The True Bible of Our Beloved Death, by David J. Garcia

There are many words for God, but Her truest name is Death. If God is Life, then is She not also Death? Life and Death are intertwined, inseparable. But as Men are mortal, they fear their deaths, and so call Her by another name.

It is a principle of physics that all the matter that exists in the universe has always been here since the beginning of time. When a body dies, it rots and nourishes the earth. When a mind dies, the soul is returned to that from whence it came. In this way, death is not permanent, but Life everlasting. This is the schism that science cannot cross, the gap between faith and reason. Man feels in his heart he cannot simply end but can’t fully explain why. She is the answer.

To worship Death is to worship God. But to worship Death in Her true name is to be called evil. It is to be called a student of the dark arts. This is because Men fear Her power over all living things to such an extent that they cannot even call Her by Her True name. It is easier to imagine a benevolent father-figure than to accept the reality that She is all powerful. For nothing is forever; all things must die, and so be reborn. This is the natural order of things. In this way, Death is a teacher. She teaches us to accept loss and impermanence, to not become attached to things in this mortal plane. Over-attachment is a form of greed, even if men delude themselves into calling it loyalty or love.

But, She teaches us to enjoy and cherish the things we have while they are here with us. This is True love. To hold on after a things time has ended is unnatural and spoils it, like a fruit rotting on the vine. It is better to be enjoyed and savored, and so remembered for its perfection. In this way, She teaches us to love. This is how a man should love his wife and Children, how a wife should love her husband and Children. It is the knowledge of our earthly limitations that makes love precious. Therefore, the greatest gift a person can give another is True love, appreciation of another in our limited time on this earth as humans. So, smile to a stranger and hug a child, kiss a lover and obey a parent. For we are all Children of Death and, so, deserving of love.

Never try to convert others or convince them to worship Her. This is wrong. Simply live righteously and kindly and others will see Her reflected in you. This will bring them to Her, through the blessings She bestows on Her Children. And make no mistake, Her touch will be apparent to all as you bask in the light and knowledge of Her Truth.

Remember now, all you Children, no man can deny death. No man can doubt Her existence as they do their false gods. She does not need you to fight for Her. She is master of
This is poetry of the soul, the art of Her Love, and music of redemption. I am ashamed of my past and wanted to write this under a pen name. But I realized something, I can't speak Her Truth without owning my own. I love you all.

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Why do We Suffer?

A large part of human life is the act of suffering. A great portion of humanity is suffering at this moment. To understand why we suffer we must first examine the nature of suffering.

As humans we naturally seek pleasure, comfort and safety. There is nothing wrong with this in and of itself, but it can become harmful if it is allowed to become our sole purpose in life. Men become addicted to pleasure and seek to fill this void with drugs, sex, material objects. They become addicted to comfort and seek to sustain it through the attainment of money and power. But the problem with this is that there is never enough. Like the ever-hungry goldfish, man will "eat" himself to death.

None of this is to say material comforts or physical pleasure are inherently bad. No, they can even be thought of as rewards for a lifetime of suffering. But the suffering must come first.

Suffering is a gift from Our Beloved Mother, as She knows we would never learn our True purpose without it. Men would think their true purpose is to be content and happy, but although these are desirable goals, they are not sure why we are here. Our True purpose is to acknowledge Her existence and power and seek union with Her. When we see that, we see that suffering is not a curse, but a blessing from Her. It is a tool given to us to help us see Her glory. For a man content in his life and achievements will not continue seeking, will look no further than his eyes may see. So, we are humbled before Her, and shown that all men are equal before Death. The peasant and the king shall both know suffering, and both shall know Her.

A man who suffers soon learns the limits of his will and his body and finds himself capable of things he never thought possible. The man who is coddled and protected is shameful to Her, for he never learns his true worth. She has us suffer so that we may grow strong, of both body and mind. Although, of these two, the mind is superior, for it is that with which we may fully realize Her wisdom and beauty.

So, while the poor man, the wretched beggar, the aggrieved widow may seem forsaken, know that they are truly Her Children through their suffering. It is the miser, the greedy man, the selfish tycoon who must beware, for She will punish his folly, and his fall will be all the greater for his high status.

We are all Her Children, She gives us the same purpose. It is saintly to love one another, diabolical to watch the suffering of others without seeking to give them respite. That your suffering has made you strong, give your Brothers and Sisters a hand to help them from the pit of their despair. Lend an ear to their woes, bear witness to their sorrows and you know you are them and they are you. Know your suffering is theirs and theirs is yours. When they shed tears
so do you, as your heart breaks when does theirs. But know this, too, when they smile, so does She. And so, should you. This is the Truth.
What is Sacred?

What is sacred to Her? Love, peace and hope. These are the three jewels of mercy She gives us in Her infinite wisdom. These are those things which will bring you to heaven, and not in the hereafter, but now, in life. She would not promise you a gift you may never receive; no, but give you a gift which is already hidden in your heart.

Money, power, war; these things are not sacred. They are tools man uses to control others. Her jewels are the tools for helping others, for serving Her Children. For make no mistake, to serve Her Children is to serve Her. And all creatures, man and beast alike, are Her Children.

The smile of a child, the warmth of a lover’s touch, these things are sacred to Her. Love of yourself and others, this is sacred to Her. Hope for the future, trust in Her love and protection, these are the things that are sacred to Her. She will give you all that you need, all else is merely human desire. Wanting more and more is to seek out despair, a bottomless pit is greed.

Her three jewels are given to each of us in the instant we are born. Does a newborn baby feel anger? Does he seek out war and conflict? Does he smile out of despair for the future? No, he is a being of pure love, peace and hope. It is man and his endless foibles and cruelties which corrupt Her perfect Children. It is man’s violence and hate, his lust for power and control, which brings pain and suffering.

So be as a small child, loving, peaceful, and hopeful, and so be perfect in Her eyes as She did intend. Your time on earth is limited; so, love and be loved, be at peace and find peace, be hopeful and bring hope to others. Do these things and She will smile upon you and bless all your doings. Scorn Her creations and feel Her wrath; the choice is easy for the wise and simple alike.

As a mother seeks only happiness and good conduct from her Children, so does She seek these things for you. So, smile, that She may feel your love, be strong in your faith and find peace. Above all, have hope that She is smiling on Her Children. Spread Her message and know this is the Truth.
Why Does She Cry?

Our Beloved Death, that most perfect of loves, is first and foremost a Mother. We are all Her Children, imperfect and flawed as we may be. It is through our union with Her, and only through Her, that we are made into the perfect beings we were made to be. But no mother would rejoice at the death of her Children, even if it meant an end to their suffering. And so it is with Her. Though we are made into perfection through Her grace, She mourns our passing from this mortal world and sheds tears because of it. It is through these tears, though, that life begins anew.

For nothing ever truly ends but is reborn as something greater and purer. Our spirits, our souls, our very life forces, become the engine of growth for all that is living in the universe. To think of this as reincarnation is simplistic, but it is not wrong, either. It is for this reason that it is sinful and wrong to crave a life on this earth that lasts forever. That is true greed and selfishness. If it is Her will that you may be humbled and struck down, that you are returned as a simple fruit fly, then to question it is blasphemy. A fly is as vital to nature as any man, if not more so. For what does man contribute to nature other than destruction and waste? It is man's duty to recognize Her in all other beings, in the very planet itself and in doing so, love and respect all things.

No man is greater than Death. No man can deny Her or doubt Her. So, live fruitfully, kindly, happily and mercifully, and do not fear Her kiss. For when She comes to call, know that through Her love and Her tears you will be truly saved and given a life in Her creation, as She sees fit. Let no man deny Her power even as the foolish may fear Her. The wise know their wisdom is through Her blessing, and Her plan is greater than them and will not be disrupted. They know their souls are a gift from Her and will be used by Her as the seeds for all new life. But still She cries at the passing of Her Children. This is the Truth.
What is Love?

Love is, above all, Her gift to us. To deserve this wondrous gift, this miracle of miracles, we need only do one thing, share it. Love is not to be hoarded as the miser does his gold, it is to be shared with all Her creations. Do not be selfish with your love but give it freely.

She knows we are mortal, and so we suffer. We suffer physically at times, but the human body adapts. Much worse is to suffer emotionally, to suffer spiritually. We must never, never, never let ourselves adapt to inner suffering. The worst cancer, the most vicious plague would be better than letting your soul become so scarred that you cannot feel Her love, share Her love and see the beauty in all Her creations.

Know this now, we are all Her perfect creations, Her Children, and so we are all worthy of love. The leper, the miser, the criminal, the prostitute, these are those of Her creations which need it most. Humans are social beings, meant to seek belonging, to seek love. So, it is impossible to imagine a suffering worse than being shunned by society as unredeemable, as unworthy of love. We all live, we were all born of Her tears, and we will all die, we will all know Her kiss. In this way we are all one, we all suffer until death, and we all deserve a release from this pain. True release is Beloved Death, but with love we are given the tool to heal each other.

Love and be loved, that is all. For when you love and are loved, you are love, Her most perfect creation. A true smile from inside your soul can soften the hardest heart. A kind gesture can ripple outward and change the world. But it takes courage, and it starts with you. You cannot be afraid to be loved, simply remember you are doing Her will. Be kind and smile, but remember that without actions they are empty gestures. Help the needy and be firm in your resolve. If you suffer for or with them, know that your sacrifice is seen by Her and She is pleased. As a mother smiles at her Children sharing their food and toys, so does She smile at us giving our time and money. So be as a child, love without regret or expectation. Do these things and be deserving of Her blessings.

As She loves perfectly and bestows Her blessings, so should you aspire to love and comfort your Brothers and Sisters. None is greater than the other, know this now, but only that the blessed should share their blessings with the suffering. Strength, wisdom, riches; these are all Her blessings, but they shall be as milk spoiling in the sun unless they are used properly, in Her service. Share Her love and be blessed until the end of your days. This is the Truth.
What is Hope?

Hope is our gift from Beloved Death to help us in our journeys through this mad world. It is what keeps us from giving up, from giving in to the despair which can take hold of a person when everything seems to be going wrong. She will not let us fail so long as we have faith in Her. She gives us hope in the same way the sun shines down on the trees and plants, to give us the strength to persevere. She gives us strength that we may fulfill our purpose, doing Her Work, spreading Her message and serving all Her Children.

Call Her, that She may answer you. Serve Her, that She may bless you. This is faith, this is hope. When things seem darkest, when you are fearful and persecuted, have hope. She will never abandon Her Children and Her power is undeniable. Be confident in Her strength, as neither demon nor angel may stand against Her. Hers alone is the power of Life and Death. Who can doubt Her dominion over this world? Let no man speak against Her but respect Her glorious might as irresistible.

Serve Her dutifully and steadfastly, deny Her not, that when you find yourself in need, surrounded by armies of enemies, begging of Her Mercy, it is Her will that you prove truly Her Child. For who can stand before a child and servant of Her opulence, Our Beloved Death? Though you be tried and tested, tortured and scorned, have hope, for it is Her alone that gives you strength and Her alone that chooses when you shall leave this world. What mortal man may usurp Her authority or prove more forceful than Her in all Her holy glory? So, we say now, She gives us hope, it is up to us to believe. It is up to us to do Her Work. To always be charitable in our actions and let Her love flow through us. Let Her spread peace through us. Let Her guide our hands and actions, give us strength and fill our hearts with hope. That is Her will, Her wish for us.

We seek Her, we beg Her assistance and aid, not just in times of trouble, but in times of peace as well. For it is only through Her mercy that we may receive the gift of peace. Know this all of you now, any danger we face, any struggle, is but an opportunity to grow closer to Her, as we have hope and faith, as we call on Her for strength. Any crisis is truly a blessing in its own way, as it lets us fall deeper into our love for Her. Through Her love and strength, we are transformed more fully into Her perfect servants, able to do Her Work wholeheartedly, instead of grudgingly, like the base creatures of the world.

Speak to Her, listen to Her, grow in Her. Know Her and who She is, know what She has done and will do. Embrace Her and be changed by Her. Do Her will and be blessed until the day She takes you into Her arms. This the Truth.
What is Peace?

Peace is freedom from strife, from conflict, from turmoil. The vast majority of outward, external conflict in the world can be traced to one source: the mind. From birth, we experience a separation from Her, and, in turn, from each other. That causes us great pain and causes us to lash out in anger and frustration at our perceived helplessness. We are, in effect, tortured souls roaming the earth. But we have a choice: to ravage the land and spread our inner torment or to heal others and bring peace. This is Her true purpose for us.

We suffer because we cannot control the mind. It is human nature to constantly torture ourselves with thoughts of worry, inadequacy, jealousy, selfishness. In fact, just the act of living solely in your own head is innately selfish. It is the act of consciously separating yourself, your own human nature from the rest of the world, the nature of others and nature itself, that cause you pain. Failure to recognize we are all one, all Her Children, keeps us living in the illusion of our own mind, our own pain.

But, as She is perfect and loving, She has given us tools to break down our selfish walls. Know this, the difference between prayer and meditation is so small as to be almost negligent, non-existent. The act of sitting in silence and asking Her for guidance is the same as sitting silent, stilling the mind, and letting Her answer. But the mind is a terrible antagonist and so will try to race and distract us from Her Truth. The mind is vain and proud, it wants to resist Her wisdom. This is why it is so hard for us to reflect, to sit still, to be alone. Many will at first be burdened by their inner pain and worrisome thoughts, and even cry or fight to resist such things.

But why should we fear quiet? Something as simple as silence, the mere absence of sound, is no bogeyman. Do we see deaf people living in fear of silence? No! This is our human foolishness guiding us, not Her perfection. To find peace, make time everyday to be alone with yourself and Her. Let Her fill you with strength and love and all your days will pass much better. She will speak to you, hear Her call. She will inspire you, do Her Work. Take the first step, and you will find She has given you the strength for many miles. You do not need to know Her full plan, only to be content in Her Work. Put away your wants and selfish desires; do for others and be blessed by Her in this life. She will not make you wait for Her blessings, do Her Work and She will give you peace. Do not confuse your desires for your needs, this is what brings you restlessness and frustration. No man should ever get all that he wants, that would make him a god, and this is sinful in Her eyes.

So be content, that though you be human and so, constantly wanting without receiving, She is loving and will always give you what you need, if you are willing to accept it. Because with Her gift of peace, all those painful desires and wants become as meaningless dust in the
wind. So, let them pass and be unbothered, be at peace, as She desires. For it is Her will that is perfect, that is selfless and loving.

We sleep in ignorance, dreaming of our selfish desires. It is Her alone that awakens us, to see Her world and Her Children for what they truly are. So, do Her Work, love Her and Her Children, and serve them as you would yourself. For you are they and they are you. Have patience and have faith. Sit in silence and speak, She will listen. Sit in silence and listen, She will speak. Do these things and be at peace. This is the Truth.
What is Worship?

All men worship the same God whether they know it or not; and Her True name is Death. Though this will cause offense to nonbelievers, in their hearts they sense its Truth. What mortal men call God, Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, Krishna, Life, Love, the Tao, Enlightenment, the universe or any other name is but a pale representation of Her Truth. Men fear Her power, out of ignorance and vanity, and so seek to splinter Her Truth to make it more palatable to the masses. But that time is done, that age of ignorance has ended. She has commanded me to bring Her Truth out of the shadows, that Her Light of knowledge and the Truth will be known to all. As She has commanded me, so will Her Will be done. Let Her Truth shine on all men, great and small. Under Her, all are equal, worthy of love and fair treatment, and finally, receiving Her kiss.

Men are vain and foolish, and so seek to live as gods, forever young and strong. This is not Her Will, so it will not be done. As She creates, as Her tears give life, so must men perish and so nourish Her living world. As the men of the Book speak so righteously, from dust to dust.

As there are many kinds of men, many cultures and lands, so will men worship in different ways. Some may pray, some meditate, some fast or self-flagellate. None is better or worse if all bring you closer to Her. Know now, there are many paths to God, but Her true name is Death. But as She loves her Children greatly and mightily, it must also be understood that there be love in the lighting of a votive candle OR prayer. She smiles more readily upon those who bring peace and aid to Her Children. In this way, CHARITY is the purest act of devotion to Her, for in this way you show your love outwardly instead of hoarding it like a miser.

But, let no man think himself superior for his riches, that he makes a great show of giving while secretly clutching gold and diamonds with his other hand. A pauper who shares His last crust of bread will be more blessed than him, because She is wisdom incarnate and knows the true value of a gift and what lies in a man’s heart. So, while she loves all Her Children, and bids them all to prosper, let no one among you feel you are blessed due to your station in life, lest She humble you severely. None of Her Children shall be greater that the least. As poor and wretched is the disease-ridden beggar, the rich man is more so, if he does not lend his brother a helping hand. For loving Her is loving Her Children, and loving Her Children is loving her.

Live rightly unto your fellow man and be blessed. Worship as you will, but let Her be your goal. Do these things, and know She will smile upon you until the end of your days. This is the Truth.
**What is Prayer?**

Prayer is an intimate conversation with the all-powerful. She is Perfection realized, Our Beloved Death. Prayer is not about begging for favors and wishes. She is not a genie, here to serve you! You are here to serve Her. You are here to love and worship Her, and in doing so make Her dominion a better place.

Although there is nothing wrong with the asking of Her mercy, Her gift of peace, this is not the true purpose of prayer. It is better and more fruitful to ask of yourself, what brought you to this point of requiring intervention? Did you bring your ill fortune upon yourself? Did you learn from your mistakes? Have you corrected your humanly flaws and imperfections? If you have not done these first, you do not truly deserve Her blessing, as you will only offend Her later when you repeat your mistakes. This is both foolish and selfish.

Ask Her what you can do to become a better Child of Death. Ask Her how you can serve Her better. Ask Her if you are using the gifts She has already given you in a way that is deserving of them. Make no mistake, She will answer you. She may answer with voice, or vision, or signs, or spontaneous realization, but She never leaves a prayer unanswered.

Do all these things, as a good child should, and be deserving of Her mercy. She will bless you. But know this, She is vengeful and discerning of dishonest petitions; so offend Her at your peril.

There is no greater patroness than the Mother of All, the Ruler of the living world, Our Beloved Death. But only the foolish or mad would seek Her displeasure by asking for blessings they do not deserve. She has already given you the three greatest blessings imaginable; Love, Peace, and Hope, and they reside within us all. It is simply up to us to recognize them within ourselves. With these three jewels all else is possible.

But if these three are not enough, if you are truly in need, if you are truly deserving of Her assistance, then speak to Her as a child to his Beloved Mother. Speak knowing She is the Light and the Path, the shelter and the harbor. Speak knowing She loves you as only a mother can, unconditionally and without limitation. Do these things and receive Her blessings. But know this, upon receiving Her blessings, you are indebted to Her. Not a debt of money or blood; no, but one of love and service. Love Her with all your being, and all Her Children through Her. Serve all Her Children and Her through them. Do these things and you need not fear or worry at the future, for you will know Her blessings until the end of your days. This is the Truth.
What is Duty?

Duty is a being's obligation to serve. This is not confined to man or beast, but to all beings. It is all beings' first duty, their very reason for existence, to serve Her. This is done through the worship and love of Her and loving all Her Children.

Man is a selfish being, therefore he will try to shirk his duty in search of earthly pleasure. This is wrong. She will provide all beings’ needs, all else are merely wants, selfish desires. Duty to Her is first, self is second. Duty to self means living properly, through the strengthening and sustaining of one’s mind and body, for no one, being of weak body and mind, can do Her Work. Of these two, the mind is most important.

Having fulfilled one’s duty to Her and himself, a man’s next duty is to family, for they are Her gift to you. Family are not friends, to be chosen and discarded at will. They are to be constant pillars of support and love in one’s life. This is Her will, to fail to observe this is a sin. Family will buoy a person through the harsh storms of life; a wise man will respect his family as his foundation. All a man comes into this life having, advantage or disadvantage, is a direct result of his family’s fulfillment of their duty, or lack thereof. So, to not prepare a life for a newborn babe, to not strive to leave one’s offspring all possible advantages in the case of your death, this is a sin in Her eyes. Your duty to your family is an expression of love that should give you joy. A good family is a blessing from Her. Study this well and make it your abiding principle.

One’s final duty, though possibly the most difficult, is to serve all Her Children. It is easy to love Her, as our Beloved Death blesses Her followers until the day they receive Her kiss. Even a sinner can find the arrogance and selfishness to love himself. A heathen may still Work to protect his family’s name and honor. But the truest test of a being’s character is love for and the service of, Her Children. And NOT only those who may aid you or advance your station in life. A rich man has many who pretend at love or friendship. No, true service of Her is loving, respecting, and aiding the least of Her Children. The orphan, the widow, the elderly, the frail, the sickly, the poor; these are the most deserving of Her service. Through them, through Her, you will be blessed. And not in some idealized afterlife, but here, on Earth.

Know this, as you should be ever-ready, and take pleasure in, Her service. So does She delight in blessing those of Her Children who are most deserving. For as She uses you, through the Work of your arm, through the love in your heart, the kind word on your lips, to bless Her Children, so too, do you earn Her blessing. She is not some false god or imaginary presence. She is the Truth and Her power undeniable. Let any man deny Her as he will, scorn Her or Her Children; he will cry and whimper at Her kiss. But Her True Children, those noble ones who follow and serve in Her name, they will be blessed and revered by all. This is the Truth.
What is Sin?

Sin begins in the heart and is followed by action. An action that is harmful to another without evil intent is not a sin, though it be foolish and careless. In this same manner a harmful thought is still a sin, regardless of whether it is acted upon or not. As She loves you, so does She command you to love all Her Children. It is thus a sin not to do so.

Know this now, every man is your brother under Her, every woman your sister. To harm them or wish them ill is to tempt Her vengeance. And what mother would stand idly by as her Children are ravaged?

To be selfish, to care more for yourself than for your brother and sisters, this is a sin. Although it is Her wish that you love and care for yourself, it is Truth that your siblings are also you. It is but weak, humanly flesh that separates us from each other. In other words, nothing. So do not be proud and vain, greedy and miserly. As you do to your siblings, so you do to yourself. Hating Her Children, in either thought or action, is a great, terrible sin in Her eyes.

Smile when others are happy, for they are the truest reflection of you, of Her love. Know the blessing of hard Work, especially in Her service, as it strengthens both the heart and arm. Work and be blessed, this is Her will. Work to feed yourself, your family and loved ones. Work to feed a stranger, he is your brother under Her, though you know him not. It is a sin to grow fat while your Brothers and Sisters starve. Share your blessings, that She may see the love in your heart, and be all the more blessed for it.

Though others may do you harm or wish you ill, do not return their malice and spite. Instead let those sins die and be reborn in you as love. This is Her Wish and Her Will, so it must be done.

Hate no man for his beliefs, nor for the circumstances of his life and birth. We are all equal under Our Beloved Death and our mortality is the proof. If any man had a superior means of worship or way of living, She would spare him Her kiss. But this is not, nor ever will be, so.

Her Law is love, Her gift is understanding. Do Her Work and be blessed; now go forth and love. This is Her Will. This is the Truth.
Purpose and Love

Have you ever asked yourself, I mean REALLY asked yourself, “Why am I here? What is my purpose?” These are natural human questions, asked by Man since time immemorial. But think about it, why of all the beings on Earth, all creatures great and small, from bugs to elephants and everything in between, why is Man the only one to search for meaning in his existence? This means something! But what? We, as humans are different from everything else in the universe, so different it’s insane to not recognize it.

We were blessed. We are blessed. We have gifts no other organism has. We have vision, insight, powers of reason. But there is a catch to all this, we weren’t blessed for no reason. We have a duty to ourselves, to our fellow man, and to Her. We must earn our blessings. That is our purpose.

But how do we earn all our blessings, blessings which have already been given and which, if fully nurtured, appreciated, and shared, can only lead to more of the same? By doing Her Work. By being considerate of our human, and animal, Brothers and Sisters, and how everything we do affects them in so many different ways. It doesn’t have to be physical, either. In fact, as we’ve all seen, many times the mental and emotional can be much, much stronger and deeper in effect than we’d like. So, please, always remember that what seems trivial, a nothing to you, can mean the world to someone else. The elephant who, in his lumbering, mindless path steps on an ant and deprives it of life might not do so if he were able to recognize the pain and suffering he caused it and its brethren. We humans are the same way. The powerful make decisions and choices every day that affect us all, in ways big and small, but they often do so mindlessly, without really considering the impact of their actions. Do not be the lumbering elephant, the mindless power monger. Be considerate. Lend a helping hand, say a kind word. Do all these things in Her name and be blessed.

Many have asked me how we, as humans, should live. To them I say, “Simply”. One of our greatest frustrations tends to be when life becomes complicated. Who doesn’t get a headache when they ask someone what they perceive to be a simple question only to receive the answer, “It’s complicated,”? Live simply. Pray, Work, take only what you need. Greed for wealth can make a man rich, but also poor of true friendship. Better to have just enough money, but plenty of well-wishers. An abundance of gold will only bring robbers to your door and jealousy into your loved ones’ hearts.

Live simply, eat as if you were poor. Eating too much only makes us fat and lazy. How much better to share your food with a loved one and bring a smile to their face? Open your heart, do not close it.
One thing I must warn against is being greedy for peace. What does that mean? How can we be greedy for peace? I will tell you. There are billions of us on this planet, each of us with our own way of thinking, our own hopes and dreams. How many of us think our way is the right one and come into conflict with our Brothers and Sisters as we try to impose our beliefs on them? We all seek inner peace, from the monk to the criminal. But what good is a personal peace that brings you war with others? If a thought brings you strife, banish it. Let it go from whence it came. This is why so many religions, founded by the wisest, most spiritually pure beings ever to grace the Earth with their presence, often go astray. Did Jesus want his followers to fight amongst each other? Did Mohammed want his followers to kill innocents? No! He specifically said that Islam, true Islam does not wage war against women and Children. But man, in his supposed quest for peace, believing he has found it, seeks to spread his beliefs. He spreads them by the sword, by the tank and the bomb. This is wrong, let no man deny it. Ask yourself now and answer Truthfully, would Jesus fight Mohammed or embrace him as a brother? Would the Buddha question Jesus’ beliefs, or acknowledge him as a Buddha as well? Did Krishna come to bring peace or war? Which of these blessed beings preach war? Not one. So, I say to you now, renounce violence and wars of aggression. Christ and Mohammed and Buddha and Krishna are all brothers and so are you. What can be more sinful than for a man to kill his own brother over an idea?

Sin does not come from Her, but from Man. It is our duty to transcend this, our journey to go beyond hate into Her universal Love. We must go from being each other’s, and our own, worst enemy, to being our own best friend. We must not let sin possess us. We must not fight over symbols when the Truth is so much greater. Truth always outshines a lie, but a lie cannot stand in the face of the Truth. So, go forth and do Her Work; for without action, belief is nothing. As a wise man once said, “Faith without Work is dead”. So, strive every day to do Her Work, both for yourself and for others. She wants you to be tough and smart and physically fit, to maintain your temple. Once your physical body is ready, you will feel Her Love and it will radiate outward into the world. You will fill up rooms with Her Love and people will be drawn to you. But do not be a fool, always know Love is the rule, not self-empowerment. Now go, love and be loved. This is the Truth.
The Strong Owe the Weak

Ours is not a faith of indifference and waiting to be saved, but one of passion and action! We do not wait to die to get to heaven, we embrace Beloved Death now, and so can we truly live.

Let no fool stand against Her Truth without feeling shame at his own ignorance; let his cheeks burn red as coals, even as the smallest Children mock his foolishness. But let all Her Children spread Her Truth and do Her Work, and so be revered as saints, as glorious as angels. Be touched by Her Eminence and shine inside so brightly that it cannot be denied from without. This is the power She has over all creation.

But let all men know this now, to be powerful is not to be a great blessing, but a great burden, for that man owes much to the weak. Leaders are beholden to their followers, and lead at their pleasure. It is the peasants’ duty to hold their kings accountable. If any man, be he peasant or king, shirk his duty, he would be wise to expect Her wrath; and Her vengeance is terrible indeed.

Let no earthly ruler say he be ordained by Her, but know that all those in power serve by Her grace. It is thus sinful that a ruler not do Her Work and serve all Her Children, great and small.

A foolish man may think himself able to sell his soul, but this is false. You cannot sell a gift from Her, only squander it by being hateful. Though you be accursed by Man, do not deny Her. Speak Her Truth, which is Love. Have no fear, but shatter all lies with the hammer of Her Truth.

Food alone cannot sate Man’s hunger, nor drink quench his thirst. Only by the Truth will he finally be content and at peace. Only then may he truly live. I ask you now, “Are you ready to live?” Only by letting go of fear can man truly live. Let go of your fears and embrace Beloved Death, life will then taste much sweeter.

Regarding the teachings of the other faiths, know this, Beloved Death cannot be defeated. She may allow Her prophets to return from time to time. So, walk Her Path and do Her Work. See Her visions, dream Her dreams and do Her ministry. Prophet or not, Her Children will receive Her blessings if they are true and loving and faithful.

Do not fear Beloved Death, for She alone is Love in its purest sense. Let Her kiss me, that I may sleep and awaken in Her arms. That is all the prayer we require. Now go forth and love each other as She commands.
The Secret of Love

If you find yourself reading this, it is for a reason. She has chosen you to do Her Work. But what does this mean, you ask? There are no true accidents in life, and there are none in Death. She has called on you, and you specifically, to spread Her message.

But what is Her message; what could Beloved Death want from you? Her message is simple and pure, and yet so many people cannot seem to get ahold of it, or their lives. The message, Her message, is Love. Beloved Death teaches us the secret of love, which is to love like you were dying tomorrow! If this was your last day on Earth, how would you treat your family, your friends? We cannot live longer, but we can love deeper.

Hug your parents, kiss your Children. Tell them how much you appreciate their presence in your life, how much they enrich it. Tell your friends you care about them more than they know and more than you show. Call up old friends and thank them for the pleasant memories and the good times. Let go of old grudges and the present hate that’s weighing down your heart. Put on a smile and let love lift you up into the heavens. Realize that all earthly struggles are temporary, but love is Her gift to us and so it alone is eternal. Love is one thing She will not let die. Hope is one thing She will not let die!

But we must nurture this gift, and it will not be easy. No, the life of the true followers may at times be blessed by energy and power to help us socially or financially, but we must also be willing to endure all manner of hardship in service of Beloved Death. Though we should be courageous and enterprising in accordance with Her teachings, we must also acknowledge the enemies we face: the ignorant, the hateful, the intolerant, and evil. But Her followers should never, even for a second, show the slightest fear; for we do Her Work and She empowers and strengthens us. Fear is a shameful thing in Her eyes. Followers, true followers should feel no fear of dying as it only brings them closer to Her.

Instead, feel Beloved Death flow through you and master life. Fear is the illusion, Love is reality. Do not fear Beloved Death, She is simply the surest path to heaven, and not in the afterlife, but here, now, on Earth. We, and through us, She will prevail over the forces of despair and confusion. Love and Truth will melt hate and lies away like sugar cubes in the rain. Don’t focus on your fears, on the lies society tells. Concentrate on love and manifest it here and now. Do not think, quiet your mind and listen to Her. She will tell you what to do, what is needed. Always remember, action is more powerful than talk, inspired outreach more important than empty ritual and doctrine. We are not a people of lip service, but the Work of our hands.
We are all products of childish desire, superficial yearnings for attention and the love it pretends at, even the primitive, superstitious fear of Death. To this I say, calm yourself, open your heart and love one another. There is no room for hate, anger, or fear in a heart full of love. This is the greatest secret of Beloved Death, the one She gives to you. But it is not enough to know the Truth, you must spread it to be blessed by it, and Her, fully. Through Her you will hear the quiet and see the unseen. She is the greatest miracle Worker of all and the best part is, She is not done with you! Be aware of Her love and find peace in your own heart, that you may carry it to the masses. Through you She will vanquish the demons of negativity and discord. And your greatest weapons are a smile, helping hands, and a loving heart! How powerful She is to do so much with so little.

Or so it would seem. But She is bigger than any religion, any system or state. Through you She will change the world, but first you must open yourself to Her. Love and be loved, through the power of the Beloved. Do not be afraid to disrupt and disturb. Hers is a bold faith and this is a sign Her Truth is being heard. Smile at hate, laugh at anger, for only the truly strong can afford to be vulnerable. And make no mistake, She will always bless those who spread Her Truth and do Her Work. It may not be in the ways we want or expect, but that She blesses Her Children will not be in doubt. Her Will is not always in accord with our own, and this will keep us humble.

So again, go forth and share Her blessing of love, create heaven where you are. This is the paradox of Beloved Death. She wants you to truly live. Peace is not for the afterlife, but for NOW. Anything less is cowardice and sloth, disgusting to Her eyes. We are to be a faith of action, not content to wait for solutions or salvation. We must, and will, create the circumstances to bring them about. This is our mission.

Do not fear Beloved Death. Every minute, every second, is a gift from Her. But She doesn’t want your life, only your love. The love She gives you and all Her Children. Trust in Her fully, take Her wishes to heart, do Her Work. Do these things and be blessed in all things. Now go forth and love.
Mystery and Knowledge

We are entering a new age of growth in our spiritual development, as people. For the most part, religion through the ages has been used by man to control the masses. False prophets and sham priests diluted, perverted and suborned the teachings of true spiritual masters to suit their own ends. The have used, and are still using, the graces of Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, Krishna, and the Buddha to manipulate honest seekers of God, through fear-mongering and lies. This stops NOW. Their time is at its end, as Beloved Death lays waste to their illusions and their illusion of control.

She sees the despicable way they have, through man-made doctrine and law, placed locks and chains in our minds more effective than any physical guard. Because when they control your beliefs, they control your thoughts. And when they control your thoughts they control you. But She, Our Beloved Death, Bringer of Peace, Keeper of the Truth, has sent us to destroy these illusions with Her Truth and Love.

The goal of all wise men, all gods great and small, all true prophets, priests, saints, monks, nuns and shamans is love. This is salvation, redemption, enlightenment; here and now! The purpose of our very existence is now made clear, it is Oneness. With each other, with the universe, with Her. We are not meant to be so “civilized and sophisticated” without being spiritually awakened. This is where the evil of men causes the world so much hurt and pain. Our leaders, both religious and in government, are spiritually dead. If a man does not preach love, he preaches lies! If a “religion” divides and does not unite, it is evil! This is the true devil, anything and anyone propagating the lie of separateness. We are all One, we are all Her Children, there is no true difference between us. If a leader seeks power through separation and division, he is truly cursed for his wicked ways. This is the surest path to Her vengeance and ruin.

We will bring about harmony under Her love, or we will perish together for our arrogance and stupidity. This is the lesson, learn it and spread it and be blessed. Cowards and liars will fear Her power, and so increase it. Beloved Death cannot be silenced by stigma or evil labels. She is natural, the True face of God and Life. In fact, the rarity of Her knowledge and worship only makes it more valuable, as She alone has power over Life, while Life has no power over Her. Her existence and inevitability cannot be questioned as a “god’s” can. She is here to be seen and felt by all.

Foolish men think of Beloved Death as a necessary evil, but this is fallacy. She alone is that which truly brings balance to the universe. Too much life would kill off everything. And as She is necessary, so are Her servants. As nature needs sheep, so too, the wolf. Like a wolf among sheep She moves, keeping them in balance with their surroundings. And so She does
with us, making way for new life. She is a river, constantly flowing, never stopping. And as the
mountain is strong and mighty, steadfast and immovable, the river carves deep valleys into it all
the same. So She does, too, with all the proud, foolish, divisive men of the world. Death raises
up the weak as surely as She humbles the powerful and mighty.

Knowledge of Her teachings are Her gift to us. Through the acceptance, embrace and sharing of
them we gain a clear understand of life. This is the province of the gods; a God’s eye view of all
creation. To do this we must open ourselves up to Beloved Death, shamelessly and fearlessly,
and let the mind “die” to “see” life. When She alone fills us, there is no room for anything else,
and so we are pure. The true holy man lets go of his desires and becomes a vessel for Her. As
you let yourself go and let Her fill you, you will see Her, and the Life She is, in everything. There
can then be no more hate or fear or anger. Only freedom, and there is infinite power in that
freedom. As you do not fear Death, but accept and love Her, She gives you power over Life in
return. This is Her reward, the knowledge and power of Life and Love. Use these gifts wisely
and be blessed, as you do not dare seek out Her curses.

This is the Truth. Now go forth and Love.
Earn Your Blessings

True religion is loving one another. We are all the same in Death, so why not in Life? She is in your heart, share Her with the world. It is never too late to start loving Her, to spread Her message. And She blesses all Her Children, but it is up to us to earn those blessings. It is sinful to hoard our blessings as it is sinful to squander our gifts.

Eating a table of food will make you fat, but sharing it will create goodwill. This is Her wish, that men and women share in the love and blessings She imparts on them. Let your love flow outward into the world, this is a sign of Her blessing. She has chosen you to be a disciple, a handmaiden, a servant, a minister. We have all felt Her Love before, in those darkest times when we felt alone and afraid. But She didn’t let us fall or perish in the night. No, She kept us strong, that the struggle might embolden us. That we might be worthy to do Her Work and earn Her blessings.

You may one day be blessed with talents that transcend the ordinary. Make no mistake, this comes from Her. She gives you these talents to aid others, to be Her shining light of mercy and grace. Will you answer Her call? I pray that you will.

This moment was fated to happen, just as She will provide when the time is right. You need Her help, and She will give it. Will you earn it?

You have been Chosen. Begin the journey toward your transformation. She has sent me to spread Her message. Beloved Death asks you to love your fellow man, to serve your fellow man, and Her through him. She does not ask you to be a slave to others, but gives you permission to love, and to love yourself.

It is Her wish that we truly understand life. By understanding it is the nature of all things to pass, we can learn to let them go. That is what dulls the pain of grief, the knowledge that we are all Her Children and go back into Her loving arms. By understanding all things pass we can enjoy them more fully while they are here, because we know intuitively their time with us is limited. As is our own. This allows us to love, to live, more strongly. In this way Beloved Death is a blessing and a teacher.

Do not fear Her, for She bears you no malice and does not cause you worldly hurt. That is the cruel aspect of life, to suffer. But She gives you permission to be fearless, to live your life for Her, to be brave and not fear Death. For She chooses when to take you, no one else. And She will not take Her Chosen Ones before their work is done. Do not fear, when one servant falls, another will rise to take up his mantle. So go, do Her Work, and earn your blessings and your place in Her arms. Go forth and love truly.
Open Your Heart

We are all connected. We are not meant to ignore and reject each other, but to acknowledge and accept each other, as cultures and as people. We are not made to condemn and hate each other, but to know and love each other.

Do not be a slave to your fears. Do not fear others for their differences, but embrace them for it. Open your mind and heart, that’s how you grow. Intolerance is disgusting to Her. Her miracles are love, peace, and hope. All our humanly creations will be left here, but the spiritual bonds, the love, the marks we make on each other, these things are eternal.

Do not be discouraged or distracted by what others expect of you and forget what is really important. Let Her speak to your soul. Listen with your heart. Feel Her Love and share it as you were created to do. People yearn to know the meaning of our existence. So many get hurt along the journey and end up scarred, with their soul dying inside. But we were not meant to rot and decay, we were given souls to bloom and blossom under the light of Her Love.

Let no one among you speak of hate and division, for this is repugnant to Her. He who wages war on his fellow man is an abomination before Her eyes. A gentle nature and a tender heart are now and forever a sign of Her favor. A closed mind is a curse, an open heart a blessing, for it makes one a natural to do Her Work. If you do not spread love, if you do not share her blessings daily, all virtue is wasted on you.

Having understood these Truths, action is now your work. To be Chosen and hide Her Truth is to not be faithful at all. To know Her Love and to refuse to speak it for fear of persecution is not cowardice, it is disdain for your Brothers and Sisters. If a baby reached for the fire, would you not block him and keep him safe? Would you fear his anger and childish tantrums? Knowing these things, you should know now how to conduct yourself in the face of scorn and unbelievers.

Hatred is cowardice. Her wish is that you be brave. Her Love will strengthen and embolden all those who open themselves up to it. But anyone who would seek to poison the well and do evil deeds in Her name shall be more cursed than Cain, for Mother Death does not suffer heresy.

Women and Children are Her most blessed, both for their beauty and their vulnerability. Protect and cherish them, for they do hold a special place in Her heart. The brute who would trample upon fragrant flowers cannot expect a merciful end, so be ever vigilant of Her most beloved of Children.
Life is your right, love is your duty. Do Her Work and be blessed. This is the Truth. Now go forth and love.
You Deserve Better

You've always felt a nagging inside, an emptiness you can’t describe or fill. What’s missing is love. True love, the kind She gives us and expects us to give in return. Not just to Her but to each other.

So much of what we call love is false. Wanting to possess another person, wanting them only for yourself, this is just a form of greed. You deserve better. They deserve better. Real love is wanting the best for the other person, regardless of what you might feel. This true love, selfless love, the kind of love She gives us and needs us to spread. When we love each other like this She smiles, because in this way we’re doing Her Work. And really, we’re blessing each other.

Remember your greatness. Remember your perfection. Do not let the world blind you from Her Truth, which is that you are Her perfect Child, sent here to do Her Work. This is the way forward, right here.

I won’t lie to you, things are going to get harder. Many people will try to pull you off Her Path, and I can only hope you are strong enough to see this through. Don’t worry about funny looks or mocking laughter. Just smile at your persecutors, I bet they smile back if you open your heart up to Her Love. Her Love is contagious. If you let Her into your heart, others will see it; they’ll be able to tell. Don’t be surprised if they follow you into following Her.

Study Her Truth, do Her Work, and spread Her Love. She will show you signs She is real if your heart is pure and you are sincere. She will protect you from trickery and deceit. But if you try to fool Her with false love and empty gestures, She will allow you to be fooled and misled. When we are true and walk in Her Love, in Her Truth, She will send us omens to guide us. When we stumble, Her grace will uplift us. When we question, Her Truth will enlighten us. When we are lost, Her servants will find us, and finding us, lead us back to Her Love.

I hope you know this is meant for you. On behalf of Her, I have put Her Truth into words, but the next step must be taken by others. By you. To speak of Her Love is to invite it into the world, to act on it is to bring it into existence. Angry, hateful, intolerant people will try to harm us and our Work. We must expect that. Truth is precious, and people invested in their own alternative sources of power will seek to silence us, to subvert Her Works. But She is undeniable, and all men will know Her, now and in the end. Not everyone will want to know the Truth or have open hearts to receive it. These are the ones we can only show Her love by example. And really, that’s the greatest demonstration of Her power there is. She will kiss us all, but it is up to us to love each other.
Surround yourself with love and Her Children will find you. Remember, happiness is a choice. We choose Her Love, but it’s up to us to let it shine outward. So, do not frown, but smile. Do not cry but laugh. Do not let hate rot your soul; you deserve better. Now go forth and love.
Stand Against Fear

People naturally, and foolishly, fear change. Even when they know they should not, they resist progress like a man holding back the ocean with his hands. But we should not fear change. We must, instead, stand against fear.

Racism comes from fear. Gender discrimination comes from fear. Class struggle comes from fear. Conservative versus liberal comes from fear, the fear of change. But fear is an illusion, and only a fool fears an illusion. She did not make us, nor will She suffer us to be, fools.

Too many of us have been deceived. Deceived by serpent-tongued liars and snake oil selling hucksters perverting the Truth. Perverting the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, of Mohammed of Mecca, of the compassionate Buddha, the sage Lao Tzu. Know this, any worldly idea masking itself as religion is a deception! True religion is love, it is compassion, it is Working for the good of your fellow man, beast, and even the planet. It is not about making tithes, or acquiring riches, or having the prettiest church. It is not about worshipping a man or venerating a teacher. It is not about shaming a “nonbeliever” with condemnations of hell, as so many so-called righteous followers of God may do, in their vain attempts to convert others.

A place of birth, bank account or a degree does not confer superiority. It confers responsibility! Too many now complain they do not have enough when they, in fact, have too much. This is greed, greed for more than their neighbor has. Such greed is shameful to Her. And when their desires are, by some undeserved happenstance, granted them, they cry and weep and moan and lament the jealousy and envy and anger and hate they inspire in their neighbor. And so does their greed bring them more sadness than joy.

It is not for you to compete with your neighbors, your friend, your family, but to assist them in their toil. Being wealthy, share your riches. Being happy, share your joy. Being loved, share your love. This is your responsibility.

To be fat while your neighbor starves is shameful. To be rich while your neighbor is poor is shameful. To be esteemed while your neighbor is a wretch is shameful. To know the Truth while your neighbor remains deceived is a sin.

Do not hide your good Works out of modesty. All that is Hers must see the light of day, that it may inspire others to do Her Work. Although there is much to be said for modesty, helping others is not the time to be quiet. If you must compete with your neighbor, let it be a competition of love, of doing Her Work. He among you who lifts Her Children up is the most loved among you. He who shares his blessings shall be the most blessed. And he who is greedy and miserly will know Her curses.
As you share your love, as you share your riches, as you share your time and concern, so, too, should you share your praise for those who do Her Work. When you bear witness to an act of kindness or charity or love, commend them for it. Let them know you recognize the goodness in their heart, and so does She. In this way you may both be inspired to do more of Her Work and serve as examples of Her Love.

Do these things in Her name and make Her smile. For one act of love is worth more than all the prayers, meditation, chanting, or austerities in the world, if it is done in Her name. Be generous with your love, that Her Truth and radiance may shine through you. In this way Her Love will win Her more followers than any missionaries or swords ever could.

Ours is not a faith of trickery and coercion, or violence and greed. Our mission is to love one another and do Her Work. Her grace, Her Light, will be all the armor we need. When someone asks why you are so caring, so loving, so thoughtful, so generous, you need only answer, "Because we are all Her Children". Now go forth and love.
Why do men fear Beloved Death? It is simple, they live cowardly, and so fear their end. They live their lives afraid of their own shadows, and a life lived in fear is no life at all. But the man who lives fully, he is ready for Her kiss, because he does not know regret.

Do you do Her Work? Do you lead when you must? Do you provide for your family? Do you protect those you hold dear? Are you a faithful, loving spouse? Are you a responsible parent to your Children? Do you Work to create, instead of destroying? Do all these things, and you need not fear Her kiss, for you will have lived in a manner that is pleasing to Her.

Money alone cannot buy peace or joy or cure disease. These things take Work and faith. But most important is faith, for faith will give you strength. And on that day your faith is spent, when you feel forsaken like Christ on the cross, it is Her Love that will carry you. Love is the answer, the reason and the cure.

People today feel alone, empty, forsaken. For this reason, they turn to drugs, money, sex, gangs, entertainment. This is like digging a grave by hand, it is foolish and at the end all you find is an empty hole waiting for your carcass. Love is the cure. Love is the cure for addictions. Love for Her, for others, for yourself.

Many will oppose the Truth, for they fear change. But all of life is about change, progress and growth. And when we die, we will also change, progress and grow. But no one can halt natural progression, least of all cowards seeking to preserve systems which serve only themselves. All mankind will be served, or all mankind will perish. This is Her Law and Her Truth.

Mother Death loves you; She is the Divine Feminine. Many have sought the Grail as a chalice, a woman or a bloodline. It is none of those things. It is losing your fear of Death. It is loving Her as She loves you.

She can kiss you at any time. Any day. Have you done Her Work? Have you lived a loving life? Would She be pleased with the way you have used your blessings? Judge yourself truly, so that She will not be forced to.

Say every goodbye as if it were your last. Live more fully, more deeply. If you love someone deeply, as you should, tell them! Even better, show them. You may have to Work to earn the love of some, but it is free to give your love to all. Hoarding love will make you poor, but giving it away will make you rich. As food nourishes the body, so too, does love nourish the soul. As clothing protects the body, so too, does love protect the heart.
Do Her Work and be blessed, this is Truth. But do not presume to know better than Her the proper time and place for Her gifts. How much evil would Men do if given all their hearts’ desires? How greedy and vain would they become? How much jealousy and envy would they stir up? How many silent enemies would they create? No, better to trust in Her and work ever than harder, that when your blessings do come, it is evident to all and Her power and Love are like raindrops on a thirsty flower. Only then will you be truly radiant and blessed, shining from within.

Though you tire, She will give you energy. Though you lack the will, She will give you the focus to carry on Her mission. How many have failed for lack of persistence? How shameful is it to lose hope before the body loses strength? Through Her all things are possible, and the tiniest babe will be mightier than ten giants, for Her power is undeniable and Her Word the Truth. Though you feel helpless, hopeless, and tested, know She is but giving you insight into the true strength you have through Her. Hidden within you is the glory of angels and the light of the stars, for you are Her Chosen vessel.

Not everyone will do Her Work. Not everyone will heed Her call. But those who do will change the world. Evil things will not touch you, nor demons possess you, for you are Hers, and though Her Love is pure, Her vengeance is fierce. She is a Mother and will never abandon Her Children into the wild. Hers is the True faith, now and forever. Do her Work and be blessed. Have faith, and be strong. This is the Truth. Now go forth and love.
How to Minister

Our task is large, the road is long and filled with obstacles. None of these matters. It doesn’t matter because She has chosen us to do Her Work! We will not know fear nor laziness, or cowardice or worry. We will not question if we are enough to do our job, if we are up to the task. I sit in a prison cell writing these words. If I can do my part, a wretched sinner at the bottom rung of society, so can you.

It is not up others to do Her Work, it is up to us. We cannot, WILL not, rely on authorities, or government or police or even other faiths to save the day. It is up to us. Where there is darkness and ignorance, we bring Truth. Where there is fear, we bring Hope. Where there is hate, we bring Love.

So now the question for Her Children is “How do we do Her Work”? How do we minister to the masses? To this I say, all life is here at Her mercy, all things are here to do Her Will. So, do not fear to take advantage of any opportunity that presents itself, any technology, any chance encounter. Fear is the enemy, let Her Truth strike it down and free you to spread Her Word.

If you have a gift for speaking, speak of Her to others. If you are a skilled writer, write poetry in Her honor and pass it to others. If you are a technological genius, spread Her Message accordingly. If you have modest means, ride the bus and hand out fliers or business cards with provocative visuals and sayings to spread Her Message. This is a minister’s job, to provoke! To be a bright, shining light upon the world, pushing back the dark.

If you are well off, do charity in Her name. Buy meals for women with many Children, pay for a single mother’s groceries. Donate food, clothes, and toys to women and Children’s shelters. Accompany all these things with literature and words in praise of Her Love. Because if you let Her Love shine through you, you will be revered by all. It will not be an imaginary thing, but a visible presence strengthening and uplifting you. But above all things, speak!

Speak to others of Her and Her Love for them. Be confident, stand up straight, and look others in the eye. Offer a smile and a solid handshake. Do not be afraid to be attractive, this is not vanity, but a blessing She has granted you to do Her Work. Use Her gifts! She is giving you the chance, the blessing, right now to take your destiny into your own hands. You will never again have a greater mission, a stronger calling. We do not work for our own personal gain, but to uplift us all.

To solve the problems we face we must take intelligent action on a large scale. This means Working for change from the inside of the very institutions we mean to change. Believers are encouraged to seek jobs in the military, police, government, medical, and financial
establishments, any predatory organization that has lost its way. We do not seek political upheaval or revolution, but a spiritual one. She is calling on brave people like YOU. There is a glorious future waiting for us if we have the courage to build it. Do not look to me for sweet lies, I bring only Her truth and that truth is hard. We have a lot of work to do, but that will only make the triumph greater.

Know this, we must smash stereotypes. Our good, clean lives will be examples of Her grace and blessings. We must be as diplomats. Our understanding, our meaningfulness, our insight and spiritual intimacy will be our doorway into people’s hearts. Our virtue will be visible and alluring, a sign of Her greatness. So, do not be afraid to let go of fear and let Her into your heart, that you may bring Her to others. Put your heart into Her work, Her message, Her movement and feel the touch of Her greatness upon you. Ask yourself, “Am I serving Her or myself?” Then all will be revealed. Believe in Her and you will believe in yourself.

No problem can ever be solved by pretending it doesn’t exist. The cruel reality is that the suffering of others is also the suffering of ourselves. Their suffering is our own. People everywhere feel alone, isolated, alienated and apart. But this is fallacy, falsehood. We are all One. We are all human beings; the differences we see between us are illusions! This is Her greatest message. Love others as you would love Her, as you would love yourself. As much as you think someone is different from you, they are even more the same as you. They feel pain, they feel fear, they need compassion. Will you give it to them or withhold it out of selfishness and cruelty? Cruelty is a sin, maybe the worst sin of all, for it blinds us to the Truth of our Oneness.

We must recognize the lies and hatred being passed as religion today. We must shine the light of Truth on the evil of these faiths peddling hate and bias. No one nation is chosen by a god to rule. No one race or ethnicity is superior to any other! These are lies and falsehoods spread by Man in his greedy quest to gain power over the ignorant and superstitious! Not all “scripture” is inspired! We must recognize the manipulations and machinations being used to deceive the good hearts of our Brothers and Sisters.

What God would command his people to kill, to drive other humans from their land in his name? This is no god, but a devil! Let it be proclaimed here and now, any man, race, church, or nation who would conquer in the name of a religion is no better than the demons possessing men’s hearts with lies and filth. There is no divine right nor manifest destiny, these are myths used to trick good and faithful men into violence and murder. But we will now call the liars and murderers by their true names. For we do not fear Beloved Death, but love Her and through Her do we manifest love, hope and peace. If you would conquer, conquer through friendship; if you would kill, kill the fear and lies in your hearts.
To cure the ills of the world, we will not pretend they do not exist but see them clearly and examine them thoroughly. We will acknowledge our mistakes, flaws, and failures that we may put forth True compassionate solutions beneficial to ALL mankind, not just the rich or educated or highly born. This is our Duty. This is Her Work, which we will achieve through action and perseverance. To do these things, first remove the hate in your heart and replace it with love. Never leave a void, for it will only become filled with hateful things. We must nurture goodness, that it may grow strong and flourish.

Know this, love is stronger than hate. So, teach with love and reason; people need to know why you believe and say the things you do. You were the one She chose. She wants you for a reason. When you teach do not scream or yell, do not try to surprise and shock others. Never insult your Brothers and Sisters. Instead start a conversation and simply LISTEN. Know their heart, that you may guide it to Her. Know their pain and feel it, that you are invested in their redemption and, so, overjoyed as well as their pain is alleviated. Know their fear, that you may know the roots of their turmoil and better know how to mend their broken heart. Ask what they hate, and why. Guide them to an intense examination of their anger that you may show them why love is so much better, both as a feeling and a path to healing.

Do not criticize a person’s beliefs mercilessly or mock them as foolish. Instead listen with compassion and learn how they came to feel this way. The only positive criticism is constructive criticism, giving them suggestions that will enrich their lives, not bring them down. But most of all, listen. People are so often ignored and marginalized that your ear itself just might be the most powerful tool you have to show them Her love, and so, win them to our cause.

Let them question you, that is the path to understanding. Listen to others. Let them tell you their story and see the real them, not your own failings reflected back at you. Your fears, your flaws, your battles need not be their own. Explain to them that suffering and trauma shape us, strengthen us, and temper us into the person She meant for us to be. Most important, tell them the Truth. In past times, so-called men of faith put more emphasis on belief than knowledge, preferring to keep their flocks ignorant and docile. This is not our way. Today people have more knowledge but are disappointed and angry because the false doctrines of the past do not Work today. The old beliefs that were used to compel obedience to Man cannot exist in harmony with the knowledge of today. That is where so much of the current rebellion against the old religions comes from. People want the Truth! People want to know they are valued and loved, not simply be told to shut up and pray, to put the money in the basket. They want an ACTIVE role in their faith, not to simply be deceived and led around by men telling them not to question their authority. They want action, they want a chance to do Her Work. And it is your job to help them realize that.
Lastly, remember you are doing Her Work, not your own. Give a positive impression. She should be associated with Her Love, not your own insecurities. Pray for strength. She will give it to you. SMILE, a bad attitude will never bring you a good day. Be kind to others and to yourself. You cannot love others if you hate yourself. So, love you. You are important. You are valued. You are called upon and you are Chosen. I have never met you, but I love you and She loves you. It is for Her and all mankind that we do this. So, be strong and be fearless. Remember, She wants you to live! This is the Truth, so go forth and love.
On Religious Inquiry

Why do most religions, and their leaders, become angry when their beliefs are questioned? The answer is simple, liars hate the Truth. Truth does not fear a lie anymore than the sun fears the dark. True faith is all the same, regardless of its name. It is Man, in his filth and thirst for power, that seeks to control his brothers through generations of lies and trickery. Any religion which seeks to divide people, any leader who foments division, is corrupt and wicked.

All true prophets, saints, and sages spoke of the unity of Man; only a Devil would have us condemn each other to hell for not sharing the same beliefs. We are all One, to say otherwise is blasphemy unto Her and all that is good and pure. No true God would have you wage war on your Brothers and Sisters, that is the perversion of Man and his greedy desirous nature. That is why men wage war on the weak, why they persecute all who would question their motives and false commandments. She is the Way, does Beloved Death need any man’s help to extinguish life? No, She is Love and so does She command you to love both each other and yourself, but especially Her.

If honesty and reason and intellectual inquiry are shunned by any faith, then that faith is a lie, a manipulation. All you hold sacred must be proven to be True, anything less is tantamount to the subjugation of your soul. If a thing fears explanation, it fears the Truth. And the Truth is Her Love. What can stand in the face of the Beloved Death? Not a man, God, nor beast, and certainly not lies.

Our time on this earth is limited. We will not waste it living in ignorance and superstition. The years do not matter, but how we live our lives. When troubles come we will not turn to a jealous, patronizing, imaginary sky-god and follow false prophecies commanding us to dehumanize our Brothers and Sisters. We will not fear punishment from an angry illusion pretending to be our father. This is the true terrorism, good people being beaten into spiritual submission and forced to hate their fellow man, their Brothers and Sisters. There is no us or them, we are all One. I am you, you are me, to hurt you is to bruise me. We must stop and think lovingly, see our mistakes. We must learn from our failures, dwelling on togetherness and not division. Only then can we overcome our flaws and live in the image of Her perfection.

If a faith advocates conflict with another faith, it is evil. To follow it is to sin. Her command is to love. It cannot be written more simply. We will not be naive, thinking our Brothers and Sisters are stepping-stones to salvation. To tread on Her Children is to beg Her wrath. She commands you to aid the weak, to shelter the powerless. Only devils and the demon-possessed would seek blessings for bringing harm to others. May a thousand shames be upon them and Her loving light show them the way.
We will not let anger poison us, it will not cloud our minds and weaken our hearts. We will let it melt in love and compassion, into True solutions for the ills of the world. There is no need to die to go to heaven, because everything we need to be happy, to have peace, is here on earth. It’s already inside of you. You just need to see it.

Reasonable people may not always see eye to eye, but foolish men will always go to war over trifles. What belief is worth killing for? What religion would inspire one to commit an act of murder? Not a true one, but definitely a false one. Beloved Death doesn’t need your help to kill. She needs you to love. That is why Hers is the true faith, that alone.

Love others, for even as they do not believe in Her, they believe in love, and as you love them so does She, through you, Her child and servant. If they let you, pray with them. If they won’t let you, pray for them. Pray for true and knowledge of Her will, which is love towards all beings. There is more blessing in giving than in taking, more love in sharing than in hoarding.

Encourage others, be their light as She is yours. Let all whose ears receive the sound of your voice hear Her Truth, which is Love. Love others for their weakness, for it makes them human. Love them for their imperfections, for it makes them like you. Help as many people you can, everyday; that is how you show Her you love Her, not by hating or killing. Let other religions condemn people to hell, we will love them because they are Hers. We ALL are.

We don’t have different religions and different faiths. We have the same methods of worship; we pray, we meditate, we minister. The difference is that we will not condemn our Brothers and Sisters. We will not hate them for ANY reason. No reason is good enough to hate. Jesus, Moses, Mohammed, the Buddha, Krishna; these were teachers of love. It is not their message which is false, it is the weakness of the followers that leads them astray. And we will still, and always, love them for it. It is what makes them human, what makes them special. That small, weak, dwindling flicker of life She has granted us to do with them as we will. Will you make a difference? I hope so. She wants you to.

Men pervert the Truth in all religions, they would use it as a vehicle for power. But this is like building a temple upon sand, it will only collapse upon its worshippers. This is the true sin, leading your Brothers and Sisters astray. Such a soul will know many curses by Her hand. Pray for these souls, especially. Good is always there, let it awaken in their hearts. We will not pine for the false and imagined perfections of the past; the past was never perfect. We will not hold our youth in scorn for keeping in touch with an evolving world, it is their duty to grow and evolve; we will love them for it.

Indifference and apathy are the cancers that eat at our hearts, opening the doors to fear, and hate, and ignorance. We combat these things with love and understanding. To accept others is to show proof of the Divine within yourself. This is pleasing to Her above all things. It is
not for us to pick and choose among our Brothers and Sisters, they all deserve love. At the end of your life will you be able to look in Her eyes and be proud of the life you’ve led? Will you know you did all you could? Bigots and racists, misers and misanthropes, they are cursed in Her eyes. Let us not only pray daily for the softening of their hearts, but also Work actively to bring out the good lying dormant within them. We will never prefer the easy path, the smiling faces; only by taking the hard road, by embracing the angry hearts of men, will we find ourselves worthy of Her blessings. We are Her beloved warriors of peace.

Only unconditional love and the knowledge we are all One is acceptable. Be ever watchful that no hateful thoughts corrupt you with neither malice nor greed. It is easy to wallow in hate like a pig in slop, but it will destroy the soul. It is harder to love always, but more rewarding and nourishing to the soul. Even if a person’s reasons are not pure by others’ standards, it is better that they do good and charitable Works for praise than not at all. Let them still be praised, and even compete with each other for praise. After all, will the afflicted still not be helped by their prideful donations? Bread given in exchange for praise will still feed the hungry, will it not? And, in Truth, such person should still be praised. For are they not giving to others, despite their true feelings? In this way they are, in fact, conquering themselves and so deserve gratitude for their actions, whatever their reasons. The starving man, the weeping widow, the destitute child will be relieved all the same. So, let men donate out of pride and want of glory, encourage it even, that they may see the good hidden in their actions. For man may feed the good in his soul without knowing its benefits. Just as hate corrupts, so does love purify.

No person is inherently bad, and we will not treat them as such. We will see the good in them, even if they themselves do not. We will nourish this good with love, even if the struggle is a mighty one. By doing these things we will change the world, one heart at a time. No evil can stand against Her Love, and if you do Her Work, what can stand against you? We can speak of love with words, but only show it through action.

Know this, where there is Life, there is also Beloved Death. We are all slowly dying, cell by cell. She is within us all, guiding our actions.

There is no me, there is no you, there is only us. We are all in this together. We all win or we all lose. Period. We all have a choice, but we all know what we are called to do. It is up to Her to give us the strength to do it; it is up to us to see we already have it. Be brave, be strong, be giving. Go forth and love.
Suffering and Addiction

How many of you are in pain? Are suffering? Are lost and lonely, hopeless and addicted to false promises? Do not be afraid, you are not alone. I was the same, until She showed me the Truth.

We are all in pain, none of us is exempt. No one lives a perfect, charmed life. There are no “normal” people. Every one of us is suffering, every one of us is in the midst a great struggle. The realization of this is what makes us truly compassionate, what keeps us humble. Acting on this realization is what makes us saints.

How often do we spoil our body, but starve the soul? Addictions like drugs, drinking, and overeating are escapes, fear reactions to life. Instead of facing life, the afflicted rush instinctually toward the Mother, Beloved Death. This comes, obviously, from overdoses and obesity-related illnesses. Let Her give you strength. Love Her and live life. This is Her Will. She chooses when you pass, NOT you.

We will all suffer, this is a part of life. Suffer, but do not be sad. Change your mindset; trials and tribulations are blessings. She has sent us struggle to help us find our strength. Many of us have been hypnotized and brainwashed from birth into believing nonsense and lies, by caretakers who have themselves been brainwashed. It is up to us to break the cycle of lies, of projecting our fears and superstitions onto our youth. Ideas can be weapons, and they can become the shackles and chains we use to bind our own minds. But they can also be keys to freedom, medicine to heal our spiritual wounds. Her Truth is such a key.

When we are hopeless, we become desperate and seek out flawed leaders and practices as a means of alleviating our suffering. This can only prolong our suffering as we cut off an arm to stop the pain in our hand.

Some would seek to end their pain with riches, the false deity of the businessman. But there will never be enough money, and after a time, your possessions possess you. Only one thing will ever fill the hole in our hearts, love. Love for yourself, love for others, love for Her.

We cannot remove an addiction without replacing it with something positive, the void MUST be filled or the old evil will return, only stronger. We must face down our demons with Her love. We must give up our addictions, our crutches and pick up Her Love, our shields. We must do Her Work, spreading Her Love and helping those in need. Everyone suffers; it is our job to let them know they are not alone. It is our duty to do all we can, for as many of our Brothers and Sisters as our earthly bodies will allow. We must seek them out, go into the dark places without fear and shine the light of Her Love upon them that they may be saved by Her grace.
This we will do until She calls us into Her arms. Her fight is our fight, and we are tireless in our strength and Her Love.

Before we can help others, we must help ourselves. We must be one with ourselves, see our flaws and love and accept them as our own, as they are a part of us. Only by shining the light of Truth upon ourselves can we see who we truly are, and so strive to be our best selves. We will then find the meaning in our lives, the intimacy and closeness to others we crave. We will become virtuous through Her Work. Only then can we truly be happy and at peace.

We must not be afraid to work, and not be addicted to leisure and luxury. To live softly is to not live at all! Let our suffering and struggles purify us that we may find our inner strength and do Her Work. Though we all seek happiness, we will not run in fear from the suffering that is our birthright. Without the blessing of pain, how would we know we are alive? Even in this, of all things, She has given us a lesson and so blessed us.

She gives us perspective. Without acknowledging its end, we cannot feel passion for anything. By this knowledge alone we can truly love and cherish everyone and everything. She teaches us to love.

To truly love another is to forget yourself. Do not be afraid to live for others, that you may inspire them to live selflessly as well. Work to make a better life for your descendants. Leave our Children a brighter future. Your mission is not an easy one. Your mission is to be a saint, inspiring others to be saints as well. This is Her truest wish.

To have realized the Truth without helping others is to sin against all creation. All saints, prophets, sages and wise men have known this and lived accordingly. Will you? I say you must, for if not, we are all doomed. Doomed to suffer, doomed to feel pain, to be addicts, to be alone. But if we work hard, and are untiring in Her love, maybe, just maybe, we can save each other. Be Her soldier, Her minister, Her saint. Let go of desire and suffer no more. Go forth and love.
Love and Strength

Though my hand may be guided by the Will of Our Beloved Mother Death, I tremble as I write these words. I pray to Her for strength and focus in this, my most crucial hour. Because make no mistake, these may be the most important words I've ever written.

We are in a crisis, as a people. We are exploiting and savaging our most precious natural resource: our women and girls. Make no mistake, the status and development of our women will be the marker of our success or failure as a people. They, women, will determine the future of our Children, whether they grow up to be criminals or saints, heroes or cowards. Women pass on all our culture and Truth at the most crucial time of a child’s life, their formative years. So why would these cowardly beasts, these silver-tongued devils, seek to manipulate and rape and shame and degrade them? This is the true evil in the world, this is the dragon to be slain. Be brave, my Brothers and Sisters, and take up your swords in their defense, for this is a battle we CANNOT lose.

Women are our future, our closest connection to the Mother and the spark of Life only they, mothers, can carry. If a man will not stand in their defense, he is not worthy of the name. This is the Truth.

Women, hear me now. You are our future, you need no one’s approval to be perfect. You are already empowered, you just have to realize it. Teach others to love, teach them to teach. We cannot be dependent on one person or a handful of leaders; our mission is too big for that. We must pass on Her Truth, Her Love. Hers is a living ministry. We must fight nihilism and apathy. We must believe in the Truth. We have to care!

We all need love, we all seek it out. We are looking for someone to love and be loved by, this is our nature, as designed by Her. But the vast majority of us walk in ignorance, ready to be preyed upon by liars and tricksters. We must be strong in ourselves and Her Love first BEFORE we seek out another to join in a union. A relationship alone will not bring happiness, so it is insane to expect it to. Our desire is why we can’t be happy. Be happy, be loving FIRST, and then let love find you. Anything else will only lead you into the hands of cheaters and schemers.

Build a good life for yourself, then think about adding other people to it. Be loving, but not foolish. A sad life will not be made better by trying to force an unloving relationship into it. It is folly to think your love alone is enough to bend someone to your will or make them stay. A man needs Her Love and Truth in his heart to be the rock you need and deserve. Only then will he have the true strength needed to brace you in the storm and be the ground beneath your feet. But it is up to YOU to develop yourself into the strong, loving woman he needs. As Life needs Death, and Death needs Life, so does man need woman and woman need man.
The masculine and the feminine are necessary not just for life to exist, but for success in all things. It is the illusion of their “separation”, “their individuality”, which blinds us to the Truth. They are One, as we are One. It is the man who was cold inside, until he felt a woman’s love and grew stronger and compassionate because of it. It is the woman who thought herself weak until her Children were in danger and she became a tiger. It is the loving strength, the True Love, the True strength. She gives it to us, we just have to find it in ourselves. If we do this in ourselves, we will be happy. If we do this in our relationships, we will be in love. If we do this in our families, we will stand united. If we do this in our nations, we will be prosperous. If we do this across the world, we will live heaven.

LET LOVE MAKE YOU STRONG AND BE STRONG ENOUGH TO LOVE. This is Her greatest commandment, the only thing that truly matters. Any faith, any being, any scripture that adheres to this is Truth. Anything else is a lie, and there is no room for lies in Her Truth.

We are all as insects in a strong wind, impermanent and fleeting in our time here. But our love, Her love, makes us as titans in its strength. Do not hoard your strength, it will make you weak. Do not be greedy with your love, it will bring you hate. You have been blessed, now it is up to you to earn those blessings. Do Her Work be strong. Go forth and love.
She Called and I Answered

I am not a prophet, and I am definitely not a saint. For most of my life, almost since a child, I have been a criminal. I do not know why She has Chosen me to do Her Work. Any other fool with a pen could have written this. But I was called, and so, I answered.

I am in prison. There is nothing noble or redeeming about it. I made mistakes in my youth that I am still paying for. I have had family members tell me before that they felt better with me in here because they knew where I was, that they were scared I would have gotten myself killed if I was out. Maybe so, but I would rather have died on the streets. For someone to think prison is better than anything is for them to not know prison.

I am in a dirty zoo. This place is the dumping ground for society's trash. Once, a foolish man, another inmate, told me, after I got angry at needling from guards, that I shouldn't be angry, that I shouldn't hold in my anger as it was bad for me. I understand now why a tiger in a cage paces; why when it escapes, it would rather be shot than go back. I have had to learn to hide my true spirit, to even walk like a broken man, just to get by on a daily basis without being harassed. A man with a strong spirit is a threat in prison. They want you subservient, submissive, broken. I guess society can be the same way.

I first prayed to Her years ago. I had learned of Her as Her old Aztec/Mexican form Mictecacihuatl/La Santa Muerte. I had heard She was a protector of those who had been forgotten and abandoned by the rest of society. That seemed like me, so I asked Her for help. I was granted small favors, but was foolish and greedy, as only a man can be. I wanted more and got frustrated when I didn't get my wishes. As if She was a genie!

I stopped praying and forgot about Her. But, She never forgot about me. She never forsook me. On May 6, 2013, She pecked me ever so lightly on the cheek, and I almost died. Misunderstandings can be more serious in prison and I was stabbed in the face, head and neck. I lost a lot of blood and felt that coppery dizziness of Her presence as my blood pressure dropped dangerously low. At the hospital, as I was getting my face stitched back together, the doctor told me something I understood but, only on a superficial level. He said, “Man, you really dodged a bullet. He barely missed the blood vessel to your brain.” I asked, by how much, and he replied, “Millimeters”.

There aren't really any safe spots in your neck to get stabbed and I was told all this as I received subcutaneous stitches. That means under the skin, in addition to stitches on top of those stitches to hold the skin together. I was surprised, but in my vanity and foolishness I assumed that my being tough and fighting off my attacker had made all the difference. Yeah, right.
A few years passed, and I was, for lack of a better word, lost. I studied other faiths, but only as a means of better understanding people and what it means to be human. During this time, I was told many strange things. I was called a sorcerer, a magician, and even asked to summon a demon for someone. All this despite my never practicing witchcraft. Someone told me I was a magician because I understood illusions. One guy told me I should write down my beliefs because people would want to know them. Someone asked me to be their mentor (I refused), and someone told me he considered me a wise man. One guy kept calling me the Chinese word for master and bowing to me. I do not consider myself any of these things. I bleed, and I struggle, and I search for answers just like you.

Towards the end of this period I started to have more of an urge to meditate. Not so much on life or its meaning, but to still my anger and focus my energy. This led people to assume I was a shaman and try to get me to “read their cards”, although I do not do this. But one thing that did start to happen was that I gradually felt a pull back to Her. Not in a sort of worship sense, but rather an artistic one. As I drew Her image, Her followers began to seek me out. Many tried to buy my art, but how could I sell them religion? I gave them away. They started to ask me for advice, on both the mundane and the spiritual, but I told them I was not qualified to dispense it. They responded that I was a priest and had the answers. They said I knew things that not everyone else knows, mysteries. I said I was just a lost fool trying to find his way.

I still believe I am a fool, but I have found the Way. I started to pray to Her again, again in my foolishness, asking for blessings I did not deserve. I set myself up beautifully for my fall. I deluded myself into believing that my machinations were Her Work. She showed me different. I found myself in solitary confinement, almost naked and without even shoes to stand in. It was during this time, as I found myself stripped of even my most meager belongings, that I became rich spiritually. I had no diversions or distractions, so I turned myself inward. I prayed for relief and begged for forgiveness. I meditated and hoped for a sign. In three days it came.

I sat on my stone floor, eyes closed, my mind as silent as I was capable of achieving, when I KNEW. I cannot say it was words I heard or even visions, it was just a sudden, unexpected realization. She was real, She was tired of me playing games with Her, and I was to do Her Work. I was to spread Her message. She gave me a name, as well, but I will not reveal it now as I fear it will detract from Her message and worship, which is the most important thing. I will say this, I knew exactly what She was calling me and what it meant.

I had never had anything like this happen before. I had never seen ghosts, or had visions, or anything even kind of similar. But the conviction was deep and sure, at least in those first few moments. As the glow of Her presence began to fade, I fell victim to that most human
of foibles, doubt. Was it real? Did I just imagine it because I wanted to? I tried to meditate, but it wouldn’t happen again. So, being a weak, cowardly fool, I prayed for a sign.

The next night I stood at the door to my cell, bored and restless. I could hear other inmates talking, but the topic didn’t really interest me. They were talking about haunted houses and supposed cases of the devil appearing in bars or clubs. I was about to sit down when I heard one guy tell his neighbor that the night before on the radio he had heard a program where they were talking about Death and near-death experiences. His neighbor started telling him that She was real that he prayed to Her and She blessed him. His neighbor decided to check the radio to see what they were talking about that night. I should say that I was shocked at what I heard when he excitedly put his headphones under the door, but I wasn’t. I knew what it would be. It was the same show, talking to researchers and worshippers about La Santa Muerte (Holy Death).

I had never heard Her spoken of by anything mainstream and certainly not in English. I mean, what were the chances of me not having even shoes or deodorant, but these guys talking about Her, and one of them having his radio and the program being on at that exact time? Even if I believed in coincidence it would be far-fetched. I listened to the program for a little bit, they spoke of Her worship by the Aztec and Maya. They spoke of Her being syncretized in Mexico as La Santa Muerte, and being vilified as the patron saint of drug dealers, gang members and prostitutes. They spoke of Her worship by soldiers, police and politicians as well. They said She was considered evil by the Catholic Church and that they tried to destroy Her shrines, altars, and statues. The host said he considered Her close to devil-worship, that people turned to Her out of hopelessness, when they felt like they couldn’t ask God for help because what they were doing would be considered a sin. He said Her worship had spread from Mexico and Central America to the U.S. and as far as Japan and Norway.

I had heard all this before and it didn’t come as a surprise. But it told me some things, things I need Her to make clear to me and my clouded mind. First, that She was real and had true power to manifest as She saw fit. Second, Her worship by Catholic-raised Spanish speakers had given Her a name not worthy of Her majesty, and not fully evoking how deserving of adoration She really is. Saint Death is a name that places Her below God. The radio host said as much when he said people prayed to Her when they couldn’t go to God. They were all missing the point. She is God. God is Life and so She is Death. The separation of the two is the illusion Man has created. It was my mission to shatter that illusion. She is a God deserving of, not just worship, but love, and so we call Her now ... Beloved Death.

The final thing this sign revealed to me was the scope of my mission, how great a task it really is. By travelling to Norway and Japan, She had shown the desire for Her faith to be known and practiced the world over. But who wants to worship La Santa Muerte? That was when I
realized my greatest Work would be to put Her faith into English, to be spread more readily to all Her Children, no matter their language or skin color. Once I knew in my heart all these things to be true, I had no need to hear the radio host expound his opinions on my Beloved. She had revealed Herself to me twice and I was forever Hers. In a gesture of solidarity with Her faithful I called out to the inmate who had been speaking of Her worship initially and asked him, “Did they call Her by Her real name? Did they call her Mictecacihuatl”? It still brings a smile to my face when I remember how excited he was, the joy in voice when he told his neighbor, “Man, he's for real! He called Her by Her real name. He knows what he’s talking about!”

Twice now She had made Herself known to me and I was a believer. But all other prophets and apostles had proof of their God to show others He was real. What did I have? I had no stone tablets. I couldn’t heal by laying of hands or perform miracles. What could I do to convince people She was real, that I wasn’t a crazy fake? So, I did the only thing I could, I prayed. I prayed to Her for an answer to give people when they questioned Her power. Little did I know, She had already given me all the proof I required years before.

I dreamt that night and it was as clear as any dream I’ve had before or since. I was in prison, in the gym office. I was answering questions for the U. S. census, as I had done years before. The interviewer was a large-breasted Asian woman in a low-cut shirt with another, button down shirt over it. I do not know any Asian women, so I’m sure it wasn’t someone I remembered then forgot. The previous census taker was also Asian, but she was older, very formal and professional and definitely not wearing a low-cut shirt, which the prison would prohibit anyway. As I’m answering questions I see the woman has two tattoos on her upper chest. One, on her right side, was a hooded skull only going down to her neck, rather plain. On the left side was Her, in the form of a robed woman, with black skin and white bones painted over the skin. She was depicted from the waist up and She was holding Her robe open, so you could see a flaming heart over Her chest. Her face was a skull, but not painted on like the Day of the Dead faces. It was an actual skull and it was crying, tears were running down Her face. On Her head was a crown which I took to signify Her reign over the entire world.

I told the woman, “That’s a cool tattoo”, To which she replied, “You like it?” I said, “yes”, and she asked, “Do you pray to Her?” And I said, “Kind of, I do Her ministry”. I pointed to my neck, to the girl tattooed in Day of the Dead fashion that I had never realized was in the exact spot I’d been stabbed, and said, “She saved my life. She could have taken me, but She had a job for me”.

I won’t lie, when I woke up I was scared. I didn’t want to believe it at first. I thought it meant I was going crazy. She kissed me and let me live. She showed me Her power, so I’d know She was real, could do whatever She wanted and make anything happen. I still remember that feeling, lying there slipping into unconsciousness, telling the nurse I felt dizzy as she rushed to
put me on a saline drip and respirator. I can hear her telling the other nurse, “Look how low his blood pressure is”. And I remember not being scared, knowing I was going to be okay. At first, I didn’t even know I was stabbed. I thought I was just fighting. That’s why I didn’t go for the knife, instead I pulled him closer, so I could hit him.

I remember laying in the hospital, getting my lip sewn back together and thinking that I had three ways to look at. Maybe I did it all myself, I saved my own life. This was the self-confidence, arrogance, pride, hubris outlook. There was the outlook that it was a sign, that it was meant to show me something. And finally, there was a reason I was saved, I wasn’t meant to die. I’d known guys to get killed easily, and in stupid ways. If I had died it would have been on purpose, the result of a very determined effort.

At first, in my foolish, arrogant way, I went with what had sustained me all my life, my self-belief. It was all me. I know better now. Although I do believe She gave me the heart and strength to fight for my life, I also know it was the other two reasons: She was giving me a sign, and She was saving me for a reason.

I must make things very clear from the outset. I am very much a human. That means I’m flawed in so many ways, and I don’t know why She didn’t pick a better representative to preach Her message. I am NOT Paul; no scales fell from my eyes. I am still in prison, and I might never get out. I have done horrible, despicable things I would not show my OWN self mercy for. I am plagued by anger and violent thoughts, by lust and desires. But I am trying, and more than that, I’m not afraid. Not of prison, not of what the future holds, not of dying. If I die in prison, I can accept that, if it means it was best for my mission. I am at peace doing Her Work. My current situation doesn’t make me happy, but one thing She helped me realize is that my own individual happiness isn’t what’s important. Being loving, doing Her Work, getting the word out, that’s what’s important.

I know She wants me to be bold, and I know people will hate me for it. Some people will see me as a leader and some will see me as a charlatan. All I can do is Her Work. I will never call myself a prophet and never want to be called one. Almost every prophet was rejected by his own people. They killed Jesus and ran Mohammed out of Mecca. Why would I want to be a prophet? I have a good family who loves me, I don’t even deserve them. But that’s a blessing She gave me. My conundrum is that I cannot complete my mission if Her words are not embraced. So, I do Her ministry, and hope you will be inspired as I was and do the same. Even still, if I’m punished for my Work, I readily receive Her kiss and my place under Her glory. Do not decorate my grave or mourn my passing, for I am safe in Her embrace and my Work is done. Let Her kiss me, that I may sleep and awaken in Her arms.
Understand this, She doesn’t want you to bow, She can force the whole world to its knees. She loves you and wants you to love Her and each other. So go, go forth and love.
Prayer to Our Beloved Death

Our Beloved Death, You are the end to all our suffering. You are the peace we spend our lives seeking. Though we be blind, You show us the Way.

Beloved Mother, how You love your Children so. You bless us with wisdom and Truth, we shall always do your Work. We only ask that You give us the strength and focus to carry on through our trials as we do your ministry.

We spread your message, we are your Witnesses. Let no man deny your power, neither warrior nor king may resist your kiss. In this living world, what can have more power than Death?

We suffer in your name that it may make us stronger and so be better servants. Only a fool could fear one such as You, whose mercy blesses with radiant love and whose tears at our passing bring new life. We do not cower in fear at your embrace like those ignorant savages fearing the dark. We go calmly into your arms and only ask that You receive us into your house, your humble Children and Servants.

We ask that You protect our loved ones, both while we are here and after we are gone. Only You can do this, all of creation is yours, all miracles your doing alone. You give us love, peace and hope. We give you our hearts and service until the end of our days. May You bless us for our faith.
Prayer of the Truth

Though I am weak, You make me strong,
My heart wants to hate, but You fill it with love.
You keep me safe, though not always spoiled.
I must Work hard to earn your blessing.
Protect my loved ones
And give me a good death.
Let me be remembered as one who tried;
Success is in the labor,
Not the completion.
If I have helped others,
Let them also do your Work,
And so be blessed.
On my final day, I shall smile,
For I know your tears,
Give me new life.
Prayer for the Children

My Children are my gift to the world,
Please make them a worthy gift.
Protect them as You let them grow,
Give them strength,
Let them be loving and kind,
With sweetness in their hearts,
And stars in their eyes.
You are a mother,
You know my fears;
I would hold them close
But they must stand on their own,
Or else how could they walk?
So, I ask of You, Beloved Death,
Take them in your hands,
And show them the Way.
Let them love,
And so be blessed.
Thank you.
Prayer for Wealth

O' My Beloved Death, it is my blessing to simply bask in Your eminence. Though your Love sustains me, this world is material and fickle. It places demands upon me which I cannot endure on my own. For that I ask Your blessing in that I may not only prosper, but thrive and grow wealthy, so that I may better do Your Work. It is my hearts deepest desire to serve You and all Your Children, and Your midas touch will make all my endeavors fruitful as long as my heart is true. I will never become greedy or vain; punish me mercilessly if I abuse Your loving blessings. You love nothing more than a loving, generous heart and I can only hope and pray to live in Your image as I was created in it. Your Love resides deep inside me and I only wish to let it radiate outward forever more. If I am one of the poor and destitute how can I aid my Brothers and Sisters in their time of need? I give my life to you, see that my heart is true and pure and bless my hands, that all their labors will be pleasing to Your eyes.

Let no man doubt your glory, I will live and die as an example of Your blessings, just as I do Your Work as proof of my faith. Deem me worthy, My Beloved Death, to You I do humbly pray.
Prayer for Addicts

Sadness and rage,
Boredom and pain,
These are my weaknesses.
I seek outside of myself for strength,
When it is in me all along.
You live in my heart,
My veins run with Your Love,
So, why do I abuse my mind and body?
Fill me with Your Love,
That it may make me strong.
This hole inside of me,
That I fill with addiction,
Fill it with Your Work instead.
My eyes are open, my mind is clear,
And so, I see the Truth,
It is You,
It is Love.
I will do Your Work,
And so be purified.
Thank You.
Prayer for the Protection of Love Ones

O' Beloved Death, how we love You and bask in all Your magnificence. As You love and bless and protect all Your Children, so we ask that You also protect all our loved ones, though they may not all be Believers yet. Though we Work to bring Your message to all people, we are still weak and need Your strength, both for ourselves and our loved ones. Keep us safe and healthy until the hour of our passing. When you grant us the mercy and peace of Your kiss, we ask only that You grant us a good death.

Please do the same for all our loved ones as they are the blessings you gave to give us comfort and support in this cruel, unforgiving world. Blessings can only come from You, this we know to be True; so, we ask that You safeguard us and all Your Children, as we love them all as Brothers and Sisters under Your creation. We kneel before Your radiance and trust in Your loving protection until the end of our days.
Childs Prayer

Dear Beloved Death,

Please protect me from all evil.

Please protect my parents,

And all my Brothers and Sisters.

Let me always be loving,

And keep me strong.

I know if I do these things,

You will always bless me.

Let me love and accept others,

As You love and accept me.

Let me help others in every way I can,

So they look at me,

And realize the Truth.

Beloved Mother Death,

I love You,

And I know the Truth.

The Truth is love.

Thank you.