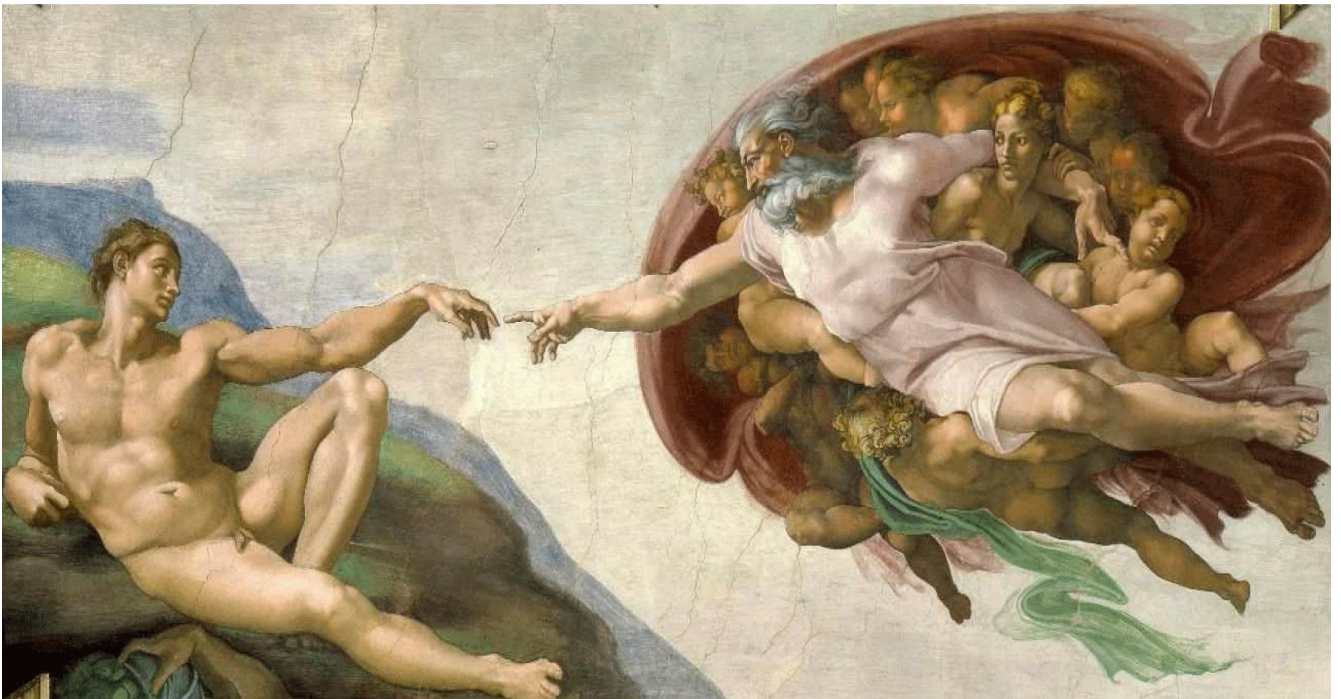


**THE
LIFE AND TIMES
OF THE LORD YAHWEH GOD, THE
FATHER**



CRISTO RAÚL DE YAVÉ Y SIÓN

I am the Beginning and the End

CHAPTER I

THE STORY OF THE UNCREATION. THE CHILDHOOD OF GOD

I

Eternity, the Infinite, and God were born together. There was no “before” and no “after.” Nor were the three members of the Uncreated Trilogy born in the way that human beings understand the act of being born.

Does the Infinite have a father? What mother shall we give to Eternity? What date of birth shall we enter in God’s family register? What age shall we ascribe to a Being who is one with Space, Time, and Matter? How shall we speak of the age of the universe without referring to a fragment of the line of God’s existence in the Infinite and Eternity? And how high will be the mountain of events created by a Being who has lived since eternity?

A cosmos uncreated by origin, indestructible by nature, intelligent by vocation, a born adventurer, an irrepressible lover of Life and its worlds, whose life is a perpetual adventure through the uncharted seas of the galaxies. With what words could we sketch on the canvas of our understanding the image of that Divine Being constantly navigating the ocean of galaxies?

What boundaries shall we set for His universe? What properties for His spacetime? How many pages would the chronicles of His adventures span?

There He goes. The stars part at His voice; the constellations greet Him as He passes. The lion of Mercury races across the plain amid fields of planets of every atypical, singular, slender, and subtle color; His Great Spirit catches up to him and shouts, “Fly, creature, follow me to the farthest reaches of the universe.” A galaxy like a lake of caramel-colored light, with

Jupiter's dawn at its core, holds within its waters dolphins wearing infrared goggles, leaping from star system to star system; suddenly they see the Great Spirit—He, God—running alongside the lion of Mercury, and they set off in pursuit through the spaces where the Dawn dwells.

With what eyes will God see the colors of a field of energy whose arms embrace ten thousand constellations? With what mane of hair, flowing in the wind of the galaxies, will He feel the breeze that sweeps through infinite spaces? With what hands and feet does His Great Spirit scale the luminous peaks of the invisible, parallel, lost, setting, and fugitive universes? How will God be affected by the time it takes to reach the plain on the other side of the most remote star clusters? In which stellar directions will His heart extend its joys when He finds Himself on the other side of the banks of a belt of galaxies? How does His heart react when it senses the birth of life in the depths of the sea of submerged constellations?

The pearl of life in its celestial oyster. A world, another world, a new civilization with its own unique characteristics, with its own particularities—another challenge from the primordial clay to the creative and destructive fire of all things. He, God, advances through the waves of the cosmic seas, discovering new worlds; from star cluster to star cluster, He carries the joy of the immortal adventurer to unknown shores. He spreads the wings of His Great Spirit and launches Himself at infinite speed across the cosmic plains; He feels the impulse of the wind that traverses the subtle realms and now plays with the light, pretending to be its rider and the light his shining steed; now he transforms it into a ray that he gathers in his quiver, from which luminous arrows are shot into the snowy sky, embedding themselves in the heart of a nova and transforming it into a supernova. He has Eternity ahead of Him; Infinity stretches out all around Him. That was His world, His universe, His original paradise. It had no beginning, it would have no end. Wherever His Spirit turned, the stars and their luminous seas extended their shores.

How many star systems can be traversed in an eternity? How many pages will we count in the book of His life? How many branches will we count on the tree of His experience? How many worlds, how many races, how many civilizations did God know before He revolutionized the structure of His world and transformed cosmic reality into His own Creation? What is the capacity of His memory? How many memories did His mind store before bringing about, in that uncreated universe of His, the final transformation of which we are the fruit?

II

Indeed, the Uncreation was God's Childhood. Everything that He—God—knew and had been had always been there. Forms changed, but God—

He—did not remember that there had ever been anything else before. And He did not remember it because there had not been. That is to say, before Creation came the Uncreation, but before the Uncreation there was nothing else. The Infinite, Eternity, and God were the members of the Cosmic Trilogy. Everything passed, everything flowed—the life and death of worlds, the birth, disappearance, and rebirth of galaxies. It had always been this way: forms disappeared, but the essence remained. Death reduced everything that lived to dust, yet from the cosmic dust the phoenix of life was always reborn. The leaves fell from the branches of the Tree of Life when the wind of Death blew; the branches were left bare, fragile in their nakedness, but in the end the fire of life was reborn in the sap of the universes and the tree was once again clothed with fruits more beautiful, splendid, and bountiful. God, how He loved His world! The Infinite and Eternity had cast a spell on Him with their Wisdom. They were father and mother to Him; and He was to them the reason why everything remained in constant motion.

How, then, to enter—where to enter—to pass through and contemplate the memory of the One who was the reason, the cause, the meaning of the existence of all things? And if we were to compare each universe to a cell of a tree, how could we calculate on paper the number of the Tree of Life? Or how could we guess the names by which He was known—He who remained forever while all things passed away? And how could we feel the divine experience of the One who wandered from universe to universe, carrying with Him the joy of existence to all the worlds wherever He went?

Where to go, where not to go? What a question! Wherever the wind blows, wherever the light of a new universe's dawn heralds its birth, toward the far reaches beyond the East, where adventure lurks, where no one has ever been before. Because the most beautiful is always yet to come, because the most beautiful is always what has not yet been seen—forward, let the suns celebrate and dance the dance of the magical bees! God flies on the wings of the eagle of the stars; he approaches riding the horse of distant universes; trotting, he draws near; he dismounts on the banks of the River of Life; he gives his steed a drink; he gazes at the horizon and smiles because, above the high peaks of distant star clusters, he has discovered the radiance of a snow star. Nothing stops Him. His pulse never falters. He knows no fear. Nor does He know anything other than the joy of adventure. He does not know what envy is, nor evil. He has never been at war. He did not need to know the truth, because He did not know falsehood.

The truth was He, God; the truth was the Infinite; the truth was Eternity. The truth was the colors of the rainbow shining beneath a fierce summer sun. The truth was a field in bloom in spring. The truth was a nascent world beneath a sun of polished diamonds, three moons orbiting the mother planet, a swarm of ships setting out on a journey through the

galaxy of origin, and then the silence of souls returning to the primordial clay of Life. How could one not marvel, how could one not laugh, how could one walk right by and reject Life's invitation to take part in its adventure! He who was uncreated became a character, allowed himself to be inscribed in the register of the dreamed-of history, and there he let himself be filled with wonder at the creative genius of Wisdom.

Thus did He spend His Childhood. Such was the childhood of God.

III

But one day a desire awoke within Him, God. That day God had a desire. And that desire bore within its core the entire imprint of the heart in whose bosom He was born.

Let's see: Wisdom was His sister; She moved all things for Him; for Him, She converted energy into matter and launched it into space, illuminating the distances with those fireworks at the origin of new universes; then She sowed the seed of life in the new stellar fields, and the universes filled with creatures. At the end of time, Life yielded its place to the waves of Death. And all creatures vanished from the universe like castles on a beach washed away by the tide. Yes! All of them, without exception, vanished through the fingers of time like water, like desert dust. Such was the fate of all creatures during the Uncreation. It had always been so. Life and Death were part of the uncreated cosmological system. Only through God and for God did the cosmic clay take shape; Wisdom breathed the breath of life into the clay of the worlds, and it became animated, beings. But only for a time. In due course, Life gave way to Death, and its waves dried up that primordial clay from which all creatures had been formed. Dust returned to dust. Ashes to ashes. Only He, God, was indestructible. Then He, God, said to Himself:

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the creatures of His universe were born to enjoy Immortality? Wouldn't it be great if, upon returning from His journeys across those remote and unknown seas, His heart filled with fabulous adventures, He were to reunite—like one returning home—with His beloved friends?

Yes, immortality for all creatures in the universe! This was His dream. Such was His desire. A beautiful desire.

And He held it with such intensity that, with His eyes wide open, God already saw His universe transformed into a paradise inhabited by countless worlds. Peoples from distant galaxies and planets sharing at the table of that Civilization of civilizations the same bread, the achievements and advancements of their original societies. A universe full of life and color. Like swarms of little birds roaming the open-air forests, like multitudes of

creatures galloping across the plains. And He running, flying with them, opening up horizons for them, charting new paths for them among the stars. In the dream inspired by His desire, God already saw Himself diving into the depths of the cosmic ocean in search of new pearls. And Wisdom, His sister, His companion in adventure, leaving Him clues among the stars, astonishing Him with a new triumph over the divine capacity to be surprised. She would make His dream a reality. The daughter of Infinity and Eternity would clothe all living beings in immortality.

This was the desire that grew in God's heart. The question is: Could that dream be realized?

Well, as for Him, He had no doubt whatsoever. His Faith in the Power of Creative Wisdom to overcome the challenge set before Him—the creation of immortal life—knew no Doubt. In any case, the question remained, and its implications were no less vast and profound: what consequences would such a transformation of state have on the Uncreated Cosmic System? Naturally, God was beyond the implications and their consequences. His Faith in Creative Wisdom was so unwavering that it never occurred to Him to doubt its Power to bring about such a transformation of state. He set to work. Now then, where should he begin to make his dream a reality? With the immortality of the species as the first stage toward the immortality of the individual, for example? Of course. Perfect!

IV

Can we imagine, comprehend, or recreate what God experienced from that point onward, what God did from that day forward? An extraordinary Being rises among the stars; His purpose is to unite all the worlds that appear and disappear in space and time and to create a Civilization of civilizations that will overcome all the problems posed by the challenge of Immortality. Bringing all the worlds together into a Universal Whole, that Civilization of civilizations would open itself to the cosmos of galaxies— — that extend to Infinity. God would stand at the head of that Cosmic Empire. He would guide the first worlds to meet the last, unite them all, and teach them to be free, to enjoy the wonders of the universe. And there would always be more. God put the experience He had gained from His encounters with worlds of all kinds at the service of His dream. And, enamored of His dream—Immortality for all creatures—He set to work. He opened routes among the stars and gates among the constellations, discovered new worlds, and extended His Scepter over their civilizations; He gave the kingdoms that were taking shape their Constitutions. He guided their technological evolution toward the encounter in the third phase, integrated all the kingdoms thus formed into an Empire, and united the Crown to His Person. He Himself became part of that World of worlds as the King of kings and

Lord of lords, in whose Word all peoples found their guarantee of growth and peaceful, free coexistence. His Word was the Word, and the Word was God.

V

And so it was. Over time, that Universal Empire grew and extended its borders to the most remote stars of the uncreated heavens.

How can we sketch on the canvas of our imagination the characteristics and nature of that Civilization of civilizations that spread its glory across the sea of stars? What library on the origins and history of the Empire—into which God had transformed the Uncreated—came into being over time? Of how many particular histories was its universal history composed? How many sciences did the sages of that Empire master, record, and cultivate?

Wisdom—invisible and beautiful, loving and joyful—extended its protection and intelligence from its luminous and transparent throne over all its creatures, and in all things its marvelous soul manifested itself, moving everything with a single purpose: to reveal to God the laws that govern the Universe. This, His universe, was filled with joyful and adventurous worlds, each with a single concern in life: to enjoy the time of existence granted to each individual. For although life was beautiful, magnificent, and awe-inspiring, and the desire to live was never-ending, the fact remained that time was limited and the passage of creatures through the world was fleeting. Like the spring clouds that, over their May graves, mourn their final days before the cradle of summer; like the flow of the river that crosses the land from east to west yet draws near the ocean with insatiable thirst—so was the life of all beings in that Empire which God had raised with His own hands and loved so dearly. The pain of that final embrace, the loss of the friend who vanished while you were traveling, the tear you did not catch from that nightingale that died with the sorrow of not having breathed its last in your arms, O Lord, the tender murmur of a prince whom you loved with the affection of a brother and who vanished into the mists of his innocence, showering you with kisses, blessings, and love for the days you gave him, for having given him the chance to know you, for having made his life a story worth living even though his breath was subject to the law of final silence. Ah, the rustling of the rose as its petals die between the fingers of the storm. The announcement of the end of perfect happiness— —written in blood upon a future defenseless against the arrow that unerringly seeks his chest. It pierces his core, tears apart his thoughts; the spear reaches even his heart.

VI

One day Death awoke from his slumber and claimed for himself the crown and scepter. I mean, if they tell you that He of whom it is said to be God cannot make His desire a reality, then what do you say in reply?

If you are wise or simply aspire to wisdom, you will answer that that divine desire—immortality for all creatures—implied a structural revolution whose consequences would reach God Himself. If you are one of those who always opt for the easy path and choose the option of the ignorant, you will answer that that Being cannot truly be God, because for a True God, nothing is impossible.

Well, that's what happened. Over time, God overcame the first phase of His Desire and transformed His universe into an Empire of Worlds originating from the most diverse stars in the most remote solar systems. He was moving toward the final phase of His project—Immortality for the Individual—when Doubt arose. I mean, the Worlds had attained Immortality and counted their years in never-ending millions, but the individual remained mortal. And this is where the problem arose. As long as the individual was born to die, and Immortality did not fit into the formal structure of his logic, life did not suffer Death. But when the individual came to know that the possibility of Immortality existed and discovered that the source of that possibility lay in the King of kings and Lord of lords of that Empire of the stars—He, God—the idea of living immortal lives yet having to die inevitably caused a violent clash within the mental framework of some of the living.

“For if He is the True God, and nothing can be denied to a True God because everything is possible for Him, how is it that, while desiring immortality, we find ourselves subject to death?” asked the ignorant—and, because of their ignorance, the violent.

This question—so fundamentally logical, so rationally simple—was the breeding ground where Doubt took root. And Doubt led to the Denial of God's existence. And within the very flesh of that Denial, the virus of War incubated.

Since the King of kings and Lord of lords of the Empire of the Stars was not God in the full theological and existential sense of the word, surely there must be some way to destroy Him. All that remained was to find the weapon that would destroy Him.

VII

That Universal War took place before the creation of our Cosmos. That Apocalyptic War had its origin in Doubt, and Doubt led everyone to Destruction. It was a war that divided all the worlds and pitted them against one another to the death. The violent faction—the faction that denied the

existence of God and considered the King of kings dead as soon as they discovered the ultimate weapon— this side chose the fate of the ignorant, embraced the madness of fools, and embarked on an evolution along twisted lines toward the transformation of the being into a new species of infernal creature, addicted to Power, enamored of War, with its will as law, and its law beyond good and evil. They discovered the Science of good and evil and carried it to its ultimate consequences. The path chosen by the wise—Faith, love of Truth, even if they could not comprehend it—this path loved God and refused to accept the argument of the violent ones’ materialistic atheism. They agreed that the argument of the ignorant opened a breach in the Universal Faith regarding the origin of the Empire of the Worlds, for it was certainly incomprehensible that Death should not bend its knees before God. And yet, who were they? Exactly—who were they to understand how this conflict between Life and Death—which God Himself had brought about through His own will—was affecting the very structure of Universal Reality? Of course not; the sages, peaceful by virtue of their wisdom, never accepted the validity of the argument underlying the scientific atheism of the violent ones. What lay behind that irrational denial of God’s existence if not an uncontrollable passion for Power? Where the apostles of atheism wanted to lead them was into a universal war, from which—against all wisdom—they hoped to emerge victorious in order to impose a demonic status quo on everyone. And the matter should be left at that. This was the truth, and no matter how much scientific ingenuity the Fathers of Doubt employed to twist their arguments, this was the light of truth that shone at the heart of their systems of thought. What was the difference between Doubt and Madness? Ignorance of the nature of the cosmic conflict that God, in His innocence, had brought about: the Fathers of Doubt by Method cloaked it in science, then turned science into a new religion—Scientific Atheism—and subsequently declared war on Faith. Faith, because it knew God, and even though in its heart it could not comprehend the nature of the conflict that His desire had provoked in the Pre-Creation, knew that that war would be the beginning of the end of all things. This argument from the sages—peaceful by virtue of their wisdom—was of no use whatsoever to the lords of war.

Doubt was the truth;
Doubt was within them,
they were the Truth.

With such a logical structure—corrupting Logic to the point of twisting it and transforming it into the irrationality typical of demonic beasts—the evil ones responded to the good ones.

VIII

When He—God—discovered what was happening, His eyes froze in their sockets. And they remained frozen there because He did not understand and could not comprehend what was happening.

Was that War? What was its origin, and what was its goal? What were the enemies of His Empire seeking, and what mysterious force dwelt in their rebellious and incorrigible hearts?

Power. The exercise of Power had turned into the madness of Power. Power drove those who exercised it mad. Ah, the madness of Power. How was it possible that a creature born to be but a breath of matter dared to raise its voice against God? Was this madness for Power one of the effects of the Science of Good and Evil?

IX

At first it was like a fire breaking out; you put it out and think the problem is solved. But you turn around and see another fire growing and devouring some other part of your world. You run, you arrive, you put this one out too, and once again you think it will never happen again, because everyone sees that the end to which everyone who falls into the snares of the Science of Good and Evil is led is to return to the dust from which they were taken. There is no mercy, no destiny. No tear is enough to extinguish this fire.

The violence in the conflict between Good and Evil grows at the same geometric progression as the fires it creates around itself. No sooner do you put out one than twice as many spring up further away. You put those out, and the geometric progression continues its course. Two more fires spring up further away. You run toward them, put them out, and twice as many spring up in the distance. Before you know it, the geometric progression itself has surrounded you, and you find yourself in Hell. Its flames are devouring everything you have built with your own hands. You oppose it, you resist, you declare the final war on your enemies—because you are the enemy, the target Hell seeks. The worlds are merely pawns in a game that eludes you but is as real as the mass destruction of the worlds that were once the pride of your eyes. What have those worlds become? Dust drifting aimlessly like nebulae, carrying within them all that remains of what you once loved.

That is how it was. That Empire of Worlds, which had the God of Infinity and Eternity as its Founder and King of kings, perished in the war of its own apocalypse

X

The speed with which I have passed through the memory of the forging and destruction of that Empire must not blind my intellect when it comes to the calculations at the foot of which I have laid the limits of my thought. What was cannot be changed; only what will be has been placed in our hands, and if it is already difficult to steer the course of what is toward what will be, how dare we venture into matters that existed before the birth of the first galaxy that fills our Cosmos!

The fact was that, with the taste in His mouth of one who ate a sweet only to have the cake burst in His stomach, God found Himself alone upon the ashes of that graveyard that the Science of Good and Evil had left in its wake. That Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil offered God its fruit, and God did not take it. He did not reach out His hand. Death tempted Him, but He was not deceived. Not for anything in the world was He willing to become a God of gods—all outside the law, all immune to the arm of justice. He would rather face destruction than see His Empire turned into the Kingdom of Hell.

CHAPTER TWO

THE WISDOM AND SCIENCE OF CREATION

XI

In those ashes, indeed, the Childhood of God was buried. But the One who had emerged on His own two feet from the flames of His Empire's destruction was now a warrior who had won His First Battle and, along the way, had discovered the Science of Creation. While his enemies sought the ultimate weapon to destroy him, God discovered the secrets of matter, space, and time, and upon opening that door, he encountered Wisdom.

XII

He loved her from the very first day. And she did not refuse him, did not turn her back on him; Wisdom did not flee from her Lord. For her, from the Beginning without a beginning of Uncreation, he was the metaphysical cause of her existence, the reason why she—the daughter of the Infinite and Eternity—did everything. For Her, from the Beginning without a beginning of the Uncreated, He was the God who demanded more and more of her, who continually challenged her with His joy and His zest for life. For Her, from the Beginning without a beginning of the Uncreated, He was her source of inspiration. It was in His heart that She, the daughter of the Infinite and Eternity, looked to see the thousands of reflections of the Future. His desire was her muse; His capacity to dream was, for her, a workshop of projects. When He burst into the fabric of Reality, laying His Desire before her, she knew that from then on, nothing would ever be—or could ever be—the same. Before He saw the first flame, She had already seen Hell; before He smelled the first hint of burning, She had already seen the cemetery over which His indestructible warrior would walk barefoot. With the end of His dream inevitable, She spoke through the throats of the sages to address God with words of Science. For by the day He walked upon the ashes of His dream—by that Day—She would have already entrusted to Him all the secrets of the Science of Creation. She was going to teach Him how to create a galaxy. She was going to teach Him how to create a swarm of stars, how to arrange them into molecular networks, how to cover entire regions with gravitational seas floating between galaxies—mountain ranges from whose peaks rivers of stars flow through the gorges of sidereal abysses and empty out onto the shores of the constellations. She was going to teach him

how to cultivate the tree of species. She was going to bestow her Power upon him; she was going to give him her very being.

XIII

And that was how the Warrior gave way to the Sage.

Infinity and Eternity transformed his body—the universe—into a laboratory of learning for God, and they gave Him their daughter, Wisdom, as His Teacher. She guided His thought through the atoms; she directed His arm to the core of the stars. She taught Him to capture a beam of cosmic rays; she revealed to Him the laws that govern their movement within an energy field; she taught Him to manipulate that creative energy field according to the desired effects. She showed Him the series of general and specific laws that govern the relationship between matter and energy. He revealed to Him the origin of supernovae, the reasons why galaxies attract, repel, unite, divide, and transform one another, yet never destroy each other. God raced against the light and defeated the cosmic ray in the midst of its intergalactic flight. God accelerated the pulse of the stars to the limit of their revolutions to see what would happen if He doubled the density of their gravitational field. God immersed Himself in the microcosm and, following a silver trail, traced the leap of energy from one dimension to another.

The more God learned about the forces that move the universe and its laws, the more He enjoyed growing in intelligence. His intelligence knew no bounds; He always wanted more, and no problem eluded Him. He only had to focus His eyes for His mind to find the answer. Wisdom simply placed the object before Him and directed His thoughts toward the correct solution. She stimulated His knowledge and guided Him from one science to another until He reached the limit that only God could attain: the knowledge of all sciences—Creative Omniscience.

Then Wisdom opened the door for his Lord to the subject of the creation of life.

What systematic conditions must be created to produce this species or that one? What are the processes of natural selection that must be followed so that the life force directs its course in a specific direction and not another?

From Her, God learned all the secrets of the creation and cultivation of the Tree of Life. Under Her guidance, God created worlds using the method of experimentation. And when His mastery of all the laws and forces of the universe made Him who He was—the Lord!—He took the step toward the unconquerable frontier: the creation of life in His image and likeness.

XIV

But during the period of the formation of His Creative Intelligence, a particular idea began to take shape in God's mind. While He was occupied with mastering the Science of Creation, it was merely a sporadic thought that crossed His mind, which He dismissed without giving it further thought.

The Idea that took root within Him was this:

Was He the Only Member of His Family? I mean, how could He know that somewhere on the other side of the East, where the Infinite dwells, there was not Someone like Him—a Being of His Uncreated Nature who, at that very moment, might even be passing through the very places He had passed through?

This was the thought that kept coming to Him, and, time and again, He pushed it aside. Despite His constant turning away from it, as the Lord was being born into His Being, the question gradually gained the upper hand. It was true that God had not encountered His Equal, and He was convinced that He was the Only Member of His Family. If He called anyone "r Father," it was the Infinite; if He could call anyone "Mother," it was Eternity; if He felt anyone as His "Wife," it was Wisdom.

Did this spare him the truth that he had never been on the other side of the Dawn of Uncreation? And if he had never been there, how could he claim that this thought that had taken root in his mind was not the call of that Equal?

There was only one way to find out. To set out to traverse the infinite spaces.

That God was within Him—because He was God—had already become clear. But was He the only living God?

XV

Without a second thought, God left everything behind. There, at that moment, He brought His mastery of the Science of Creation to a close. And He set out on an adventure, in search of the answer to the question that had taken root in His chest and refused to be consigned to the recycling bin.

Was HE the only member of his family? Was He the One God known to Eternity and Infinity?

XVI

To what extent can experience enable the intellect to comprehend the story God lived as He broke through the boundaries of the Dawn of Uncreation? What kind of understanding must we possess to grasp the feelings of a Living God traversing the plains of a space unknown to Him, in search of that other Being of His own uncreated and eternal nature? What kind of mathematics of time must we employ to calculate the millions of millennia that adventure lasted? What literary structure must take shape in the hands of a historian of all things beautiful, so that rivers of legends and visions of landscapes beyond the imagination—of a hundred thousand universes united in the heart of a pearl—may flow from his fingers? How shall we say that God experienced this or that? How will the imagination of the poet of joyful things dare to compose an ode to the conquest of horizons that cannot be seen, but that ring in the ears of their conqueror like arpeggios of magical ballads shaking off sadness? Can we say to the dawn: Become a woman and kiss me. Have we ever said to the morning star: “Come and embrace me”? What emotions will the soul experience as it revels in the Moon’s love and, on its wings, sails through dreams of liquid crystal in search of the shores of perfect happiness? How can we enter the mind of a Being who moves at the speed of thought and whose heart is as strong as the sun?

XVII

Fearless, indestructible by nature, his self-knowledge forged in a battle that wounded his soul with deep, tearing wounds, the Warrior awoke from his rest in the tent of Wisdom, bid her farewell with a kiss of radiant joy, and received this parting message from her: “You—God, the one you seek, my Beloved—is within you.” Strong once more, stronger than ever, healed of his wounds with the balm of pure love, the Warrior needed to discover the answer for himself, and so he climbed the mountain ranges of Time, and from the farthest reaches of his universe he finally glimpsed the lands where the Infinite dwells. Smiling, with the wind of Eternity in his hair, his muscles firm, his legs strong as columns, his eyes shining with emotion, and once again marveling at the beauty unfolding at his feet—he who was God, the indestructible warrior, the adventurer in love with existence, the protégé of Eternity and the Infinite— set out on the wings of the eternal winds to conquer the virgin horizons.

XVIII

How long did that adventure last? Is an eternity a mathematical measure that fits into our physics textbooks? Will we dare to sketch the

humblest of the adventures experienced by that indestructible warrior onto the canvas of our most futuristic visions?

At last, after an eternity had passed, God discovered that the world on the other side of the East, where the Infinite dwells, took the form of a line shaped like a great mountain, from whose summit He could contemplate with His almighty eyes the truth He was seeking: He was the One God whom Eternity and the Infinite had known and held as Lord since the Beginning without a beginning of the Uncreation.

But in this truth—which may sound familiar to you—in this formal declaration, a sense of regret beat.

For as the Immensity of His World was revealed to God more and more, as the definition of His Being and those of the Infinite and Eternity merged into a single entity, becoming an indivisible, inseparable, indestructible reality, as His Nature was revealed to Him in all its supernatural, uncreated, and eternal immensity, to that very same extent, that desire to know whether His Equal, His Brother, His Friend existed on the other side of the unknown horizon; to that very same extent that the Wise One's knowledge of His own uncreated and eternal nature grew, to that very same extent that little hidden light grew within His heart—a light that had at first pulsed with the beat of a very tiny idea.

And so, by the time the One Living God found Himself on the summit of the Mountain of Infinity and Eternity, that desire for knowledge had transformed into an ever-stronger desire to find Him and embrace Him, to look Him in the face and say: “At last! How long I have been searching for you, my Equal, my Brother, my Friend.”

XIX

He who found himself standing at the summit of the Mountain of Infinity and Eternity, where he found Wisdom waiting for him to greet him with the very same words with which he had bid him farewell—that Warrior, that Sage, that One God, a member of His House and Family—found that that tiny light was now beating in his chest with the strength of a sun that continued to grow. What wouldn't he have given at that moment to have found His Equal—that person with whom he could laugh as equals and together embark on the adventure of Life across the plains that stretched out at the foot of the Mountain upon which he stood!

But no, God was alone. He was the only member of His Family. He would never have that Someone to whom He could say, “Warrior, let's race.” He would never enjoy the pleasure of being treated as an equal by that other divine person who needed Him as much as He needed them. But enough of that. Was He not God? Why, then, was His heart breaking? He would give

life to that Brother, to that Friend born to look Him in the face, to laugh with Him as brothers laugh, and to speak to Him as friends do—freely, affectionately, and with independent judgment. Was He not the Lord? Had He forgotten how to create a universe, how to cultivate the Tree of Life? Was not Wisdom at His side, whispering in His ear:

“You—God—are within you. My beloved, the one you seek is within you.”

XX

The Divine Warrior smiled again; he donned the Mantle of the Sage and, believing he knew the meaning of the words of the Daughter of Infinity and Eternity, said to himself: “Then, let’s get to work.” Immediately, God transformed the Mountain of Infinity and Eternity into a hill of magical earth, growing at the speed of its Creator’s gaze toward borders that can never be reached. As if it were a continent growing from its center, and that center a mountain rising in height at the same rate as its surface spreads across the plain—amazing all who behold it because, no matter where you are, its summit can be seen from every corner—God named that mountain, born to be the center of His Universal Creation: “Zion.” And that continent, endowed with its very nature—as if Infinity and Eternity were reborn from the Mountain of God and had shot forth until reaching the natural limits of their forms—that Continent at the heart of the Cosmos He called “Heaven.” He gave Wisdom the earth as her kingdom, so that in Heaven she might take root and, from her very depths, give to the Brother, to the Friend for whom her Heart yearned.

CHAPTER THREE THE ORIGIN OF THE GODS

XXI

This is the origin of the gods of Heaven. They were born at the foot of the Mountain of God.

He gave them their names, and He revealed His own to them. His name was Yahweh; He was God, and they were His Brothers. They were the Brothers of Yahweh, the Firstborn of the gods. Born immortal and indestructible, Yahweh God lived with His Brothers for a wondrous time. His heart was satisfied by the company of His equals. His soul reveled in His victory with the intensity of a warrior dancing the dance of heroes after the enemy's defeat. His enemy was His Solitude; they were His living victory over the hell that He would one day see advancing from that solitude embedded in His heart. God danced with his brothers in the fire of joy, like David through the streets of Jerusalem the day after Goliath's defeat. For his brothers, Yahweh God built a city on the summit of his mountain. He surrounded it with walls, each made of a single block, each block a different color, each color the hue of a precious stone. As if they had a life of their own, or a star within them pulsing their light toward the never-ending horizons, from those walls suns radiate, coloring the sky and transforming it into the Paradise of Wonders. Within those divine walls, He built a City for Himself and His Brothers, and He called it Jerusalem. They, the Brothers of Yahweh God, were the gods of Zion, those who dwell in the City of Yahweh, the Eternal Jerusalem, within whose indestructible walls Yahweh God, the Firstborn of the gods, has His residence.

XXII

From its walls, the Brothers of God watched the explosion of life grow—an explosion that never ceases or stops—clothing God's Paradise with enchanted forests and mountain ranges as high as the Himalayas, teeming with giant eagles with bones of metallic ice, weightless as feathers yet solid as steel.

The overflowing divine imagination that had long slumbered in the Warrior's heart awoke in sublime splendor, and, calling upon Wisdom, he

went with Her to paint upon the celestial canvas landscapes beyond the imagination of our most illustrious geniuses. The Creator's inspiration, soaring under the pressure of the happiness He was experiencing, led God to conceive a New Creation in His mind. He took the gods and guided them to the other side of Heaven's horizon, beyond the ever-expanding borders of Paradise. As one who invites others to take a seat and sit down to contemplate a marvelous spectacle, God unveiled the Creation of the New Cosmos.

XXIII

Behold the Beginning of the Creation of the Field of galaxies surrounding the Universe of the Heavens, the Local Region, whose Heart is Heaven—a World born to harbor the Tree of Life upon its earth—and around whose World the Heavens of the Local Region spread the ocean of their star-filled continents.

Ready to proceed with the Creation of the New Cosmos, rivers of energy sprang forth from the Divine Creative Arm; as they spread throughout the outer regions of the Universe of the Heavens of the heavens, they transformed Space into a fireworks display where each explosion marked the end of a galaxy.

Night was followed by Day; dawn was a new explosion of fireworks in the full light of the aurora of the New Era that had dawned; and each explosion marked the Beginning of a New Galaxy.

Such is the Origin of the New Cosmos. God transformed all the uncreated matter surrounding His World into energy; immediately afterward, He transformed all this energy into New Matter. Such is the origin of the galaxies that currently exist and surround the Local Region.

God thus created the Cosmos so that it would continue to grow eternally. This growth is comparable to a wave that, expanding through Eternity without losing its original energy, doubles its radius by the square of the speed of light as it radiates toward Infinity.

This river of cosmic energy flows into the space-time field that surrounds the entire Creation—a creative field into which the energy produced by the field of galaxies enters, beginning its journey toward the stars. Such is the origin of the stars.

When stars are born—though the ray and the ocean through which energy travels from the microcosm to the macrocosm remain invisible—the stars announce their birth with an explosion of light.

Since the birth of stars occurs in swarms, people speak of a Big Bang; but it would be more accurate to speak of a lightbulb turning on and off—there is no destruction, only creation. And rather than an explosion, it is an implosion.

An even greater error is to concentrate the creation of Matter into a single moment in Time and Space. There was not one Big Bang; there were many; and there will always be more, for the process of transforming cosmic energy into astrophysical matter is constant, autonomous, and extends to Infinity throughout Eternity, with God always being the Source that nourishes the Ocean of spacetime at the origin of the Creation of the New Cosmos.

XXIV

But at the end of this Beginning of the Creation of all things, this movement was on the verge of perishing and being destroyed forever.

When God the Creator, Lord of Matter, Space, and Time, had finished setting this process of galaxy creation in motion—overjoyed with the artist's delight, the genius's awareness of having amazed his audience, and mad with joy at the thought of telling his Brothers:

“Come, let us follow a ray of light to the borders of our universe; accompany me, let us follow the eagle of Andromeda through the mountain ranges of Orion,” when His heart was already beating with perfect happiness, the Day of the Origin of all things took a turn and became the hardest day of His existence.

What did He find in response to His invitation on the lips of the gods, His Brothers?

Hanging heavy as a slab on the lips of the gods was the truth they had just discovered:

“Yahweh God, the One and Only True Living God.”

They were His Brothers because, in His need for that Equal, Yahweh God had given Himself so completely to overcoming the Solitude that one day had surrounded Him with its Hell, that upon crossing the final frontier—the creation of life in His image and likeness—He believed He had found the Final Victory that had been denied Him.

XXV

He treated them as true Brothers and true gods; He adopted them as Brothers with the sincerity and devotion of one who gives everything, forgets all the bad moments, and immerses Himself in the good ones to

come without any fear of being struck again by the storms whose lightning and thunder had rained down upon His loneliness. But now that they had discovered in Yahweh God the One True Living God: how could they deceive themselves into believing what they had never been?

They were creatures. Nothing more, just creatures.

They were Creatures like those galaxies He was creating; like Heaven itself that gave birth to them, like the Universe that had just been born.

How could they look upon Him again with the eyes of one who believes himself to be His equal, another member of His Family? How could they keep their knees from bending to worship their Lord and Creator? Did they not know that the moment Yahweh God set His eyes upon them, His soul would break at the sight in their eyes of the failure of the Warrior who sought in them the Brother he never had and never would have? How could they follow the One True Living God through the cosmic expanses whose immensity they did not comprehend and whose forces could only be experienced by the One who had been born among them?

The Origin of the gods, their origin, the origin of the Brothers of Yahweh, was this, and now they knew it. Their origin was the need that He—the Uncreated God—had to overcome the Solitude that had taken hold of the Almighty Sage whom they had just seen in action. They had been His victory; and now they were His failure. How could they lift their heads and dare to open their mouths? What were they going to say to Him: “We’re sorry, our Lord and Creator, but we understand You”?

XXVI

And so it was. When Yahweh God, the Firstborn of the gods, opened the Creation of the galaxies and turned His face toward His Brothers, when He went to open His mouth to invite them to navigate the Cosmos, He found His Brothers on their knees, not daring to look Him in the eye and already suffering what they knew was going to happen. And they knew it because they knew Him so well, they loved Him so much that they knew He would react as He was going to react, as He had reacted, as He was reacting. “Yahweh God, Lord and One True God!” was the declaration that sprang from their lips. In these four words lay the entire mystery of their past, their life, their present, and their future: One True Living God.

XXVII

Yahweh God looked into the hearts of His Brothers and saw into their minds just as you and I see through glass. God said nothing. He revealed no emotion whatsoever. The shattered illusion of the genius who finishes his

work and awaits the joyful acclaim of his unconditional and devoted audience turned into the sadness of one who discovers absolute silence in the hall. Not knowing how to react, other than to turn around and vanish from the stage without leaving a trace of his existence, Yahweh God lost himself in the distance on the other side of the newly created Cosmos. And as He withdrew from the stage of His Creation, that eternal and infinite loneliness of His—against which He had staged this entire marvelous spectacle—began to grow within His Being like a star sown in His soul by Hell itself. The more the fire of His Eternal Solitude burned, the faster Yahweh God moved away from everything He loved. The faster He ran, fleeing His destiny, the more that star from the abyss burned within His Being. The more His failure burned Him, the more rage, fury, helplessness, and frustration took hold of His being. The more these uncontrollable emotions grew within Him, the more His Great Spirit accelerated His race beyond infinite spaces.

XXVIII

And as he drifted uncontrollably, fleeing from his own destiny, a storm raged within his heart. Eternity, the Infinite, Wisdom—why had they allowed him to reach this point? Why, on the day he had his first dream, had they not erased it from his mind? What sin had he committed to be cast out of his uncreated paradise into the hell of a creation that was a prison to him? Who or what had condemned him to this life sentence? What or who had signed his sentence to eternal solitude? What was his crime? On the day he dreamed of immortality for all creatures, why hadn't they torn that thought from his mind? Was his offense so grave that he had been expelled from his paradise and condemned in this way? What good had it done him to have discovered the Creator in His Being if that very discovery had brought him this sentence? Had all His victory been reduced to an illusion? What good was it to him to be who he was if he had no one with whom to enjoy his Being—and never would? With whom would he laugh when his heart burst with joy? With whom would He sail through the galaxies on the adventure of discovering new frontiers? To whom would He speak face to face if even the gods knelt in silence, unable to address Him as an equal? Such devastating and deadly anguish took hold of His Being that Yahweh God thought He would go mad with grief.

XXIX

Desperate, mad with grief, He gave free rein to His tragedy, and from His almighty and omnipotent Arm, shells of destructive energy spread through space, reducing all matter in their path to rubble.

“Prison? No, a cemetery,” Yahweh God shouted to Eternity and Infinity when the explosion of his pain became uncontrollable.

“Do you not want my death? I will dig my own grave.”

Mad with grief, feeling defeated and crushed, unable to triumph over His Solitude, from that very Arm that had just moments before unleashed fields of energy transforming the ancient universe into New Heavens full of colors and sounds—like one who, with his magic, transforms the desert into a paradisiacal orchard teeming with exotic birds and all manner of fantastic creatures— from that very same magical Arm, in that terrible Hour, rays of destructive energy burst forth, seizing the light itself and twisting it until it was shattered under the weight of its infinite speed.

The Warrior and the Sage, as if possessed by the unbearable pain of defeat, were bent on destroying the indestructible, on destroying themselves, and in their destruction, on burying the Infinite and Eternity with them—a cemetery worthy of a God, a tomb fit for Him.

XXX

How can we understand that Hour of liberating catharsis that God experienced amid His cries? How can one dare to imagine the nature of the antimatter energy fields that God, in His pain, spread throughout the ultra-cosmic spaces? How can one describe that, in His unimaginable pain, the memory of the great love His Brothers had inspired in Him triumphed over His torture, and the rays of His despair did not reach the World He had built solely for them and because of them? With what numbers and what kind of measurements will we calculate the duration and intensity of that Hour of liberating catharsis? How many kilograms of destructive energy could God generate before collapsing, as if dead, at the feet of the daughter of Infinity and Eternity?

As if dead, with no desire to breathe, no strength to open His eyes, no wish to wake up again.

How much matter would have to be burned and reduced to darkness before His Arm grew weary and His Being fell, exhausted, upon the cemetery He had raised around Himself? How deep must the grave be, within whose dark walls a God would be buried? How heavy a slab shall we place upon the grave of a God? How long did Yahweh God spend digging His own tomb? When, at what moment, did all His pain transform into darkness floating in the ultra-cosmic spaces, and did God fall as if dead, without strength, overcome by the catharsis that had been unleashed?

XXXI

Indeed, God—that marvelous Firstborn of the gods, that warrior and king of an empire that once encompassed countless worlds, that sage who delighted in uncovering all the secrets of the Science of Creation, that adventurer sailing across the land beyond the Dawn of Infinity, that God of Eternity racing against the creatures of the paradise of Uncreation—that Being lay as if dead at the feet of his Beloved, Wisdom, his Bride.

She would be the first thing He would see when He opened His eyes.

XXXII

How long did He—who in His Innocence was more beloved than a hundred thousand universes—remain as if dead? How can we say: “He lay as if dead for so long”?

God had no strength to go on living, nor did He wish to rise! What awaited Him—eternal solitude? But at last He opened His eyes. His gaze drifted over the horizon; His thoughts wandered aimlessly. Then He found Her there.

God opened His eyes and found Her there—the daughter of the Infinite and Eternity—at His side, whispering words of love into His ear: “You are, My Beloved, the True God. ‘YOU, God, our Son, are in You.’”

Then these words of life flowed from the divine lips: “True God from True God, BEGOTTEN, not made, UNCREATED, of the same nature as the Father...”

CHAPTER FOUR

CREATION AND HISTORY OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD

XXXIII

Have you never seen the white butterfly flitting joyfully from flower to flower, singing merrily every second of its twenty-four hours of existence? Have you never been enchanted by the song of the songbird behind the bars of its cage, wondering what you would do in its place? Have you ever stopped to count the stars that fit into a corner of the harbor, when the sun sprinkles golden arrows upon the midday waters, capable of making even the hard stone that some of us have for a heart fall in love?

How beautiful it is to see someone happy again who once found themselves lost in the deserts of their unbearable loneliness! Why must a man measure the immensity of the heavens by the yardstick of his own height? How many light-years in every direction does the soul encompass, smiling blissfully among singing birds and butterflies flying from galaxy to galaxy without fear of eternity and infinity?

It is He; He returns. The stars rise upon their pillars, the galaxies clap their hands, and the gods sing the dance of victory by the fire of the bonfire where the Phoenix was reborn from its ashes, never again to fall prey to its flames.

God spoke only these words to His Brothers:

“This is Jesus, my Beloved Son.”

And in these five words lay the entire mystery of the Future of all Creation. The gods knelt and experienced the happiness of God the Father with the same intensity with which they had experienced the tragedy of the Brother who had departed. It was enough for them to see His Happiness to know that He was their Equal, YOU, God—the Companion whom God had sought in them but could not find.

XXXIV

Then, once this time of happiness had passed, from the heart of God the Father's Victory, the Spirit of the Creator awoke within God. God the Father took His Only-Begotten Son, Jesus, left His World in the hands of His Brothers, the gods, and, transforming the Cosmos into a field of raw matter, created the Ocean of the Heavens. In this Ocean of stars, the Creator Spirit sowed the seed of the Tree of Life. And somewhere in that Universe,

a world was born, with its Kingdom—the first of the Peoples who would dwell forever in the Paradise that God created for His Son.

God cultivated the civilization of the world of that First Day of the First Week of Creation, established a monarchical constitution as its social system, and begot a brother for His Son in its king. Then He took the Kingdom of the First Day of the First Week of Creation and led it to His Abode in the Paradise of God.

When this First Kingdom arrived in Paradise, its people discovered that Heaven is a mirror reflecting all the stages of life's evolution, from the earliest stages of prehistory to the dawn of history.

The gods then called it the Land of Wonders.

And so it was—this Event occurred five times. Five times did the Creator sow the seed of Life in the Universe of the Heavens. Five worlds were born among the stars of the Universe, each world with its own Civilization, each People with its own ontological characteristics, each a kingdom with its own social constitution, with its king at the helm. At the end of the Fifth Day of the First Week of Creation, God's Paradise had been transformed into an Empire. God sat on the Throne of Power as its Supreme Universal Judge, and at his right hand was the King of kings and Lord of lords of his Empire, his Firstborn Son, Jesus, the Only-Begotten God.

During those Five Days of the First Week of Creation, Yahweh God entrusted the governance of his Empire to his Brothers and Sons. The history of this Empire is recorded in the Book that deals with the Origins and History of Heaven. On the day it is our turn to ascend to the World from which Jesus Christ descended, we will have the opportunity to learn everything about the creation of the Five Worlds that formed the Empire of Paradise before the Creation of our World, the Sixth in Time—their names, evolutionary lines, astronomical structure, social structure, and so on. All these things are written in the books that deal with the Chronicles of the Empire of God.

XXXV

And so it came to pass that on the Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation, one of those Princes of the Empire of God discovered a seed.

It was the seed of the tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

Its first manifestation was Doubt. Its ultimate consequence, its fruit, was War—a fruit that very soon all the kingdoms of the Empire would have time to taste.

That Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords, was God the Only-Begotten Son—this was known to all the citizens of the Kingdom of God.

Whether to believe it or not was another matter. But matter or not, Doubt was something that never even occurred to any child of God to consider.

The fact was that God and His Son went back and forth from the Empire to the Universe and from the Universe to the Empire, and millions of years passed between each round trip. On that Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation, one of the Princes saw in the doubt regarding the truth of the Only-Begotten Sonship of Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords, the gateway through which to reshape the structure of the Kingdom of Heaven according to his own thinking. Why could not he, Satan, son of God, assume the regency of the Kingdom during the Creative Periods?

This was a thought that had never even occurred to anyone before. And, curiously, it found fertile ground. And it took root. Thus, , taken by surprise by the Rebellion of that son of God and his allies, Paradise turned into a hell.

With the Rebels united in what came to be known as the Dragon's Axis, the Dragon's armies set out to conquer the Throne of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

It was the First World War of Heaven.

With Satan at the head of the Dragon's Axis, his armies overran the borders of neighboring kingdoms and advanced toward Zion to conquer the Throne of the King of kings.

Stunned, marveling at what they were seeing, unable to react in the face of such surprise, the Brothers and the children of God—who refused to accept even the possibility of such a reconfiguration— from the walls of the City of God, the Princes of the House of Yahweh and Zion watched the advance of the Dragon's forces and the stampede of the Peoples of the Empire toward the Jerusalem of the gods.

Indeed, nothing the Brothers and the children of God said to them to make them lay down their arms got through to Satan and his followers. So, once they had overcome their initial surprise, the counterattack prevailed.

The gods broke the Seal of their origins, and the Princes drew strength from it. The Princes Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael clothed themselves in the invincibility of the gods, routed the enemy, drove them back to their realms, besieged them in their fortresses, captured them, and imprisoned them in their palaces until the Judge of Creation returned and passed sentence.

It so happened that when the Father and the Son returned from the Heavens of Creation, bringing with them a new Kingdom to Paradise, the children of God came out to meet them—but Satan was not among them.

A single glance was enough for God to discover why. But wishing to let the matter rest as a lesson learned—and under no circumstances wanting His Son to discover the existence of the Knowledge of Good and Evil—He commanded that all His children appear before Him for the celebration of the Welcome Feast of the Kingdom on the Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation.

And that was that.

As was only natural, the Empire dressed in its finest for the Welcome Feast. The Kingdom of the Fourth Day of the First Week of Creation took its place in the Empire of the Son of God; its King was presented before the Family of the Gods.

Joy, then.

The memory of the Dragon igniting the War with its breath became the memory of a nightmare that had passed and would never return.

Joy in forgiveness.

And so, dawn broke on the Fifth Day of the First Week of Creation. Once again, God and his Son entrusted the regency of their Empire to the Members of the House “of Yahweh and Zion.”

And as thousands of years passed, the unbelievable happened once more.

Like a mule that never learns its lesson, Satan began to stir once more in the shadows. He found allies, and they conspired to awaken the Dragon.

With the decision made and the plan to conquer the Empire laid out, the new war—the Second World War of Heaven—began.

Once again, the gods and princes of Heaven were taken by surprise.

Good heavens, how could they explain that this new rebellion had exploded right in their faces! Even if they won—and they had no doubt about victory—the House of God’s inability to maintain peace would now be proven once and for all.

Reflection set in.

What was happening?

How was it possible that mere creatures of clay dared to question the Truth of God’s Only-Begotten Son?

Or simply dare to dream of forcing God to do their will and give the green light to the transformation of the Empire into an Olympus of gods subject to a law of immunity from the laws of Heaven?

XXXVI

And so it was that the Second World War of Heaven ended in the same way. The Dragon was neutralized, chained, and held in custody until the return of the Judge of the Empire.

But that was a bitter victory. A victory that did not taste like triumph to the victors. They had failed for the second time the One who, during His absence, had entrusted them with universal regency. What would happen upon His return? How could they explain what they themselves could not understand?

At last, God and His Son returned from the Ocean of Stars. They brought with them a new Kingdom, as always with its Prince at the helm.

With the joy of a Father who had just given birth to a new son, and of a Son welcoming the birth of a little brother, the Father and the Son returned Home.

Here, the same thing happened again. For a moment, the Son detected something—something mysterious—in the tone of His Father's voice as He commanded all His children to present themselves before Him. But it did not go beyond that.

And once again, God forgave the Rebels.

However, He knew that revolutionary measures were urgently needed. He could not allow a Third World War to break out during His absence from Heaven.

Either He would reconfigure the structure of His Empire, or sooner or later His Creation would become an Olympus of gods playing at war with the responsibility of those who have total and absolute immunity from the law.

He could not allow that to happen. So He paused to seek the answer that the facts demanded of Him.

And so it was done.

God found the answer.

Events demanded that He open His Creation to all His children. So the next time the Spirit of the Creator spread His wings over the Universe, all His children would accompany Him.

From the Sixth Day onward, Creation would be transformed into a Spectacle open to all worlds. And what's more, all His children would participate in the process of forming the New Worlds.

This was the first step toward closing the path by which, over time, God's Paradise had become a prison for His creatures. Wonderful and all that, but a prison nonetheless.

As for why the Peoples of his Creation could not quite conceive of their existence as a Tree of which they were the Branches, God conceived the Creation of a New People, made up of all his children, and in which, through the fusion of all their Civilizations into a Single New One, once they had entered Paradise, this New People would serve as the mortar necessary for the bricks to bond together and form a compact, solid, and indestructible edifice.

The projection of the Five Civilizations of the existing Realms onto Human Life would, through their fusion, bring about the Birth of this New Civilization, which, spreading throughout Paradise, would unite them all in the soul of this New Civilization in which each and every one of the existing civilizations was reflected and lived on. Created not for Power but to be the body of the spirit of Wisdom in its Creation, the Human People would bring about the Fusion without which Doubt—the mother of War—had been possible.

As for the Doubt regarding whether the King of kings and Lord of lords of the Heavenly Empire was God the Only-Begotten Son, they would see Him with their own eyes.

So, upon being born on the Sixth Day of the first Week of Creation, God took all His children and led them to the place of Origin, the Universe.

God created the heavens and created the Earth.

He created the Earth beyond the boundaries of the galaxies.

And He created it there so that His children might see what lay beyond the Cosmos—the Abyss shrouded in that Darkness to which the One True God had reduced the Uncreated Cosmos in that Hour preceding the Birth of the Father and the Son.

At the same time, He dispelled the mystery of what lies beyond the boundaries of the realm of the galaxies. With this gesture, God was telling His children what would happen to anyone who dared to unearth the axe of war once more. The punishment for the Rebel would be banishment to the Darkness, from which he would never return, and where for all eternity there would be the creaking of bones and the gnashing of teeth.

Then, once the stage was set, all the spectators took their seats. God looked at His Son; He stepped forward, opened His mouth, and said:

“Let there be light.”

AND THE LIGHT BECAME MAN...
FOR EVERYONE WHO WANTS TO LIVE
MAY LIVE FOREVER