

To my seed, primarily my grandchildren;

To any and all who will come out of this present religious system.

As this is written, we are in political and moral collapse. We are on the steep side of the wave cycle going down fast, headed for a deep and seemingly wide valley of a time of troubles.

But not to despair; these cycles are as necessary as the peaks and valleys of a sine wave or a sound wave. The nadirs crunch the fodder, sifting out debris and ungodly chaff with a mighty sieve. Not to worry, those who survive will be refined and clean; the wicked and their ilk will be gone, at least for a season. The characteristics and traits of the Most High will surface and shine in you like sunlight on the dew of the gossamer threads of the smallest spider webs.