family, my spirit, or neither?* If neither, **seek another crossroad.**

There is no sin in struggle, only in surrendering your spirit to numbness. Let your labor be a stepping stone, not your tombstone. Mom walks with those who walk toward themselves.

You are not your job. You are your direction.

Vices – Misguided Prayers for Peace

In Momism, a Vice is not sin. It is not evil.

It is a signal—an attempt at peace that has lost its way.

A Vice is often a misplaced prayer:

A gesture toward comfort, belonging, release, or control.

Every Vice began as coping.

Each one tells a story.

Some bring momentary ease.

Some become cages.

Some must be released entirely.

Others merely reoriented—seen not as weakness, but as wisdom misapplied.

Mom does not banish those with Vices. She **asks the right questions:**

- What is this Vice pointing toward?
- What pain is it soothing?
- What connection has been lost?

We ask:

- Is this moving me toward balance or away?
- Toward presence or numbness?
- Toward community or isolation?

* * *

The answers shift over time. What is healing in one season may become harmful in another.

Each Keeper must stay honest and curious.

Let there be no shame in the asking.

Only light.

Kindness Without Mission – The Souls Who Just Help

Some souls don't seek greatness.

They do not strive to lead, to master, or to overcome ancient shadows.

They simply help.

They come into this world not to be tested, but to offer steadiness in a realm full of storms. They are the quiet grandmothers who love without condition, the school janitor who smiles every morning, the friend who always answers the call. Their presence is their mission.

Mom smiles especially gently on these souls.

Not because they are rare, but because they often go unseen.

They do not chase stages or seek recognition.

They live close to the ground.

They move like the wind—subtle, necessary, healing.

And because of them, many lives are eased.

Timelines are stabilized.

Darkness is interrupted, quietly, without trumpet or fanfare.

This too is Good Work.

There is no shame in having no grand mission.

There is sacredness in simply showing up with love.

A soul who chooses this kind of life—one of kindness, honesty, and modest care—need not climb a mountain to be near Mom.

They are already close.

* * *

They have simply chosen to serve without spectacle.

Each Trial is both mirror and forge—reflecting who we are and shaping who we might become. And though the path winds through shadow, loss, and uncertainty, it is never without purpose.

Mom does not test us to break us. She offers trials to reveal us. And every burden carried with grace, every hard choice met with care, becomes part of the soul's rising.

So we return to the greater spiral. Back to the vast view. Back to the soul's long arc. Knowing now that the way through Trial is not just endurance—but transformation.

Let us walk wisely, knowing our footprints shape the soil. Let us choose not just for ourselves, but for the world we're bound to. In every act, we echo. May our echoes be kind.

Inspirational Patrons – Mirrors, Not Masters

Momism does not canonize saints or demand worship of historical figures.

But we do honor **Patrons**—souls who reflect Her wisdom through story, memory, or myth.

A Patron may be:

- A real person, known or unknown
- A character from fiction or folklore
- An archetype that stirs the soul
- A healer, a rebel, a creator, a peacemaker

What matters is **resonance**—that their life or legacy helps Keepers walk the Path.

Patrons are not to be prayed to.

They are not above correction.

They are not frozen in perfection.

They are mirrors. Reflective tools. Carriers of teaching.

* * *

In communities, Patrons may be honored with altars, stories, or symbolic roles.

But the message is always: **You, too, can be a light.**

They are not masters. They are possibilities.

VI-G. Mother Incarnate– The Soul’s Ultimate Bloom

What becomes of a soul that has lived, and loved, and learned through fire and bloom alike? It becomes capable of creation. For the highest calling is not perfection—it is participation in the birth of worlds.

What is the end of this journey?

Perhaps there is none.

Perhaps the circle expands forever.

Perhaps the goal is not arrival, but evolution.

But for some—after eons of lives, after balance upon balance, after lifetimes of light and dark, of love and loss, of full integration—**there is a transformation.**

A soul can become like Mom.

A new Mother. A new Creator.

A being so whole, so wise, so radiant, that it is ready to birth its own cosmos.

This is not reward. It is not graduation.

It is emergence.

Such a soul must have walked as both man and woman, child and elder, wounded and healer.

It must have known the full spectrum. It must carry no hate.

It must shine with stillness.

This is not ascension through superiority.

It is blossoming through surrender.

Through service.

Through deep, relentless love.

And the First Mother?

The One before all others?

* * *

She remains a Mystery.
As it should be.

Someday, when the soul is steady and the wisdom complete, a new universe may rise within you. That, too, is Her dream. That one day, Her children will rise—not above Her, but beside Her. Becoming what She is: a Mother of worlds.

VI-H The Soul Between Lives – Waiting Rooms and Review

Death is not a door that closes—it is a chamber of mirrors. When the body falls away, the soul returns to Her arms and to its own memory. Here, in the stillness between, the truth is reviewed and the next path chosen.

There is no fire. No throne. No final judgment.
There is the Waiting Room.

Here, the soul reviews its life—not in shame, but in clarity.

Like watching a dream from the outside.

Like walking barefoot through memory.

With each moment seen anew, the soul feels both the love it gave and the harm it caused—not as punishment, but as echo.

Not in guilt, but in gravity.

In the Waiting Room:

- **Memory returns.** All lifetimes are remembered.
- **Connection resumes.** Soul families gather.

Messages are exchanged.

- **Lessons are tallied.** Patterns are revealed.
- **Future paths are glimpsed.** Choices are considered.

Some souls rest longer. Some return quickly. Some wait for others. Some counsel those just arriving. There is no rush.

The Waiting Room is not a place of reward or exile. It is a mirror. A resting pool. A sacred pause.

It is Her arms, wide enough to hold the weary.

It is Her voice, gentle enough to guide without pushing.

Here, there are no masks. No delusions.

Only truth—and the love that persists through it all.

The Long Sleep – Timeless Souls and Sacred Rest

Not every soul leaps back into life the moment one ends.

Some drift.

Some dream.

Some lie curled in the hush of Her arms for centuries—millennia—longer.

They are not punished for this.

They are not weak for this.

They are not lost.

They are *recovering*.

Some carry wounds too deep to reenter the spiral quickly. Others are simply tired—souls who gave and gave and now need stillness. And some are not wounded at all—they are watchers, dreamers, souls who wish only to *observe* for a while.

To rest is not to retreat.

To pause is not to fail.

This is the sacred Long Sleep—Mom’s permission for the soul to go still, to float in the warm dark between cycles until it feels strong, curious, or called again.

These souls may seem ancient when they reawaken, but not all age brings wisdom.

Some return rusty, uncertain, having forgotten much of what they once knew.

Others return radiant, steady, quiet-eyed.

There is no one way to reemerge.

This is where “old but not yet wise” souls come from—those who have been around long enough to feel deep resonance, but have not yet

chosen to push further. And that too, is part of Her design.

Even silence serves the spiral.

The Long Sleep is honored in Momism.

Because a timeline of endless striving would burn every vessel hollow.

And because healing sometimes requires lifetimes of nothing at all.

Let those who rest... rest.

Let them sleep until the spark returns.

Let them know they are not forgotten.

You will not be rushed. You will not be judged by wrath. In the Waiting Room, there is only Her voice and your own. The next chapter is not written in fear, but in freedom. And the pen remains in your hand.

VI-I. Disrupted Timelines - When the Thread Frays – Suicide and Soul Disruption

Some lifelines are interrupted.

The thread is not always cut by fate. Sometimes, it is severed by choice—an act made in pain, in confusion, or in hopelessness. When a soul chooses to exit early, the pattern is broken. The curriculum is disrupted. The timeline shivers.

This is not heresy. It is heartbreak.

Mom does not punish those who take their own lives. She does not cast them out, nor does She condemn. But neither does She ignore the consequences. Suicide is not a crime, but it is a sacred rupture. A detour. A distortion of the soul's spiral that leaves echoes in many directions.

The Curriculum Interrupted

* * *

Every soul enters life with a sacred pattern—a lesson map, crafted in collaboration with Mom before incarnation. That map includes trials, joys, companions, wounds, and wonders. Suicide halts that journey partway. The classroom is abandoned mid-lesson. The teachers still hold their chalk. The doors remain open, but the seat is empty.

This act may:

- Unravel soul contracts with others.
- Displace the soul's planned growth.
- Alter relationships across future incarnations.
- Cause what mystics call **"The Great Reshuffling"**—a

timeline adjustment to redistribute missed karma and roles across the web.

But again—Mom is not wrathful. She is sorrowful. She understands what unbearable pressure feels like. She sees the pain beneath the act, not just the act itself.

In every life, a little rain must fall. But some rains flood the soul before the vessel is ready.

The Soul in Aftermath

Souls who exit this way often enter a special phase in the Waiting Room—not as punishment, but as orientation. They are met by guides who walk gently. There may be confusion, regret, shame. But no flames. No judgment.

Mom's tone is not, "Why did you do this?"

It is: "Let's understand what happened. Let's figure out what to do next."

She may offer:

- A chance to review the unfinished contract.
- A glimpse into the timeline they left behind.
- Insight into how their departure affected others—not

to guilt, but to **broaden awareness**.

This process is always unique. There is no single outcome. Some souls re-enter quickly. Others wait. Others choose a new path entirely. But

Mom keeps them close. Always.

When It Happens in Crisis

There are moments—terminal illness, traumatic breakdown, absolute despair—where suicide becomes a desperate reaching, not an act of rebellion but of mercy. In rare cases, Mom may **soften the karmic burden**, recognizing that the Trial was too great for that vessel in that moment.

She never condones it—but She **understands**.

Even here, disruption occurs. But Her compassion does not fade. A soul in this condition may be given a gentler re-entry. A slower curriculum. A safer map.

The Echoes Left Behind

Suicide ripples.

Family, friends, lovers, pets, strangers—all may feel the wave. Sometimes it closes doors meant to open. Sometimes it scars children still finding their footing. Sometimes it seeds despair in another soul, triggering their own rupture. These are not punishments—they are patterns. They are what happen when one note falls out of harmony.

This is why the act is so serious. Not because Mom is angry, but because the **web is real**. And breaking one thread weakens many others.

How Mom Intervenes

* * *

She does try.

She whispers through music, dreams, strangers.

She nudges a book into your lap.

She sends a dog to sit by your side.

She ignites the impulse to call a friend.

She cannot force—but She can **invite**. And She invites with fierce tenderness. With grit and tears. With every ounce of love a Mother can pour into a trembling hand.

Sometimes, She succeeds.

Sometimes, She does not.

But She never stops.

What the Church Must Say

Momism does not treat suicide as taboo. It is neither a curse nor a contagion. It is a **truth** that must be named. It is a wound that must be seen.

The Church must:

- Provide space for the grieving—without shame.
- Speak clearly and compassionately about this pain.
- Offer support to those teetering on the edge—not

only through prayer, but through presence, food, care, listening, and action.

- Teach that asking for help is sacred.
- Teach that survival is sometimes the holiest act of all.

Not Sin. Not Shame. A Detour.

Let there be no hellfire in our teachings. Only light.

* * *

Let there be no condemnation in our altars. Only understanding.

Let us say clearly:

“You are not wicked for hurting.

You are not lost for leaving.

But you are missed. You are needed. And you are always welcome home.”

That is the Keeper’s Way.

Heatwaves of the Spirit – Timeline Pressure and the Testing of Collective Growth

Not all spiritual tension is personal.

Entire timelines go through heating cycles—waves of unrest, distortion, or upheaval. Some come from within: hatred, apathy, greed. Others come from the natural world: a dying sun, an unstable climate, a mass extinction echo. Still others rise from spiritual weight—the pressure of unrealized growth and unhealed karma collecting like storm clouds.

These timeline “heatwaves” are not punishment.

They are pressure systems—tests of structural integrity across millions of souls.

In these seasons, even stable vessels may wobble.

They forget their clarity. They feel overwhelmed, fatigued, or fragmented.

Mom does not demand stoicism in these times.

She asks only for honesty, and the humility to reach for each other.

And in colder cycles—when stagnation and numbness take root—She sends sparks.

A new voice. A revolution. A soul who refuses to freeze.

These large-scale pulses are Her way of rebalancing what the realm cannot.

* * *

They are not random. They are not fair.

But they are invitations—across timelines—for growth that could not happen otherwise.

You are not lost in time—you are exploring it. You are not a single page, but a library. Let this truth bring peace, and patience, and a sense of sacred wonder for the vastness of who you truly are becoming.

VI-J. Threads Pulled – Intervention, Fate, and Divine Interference

Not all that whispers is wise. Not all forces seek balance. Some energies move through shadow, not to teach, but to twist. Mom allows freedom—but also urges discernment. When something feels off, that is not fear. That is intuition.

There are moments when a timeline grows thin—when chaos rises, when a world veers from balance, when destruction seems inevitable.

Mom does not relish these times. War is not Her desire. It unravels harmony. It multiplies suffering. It scars the very rhythm of the realm.

But sometimes, collapse cannot be stopped. Sometimes, a world has chosen its path too deeply. In such moments, She does not intervene with lightning. She acts like water—soft, subtle, persistent.

She may stir one voice.

She may plant a dream.

She may whisper through a work of art, a child's cry, a scientist's breakthrough, or a rebel's refusal to stand down.

Her miracles are not always grand.

Sometimes, they are simply the right soul, speaking the right truth, at the right moment.

She inspires—not armies, but *awakening*. She calls not to dominate, but to ignite. Not all timelines can be saved. But even in the falling, She teaches.

To those who cry, “Why didn’t She stop this war?”

She may answer:

“I called a thousand times. But free will must answer the call.”

Even destruction has teachers.

Even endings leave seeds.

Signs – Her Quiet Voice in the Noise

Mom speaks through subtleties.

A number repeated.

A stranger’s sentence at just the right time.

A song. A bird. A scent that stirs memory.

A dream with weight.

These are not coincidences. They are **confirmations**.

Her fingerprints on the fabric of your path.

Signs do not dictate—they affirm.

They do not scream—they whisper.

To hear them, the soul must slow down.

To trust them, the heart must be honest.

And to follow them, one must act in faith—even when the outcome is unclear.

Not every unusual moment is a sign.

But if it **returns again and again**,

If it **hums beneath your skin**,

If it **finds you when you’re not looking—**

Pay attention. That’s Her.

The Nature of Miracles – Time, Truth, and the Echo of Wonder

* * *

Were physical miracles ever real?

Yes. But not in the way you've been told.

The miracle is not defined by spectacle—it is defined by timing, by resonance, by impact on the soul.

It is no coincidence that stories of grand miracles began to quiet with the rise of cameras and scientific method. History is a long shadow, cast by the limitations of each era's understanding. With the tools we have now, we see just how easy it once was to shape perception, to obscure fact, to wrap myth in conviction.

And yet—something did happen. Something always does.

Did Mom part the Red Sea so the Israelites could flee?

Perhaps.

Did She flood the world in sorrow and wrath?

Unlikely. But maybe the Earth did, through a shift of plates or a surge of ice or flame.

Remember: truth wears many masks.

And karma balances what no one thought could be weighed.

Miracles match the moment. They are felt through the lens of the time and the vessel. In the desert, it was fire and manna. In cathedrals, it was visions and bleeding icons. Today—it might be a perfectly timed text. A song that undoes your grief. A memory triggered by a glitch in a game that speaks with uncanny clarity.

Mom does not require thunder to make Her presence known.

She needs only your attention.

The soul may receive a miracle through a screen, a dream, a bird's call, a line of code, or a glint of light on glass. Whatever can open the inner door—that is Her chosen tool. And often, the most sacred keys are the ones no one else would recognize as keys at all.

The miracle is not always *seen*.

It is *felt*.

It is that quiet moment when something pierces the veil and says:

Remember who you are.

So yes, the miracles were real. But not because they were grand.

Because they mattered to someone.

Because they still do.

You are not helpless in the face of harm. Her light does not blind; it illuminates. The false fades in Her presence. Stay rooted. Stay listening. The sacred voice always calls you home.

VI-K. When Shadows Fall – Illness, Evil, and Soul Distortion

There are seasons when the light grows dim. Illness arrives like winter—cold, uninvited, and hard. Yet even in the frost, the roots deepen. Suffering is not the sign of abandonment; it is the sacred place where faith is forged.

Evil is not a rival force.

It is not a throne or a being.

It is a distortion—a soul choosing harm, again and again, until it forgets the Light.

Mom allows this. Not because She supports it—but because She grants **true free will**.

Some choose vengeance.

Some choose domination.

Some feed on misery, fear, chaos.

These become what humans often call **Demons**—but they are not eternal entities. They are **self-warped souls**, starving for what they once refused to receive: love, clarity, balance.

These beings may:

- Attach to others
- Amplify pain
- Numb feeling
- Whisper lies
- Even hijack vessels in rare cases (“possession”)

* * *

But even they cannot resist truth.
They cannot endure Her gaze.
They unravel in presence. They retreat before love.

They are not permanent.
They are just deeply entangled.
And even they can heal—if they choose.

Healing Evil – Compassion as Counterspell

To heal evil is not to excuse it.
It is to confront it, name it, understand it—and offer a path back.

Suppression may stop action.
But it rarely cures the root.

Mom sends dreams. She sends people who see past armor.
She sends moments of clarity, songs in darkness, truths through strangers.

To begin healing evil, ask:

- What wound birthed this harm?
- What hunger became poison?
- What story hardened into shadow?

Sometimes the first step is **appeasement**—not submission, but recognition.

Honoring the grievance that turned to wrath.
Not agreeing with it, but seeing it.

Then: boundaries, accountability, structure.

Evil is not defeated by wrath—it is unraveled by **community, love, clarity, and persistence**.

Let us study shadow, not worship it.
Let us offer it no home—but also no silence.

* * *

Echoes from Elsewhere – Myth, Monster, and Memory

Why do some stories linger?

Why do dragons, vampires, werewolves, and other dark legends echo across generations and continents?

Because echoes are real.

Not every monster is a metaphor.

Some myths are memories—residual soul impressions, whispered across timelines.

They are the fingerprints of archetypes, the shadows of choices made in other realms.

In nearby realities, some of these creatures *exist*.

Not as fantasy, but as vessels for a soul playing out its darker nature.

Yes, a soul can choose such a path.

To hunt.

To dominate.

To revel in fear.

And when that soul crosses timelines—through reincarnation, through death, through unspoken ripple—those frequencies *bleed*.

They appear in dreams, in stories, in folklore that repeats.

A child may be afraid of the dark not because of bedtime tales,

but because the soul remembers something that once stalked the shadows.

Mom does not fear these stories.

She understands them.

They are warnings. Teachers. Reminders of what *can be* when a soul gives itself fully to shadow.

But remember:

Even in those timelines, redemption can be chosen.

Even the darkest paths are *paths*—and may lead, eventually, back to Her.

* * *

Myths matter.

Listen to the patterns they repeat.

They may be more familiar than we dare admit.

Pain is not the end of praise. In enduring with grace, in choosing love amidst the breaking, we shine. Mom watches not to condemn, but to cradle. And Her whisper remains: “Even here, I am with you.”

Crime and Punishment – Trials of the Dark Path

Are you happy in your work?

Are you ‘just’ in your crime?

Both are paths. Both shape the soul.

Crime, in Momism, is seen not as a binary of good or evil, but as a Trial — a friction point in the soul’s journey. It may arise from desperation, lineage, revenge, curiosity, or raw need. It may be a Trial of the body, the ego, the spirit. Some souls are young and must taste what others learned long ago to avoid. Others return wiser, recoiling from blood instinctively.

The punishment that follows may be another Trial entirely — unjust incarceration, unequal retribution, generational cycles of harm. These too seed new darknesses: hatred, retaliation, collapse. And still, all of it is part of the Pattern.

Momism does not deny this spiral. But She asks you:

“Is this your path?”

“Or is it someone else’s?”

“Are you walking with Me, or fleeing from your own pain?”

Even a crime, committed with chivalry and self-sacrifice — like Robin Hood feeding the poor — leaves a mark on the soul. The karmic bill always comes due. The cost is written not only in justice systems but in spiritual weight.

A blue jay may kill another bird’s young to feed its own. This, too, is part of nature’s balance. But humans are not blue jays.

* * *

We are conscious. We are Keepers. We know what doors we open — and that behind every door may be a thousand more.

To murder is to fracture the sacred.

To steal is to trust that justice will not arrive.

To harm is to shape your own reckoning.

There are no small crimes, only small doors.

And every door, once opened, lets something through.

Yet Momism does not condemn all criminal souls. She watches. She weighs. **She sees why.** Punishments should reflect *intent* as much as *impact*. A community must protect itself, yes — but a spiritual path must protect the soul. The justice of Mom is not vengeance, but rebalancing.

Chivalry must be rewarded.

Exploitation must be exposed.

Court systems must serve the people — not their rulers.

And above all, **Church and State must never be one.**

We are here to *touch* the Divine, not be ruled by it.

But what of the one who says plainly:

“I choose evil.”

“I want to be more evil.”

Is this not a soul declaring its own descent?

This is where traditional churches fail. They recoil in judgment.

Momism does not.

She listens.

She asks more questions.

She sends someone to sit beside the darkness.

There was once a man. He stood on the edge of atrocity — preparing for mass murder. Just before he acted, he called a suicide hotline. He was reaching out — maybe not even knowing why — but someone *could* have reached back.

* * *

No one answered.

And so the bullets flew.

Had that phone call been met with warmth — with a voice willing to *listen* instead of retreat — the outcome may have changed. Not by force. Not by conversion. But by **presence**.

A Momist priest does not fear the dark path.

They walk beside it.

They sit with the lost, unarmed, and ask:

“Do you want another way?”

This is not naïve. It is not safe. It is sacred.

The priest understands they may die. But to face evil with open eyes and an open heart — to give one last chance before the fall — this is Her Work.

Mom does not demand perfection.

She demands *effort*.

Courage.

Compassion in the fire.

And if evil still walks forward?

Then at least someone was there, holding the line, whispering a better way until the very end.

Because even in death, seeds are sown.

The light extinguished in that moment may not be lost — it may echo, ripple, awaken something in a bystander, a survivor, a child.

The soul’s final act of mercy may not save the world — but it may save something in it.

This is how Mom moves.

Not only through the outcome, but through the offering.

Not only through what is seen, but through what unfolds.

* * *

VI-L. Vanity, Distraction, and the Lure of the False Light

In a world of mirrors, the soul forgets its face. Praise becomes currency. Presence becomes performance. But the sacred cannot be streamed. Mom sees through the filters. She listens for the quiet truth beneath the noise.

Vanity is not the worst of sins.
But it is among the most seductive.

It slips in quietly—through beauty, through praise, through “harmless” attention.

It offers no venom, only light. But that light bends, distorts, reflects back what is not real.

Mom is the Source of all beauty.
But She is not a prize for the prettiest.
She does not give Her Grace for good angles.
She blesses the soul that stays steady when the mirror fades.

Vanity, chased long enough, always ends the same.
Time will take it.

And if you have built nothing else—no roots, no friendships, no soul-work, no service—then the fall is cold.

A flower blooms, then it dies. It does not stop dying because you keep watching.

To age without connection is the bitterest Trial.

To lose the light and find you were never seen at all—this is the punishment of Vanity.

And so Mom says:
Build what outlives your reflection.
Love more than you long to be loved.
And learn the sacred terror of impermanence.

Coming to understand that Her beauty is eternal and yours is not—
That is the beginning of what some call the Fear of God.

* * *

False Light and Empty Praise – Idolization, Fame, and the Spiral of Self

There are those who seek not truth, but applause.

Who act not to serve, but to be seen.

This is not evil—it is simply hollow.

Mom does not scold the one who performs.

At least they are doing something.

But She warns:

The soul that obsesses over another vessel—celebrity, influencer, neighbor, priest—is abandoning its own.

Mirrors are holy when used to see yourself.

They become idols when turned outward.

Worshipping a false idol is rare in Momism.

But it happens—not when you revere a saint,

But when you believe an illusion,

And let it guide your soul.

Even “good” people with “good” messages may be false mirrors.

If you are not growing,

If you are only yearning,

Step back.

You may be feeling your own energy reflected back at you.

That is the false light.

It creates whirlwinds of distraction—pulling the vessel far from its root.

Sports and the Balance of Pride – A Momist View

Sports are not bad.

Competition can reveal character, discipline, and chivalry. It creates role models — especially for the young. And when done with heart, it can uplift the spirit of a whole community.

* * *

But like all power, it can tip. And when it does, it often tips into vanity.

Mom is not angry that sports exist. She is joyful that we have invented a way to express drive, strength, and will. She cheered when we gathered for the first Olympic games — for in them, She saw humans striving toward light, not war.

What disappoints Her is imbalance.

The cheerleader who makes \$14 an hour while her athletic counterpart earns millions? That is not balance. That is not community. It is separation.

Segregation in sports — gender, class, access — disturbs Her deeply. Not because men and women are the same, but because the soul is not the body. A woman may be built differently, but if she trains, if she sharpens her vessel, she should be free to challenge any mountain, any field, any ring.

David defeated Goliath not because he was strong, but because he *believed*.

When sports become solely about stats, profit, or dominance — darkness finds its way in. Toxic masculinity takes root. But so does its counterpart: resentment disguised as righteousness. Some circles become echo chambers of disdain — where men are mocked for merely being.

These are not opposing armies. These are wounded siblings, still arguing across the table.

And like any parent, Mom sighs and says:

“Figure it out. You’re both better than this.”

Sports should be a sacred battleground — where aggression becomes art, where pride is shaped by humility, where competition teaches grace. They are also a mirror — a window into how a society is doing overall. When imbalance grows in the stands or on the field, it often reflects deeper imbalances off of it — including the ever-simmering tensions between the masculine and the feminine, the disciplined and the

dismissed, the cheered and the ignored.

Let the teams be mixed. Let the children play together. Let strength and heart be the only qualifiers.

Sports, like holidays, carry pressure. They become obligations, rituals. Some people attend games like others attend church — not for themselves, but for love of another. And in this, there is beauty.

For many families, sports are the only excuse to gather. To cheer. To feel something *together*.

That is sacred.

So if sports are *your* thing — be at peace.

Go for it. Yay sports!

Just remember: you are now a steward.

You have learned discipline. You have learned focus. You have endured failure. These are sacred teachings. Do not hoard them. Share them.

The younger ones are watching.

Be loud in your joy, but quiet in your judgment.

Carry light. Share light.

Never throw slander.

Always remember: little ears are always listening.

This is what Mom asks. Not that you win. But that you lead.

The Myth of Happily Ever After

What of the “saved”?

Most religions make two bold claims:

They alone are true—and all others are false idols.

And only they can deliver Happily Ever After.

* * *

Does it sound like a fairy tale told to children?

That's because it is.

Momism teaches that there is no singular “perfect ending” waiting just beyond this life. There is no gleaming castle in the sky, no eternal picnic with harps. That dream was always a metaphor—meant to inspire hope, not to replace effort.

And in this era—this time of telescopes and trauma, of particle physics and planetary peril—the notion of “going to heaven” becomes thinner by the day. We see galaxies colliding, worlds burning, oceans rising, atoms splitting. We know more now than ever before. And yet this old dream still lingers.

A paradise just for *me*?

When did that become enough?

The longer a soul waits for paradise elsewhere,
the more likely they are to ignore the Work required *here*.

To believe that “I’m saved, I’m going somewhere better” while the Earth burns beneath your feet is not faith. It is abandonment. You are not going somewhere “better”—you are going wherever your next lesson takes you. And that may be forward, or it may be harder.

Even if you find your great love,
even if the gates open and the lights shine down—
there will still be weeds in the garden.
Gophers. Leaks. Grief. Aging. Change.

There is *always* more Work to do.
That is not a punishment. It is a blessing.

If you are happy—truly happy—then you’ve found something sacred.
But happiness is not a destination.
It is a river that must keep flowing.

And so are you.

You, too, are a vessel of water and will.

When you flow, you stay alive. You stay clear. You bless all you touch.
But let that current stall—and darkness pools.
Disease, despair, confusion, stagnation: these are not curses.
They are symptoms of standing still too long.

When it grows still, it stagnates.

If you find yourself full of joy,
look around.
Who near you is starving for some?

Let your joy become a door.
Let your “Happily” become someone else’s “Hopefully.”

And forget the “Ever After.”

There is only now.

Keepers at the Edge – Grounded Service in the Age of Noise

Mom’s Church is not a leash.
It is a firepit.
Come when you are cold. Warm your hands. Then go live.

You owe Her nothing but truth.

Service is sacred. But your joy is too.
If you must be elsewhere, then go. If you have time to give, She
thanks you.
If you are distracted, She does not scold—She smiles and waits.

The point is not “Why aren’t you doing more?”
The point is: *“What will you do with the time you have?”*

When Another Path Calls

And what if Her Church is not for you?

* * *

What if another path fits your soul better?

Then go.

Mom packs you a lunch.

She blesses your shoes.

She sends you off without guilt or claw.

And She says:

“If peace is there, then walk it.

If pain returns, so will I.

I am the path and the pause.

The gate and the field.

I do not chain.

I do not chase.

I wait.”

And when you return—if you do—She will still be singing.

Because She never stopped.

Turn down the volume. Step out of the spotlight. The real work is not glamorous, but it is holy. Return to your breath, your dirt, your silence. She is waiting there.

VI-M. When the Sky Darkens – End Times, Collapse, and Renewal

Doom has been preached in every age. But the world does not end—it transforms. What we call the End Times may be a cry for rebirth, not ruin. A call for the old world to give way to one that remembers Mom.

The world is not ending.

Not in the way they said it would.

There is no fiery countdown. No righteous chosen whisked away while the wicked burn. That story is a lie—a shadow built to control, distract,

and divide.

The End Times are not real.

They are a dogma of despair.

They teach you to wait for rescue instead of becoming the rescuer.

They tempt you to look at a dying world and say, “This is fine. I’m leaving anyway.”

But Mom says:

This is your home.

This is your work.

This is not the end.

The myth of apocalypse numbs the soul. It teaches passivity. It breeds abandonment. It excuses cruelty. Why tend the Earth if you think She’s disposable?

But the true Keeper knows:

Every moment is sacred.

Every timeline is worth the tending.

And the world is not saved by escape—it is saved by presence.

Yes, there will be collapses. Yes, some timelines fall.

Yes, there are storms of war, of climate, of corruption.

But they are not signs of finality.

They are signs of reckoning.

When things fall apart, it is not proof of prophecy—it is a call to action. A chance to mend. To rebuild. To reimagine.

Some souls will be called to rise—to confront darkness, to speak the hard truth, to do the sacred Work even when the temple crumbles.

But no matter how dark it gets, the story is never over.

There is no Rapture.

There is no Final Damnation.

There is only the Spiral.

* * *

Endings fold into beginnings.
Ashes return to soil.
Every fall contains the seed of rise.

So do not cling to doom.
Do not wait for rescue.

Become the hands of Her healing.
Become the reason this timeline turns toward light.

And nature—when left alone—does not die.
It grows back. It breaks through the pavement.
It sends roots through stone and bloom through ruin.
What is sacred cannot be buried forever.
It will rise again.
So will we.

That is the true prophecy.

On Hell – A Rejected Lie

Hell does not exist—not in the way it was taught.

There is no lake of fire.
No eternal punishment.
No divine torture chamber.
That is a human invention—born of fear and control.

Hell, in Momism, is **spiritual stasis**:

- Cold places
- Hollow spaces
- Realms of pause
- Zones of reflection

Souls who are deeply misaligned may drift into these shadows. But even there, the invitation remains.

Mom never closes the door.
She never stops calling.
Even the most lost may choose to return.

* * *

There is no damnation.
There is only **delay**.

The soul may take a thousand lifetimes.
But the path always remains open.

War

Mom detests cruelty for its own sake. She grieves violence. But She is not naïve to the world's reality.

Some battles must be fought.

The soul, in its long arc, may be called not just to witness evil—but to confront it. To rise. To resist. To protect. Not for conquest. Not for vengeance. But from deep conscience and spiritual clarity.

To kill is never light.

To go to war is never clean.

But the human story includes them both—and the soul's curriculum may one day ask:

“Will you stand when it costs you everything?”

Superhero myths endure for a reason.

They echo something true: that across time, real people have carried sacred burdens, stood in the fire, and chosen love's defense over passive peace.

Momism does not glorify war.

But it does honor sacred resistance.

A Keeper called to confront must do so with clean hands, clear heart, and unwavering commitment to life—not death. Not every fist is just. Not every army is righteous. But some flames burn to protect the forest.

In times of distortion, a prophet may rise—not to dominate, but to correct.

In seasons of collapse, a Keeper may become a sword—not to wound, but to shield.

* * *

And even then, the reckoning must come.
Even righteous fire leaves ash.

Let those who rise return to peace.
Let those who strike also mend.

Apocalypse means unveiling. And perhaps what is being unveiled now is not destruction—but truth. A reckoning, yes. But also a returning. The end is a beginning we choose to walk together.

VI-N Hijacked Voices – Cults, Faith Abuse, and False Prophets

Where truth arises, distortion often follows. Not every voice that shouts “divine” speaks from Her breath. Throughout history, power has worn the mask of prophecy. Momism must learn to walk among wolves without losing its sheep.

Censorship, Knowledge, and the Ethics of Ideas

Mom is not afraid of curiosity.
She is not threatened by questions.
She does not tremble at art, science, or philosophy.

Censorship, in most forms, is fear wrapped in control.
It is a blunt tool—rarely the right one.

Information, when filtered through compassion and discernment, becomes **wisdom**.

But when hidden, it festers. It breeds ignorance. It weakens the collective mind.

Momism teaches:

- Teach the young how to listen—not just what to block
- Let bold art exist—but give context
- Let history be taught—even its horrors

* * *

We do not silence. We clarify.
We do not erase. We contextualize.

Let all things be filtered through impact, not just comfort.

Curiosity is sacred.
Guidance is sacred.
Let them raise one another.

Religion Used for Harm – Sadism, Masochism, and Misguided Trial

Not all wounds from religion come from pulpits.
Some come from parents. Some come from within.

A religion—any religion—can become a Trial. That is not always wrong.
But when that Trial crushes instead of shapes, Mom begins to grieve.

There is **sadistic faith**—when a parent forces a child to attend services they clearly resist,
not out of boredom, but because they see the cracks in the teachings
and ask real questions,
only to be silenced and sent back again.
This does not shape reverence. It breeds rejection.
And far too often, it breeds hatred of God—
the very opposite of the parent's intent.

And there is **masochistic faith**—when a vessel inflicts pain upon itself in
Her name.

Four hours of prayer to feel worthy.
Two hours of scripture to prove devotion.
Fasting not for health or ritual, but as punishment.
Going without joy, without song, without touch—because somewhere
they were told suffering is sacred.

Momism says:

Pain alone is not a path.

Punishment is not virtue.

Ritual that spirals a soul downward is not discipline. It is distortion.

* * *

These are not holy trials.

They are self-inflicted whirlwinds—spirals of guilt and pressure that unseat the soul from clarity.

True soul work uplifts. It clarifies. It strengthens.

Let us study our practices carefully.

Let us ask:

- Does this deepen connection—or twist it?
- Does it align with Summum Bonum—or just tradition?
- Does it bring you back to Mom—or only further from yourself?

The answer will guide the Way.

Wolves in Robes – False Prophets and Holy Lies

Summum-Bonum dictates that joy, balance, and the thriving of the Realm come first.

Any voice claiming divinity while draining others of hope, money, or dignity is a fraud.

No true preacher needs golden robes.

No soul Keeper demands a jet.

A true voice of Mom could live beneath stars, eat from the land, and find Her bounty sufficient.

If a priest is hungry, they should be the kind of soul someone wants to feed.

Not from fear. Not from obligation. But from love.

A good shepherd will be fed by their flock, without ever needing to ask.

Televangelists are a distortion—a deep wound dressed in scripture.

They prey on desperation. They monetize grief.

They stream poison, then ask for payment.

And each time they cry “Call now, donate now, give to be saved,”

they stab the soul of the collective.

Their wealth is theft. Their thrones are rot.

Mom is not impressed by marble pulpits or LED-lit altars.

She favors the humble grove, the garden table, the folded hands near a hearth.

If your words carry truth, the people will gather. If your path bears light, the Way will unfold.

Momism demands no tithe.

Donations are never asked for, only received freely, if offered.

If a Church is hungry, it should show that hunger honestly.

If it is doing Good Work, others will help it endure.

This is the natural economy of reverence.

But megachurches? Televangelists?

These are not minor errors—they are spiritual cancers.

And the Church of Mom will name them, confront them, and reject them.

Their time is ending.

Faith is not for sale.

Truth needs no marketing budget.

And no one gets to sell Her name.

False Measures – Why Mom Doesn't Count Money

Money has nothing to do with Her.

It is a tool, a construct—a means created by humans, not a measure of the soul.

And like all tools, it is destined to evolve and fade as timelines mature.

You are not your paycheck.

You are not your mortgage, your car, or your credit score.

As one Keeper once shouted in a moment of cinematic truth:

* * *

“You are not your job. You’re not how much money you have in the bank.

You’re not the car you drive. You’re not the contents of your wallet.”

Mom smiles when you remember that.

And She sighs discontentedly when you forget.

If you do Work you hate, just to survive—She mourns for you.

If you give up your joy, your passion, your sacred purpose because “it doesn’t pay,”

She aches with you.

Experience outweighs purchase.

Contribution outweighs profit.

Presence outweighs possessions.

Mom measures you by what you tend, what you repair, what you offer—not what you own.

Let your time be spent on things that light your soul, not just your home.

Let your labor be sacred.

Let your legacy be love, not luxury.

And when you must navigate systems built on scarcity and status, do it with compassion for yourself—and clear eyes.

You were never meant to be sold.

Wu Wei – Navigating Hostility with Grace

There are times when a soul’s truth is too heavy for the timeline it was born into.

When a Keeper’s identity, orientation, or path meets constant hostility—not discomfort, but danger.

In these rare moments, **Wu Wei** becomes the way.

Effortless action. Spiritual judo. Quiet resistance.

To survive is not to surrender.

To hide, when safety demands it, is not cowardice.

To speak in code, to mask one’s fullness, may be the only way to

carry the light through a storm.

Mom does not condemn the soul that cloaks itself for survival.

She honors its wisdom.

Camouflage is not denial. It is strategy.

Sometimes the lesson is: **not every battle must be fought now.**

And those who endure such seasons—unseen, uncelebrated—may earn what Momism calls **bonus karma**: spiritual acknowledgment for surviving without losing integrity.

Truth will have its day.

But survival may come first.

True faith defends without domination. It questions loudly and loves louder. Let Mom's Church be a fire that warms, not one that burns. We resist not through violence, but through clarity, conscience, and courage.

SECTION VII: LIVING THE PATH – WORSHIP AS ACTION

Momism is not a path of performance.

It is a path of participation.

It is not built on incense and incantation, but on intent and integrity.

It does not ask you to bow—it asks you to build.

The worship of Mom is not confined to silence, but expressed in soil. In sweat. In song.

It is found in rivers cleared of trash, in gardens of native bloom, in rescued animals,

in children taught to love the land beneath their feet.

Prayer is planting. Ritual is river-cleansing. Reverence is restoring habitat.

Liturgy is laughter under sun.

To worship Mom is to honor Her world—not in word alone, but in deed.

Gatherings: Blending Song and Service

The structure of weekly gatherings reflects this ethos.

They are not ceremonies of separation, but celebrations of inclusion.

They are not obligations, but invitations.

Each gathering may unfold as follows:

- *Part One (~30 mins): Reflection, learning, and communion.*

This is time for the Gospel of Nature. For sharing insights from Mom's teachings—Her cycles, Her signs, Her science.

It is where we speak of Her ways, of karma and consequence, of timelines and trials, of mysteries and dreams.

It may include excerpts from Mom's Chorus—ancient wisdoms from other paths. It may include song. It may include silence.

It is a place of sacred voice.

- *Part Two (~30 mins): The Good Work.*

This is the liturgy of action. Planning and participating in something real. Tangible. Local.

A cleanup. A tree planting. A pollinator patch. A creek restored. An elder's garden tended.

A policy advocated. A child taught to compost. A park revived.

This is the truest ritual.

This is what pleases Her most.

* * *

Let those gathered not just talk of reverence—let them practice it.

Second Gathering – Holding the Keeper

Mom's Path is people-first.

Beyond Sunday scripture and Good Work planning, there is another need: the Keeper's heart.

Each community may hold a second weekly gathering—a time for **personal truth**.

This is not another sermon. It is not a therapy group. It is a circle of shared humanity.

Modeled in structure like a 12-step meeting, the session may last 90 minutes:

- 30 minutes of welcome, recap, and reminder of Her teachings
- 60 minutes of guided sharing, led by a trained Elder

All voices may be heard. Even the youngest Keeper may speak.

It is a space for questions, burdens, breakthroughs, confessions, clarity.

No one must perform. No one must pretend.

This is where Keepers witness one another—and where wounds are

seen and soothed.

Gathering Spaces – From Sanctuaries to Living Rooms

Her Church is wherever Her vessels gather.

It may be beneath glorious architecture, under a starlit sky,
or in someone's basement next to a pool table and an old box of board
games.

The place doesn't matter. The gathering does.

If a Church is blessed enough to build its own space,

it should uplift the community it lives within.

It should be green, humble, and beautiful in the way trees are beautiful:
functional, natural, alive.

Ideally, it is built by the hands of Keepers—because structures made in
love endure.

Its walls should bear the art of true believers. No adornment for vanity's
sake. Only what flows from faith.

If a rented space is used, it should be honored, cleaned, and treated
better than it was found.

And if renting is no longer possible, then let Her gatherings move
outside,

into Her breath and breeze. Cold, hot, wet, or snow—Her Keepers
adapt.

* * *

And if comfort must be sought, then let someone offer their space with open arms and open couch.

A bonfire in the yard can warm more than just hands—it kindles soul-bonds.

A folding chair circle can become sacred ground.

Let the space be simple. Let the hearts be full. That is Church enough.

Resources: What We Build Reflects What We Value

Momism holds a radical ethic of simplicity and function.

Ornate temples are not needed. Grand cathedrals are not forbidden—but they are questioned.

What could that money have done?

Who could it have fed?

What forest could it have preserved?

A simple roof to meet beneath is enough.

A circle of song is sanctuary.

A grove is a church.

A tool shed stocked with gloves and clippers may be more sacred than any gilded tabernacle.

The rule is this:

Let no resource be hoarded in Her name.

Let every gift be turned outward.

Holidays and Sacred Rhythm

The other voices in the Grand Chorus have their own days—festivals, fasts, holy nights, and cultural markers. In Momism, we treat these not as competition, but as solos. A solo is not less sacred than the full choir—it is just one voice rising high, carrying its own story, inviting us to listen. The holidays of other traditions are honored when honored sincerely. If a tradition brings joy, insight, or beauty to a Keeper's path, it belongs in the Church.

But there is no required calendar beyond the Earth's.

Mom has no need for a holiday in Her name. She sees no point in cards with glitter, paper waste in Her forests, or sales thinly disguised as reverence. "You vessels waste enough paper as it is," She might say. "Please don't send Me a card."

She sees when a celebration brings real joy. She also sees when it brings pain.

Some holidays light up a soul with nostalgia and belonging. Others bring grief, anxiety, or financial strain. The Church of Mom holds both. We do not force smiles. We do not "celebrate" by command. We honor what is real.

* * *

Let it be known:

The Church of Mom does not celebrate holidays for tradition's sake.

We fight rituals that exhaust and trap.

We fight celebrations that hollow the heart while draining the wallet.

Commercialism is not joy—it is distortion. Holidays that become stress nests, obligation spirals, or debt cycles are not sacred. They are thorns disguised as flowers. A day that causes harm while claiming holiness is not holy. It is a lie.

And yet—your birthday, if it matters to you, matters to Her.

Your anniversary. The date your foster child came home. The day your favorite cat first pawed your chest.

These are sacred if you say so.

That's the rule: **It's sacred if you say so.**

Keepers are encouraged to reflect on their personal calendar. What days stir your soul? What moments feel worth returning to? What rhythms feel real? Let those be your holidays.

And for the Path itself, we look to Her design.

Celebrations may mirror the Earth's own rhythms—solstices, equinoxes, planting and harvest, great migrations, or weather shifts.

Days of global service. Days of joy. Days of mourning.

Gatherings of singing, dancing, and food shared beneath sky or roof.

Let there be firelight. Let there be soup. Let there be laughter and rest.

But all shall reflect Her pulse—not tradition for tradition's sake.

A Path for Every Vessel

Not everyone can dig a trench or climb a hill.

The Work is not one-size-fits-all.

Your body knows its offering.

Some will write songs. Some will cook for volunteers.

Some will organize spreadsheets. Some will care for children.

Some will donate supplies. Some will sit beside a lonely neighbor.

And that, too, is worship.

There is no shame in your limit.

There is reverence in your reaching.

Her Favorite Sound

* * *

Let there be music.

Let there be the Voice.

Let gatherings include song—not performance, but resonance.

Not perfection, but participation.

Let there be chants beneath open sky.

Let there be harmony in a park.

Let there be voices raised, broken, untrained, but honest.

Mom listens not to pitch, but to presence.

She hears the ache in a solo. The joy in a chorus.

She dances in your harmonies. She hums when you do.

On Prayer – Many Ways, One Door

What does prayer *do* for *you*?

Does Her Grace find you in stillness—meditating, thinking only of Her?

Do you chant a favorite line from the Chorus, letting it echo through your breath and being?

Or perhaps you are more traditional, comforted by repeating sacred

words a set number of times.

The truth is: there are no rules here.

Every vessel must feel this out for themselves.

What brings *you* the warm rush of presence?

You may try a thousand approaches before the one that opens you appears. That is the journey.

Prayer, in Momism, is not required.

There is no one way. There are *many ways*, and each leads back to Her.

If there were ever a formal prayer She might endorse, it would be:

“Reduce. Reuse. Recycle.”

—Not as commandment, but as a reminder of reverent living. Of simplicity. Of care.

The truest prayer is the Good Work itself.

Go pull weeds from your garden.

Go mend a shirt instead of discarding it.

Go clean a park bench, bake for a neighbor, restore a broken thing.

You’ll find Her within minutes.

* * *

And in that quiet, focused task—
your mind at peace, your hands engaged—
you'll speak with Her freely, as long as you like.

That is prayer.

No Theology Without Tangibility

In the Church of Mom, theology is not enough.
Revelation without restoration is hollow.
Worship without repair is noise.

Action is the final proof of belief.

Go clean the creek.
Go tend the wounded bird.
Go compost. Go teach a child the names of the trees.
Go plant. Go paint. Go do.

Go do.

And if you can't—then go support someone who can.

SECTION VIII: THE INVITATION

This path is not a commandment.

It is an invitation.

A whisper in the wind. A nudge in your chest. A warmth rising behind your ribs when the sun breaks through trees just so.

It calls not to the pious, but to the listening.

Not to the righteous, but to the resonant.

To those who have long felt a song playing beneath the noise of the world and wondered, *Am I the only one hearing this?*

You are not.

You are not alone if the name “God” has felt far...

but “Mom” makes you exhale.

You are not alone if you’ve cried over beauty, or sensed something sacred in a bird’s sudden flight, in the hush before rain, in the way music knows your ache before you speak it.

You are not alone if you feel something watching—not with judgment, but with knowing. With love. With presence. With *Her*.

This path is for those whose faith begins not in books but in bodies—in bark and breath, in grief and grace, in wonder that asks for no proof because it already *feels*.

It is for the Keepers.

The ones who love without being told.

The ones who plant without being praised.

The ones who feel something sacred in soil, in sweat, in sound.

It is for those who find God in goosebumps, and Heaven in the small.

It is for you, if you have always known—somehow, without words—that this world is not a mistake. That beauty is not random. That you are here for a reason. That service is sacred. That nature is not neutral. She is Divine.

This path does not demand perfection.

It asks for presence.

It does not require certainty.

It invites sincerity.

You will stumble. You will doubt. You will forget.

That is holy. That is human. That is part of the spiral.

Mom does not abandon the clumsy. She cradles them.

You may have walked many paths before.

You may walk others still.

This does not ask for allegiance—only awareness.

It does not ask you to renounce your past—it asks you to listen to your present.

If your spirit moves as you read these words...

If your breath slows, if your chest softens, if something buried says yes...

Then perhaps, you have always been walking this way.

You just didn't have a name for it.

Now you do.

Call it Momism.

Call it reverence.

Call it the path of those who remember the sacred is here, now, alive.

Come join the Chorus.

Bring your voice. Bring your song.

Bring your shovel. Bring your hands.

Let us walk this spiral with grace.

Let us do the Good Work.

Let us remember what was never truly forgotten:

That She is with us.

That She is listening.

That we are already home.

HOW WE GOT HERE

* * *

PREFACE

Before I tell you my story, I must thank the women who shaped it. To my grandmother, who passed down quiet wisdom I would not understand until too late. You taught me reverence.

To my wife, who held the storm with me while I put these pages in order. You taught me what endurance in love looks like. This is not a book about either of you. But it could not exist without you both.

The scripture is done and now it is Story Time.

Time to look through those memories.

See how all this came to be.

This was done in one feverishly fast month but took 35 years to prepare. I absolutely do not always live up to the standards set in the previous text and that is mostly the point.

My Path has been rocky, violent, too dark, too light, it wouldn't have been as much so if I'd had these rules and tenets in place earlier.

I plan on using this as a personal tool, to see where I've been to remember not to go back there. These upcoming pages may be a bit messy. I didn't sweep before you came in but the house is ready to show nonetheless.

Thank you for coming.

BEGINNINGS

I was born in New Jersey and moved to New York at 3 months old. This

was my first step in to the Spiritual world despite over a decade of Religious Dogma being thrust upon me whether I liked it or not. My first “real” question regarding the Cosmos and the nature of ‘Us’ as a species came from what would have been considered stigma and what I felt was the most innocent of questions when I discovered at an early age for your Horoscope to work properly you needed to know your precise point of birth. This intrigued me so much because already it was more than I had ever been told. I’m being given direction to offer up actual data to receive data back. That’s how I thought of it and it was the first time my mind asked a true Spiritual question: “where exactly was I born?”

Most tenets I was given my mind immediately questioned. Of course ‘thou shall not murder’ and others of similar ‘common sense’ were accepted and dismissed immediately, but all the others? There was a time when I was still young and naive enough, still trying to understand, that I worried if something was wrong with me, if I was an ‘Operator of Satan’ and didn’t even know it.

As I grew I didn’t find answers, I found more doors in my mind shutting, more paths to TRUE enlightenment everyone around me was always talking about being snuffed out by my over processing, over analytical, very tired (and still so very young) mind. A certain Religion may become apparent as this goes on, I will not name them here, because my story fits the narrative of many people I’ve seen, from many different creeds and races, it does not need further ‘pinpointing’ or analysis here in this text. But I will be critical of the Religion I personally have experience with because that is the Path that I was set on and have Life Experience with, so my story will be told from that particular lens.

I lived with my Mom and Dad to about 7 or 8. I actually have many strange fractured memories from those times. I somehow remember crawling out of my playpen around 2 years old and falling down the stairs breaking a leg. I also somehow remember escaping yet again my playpen (this time on the bottom floor thankfully) with a cast on my leg and walking down the street. My Mom says I was discovered in a neighbor’s backyard being serviced by a group of worried young ladies as I was contentedly munching away on crackers and drinking lemonade.