

The Young Mathematicians – Forever After

Part II of The Eden Trilogy

A novel Bob Martel



The Young Mathematicians
Part I: Forever After

The Young Mathematicians explore the garden as the “real world” experiences the Armageddon of Global Climate Change. The garden gate becomes a route to the post-apocalyptic world and the return to the perfect Garden.

One Beginning

Dominic completed his marathon race in the Laguna Beach 2012 Run for Life and was making his way through a crowded flea market only yards from the finish line. He was headed into the alley beyond the market and towards his car. That was his plan when someone asked him, "Are you okay? Do you need water?"

He couldn't imagine what he was doing that called her attention to him. He focused his eyes and was surprised to find himself staring down intently at a vendor's table with white plastic models of classical Italian statuary.

She began talking again.

"You are just standing there in one spot, looking at a plastic miniature of Rodin's 'The Thinker,'" she said. He saw her forearm and hand holding a bottle of water out towards him.

As always happened to him when he heard a woman's voice for the first time, he imagined kissing her. As always, he shyly responded to his desire by closing his eyes.

Kissing wasn't required. He thought of it like a reaction to chocolate. *If you see it, you can swear you can taste it. Same with a woman's voice.* He imagined seeing her lips moving, and very nearly blushed.

"Thank you for the water." His hand reached for the bottle she offered him. "Maybe you could help me to my car. I am a bit woozy."

“How about the park bench under that tree? I suggest a little rest. You could hang onto the back and stretch out your calves.” She sounded so official that he complied without question.

Then she was gone.

He glanced around to find her and realized that he had never actually looked at her. All he had as a memory was the sound of her voice. She was lost in the crowd, and he wasn't prepared to leave the bench and the shade, in any case.

He sat down and opened the bottle.

The park and the park bench were located next to a large college complex and a small day care center. The street the race came down bypassed the park, threading between the two; he could see other runners straggling into the finish area as he had straggled in ten minutes or so ago. Runners finished with their race were now scattered throughout the park.

Minutes passed, and normality slowly returned to his spinning head. As he downed the water and began to rise to leave, an unseen hand gripped his shoulder and held him back. The same voice said, “Please, sit. I want to talk to you to see if you can drive.”

He did as she said, offering his hand for a pulse check as he stared down at her shoe tops.

“I know you from somewhere. You're a scientist of some kind,” she said.

She could have said anything, and he would have melted.

“Let me check your pupils.” He melted. He looked into her eyes.

Hers was a face he had seen somewhere before, too. “Maybe we met at a university function, or a political event in the capitol,” he said. “I’ve just finished a new book on the mathematics of human psychology and alternate political structures. I’m traveling on a book tour.”

“That was three sentences that all made sense. You are free to go.” She stood for a second or two and waited, until she noticed he was slow to rise again. Then, she sat down next to him on the bench. “Now it’s my turn. I have two waters left. Want another one?” Her hand held out a full, sloshing bottle.

“Yes, thanks. I don’t believe we have ever met, but I think we may have passed each other a number of times before. I have a definite memory of seeing you in a restaurant. I can hear the sounds of table conversation in the background.” They both swallowed water, slowly, for a few beats of their hearts.

With her left hand, she brushed a lock of reddish-brown hair from her eyes. She looked at his face more closely, acutely fixing her attention on his eyes and mouth.

“Besides,” he added, “your voice was not familiar. I remember voices.”

“Hmm. Maybe you are right. Our paths must have crossed before, and now crossed again by chance? Everything is chance. There is a slim-but-possible chance that we grew up next door to each other, too young to remember.” She stopped as a small epiphany overtook her. “Ah! I know you. Your book. ‘Modeling human

behavior with Riemann functions and the implications for alternative social movements’.” His face brightened at the outburst.

“No way!” he said, eyes going wide. After a short pause he blurted, “You are author of ‘Iterative functions and the exploration of probabilistic theories supporting the variation in everyday life.’”

“That’s where I have seen you...”

“Your picture’s on the back of your book,” he said, finishing her sentence.

“Exactly.”

“Nice to meet you. I am starving.”

“This is too strange to let go. My friends call me Rusty. You’re Dominic?”

“My friends call me Doctor Laplace. Do you know this town? I want Italian; always Italian after a race.”

“Then I am Doctor LaGrange, if it’s all the same to you. Yes, and there's an Italian place around the other side of this block, just behind the day care. It's called Fibonacci’s, and they seat people in sequence.”

“No, really?”

“Some joker who was having children, one after the other, renamed his Italian seafood restaurant after the rabbit problem.”

Yes, really. Help me up.”

They walked arm-in-arm for stability to Fibonacci’s, had alfredo, talked about how much they appreciated each other’s work, and made a date for dinner at next January’s International Mathematics Conference in Honolulu. If anyone cared to note, two very young and nearly-famous mathematicians – Dr. Dominic O’Leary and Dr. Solaria “Rusty” Corona – began a forever love affair that day.

By the time they left Fibonacci’s, they were holding hands, talking about an algorithm to predict the pace of climate change. They walked back to where they had met, sat on the bench and talked about who lived where and how to set up a mathematics laboratory to handle the algorithm of their dreams.

The next morning, they set out to a resort hotel near Honolulu. They spent every day of the next weeks together planning for the conference. Each had a presentation planned when they met. By the end of the first week they had merged their interests and research into finding a solution to the Nightmare Problem.

Jasmine and a young mathematician's grandfather

After leaving Costa Rica in 1997, Dr. Jasmine DuBois moved through the world of historians, continuing her search for an old friend who had disappeared from his home. For six years she travelled from event to event without encountering anything like of clue of his whereabouts, until she met a scientist whose name she never learned. On a long night, traveling by train through Europe in February 2013, she was in the club car working on a writing project.

A young boy and an old man sat across the aisle from her. They ordered pastries and coffee from the waiter. Once the business was done, they returned to their conversation. Jasmine could hear them plainly. Her French was fluent.

“Grandfather,” the young one said in French, “I do not have faith in science. I do not have faith in a god. I do not think faith is helpful.”

“Cyprian, you are speaking in a new language, speaking against an ancient order of mind and spirit – an order that is acting recklessly without making much attempt at reason. To hear you say what you have concluded convinces me you are going to help solve the problem for your generation.” The old man was talking slowly, as if the words truly mattered. He had been plagued by a wife who spoke in innuendo, whose shaming skills were only exceeded by her skillful cooking and her desire for sex; those traits kept them together until her death. *Words matter*. He could have had a perfect life if she had been mute. Whenever he had these thoughts, it made him chuckle, so he chuckled.

“What is humorous? Certainly not an unsolved problem.” Cyprian

had little sense of humor, having no memory for jokes, but was always hoping to learn (or at least decode) the 'secret language' of laughter.

“Your Grandmother’s words of love keep me going, even today. She had another way of speaking that kept me tied in knots for years, bound up by fear and anxiety. Being a Palaeoclimatologist does not require the writing skills that poets have, nor the psychological skills it took me decades to acquire to make living with her less painful.

“I think of her and laugh, and because I miss her so much now, I would settle for a shaming just to hold her close again. It is how I feel today about the planet. The Earth is speaking to us in innuendo about the real plagues coming. Nature is saying we are about to feel the pain. Cyprian, you are young, you have years ahead of you, so do this: spend your lifetime solving the Nightmare Problem.”

“The Nightmare Problem? You mean the mid-case expectation for the effects of overshoot, of not just exceeding the carrying capacity of the Earth but accelerating past it?”

“Or the popular restatement: how are we going to save at least 50% of humanity from a catastrophic die-off?”

“No faith required?” Cyprian watched his beloved old scientist grandfather shake his head and mouth a “*Non.*” “Then what is needed? How can a teenager on a train in Europe solve a problem the entire world is either disinterested in or afraid to discuss? I heard about a club at the church...it is called the Garden Club. Pastor joked that good gardening requires no faith, so I joined. Now, I sit with the Garden Club and we imagine Eden. Pastor is an

odd, old Baptist who hopes he can hear God speak before he dies. He says he wants to know if teaching so many children about hell and Satan was a good idea. He is old, like you, and he says his life is coming back to him in bits and pieces for him to review and judge.”

The Grandfather shrugged. “He sounds saddened by a relentless, unrewarding work. Your grandmother said that a perfect life is not about sinlessness but joyful work.”

“She was a pagan! That’s what I heard, that was the promise of creation. Wouldn’t that be a great world? Or is it only for the rich?” Cyprian sounded brilliant and burning, his voice tinged with a mixture of sorrow and anger.

“Now young man, let’s not go that way. Last week I found a very smart mathematician, a few years older than you. He and his friend gave an online lecture and a series of workshops on the problem. He is working on a way to solve it and needs as many young thinking mathematicians as he can find. He says we need non-ideological problem solvers to solve an ideologically created problem.”

“Your pastries and coffee, sirs.” They quieted themselves and thanked the waiter. Each began his personal ritual of food inspection and eating, remaining quiet until both were done chewing.

Jasmine eavesdropped the whole time, doing what Robert Devine, an old friend and writer, had taught her to do. Mumbling to herself, she was recording the entire conversation. She did it as second nature now, sometimes drifting off to write a line of poetry but always returning to summarize what her ears had

heard. One of the rules of the ‘masturbating poet,’ as Robert called writing in public, is to never draw attention. No eye contact, no staring off dreamily as words appear to flow across your inner screen.

She went unnoticed.

“How do I find your mathematicians?” asked the younger man. “Are they here in Europe?”

Grandfather checked his droid. “Yes, tonight, Milan. We can make it. I have an invitation somewhere in my bags. This is exciting. I was impressed by their youth and vigor. Apparently, they draw very interesting crowds.”

Jasmine had first found Robert Devine, her now missing friend, because they'd had the same prey: ex-governor of Texas John B. Connally. Later, she and Robert wrote a book about their escapades.

Remembering her days on Connally's trail, Jasmine determined that she would follow the boy and the old man. *Robert's Rules or not*. Robert wouldn't approve...or maybe he would have, *wherever or whatever he is now*. She laughed out loud, causing the boy and his Grandfather to turn towards her in surprise. Her invisibility had been near-complete for them.

“Oops, sorry,” she said in French. “I was remembering an old friend, now gone; he had a way of joking that has never left me. I see his face in my mind, and I laugh. Silly thing?” Jasmine's excitement was transparently infectious, and shortly all three (even the normally-severe Cyprian) were laughing at their own memories. “I do hope you won't mind a question,” Jasmine said

around her mirth, “but where in Milan are these mathematicians meeting?”

“Ah, Madame, my apologies...” Grandfather hesitated. “Oh my, I should introduce myself. My friends call me Doctor Laplace. And you are?”

“LaGrange. My friends call me Doctor LaGrange. Good to meet you.” The grandson sat quietly, watching his beloved Grandfather break into a glow of excitement to match hers. He wondered when he would find out what all of this 'Laplace' and 'LaGrange' business was about. His Grandfather went on, “Milan is a big city, and I am a bumpkin with a garden. Follow us out at the next stop and I will find out. Merry be.”

Jasmine had no faith in anything or anyone. She knew too much about human nature to believe in their predictability as individuals. What her eyes and ears taught her, she took as gospel, and the word was that something big, even tremendous, was moving in the world today.

As she waited to reach their mutual stop, she speculated about the random chance of two people meeting on a train, only to find out they are both speaking a secret language and both members of a secret organization that (less randomly) is building a revolution.

Eden's Messenger

Last year she'd spoken at a university symposium in the States. Jasmine liked to lecture on her books. It gave her a chance to talk about the transformation of human perception she had undergone in those few months in Quepos, Costa Rica, waiting for Robert to reemerge from the jungle. She spoke about the Garden, how Eden lived in and around her, carrying her from place to place as she might carry a rock.

After the talk, a stranger, a bright-looking woman, Jasmine's age, offered her a hand in greeting. She spoke quietly about falling in love with her, about the serendipity of life, the feeling of running through an open field, the wind on your face, the grain on your thighs and the sounds of the wild in your ears.

Jasmine could not remember if she cared about the gender of her lovers. She was taken aback by the sharing of the moment, the clarity, the open heart seeking an open heart, letting chance make life – not planning.

She noticed the hair piled on the woman's head like a flaxen-brown crown of free-growing lace, with golden chains interwoven throughout. *A creature*, she thought. *Maybe adventure still lives in me.* "That was amazing. I'm amazed," she said.

On Jasmine's inbreath, the stranger without warning or permission took one step closer and whispered, "Eden sent me." Arms snaked around Jasmine's waist, and the touch of their knees made her feel weak.

“Listen. Eden is in a hurry. Pretend we have come to know an abundance about one another. Imagine we are to meet again once we part. How should we know one another? How can I say to you a few words that will tell you everything about me, so that you will know me even if you find me in another form, in disguise?”

“A secret handshake?” Jasmine sensed something more than interesting in this meeting. Inspired by a memory of Robert she said, “My friends call me Doctor Laplace.”

“And I answer?”

“My friends call me Doctor LaGrange.”

“Merry met, merry part and merry meet again.”

With that the chance became a memory. The greeting, a secret passed on to the Eden-sent envoy. Soon Jasmine’s readings and lectures were large gatherings, and in her silent passing in the hall before her talks LaGrange/Laplace could be heard in the hushed whispers. *And now a stranger on a train going to a meeting of mathematicians: what does this mean? The movement must be growing fast.*

The old scientist and his grandson talked about the Nightmare Problem all the way to Milan. Jasmine wrote about this encounter and checked the twitter feeds, sounding the latest news. She had received an invitation to a meeting of mathematicians in Hawaii, coincidentally scheduled on the same weekend as a meeting of historians and scientists to discuss the latest breakthroughs in developing a new common history for humanity. Their goal was to

ensure that the largest possible number of people had access to the new liberating narratives currently being developed, as the plan to save humanity had envisioned.

The International Mathematics Association/USA was meeting to discuss the work of Dr. Dominic O’Leary, a 19-year-old savant who had conquered many of the challenges of modeling human behavior with probabilistic functions. His new book was a demonstration of the validity of individual segments of the complicated algorithms he had developed. The book was a tool to recruit young thinkers who were also mathematically talented.

Jasmine had never heard of the book, but the author’s name rang a bell.

Later, in Milan, she found the scientist and grandson as the passengers shuffled off the train for a breath of new air.

“I do not need the address of the mathematicians’ lecture.” She smiled with her handshake. “We will meet again.”

“A change of heart?” The grandfather looked genuinely sad at the news, as he had hoped to spend more time with this charming woman with the cloying scent of mint in her hair.

“No, a change of mind. I will be meeting with the same group in Hawaii soon enough. I enjoyed our conversations, and I wish you both a happy trail. Blessed be.” That said, Jasmine turned to re-board the train to Rome.

John's First Sermon in Merced *(2000)*

For the first time, Prophet John D. Vine stood at the podium in the remodeled old church, facing his brand-new congregation in Merced, Arizona. It was a large room. Not cathedral-large, built in the God-is-Great-and-so-are-we tradition of mega-churches, but large enough for many to sit. At the same time, it was intimate enough for the few present at the beginning of his pastoral career to not feel like too few to be significant.

The remodeling had removed what remained of the Catholic church interior layout, resembling a crucifix, and replaced the pews and altar with a spherical room filled with basketball stadium seating. Attention was focused on the center of the room, the lowest point and the heart of the concentric circles formed by the seats. The circles had been fitted in size and number to mimic the circles of heaven; the first circle numbered four groups of five. The second had eight seats, then 13, and so on. There were 9 circles in all with each larger circle seating the sum of the prior two. 602 seats in all plus the stairs and walkways.

He imagined room for over a thousand. Vine had spent years rebuilding. When it was done he had polished each of the seats and swept every walkway by himself.

He didn't need to advertise. He had a sign built near the main highway at the turn, the only turn, from the road from Flagstaff to the little town called Merced. The sign announced the first sermon with the date and time. The community was scattered over several hundred square miles. Word of mouth alerted every

one of the isolated families about the date and time.

Everything was ready for the opening Sunday service. Everyone knew the place by then.

Vine personally greeted each person who entered the door and guided them to a seat, evenly distributing people to the four quadrants. When seated, the congregants found a television screen up near the roof, directly opposite each quadrant. On it was a timed outline entitled 'Worship Service.'

Silence grew as the Prophet scanned his congregation. He cleared his throat, took a quick sip of water, and began speaking in a quiet-but-forceful voice. The tones of his words hummed with a vibrant, loping energy.

"The First Commandment of the Old Testament and the Great Commandments of the New tell us all we need to know about our relationship to the creator: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and love thy neighbor as thyself.*

"I have loved. I loved my mother, though she was a hard woman. She had a piece of my heart, but not all of it. I loved my dear wife, now gone to the Lord, but not with my soul. I love the Lord mine God. I look at those past loves and I wonder about *how* I love. Do I love with all my heart? With all my soul? With all my strength? With all my mind? And my neighbor as myself. Imagine that: if I love the Lord enough to obey the commandments, then I must also love my neighbor as myself.

"Who is my neighbor? We are given the story of the Good Samaritan – a foreigner, in danger of being discovered as such and

perhaps attacked by the natives. On his travels he helps a native and gains fame for his compassion, becoming a symbol of how to love your neighbor. I have never done that, and I doubt I could be so courageous.

“I don’t think I have ever loved enough.”

“There is much in the Bible to be confused about, but this one thing we better get straight, because in Matthew 25 we are told to be ready and to have taken risks for the Lord. We are told we will face judgment, and that this judgment is not predicated on how we treated the Lord or our next-door neighbor, but how we treated the ‘least of my brethren.’”

When John was preaching he was very careful to not move around very much. He preferred a podium, so that his hands could clasp tightly on the edges. This kept him from wandering or waving his hands. His message was in his voice.

“Please close your eyes.” Everyone, including John, closed their eyes as asked. “Everything around you disappears, and as it does something takes its place. Memories and imagination fill your mind’s eye now, seeing while your 'real' eyes cannot. You perceive these memories and thoughts as films on an inner screen. Watch the screen inside your head. Let me tell you what you will see. My eyes are closed. I see darkness. I feel darkness. As I lower my voice, I settle my breathing down to a whisper. I see the inside of our chapel – just a picture from my memory. Another thought expresses itself. I find I doubt my power to speak clearly enough for you to get my meaning, so I must tell you to be patient with the next idea you see on your screen: you must love me as yourself. You must treat me with the care you treat yourself with.

“This is not an option. You cannot say that you love the Lord and obey his commandments if you hate God, and you hate God when you hate me, yourself, or the lowliest beggar on the street. We are human, taught to fear others and to feel shame.

“The Lord cannot help you with this one, with the fear and the shame. You are on your own to find the Lord, and to love the Lord beyond your ability to do so. There is no one who can say truthfully that they obey the Lord’s commandments if they cannot obey the first of them.

“That is why we seek each other’s company here today. We must learn to love one another, and to do so we must learn to love ourselves. The love of God is the love of self. You cannot be a better person by loving God, but you can learn to love God by learning to love yourself. And by loving yourself, you will be loving God.

“I can hear you saying, ‘John, you were right to doubt yourself today. This sounds like gobble-de-gook.’ And I know what you mean.

“You came here to learn to love God, and here I am brazenly telling you to learn to love yourself first. Love yourself, love others, love God. That’s the reason you came here, whether you knew it or not. When you leave here you will want to love yourself more. You will want to be fearless in that love, and you will want to be free of shame.”

John knew his congregation was looking for something different, a local diversion to spare them the long drive into Flagstaff for salvation. Many had lived hereabouts for all their lives. They knew each other through school and 4th of July picnics. They stayed

because they loved the land, and no matter how hard it got at times they loved their lives here, lives lived in the relative solitude that being miles from anywhere allows.

“Now is where things get a bit dicey. The Lord did not ask you for love. The Lord said you must love your neighbor as yourself. It’s not okay to hate yourself and hate your neighbor and love God. It’s not only not okay, it’s impossible. To love God, you *must* love yourself.”

John stopped and opened his eyes. The congregation gathered for his first sermon was tiny compared to the size he knew it would swell to once he *really* got started. First, he had to win these parishioners over; others would inevitably come once the websites went live. Now, all 20 of his fledgling flock were wide-eyed and staring, watching him as he stood there observing them in turn.

“This tells us all we need to know about our relationships to each other: I must love myself because God dwells within me, and I must love you because God dwells within you. If I love the God within, I can and will love the God without. This is not rocket science.

“Now, we are ready to ask the really big question. ‘John, I came here for salvation. You told me to love myself. Maybe this is hard for me. Maybe I need a refresher course in who I am to realize that I deserve to love myself.’ Do you know what I mean? How does this work?”

40 eyes staring into two eyes: John knew he had their interest. He'd started them down a new road, yet already they could look beyond John into the distance, down the bright double yellow

line. They could see where he was going before he took them there. He could see it in their eyes, plus he loved them.

“We can assume God loves us, or we can assume God hates us. There is plenty of hate to go around, but its sources are fear and shame, not the God within. Are you afraid of God? Do you feel shame? Is that why you are here in this room today? Are you here because God loves you? No. There is no God here in this room that loves you. There are 21 people in this room, and if there is one of us who does not love himself God is not here.

“God is not here unless we love ourselves fearlessly and without shame. Do not come here for forgiveness and courage. Come here to forgive and to encourage. These are the first steps.”

One voice, and then another, and then still more joined as the 'Hallelujahs,' 'Praise the Lords' chimed in.

“Say, Jesus loves me.”

“Jesus loves me,” they replied.

“He does because he heard the voice of God within, and heeded the calling he received from his Father, who it is said was his father in heaven. I don't think Jesus meant to be murdered, or that we should see his death as a sign that we are free. I think things got out of hand when an obvious spiritual leader was taken for a political leader, a clear threat to the status quo. But that is politics, not theology.

“Jesus loved the God within him, heard the voice, a calling. His calling? He was from a tribe, he joined a band of thinkers and seers who spoke of a messiah, and as he studied the messiah

coming he found his God within, who told him he and anyone could be the messiah. We are all Jesus.

“Imagine sitting here and hearing your God within tell you that you are the messiah, that the sought-after One is the one within you. You, the person who could be so great as to change the life-course of every living being on the planet forevermore.

“Now, how are you going to do that?”

John was getting excited. He stopped for a breath and a calming pause, gathering new energy. The echoes of his voice rang in the church, rang in the minds of his parishioners.

“Say I love you, me.”

“I love you, me.”

“That, then, is your answer for today.

“I have one more thing to say before we conclude our service. I am new to your neighborhood; I want to tell you something about me that I hope tells you who I am. Call it an introduction.

“I am in my late 60s. Six years ago or so, I came out of the desert into the Pentecostal community and found my calling under the hands of Reverend James Copley. Through the five-fold ministry I found my voice, a voice that speaks the truth about the love of God and the God of love that Jesus talked about.” *So many capital Gs!* he thought to himself.

“I want to be sure you understand that my life began anew, that my past (whatever the story may be) is over. In my new

understanding of my calling I have been born again. The Lord has seen fit to give me a talent for prophesy, and I have risen rapidly through the godly ranks, from teacher to pastor to Prophet. I could have stayed in a mega-church but was not called to do so. I was told to return to the desert, and I was sent on a search for the right spot. And this is the one for me.

“My calling is to teach and to prophesy. I teach love, and prophesy of a return to the Garden, where we were created to be.

“Praise God and praise his kingdom!”

Someone had donated a piano from their living room for the new church, and one of the attendees had brought along a guitar. A few others had once performed together in a country band, so a song list was quickly decided on. With a few more voices added some truly holy music ensued, the piano throbbing out a raucous barrelhouse rhythm.

John did not sing. He wished he had a song, but it hadn't come to him yet, so he sat on the edges watching the people – his new congregation – make up a service, a new ceremony that they would build on.

Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii
Conference Day 1
Honest History

“We watched as ‘iysh and ishshah became Adam and Eve. We saw them come into fear and wondered at it. They ran from the Garden into the Wild, and that is how their story began.”

The historian stood beside a large screen, her image blown up much larger than life in this multimedia presentation style. Her voice sang with excitement. The audience was hyper-attentive for something new – her first sentences caught them by surprise.

50 people were in attendance. Historians, linguists, theologians, and a few mathematicians sat as still as an audience can sit, collectively breathing as relaxed and shallow as a yogi, having emptied their minds of immediate concerns. Empty, to be ready for the new narrative.

As Dr. DuBois’ voice burst the silence, the audience took in the words meant to begin a new era in human thought. With all the meditative potential for a small beginning, a single clap, more a nervous lurch resisting more, began an outbreak of cheers that stopped the proceedings until every ounce of energy remaining was released.

The Historian waited to honor what she knew was uncontrollable. Below her image was a narrow horizontal crawl screen that stood stationary for the moment, declaring her name: ‘Doctor Jasmine DuBois.’

At length, a patient silence began again.

“Primarily, we see the distant past through our memory of the recent past. Our vision, skewed at best, is very limited. As historians, we have an obligation to identify the biases that limit our vision. If we are to know the distant past with confidence, the disclosure of the narrator must reveal one’s biases.

“My disclosure is that I am an Edenist...as you are.

“The history we know from our childhood was the history written through the biases of the Abrahamic cultures: the past is dark and evil. This historical narrative claims to advance progress towards an apocalyptic future. Nearly half of the followers of these religious beliefs opine that Armageddon will happen in their lifetimes. It is important to note that the other half do not share this view. In non-Abrahamic cultures, there are few indeed who spread the apocalyptic vision.

“History, as written through the biases of the Abrahamic cultures, has become the dominant narrative in the United States. It is not an honest history, as different opinions are not allowed to rise to compete for domination. An institutional, pyramidal structure has been erected simply to support the Abrahamic narrative, and moreover to attack its detractors. This structure has existed for many millennia and has been largely successful in disappearing or invalidating much of its opposition through violence, censorship, and/or conflagration.

“There was a time before this history began to be told. There were other histories told by other cultures, which have been ignored completely in so-called 'modern' times. One such story concerns life on the earth and the beings born of her womb, who

were made from the earth and the stars – as humans surely were. This story was complete long before Adam left the Garden, which is the event that began the Adamite history of the Abrahamic— institutional--pyramidal paradigm.

“As implied above, the date of Adam’s Fall sets the mark to differentiate between the Adamic period and the Pre-Adamic period, or “The Before” as we have dubbed the time before Adam. In keeping with this nomenclature, the period to come following the Adamic decline is dubbed 'The After.'

“The aforementioned completed history is the history of the hoop, the four directions and the relations, in this context it includes Eden and the Edenists. This history is about processes and cycles of life, and it is complete in the sense that a circle is complete.”

As Jasmine spoke the screen behind her began showing a sequence of designs and symbols from native cultures. Its crawl featured the words:

“Creation of the Adamites”

“No one alive knew of a time before the Garden. As the stories go, we grew in number and the Garden grew to provide for us.

“We watched as ‘iysh and ishshah became Adam and Eve,” she repeated. “We saw them come into fear and run from the Garden into the Wild.”

The crawl began to move as the symbolic slideshow faded to white and then to Jasmine's face, eyes gleaming, her voice swinging from melodious to a staccato, like rainfall.

"He answered, 'I heard you in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked; so, I hid.'"

"They fled from the source of their shame. It must have been a sad departure: a man and a woman crazy with the fear and shame of judgment, running from paradise into the Wilds. It was a self-created exile.

"What caused their change from Edenist to Adamite? Some variation in the human personality, perhaps a genetic or a mental aberration, caused their fright. Did they find a drug like cocoa to make them feel alone, or morning glory seeds to make them live in their imaginations?

"There was a tree, really a large bush, in the family of morning glories. It no longer is found and is thought to be extinct. The lore surrounding the tree states that its seeds were a powerful psychedelic, capable of producing intense feelings of paranoia. There are many cases of conditions like PTSD being caused by extreme distortions of reality, such as can be caused by hallucinogenic compounds. Their effect can sometimes last for months.

"The seeds of many species of morning glory contain ergot alkaloids, such as the hallucinogenic ergonovine, and can produce an effect like LSD.

"Ergoline alkaloids were first isolated from a fungus that causes the disease ergotism. Ergot poisoning is a proposed explanation of bewitchment, according to some.

"The effects include mania or psychosis. There can be

hallucinations resembling a delirious and psychotic state.

“Mania can be a state of abnormally-elevated energy levels with psychotic features, including hallucinations, delusions of grandeur, suspiciousness, aggression, and a preoccupation with thoughts and schemes that may lead to self-neglect.

“Because mania is also associated with creativity and artistic talent, such persons often retain sufficient self-control to function normally. Manic persons often can be mistaken for being on drugs or other mind-altering substances.

“That’s from Wikipedia. Thank you.”

Jasmine’s pause was caught on the big screen. The crawl ended. Her gray-blue eyes scanned across the room.

“Whatever the cause, the Adamites claimed to have learned the differentiation between 'evil' and 'good.' They lost their ability to stay in the Garden. They wanted to be gods, so they built a tower – a pyramid – and in so doing lost the ability to understand each other’s meaning when they spoke. The ego to be like god has trouble speaking truth and thus what was meant was to deceive.

“In time, they lost the way back to the Garden, though in their words and visions cherubim and flaming swords marked the way. As recent expeditions to rediscover the gate demonstrate, the Adamites cannot see the Garden, even after it has been pointed out to them. Along with losing the way back to the Garden, the Adamites lost their ability to recognize the Edenists living among them.

“Adamites are the people of the Curse.” The Historian paused and

let the words crawl across the screen, giving her listeners time to grasp the meaning.

Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life.

“This is not so much a curse as it is an observation that once one takes the power to determine good and evil, one does not become a god. Shame and fear combine to form a sorrow that defines one’s life, reduced to cowering before a bitter, wrathful and vengeful God.” Dr. DuBois spoke with a crisp evenness; she fell into silence again as the crawl continued.

Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field.

“Eden is a state of mind.

“Instead of engaging in the joyful labor of tending nature’s Garden, these two, Adam and Eve, ran into the Wild fearing the earth and hating the curses they put upon themselves. Instead of being barred from the Garden, a way was made for them to return, and it was marked so that they could find it. That the man and woman interpreted this as an expulsion testifies to the spirit-corroding quality of judgment of others and of the ‘knowledge of good and evil.’

And the LORD God said, “The man has now become like one of us, knowing good and evil. He must not be allowed to reach out his hand and take also from the tree of life and eat and live forever.”

After he drove the man out, he placed on the east side of the

Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword flashing back and forth to guard the way to the tree of life.

So, He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

So [God] drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden the cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep and guard the way to the tree of life.

“As you can see from the crawl, various versions of the history indicate a difference between ‘keep’ and ‘guard.’ But in any case, it was our ancestors who kept the way for the Adamites’ return.

“Some of the Edenists went with the Adamites. Why? Some went with a sense of adventure, some a sense of community and friendship. Were they misguided, offering up their wombs to continue Adam’s misbegotten family? Did they, too, ultimately succumb to fear and shame?

“Before those days, things were simple. But with this self-exile from the world of peace-loving vegetarians, something harder had begun. The newly discovered sensations of fear and shame soon festered, becoming murderous and within generations yielding ego-driven projects like a tower to be closer to being God.”

Doctor DuBois stopped her lecture, sipped at her water and watched the screen behind her as the crawl told the next part of the story. She read silently along with her audience.

All people on the earth had one language and the same

words. [In the Garden]

When they traveled east, they found a valley in the land of Shinar and settled there.

They said to each other, "Come, let's make bricks and bake them hard." They used bricks for stones and asphalt for mortar.

They said, "Come, let's build for ourselves a city and a tower with its top in the sky, and let's make a name for ourselves so that we won't be dispersed over all the earth."

Then the Lord came down to see the city and the tower that the humans built. And the Lord said, "There is now one people and they all have one language. This is what they have begun to do, and now all that they plan to do will be possible for them. Come, let's go down and mix up their language so they won't understand each other's speech." Then the Lord dispersed them from there over all the earth, and they stopped building the city. Therefore, it is named Babel, because there the Lord mixed up the language of all the earth; and from there the Lord dispersed them over all the earth.

“According to their history, approximately 6500 years ago by their count, the Adamites, who call themselves humans, were created by a vengeful and wrathful God and placed into the Garden of Eden. Eighteen days later they were driven from the Garden. Their God had been using their souls as weapons in a war between clans of angels representing good and evil. Their God was weak, losing his creation to some of his creatures, namely the less wrathful and more 'evil' Satan and his devils. Cursed, the human

souls were then used in a more cynical manner, now dominated by fear and shame; they were driven into sin or sainthood to end in an eternity in hell or heaven. Their God conducted this war for millennia, promising a final battle that would destroy much of creation, as if this were a desirable and divinely just end for human lives and the earthly creation.

“With this narrative in mind, some Adamites through greed amassed violent power over others, demanding access to vital resources and despoiling the harmonies of nature with pollutants, to the extent that all life on Earth now hangs in the balance.

“As we, both Adamites and Edenists, have multiplied, the Adamites’ lack of connection to the Garden and their focus on their fear-driven imaginations has been fully and materially manifested.”

The International Mathematics Association Conference KoAlina, Oahu, Hawaii

Dominic's eyes swept the room, a slight nervous tick manifesting over his left eyebrow. His presentation had taken longer than he thought because the number of questions had been large. His throat was dry. He took a quick sip of water, cleared his throat and continued his answer.

“The universal language is mathematics. If you want to talk DNA, you use the language of probability. If you want to talk politics, it’s the language of statistics that you use.

“In the mid - 19th century, public relations and advertising firms began using polling, focus groups, statistics and probability to determine the details of campaigns, increasing their expectations of winning campaigns for government funding or presidential power.

“Now, almost 200 years later, every branch of human endeavor is measured with its own sub-branch of analytical and predictive mathematics.

“Trillions of dollars have been made using algorithms. Indeed, hundreds of trillions of dollars in private and public wealth was lost to thieving through the misuse of algorithms in the early 21st century.

“Our age will be defined by the emergence of probabilistic analyses of human interaction to refine our social contracts, thus redesigning our social and political institutions to match our political rhetoric.”

He stood back from the microphone. Bowed to the audience left and right then said, "Thank you. Sorry, no more questions."

As Dominic hastily left the podium he saw Rusty walking up the main aisle towards him. She walked like a runner in a hurry. He waved, and she sped up, clearing the distance between them as if she were being chased.

"Great presentation."

"Thanks. Though...I worry about making too many enemies. Some people are not going to like what we are doing." He tried to smile, offsetting the severity of his worry. His throat still felt bone-dry.

Rusty grabbed his arm and guided him towards the backstage exit. They moved quickly to avoid delay. Just short of the door they moved into an open elevator. They went up five floors, exited the elevator and entered a large room through a door being held open for them by two very large, dark-blue-suited bodyguards.

Rusty released Dominic's arm. She turned back to make sure the door was closed, and then ahead to see who was waiting for them.

"Doctors," they were greeted. "I am glad that you are here. You took a chance to meet with us. Time is short, so let's make the most of it."

The speaker, a woman, tall and thin with the stature of a professor, gestured from the head of a large boardroom table with chairs set for eight. Two of the chairs were empty, with the Doctors' names on placards in front of them. Five other chairs were occupied by an assortment of keen-eyed men and women,

all dressed in varieties of business-casual.

“Doctor O’Leary and Doctor Corona. Thank you for coming. We are members of the boards of directors of the largest humanitarian organizations on earth. We are asking you to take us at face value for now. We hope we can articulate a proposal to you that will entice you to focus your energies on a global human problem of enormous magnitude.”

The speaker – and indeed, all six of their hosts – were well-known global leaders from a variety of specializations: finance, academia, government and the military. None of them introduced themselves. None of them thought they needed to. With some apprehension, Dominic and Rusty joined them at the table.

The speaker sat opposite Dr. Corona at the head of the table of three women and five men. “We watched your individual presentations on closed circuit,” the professorial woman continued. “Our discussion has been about the message, the mathematics, and how they can be applied to our situation.”

She paused for a look around the room and saw eyes approvingly shaped on every face.

“Using computer modeling techniques has helped us to describe the dilemma we face as a supply and distribution problem, as in too much supply and nowhere to distribute it. Our weaknesses define our possible solutions. We are faced with several extreme conditions that cannot be mitigated away. Our institutional strength has been severely impinged by increasing corruption, so much so that we are in doubt about how much we can alter what increasingly appears to be the inevitable.”

The speaker paused her introductory remarks and made eye contact with each of her colleagues before continuing. “Sadly, we are unprepared for this moment, even though we have known about its inevitability for more than a century. In the 1960s our predecessors predicted an ‘overshoot’ of the carrying capacity of the planet. For decades those of us who have gathered like this, to contemplate the meaning of ‘overshoot’ and to set criteria that might indicate when we entered ‘overshoot,’ were trying to anticipate some warning that would incite global attention and action in time to prevent the worst of the consequences from delay.

“We concluded just days ago that sometime in September of 1982 we passed the carrying capacity of the planet but only last year our alarm went off. Now, it is the Ides of March decades later and we are uncertain at how to proceed. Your collaborative work on maximizing expectation and the probability of success in complex human systems has already been considered by our staff and applied to our problem through the software you developed.”

The professorial woman quirked a faint, lopsided smile, spreading her hands wide. “With that introduction, I’ll turn the floor over to you.”

Rusty glanced at Dominic, then turned to the speaker. “We are happy to be here. We have been hoping to be invited by someone to weigh in on this problem, The Nightmare as we call it. As you know, Doctor O’Leary and I have been speaking about the nature of the problem and the complexities money and politics present. The conclusion we have made from our work and from our experiences is also discussed in our findings.

“Our work provides an experimental and predictive model in

which we can analyze our current state based upon weighted data streams. By correlating our data with a large number of probabilities, we can increase the effectiveness of modeling the path to maximizing expectations.

“That said, it should be obvious that Doctor O’Leary and I have already performed an analysis based upon our data and forecasts. One of the events our model requires for success in avoiding the worst outcomes is the formation of an under-the-radar group of influential actors determined to lower the probability of failure. This meeting hopefully signifies that event has occurred.

“The composition of the membership of this group is key. Our first question to you is ‘How were your members chosen, by whom, and what attention was paid to ideological bias?’ Before you respond to that question, Doctor O’Leary will discuss its meaning to us for our analysis.”

“By all means please continue. Doctor O’Leary.” The chairperson said.

Dominic cleared his throat, hands curling into fists in his lap. “Yes, thank you. To act swiftly, groups must be composed of incorruptible individuals. This means no hidden agendas. Which in turn means no ideologies. Our modeling indicates strongly against ideologies, theologies, pre-conceived patterns and any materialist profit-based intentions. In fact, any affection by any member for an idea that is contrary to the purpose of the group will probably doom the group.

“From what I know of you by taking you at face value, we share the same goals, and our timeline is similar enough. We cannot afford to spend our energies on low-probability outcomes. Once

we clear this next hurdle – weeding out the ideologues – we can begin to talk about how we might work together.”

This declaration set off no small amount of debate around the table. Finally, Rusty rose to speak again, her clear voice quelling the argumentative tide.

“Here is a memory stick with our analysis regarding the deselection for ideology. Please study it over the next short period, and let’s set a new meeting to review the membership’s qualifications.”

“Doctors,” a soft-spoken, owl-eyed man interrupted. “We are prepared to meet immediately and continuously until we have launched a united effort. I think you will be pleased with the results of your ideological filter. More, we have planned to meet with you for a three-day conference at the KoAlina Marriott, starting immediately. If you agree, of course.”

Another man, military by the severe cut of his hair, interjected: “Could you tell us more about your predictive algorithm? This is a two-way street – we need to know as much as possible if we're going to work together.”

Dominic rose to stand in front of a large white board that the hotel staff was moving to the forefront of the meeting table. The attention of all seven participants was steadily focused on the board and Dominic’s rapid pen strokes.

The International Mathematics Association Conference: The Algorithm

Dominic carefully wrote 'The Algorithm' in the center top of the board in bright red block letters. He felt an excitement he had never felt before. Not even twenty years of age, he was standing seconds away from revealing to powerful strangers what he and Rusty had spent their entire short lives developing. As he would say later, some spirit moved his hand and mind.

"The algorithm, the KoAlina Algorithm, is a sum of other algorithms. Each one is weighted for combination with the others so that the sum is a number greater than or equal to zero, and less than or equal to one." When he said 'KoAlina' he inserted KoAlina in dark black between 'The' and 'Algorithm,' as if he had just named it.

"The prime algorithms at this first level are all sums of other algorithms, which in turn are the sums of others, and so forth. Many dozens of algorithmic levels need to be computed and incorporated until the 'prime algorithms' are reached.

"The prime algorithms are stimulus response calculators that give us the probability that, for instance, a person will get angry if threatened. Rusty developed the prime algorithms, and I

developed the way to extrapolate the result globally. The many tiers of algorithms ending with the prime algorithms are required to include all of the various data streams.” As Dominic spoke he drew a diagram below ‘The KoAlina Algorithm’ resembling Pascal’s Triangle: one circle at the top with an arrow identifying it as ‘The KoAlina Algorithm,’ then two circles on a horizontal followed by three below them, and four, five and so on, forming an equilateral triangle composed of rows of circles.

“The KoAlina Algorithm can be used to calculate the probability for virtually any human caused event. The Prime Algorithms use the method of weighting and combining the data streams to determine the result.” As he talked he drew lines and arrows between circles with small formulas, in a format indicating summations of weighted quantities.

“The Aloha Index is The KoAlina Algorithm tuned to the Nightmare Problem.” As he said ‘Aloha’ he wrote ‘Aloha Index’ on the right upper corner of the board. “The Aloha Index is the probability that 50% of humanity’s population can survive the calamities global climate change is bringing upon us.”

“Doctor, a question please.” It was one of the other woman at the table, middle-aged and of Asiatic descent. She pushed back her heavy-lensed glasses as she spoke.

“Of course. How can I help?”

“More details. As many as you feel comfortable providing.” The questioner leaned forward, intensely scrutinizing the board. As Dominic obliged, dutifully expounding on the nature of the Aloha Index, she sat bolt upright as if a shock had traveled from brain to coccyx.

Dominic nodded, flexing his fingers. “Okay. Each of the first-level algorithms calculates the probability of a decrease in the rate of production of each of the categories of CO₂ sources. Within each source, factors that influence a future change are measured and included in a categorical source reduction probability calculation. Each influence in turn is quantified in a similar way.” Dominic appreciated the chance to describe the Aloha Index. Each time he did so clarified his own understanding.

“The data that is used for these calculations is in a continuous state of updating. Updating is prioritized so that critical data, which will make the most change in the Aloha Index, is incorporated before data that has less potential. This allows the algorithms to give an instant best assessment of the action options, and to monitor progress within each option. Each day all data is updated, beginning at 1220 GMT.

“The algorithms themselves are undergoing revisions, but these begin at the prime algorithm level and adjust down the stream as required. Testing the algorithms for reality, and monitoring large changes for anomalies, is done daily.

“Once the KoAlina Algorithm is launched in its original form and the updating subprograms are added, it will be usable to help in option selection.” Dominic stopped, gulped, and stepped away from the board. He looked to the questioner, who acted satisfied. He then turned to Rusty and asked her to add her thoughts.

Rusty nodded and rose. “When Doctor O’Leary first created the algorithms, he was forced to arbitrarily assign values for the prime algorithms, but when we combined our work this winter the algorithms became more reliable for our purposes. The ingredient

that was missing from my analysis was found later, when we had the time to assess our deficiencies. The skewing of data, gathered from interviews, we assumed, was due to so many people living in a form of disguise. As we have found more people like ourselves, we developed multipliers to balance their responses to the survey questions comprising a portion of the data required by the prime algorithms.”

The professorial-looking woman raised her hand and asked, “People living in disguises?”

Dr. Corona made eye contact with the speaker, then Dominic, before she said, “We have left the common territory we share and entered Dr. O’Leary’s and my world. The details of the next topic will remain vague until we meet again. Let me add a little more of the same and tell you this: the change in the algorithms was dramatic. When we then added quantities representing the results of what we call the Identity Projects that are underway, we began to see an upward trend in the Aloha Index.

“We then immediately calculated the result for various sizes of disguised populations, so there is much to discuss tomorrow.”

The meeting ended without more comment. A dissatisfaction at unanswered questions yielded to a profound sense of concern for the next day’s meeting about ideological commitment. Rusty and Dominic returned to their rooms, swiftly collapsing into mutually exhausted slumber.

Rusty

Rusty never stopped thinking. Everything she saw or heard served as evidence for her major thesis about theories supporting the variation in everyday life. *We are all different in some ways, but the same in others.* Rusty devised a mathematical model that took the responses to 100 questions in her survey to calculate the likelihood that there were others with whom she shared the same attributes, or 'keys' as she labeled them.

She was led to this calculation by the need to feel normal in a world in which she was strange from birth, and growing stranger with each passing day. Her thoughts were unrestricted. No one had succeeded in getting her attention; her own ideas had seduced her imagination. They were her prime imperatives, impervious to modification from demanding parents or teachers. In her inner world she was fearless and saw the problems before her as momentum for the torrent of her thoughts, that flowed in a direction no one else had gone except Dominic, also different, as different as she. He had lived as she had, alone in his mind, and now they were here together, having shared what neither was able to share before. That was something unnamed as yet, and though she knew it by sense there were no words that had been put on it.

Rusty's mother, Siofra Cavanaugh, was a nonferrous metallurgist, one of very few women who dared enter the Bronze Age profession. Her father, Raul Corona, was a Cuban musician. Her name (Solaria) came from her father, her nickname (Rusty) from her mother. At age five she could explain the nature of numbers and how to perform mathematical algorithms to anyone. For her, mathematics was the way to explain everything she saw and felt around her.

Her mother had studied mathematics as part of her civil engineer's degree, her father loved music for its ability to be understood mathematically. He was fascinated by the number paradigm, specifically by the thought that music was its first use. He would spin tales of mathematicians and musicians governing together: practical and blissful. A world without civil rules or religions: just harmony. He spoke about this semi-mythical time fondly and wrote lyrics to his songs that were paeans to the bygone era. Raul and Siofra made their lives match this dream.

As a child, Rusty never met another human besides them that she could connect with through conversation. By the time she began formal schooling she was already in her own world, seeking to understand the bigger world so that she could 'fit in.' She invented her own vocabulary to express what she perceived of the patterns in nature. Her mathematics grew far beyond her father's music, or her mother's engineering science.

She began school in Los Angeles with others her age. She never spoke in class. Why? No one shared a language with her. At ten, the school psychologist realized she could describe motion with equations, and then, through a simple transformation, calculate how fast things were changing. She had discovered calculus and was using it. She was recommended to UCLA for a program geared towards young, mathematically-talented pre-teenagers. By fourteen she was in graduate school, and back into her own world, armed with the skills of several millennia of mathematicians. She began running, and then running marathons. Until she began running, she had not taken the time to contemplate her own internal forces; once she did she began to see her interest in mathematics as a means to define her place in the larger human world. This became her thesis, and she began

her formal study of sociology. She earned a PhD in both Mathematics and Sociology at eighteen. Her book followed soon after.

Every sort of life that exists is subjected to the laws of probability. *No one escapes.* Rusty had written the seminal work on the use of probability in sociological settings and its conclusions: a set of formulas that together predicted the behavior of large populations under defined stimuli. Yet despite how amazing her work was, despite how revealing of human nature it was, she knew that it was flawed. The data was valid, the reasoning logical, but the graphs of the relationships between human traits and human behavior did not please her. They were too 'incongruous,' she would say to herself. Something was missing.

On the October morning of the 2012 Run for Life, she was planning to run only a half-marathon, and then to head for the finish area to help the organizers greet the finishers, providing water to those in need. As she reached the five-mile mark her sense of the missing piece began to grow. *The inherent weakness of any data deduced from human self-description makes it suspect. People do not always see themselves as they are, but what they want to be. People do not always want others to know how they see themselves and will respond to please the questioner. Every answer is a bit of fantasy, either intentionally or unintentionally. Data is massaged. The massage is made to remove the fantasy.* She had tried different massages, and the resulting graphs still looked 'incongruous' to her. The massage was a matter of conjecture. *What if there is a bias? What if this is the bias? Adjust the data and recalculate. No change. Over and over and over, until...*

She imagined life before modernity. She felt the power of fire and

darkness, and the difference light makes. She felt the mind of the hunter within her, the hunter who roamed the hills and valleys of her mathematical mind seeking for prey. She hunted for a missing *something*, and all she had to go on was that so far the missing piece could only be said to be invisible. She searched in the darkness, with a keen eye for differences in the quality of the darkness. At the ten-mile marker, the sun rose in her inner world and the hunter saw what the darkness concealed, another world. She grew excited, her breathing changing enough to make running difficult. Realizing she had lost her running focus, she returned to her athletic self and finished her half-race.

At the halfway mark there was a strip mall. Those needing rides to the finish area could board a bus for the short trip. As she sat waiting for the bus to fill she saw a sign of the times, a costume shop. Other passengers were discussing what they would be for Halloween. People talked openly and eagerly about wearing disguises, and here she was trying desperately to peer under one.

When she began handing out water to runners at the finish she was again lost in her math-world. She saw a new, untrodden vista of landscape, and she was anxious to explore it. *Some people are not telling the truth, many more than projected. Were they all foolish? Were they all liars? Were they all hiding? From whom? Themselves? Everyone else?* Whatever it was, the data messages were not yielding a 'comfortable' set of graphs. Therefore, whatever it was, it was a significant distortion.

Adamites and Edenists – Invisibility

From Dr. Jasmine DuBois' 'The Missing History of Humanity.'

Adam's family followed Adam into the imaginary world. The Adamites, away from the Garden, lived alone without Edenist company; in time, many more forgot we existed, until eventually we became invisible to them.

We look much the same as the Adamites, and occasionally an offspring of Adam might find one of us disguised in the greater world. Otherwise, the Adamites do not suspect our existence. They do, of course, have their imaginary 'evil enemy,' and occasionally they may associate pagans, witches, earthy people, artists, intellectuals, and even compassionate people with their Satan. Edenists live and die as everyone does, so the difference between our kind and theirs is little more than a matter of perspective.

It seems funny to think this, but we have lived side-by-side (the offspring of the Garden and the offspring of Adam) for all this time. We've dwelt amongst them, carrying the Garden with us and disguised as their kind. Sometimes the disguise runs so deep (primarily due to social conditioning factors) that we might not even know or understand our true natures at all. But that nature is there, regardless. The Garden is there.

In simplest terms, we take the Garden with us wherever we go, and when we choose to we unveil it. We have learned to defend ourselves by blinding the Adamites to our identity, though more probably they have become blind to it as a symptom of their condition.

We are gardeners and prefer to be known as such.

We are not waiting for Adamites to do anything.

Much time has passed since the events of our sundering. The Garden has always existed. Adam's family has only existed for a few millennia, according to their history. During these millennia we have watched them and worried over them, occasionally trying to innovate ways to help them wake back up into reality.

Adam's family has a much-lauded account of the last few millennia that, befitting our relative invisibility, leaves us out. Even so, their story includes references to a few of our attempts to help them.

Recent events demonstrate again that if we try to help they will take it poorly, and often respond with violence.

We gave them ten simple rules to follow. We gave them an even simpler set of two rules. We gave them an entire planet of ideas about how to treat one another. We gave them novels about love. We gave them love.

But now we have come to another time, when we feel we must make ourselves visible to them and try to directly amend their behavior, or they will kill the Wild. They have their apocalyptic vision and must destroy the Earth's garden for it to be fulfilled as they see it. We wonder at this bias.

We do not share this visioning. We do not share ideology. Adam's family has its story, which is about their ideological predecessors. Nothing new has been added to it for two millennia. For this time span they have engaged in numerous ideological struggles to

control each other, the Earth and its resources.

Adamites seek to control – they are addicted to control or domination of nature. Their ideology is called Dominionism. Callously, they have sought to harness both nature and humanity; even their various concepts of god are twisted into their own image, controlled by them. For this, their deepest selves desire punishment, knowing their very way of life is a delusional crime against the Garden (indeed, in this crucible of self-loathing was the Vengeful God born). As a result, whatever has been built by them they have a desire to destroy, whereas we Edenists have our own methods of working together that require no rules, no rule makers, and no rule enforcers. We live in the Wild without shame or fear, tending to the Garden. However, we must still interact with the Adamites, a proposition that is difficult at best and at worst outright dangerous.

We coexist, or we did coexist. Now, we need self-government to stop the excruciating pain of climate change. Adam’s family sees climate change as some sign of our imminent death-and-renewal process, matching up to their ideology. They cheer it on, even strive to magnify or speed it up. They can have their Armageddon, but if they do then so shall we all.

We wonder how the Adamites have strayed so far from following even their own text. They follow Jesus, they say. Jesus redeemed them, they say. This (they say) removed the Curse, yet their Jesus, presaging the Apocalypse, said:

“Then [God] will say to those on his left [who did not feed the hungry and so forth], ‘Depart from me, you who are cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels.’”

“Where is my father?”

The late 1990's

Though Dominic grew up without the presence of his father, Shalla, his mother, never let him feel any pain from it.

“Where is my father?” he first asked when he was three. Juan O’Leary, his uncle, lived with them in the family home, a four-bedroom house on a ten-acre truck farm with a two-acre orchard. Juan drove a cab in the onetime bustling beach resort communities that lined the Pacific coast to both sides of Quepos, Costa Rica. As the tourist trade dried up during the Great Recession, he took up bartending at Plinio’s, a restaurant and inn located near to their home. Plinio’s was owned by a US family. Juan and Dominic spent long days together at one of his enterprises or another, and while they rode in the cab or worked in the gardens they talked about people they knew or tourists they saw. They talked about family and friends, about community and government. Juan was a careful observer of humanity and loved to tell stories of how human society functioned, about the foibles of civilization in general and his own life in particular. Juan loved talking. Dominic became an able listener and questioner. His vocabulary grew vast, and his understanding of Juan’s ‘lectures’ was surprisingly deep.

“Juan, where is my father?” he asked again at five, a cute kid, sitting in a car seat as his uncle drove the cab north from the Park. The discussion had been about family members, the recounting of cousins and their relationship to Dominic and others Dominic knew.

Juan gripped the wheel more tightly, though he managed a smile.

“No one has seen or heard from Robert for over three years now. He is a very special man, and he loves you, of this you can be certain. I can tell you a few things about him, but where he is I do not know. When you are older you can search for him, perhaps; Shalla has looked for him all over Costa Rica, and he is not here.” Juan stopped to gas up the cab.

Dominic had listened to Juan as he always did. He sat still, contemplative, waiting for Juan to get back in the car.

“What is my father like?” he asked as Juan’s door swung closed.

Juan glanced at the boy, his smile lessening but still present. “He was traveling – seeking – when he met Shalla, and he stayed because she asked him to stay. He was writing a good deal then; he authored a book with a friend of his from the US, Doctor Jasmine DuBois. Some poetry, a novel. I will show you when we get home if you want to see it. He was also a mathematician, who posed the biggest problem humans have ever had to solve. He spent his life trying to figure out the answer.

“When I knew him, he was changing. He spent a lot of time sitting and thinking. He loved the ocean and the river. He would sit for hours, meditating where they meet below the cabin he lived in. I sat with him, sometimes for days, and tried to dream his dreams with him. It was a good time in my life.” Juan stopped to let Dominic respond or ask questions, but Dominic was silent. Juan fell silent too, started the car and drove home.

Dominic was a farm boy, born into a luscious country inhabited by the ‘native’ Ticos, gringo ex-patriots, European intellectuals and fugitives. It was at once idyllic and slow, and at the same time a global university of ideas. He had no trouble with boredom, nor

was he at a loss for contemplative time.

The jungle lay outside the back door of Robert's abandoned cabin. Shalla's mother, Miriam, had found the gate long ago, when she played here as a small child. She said she knew it was there, she had seen it before, inside her head; she had gone to it and entered, discovering Eden. Shalla was born twenty feet away from the gate and had grown up with its presence. However, she thought of it as a place with a purpose and stayed away. Miriam almost never spoke about it.

The Problem of Ideological Possession
The Identity of god and the power of definition.
Mathematics and History – An Edenist Colloquy

Ideas are everywhere. Some ideas are purely from the imagination. Some ideas derive from observation and pattern recognition. Some ideas come from intuition.

Mathematics, with its postulates, theorems and corollaries, is pattern recognition with a large dose of intuition when reason fails. Imagination has a role in proof construction as Dr. Kurt Gödel demonstrated in his Proof of the Existence of God.

History is purely derived from the imagination. There are many facts to choose from. There are the 'facts' of history, just as there are the facts of numbers. But where the facts end, the imagination begins. The narrative of history is a place for the imagination combined with what is accepted to be true facts.

One imagines history is a true tale, but the more one looks for the truth from which the tales originate, the more one finds the fog of the past instead of clarity or substantial evidence.

Novels are often 'based on fact,' just like historical narratives are, but without the pretense of truth-telling. The imagination uses facts to spin a fiction, which does not intend to tell any truth about the facts but a greater truth, only accessible from the imagination.

Occasionally a mathematician will have a new perspective, a feeling about a solution that comes from somewhere difficult to identify. It might be "unexplored territory." It might be old territory seen anew, without the constraints prior visionaries

suffered under, and thus were unable to imagine beyond. Imagination has a place in mathematics, but the ideas must yield to reason or be accepted as coming, not from imagination, but by intuition.

Many people know mathematics but are not mathematicians.

Many people know historical narratives, but are not historians, who (like mathematicians) can see the facts from another angle. Historians do not generally write novels, yet they can begin with the same fact-set as others and derive an entirely new, previously-unimagined narrative. Once this is achieved, it becomes possible to write a history of the heretofore invisible.

What you cannot see can come into existence by being given a disguise that you recognize, since it is the appearance of something you know so well you could find it anywhere, ubiquitous, ever-present. A god needs a disguise, being invisible. Ask anyone: have you seen god? Answers vary from 'no' to a story of times of stress, a voice within, or a recounted vision, a prayerful request for assistance leading to seeing god's face in a piece of burnt toast (or was it greed and silliness that found Jesus there, wearing a crown of blackened thorns?).

A history of the sightings of god would be full of stories from people of all sorts. "What did god look like?" we could ask. "A man like any other, tweed suit and a fancy cravat, smokes a pipe, looks off into space a lot and rarely speaks."

"He stands there, kind of like superman, his cape flowing behind him. The wind comes from the northwest and blows a part in his gold-blazing hair. His voice is like the wind, too. You can hear music in the background, and when he speaks it is the loudest

voice you have ever heard. He is always coming out of the clouds, just like on the Sistine Chapel's ceiling, or just like Zeus."

"Ask anyone. They can tell you."

A history of god would be the history of people's ideas of god. It would be a catalog of all the ideas, of the imaginings and visionings of god, and it would be a long list, with a long list of names in all the languages of humanity (except mathematics).

So many ideas of god to choose from! For our case let's choose a god not known for tolerance, who leaves rules lying here and there throughout the narratives of his people, like traps. This god is a trickster, who created evil, satanic people to tempt his believers into sins that will condemn them to eternity in suffering for disobedience. This god promises to come to earth and kill its enemies – Satan and the sinners – but save the faithful as the earth is destroyed by evil itself. All this spelled out in a book written by the hand of the believers.

Let's say believers interpret their own writings to mean god wants them to act for god in the world and slay his enemies so that he may return to earth sooner. Or worse, that god needs our mere mortal help to defeat such a pathetic enemy as Satan.

Some believers read the writings and see a symbolic language meaning something quite different. Maybe they see the human behind the words, or the culture of the believers. Maybe they even perceive a "spiritual" or cosmic interpretation that allows the believer to contemplate but not act, especially not with any wrath or anger. But these are not the believers that concern us; it is the wrathful believer, like the Lord's Avenger, an anti-abortion terrorist, who sees the Biblical writings as history, and therefore

truth. No matter that it is of the imagination: Adam and Eve sinned, were cast from the Garden and cursed to toil in pain and oppression. In this history, the earth becomes a hater of man and man becomes a hater of earth.

These imaginings (and the interpretations that result) are delivered to the new-born as the final word, or nearly so; ideas that have been tested in the science of imaginings to be the word of the god itself. The Abrahamic young are taught the fear of god and the shame of earthly existence. No one in the history of this God escapes death, except the mother of God's son.

Other gods have other histories, but it is this history, the history of the vengeful, wrathful god, which concerns us.

This God is the one and only singular God. All others are simply lower-case gods, just ideas. But in this obsessive belief God is an actor, the most powerful and wrathful God, creator of evil in the minds of his followers. These believers, the people of the Curse, hold vigorously to their God and their fear of Satan, also a creation of God.

Mathematically we might say that ideas that spawn action result from a misunderstanding about the relationship of idea and reality. Mathematicians do not ask for belief or faith, but only open minds to interpret i.e. collect data, discover patterns, devise premises, 'prove' theorems, and to apply the results to analyze additional data. Think Paul Erdős.

The problem of proof is younger than the observations of centuries of mathematicians. By necessity those who believe in a God resist the idea of proof in an objective world, settling instead for proof within the language of God, producing recursive textual

interpretations in favor of their ideas.

“God is a wrathful God” is a statement we will regularly find espoused by the believer. So is “There is only one God.” As in “God is all-powerful.” “God has no limits and is everywhere.” As a set of ideological statements these can yield only one logically valid conclusion...God cannot exist. Gödel ‘proves’ the existence of a benevolent God if there is any God at all.

Ideology

Dominic woke from his sleep with a dream on the edge of his mind. He had been up late working on his next speech, and his phone rang at 4 AM – a call from Arizona on Arizona time. Call ended, he flipped on the television.

“In some walks of life having a good disguise can be worth more than a good weapon.” The man on the TV was saying. “We have helped thousands of people just like you to virtually disappear, sometimes right before their family’s eyes. Talk to us. Call our toll-free number. We can help you today.”

People do disappear all the time. But that's not the same as becoming invisible. And it's also different from people seeing right through you, which really means seeing through your disguise.

Some people suffer from invisibility, and a good disguise can make them suddenly appear. If people see through these people’s disguises, they will see right through them.

Dominic at rest: brain playing word games and illusion games.
Words help us see but can also blind us.

Rusty sleeping, dreaming about dancers moving silently through a forest glen, sunlight reaching through the canopy, light catching on a hand or a head as they pass through the beams.

“What?” A scream, and she sat right up, trembling. “No, don’t!”

Dominic lurched upright and encircled her rigid body with his arms. “It’s all good,” he whispered, running a hand through her hair. “Wake and see.”

“Ooh. Sorry. Another nightmare?” she asked, and then, “Nuts,” when he nodded. “It was a funny one. I remember dancers and a forest. How they moved and how the light played upon them...I felt like they were doing more than I had ever done to change our fate. And then they changed. Just disappeared, and my hope with them.”

“The TV’s been on. That can explain a lot of funny things. It’s five-thirty in the morning. Wanna sleep? Or maybe go walk the beach before our busy day begins?”

“Oh, yeah. We are in KoAlina. Nice room. Nice view.” She rose up onto her elbows. “Let’s hit the sand.”

Leaping from bed, they were beach-bound within minutes, keeping silence in the halls and elevator, wordlessly marching through the pool area and out onto the walkway along the lagoons. There were four lagoons, numbered 1 through 4: they emerged in the space between two and three and turned left, carefully picking their way out onto the broad walkway. It was still a half hour to first light, and not much was moving save for them and the lightly-muttering shore break, which licked at the edges of the sand before disappearing back under the ocean.

“Talk?” he asked.

“Silence.”

“There is no silence before death.”

“Not with you here,” she quipped.

He snorted to consume the amused explosion of air from his lungs. The sound was loud enough to freak two small feral cats, who were hunting in the Vinca that grew along the walkway. They darted off into higher brush. Their rush spooked a mongoose, who was busy hunting who-knew-what for its breakfast. The ruckus eluded Dominic's attention.

"I was lying awake while you gamboled through your elfin woods, thinking about how we are going to achieve what we must achieve today." Dominic sounded light-hearted, but Rusty saw what lay beneath. She envisioned a long winding trail up a steep rock-strewn hillside, the path terminating at the base of an unclimbable crag.

The path along the lagoons was doable by comparison. As they cleared the last rise before Lagoon Four came into view, Rusty sensed the sunrise. She loved sleeping but seeing the light change before dawn must have reminded her of birth. She always seemed stunned by the first light.

"I hear you. I wait for inspiration." Her voice exuded the warmth of her inner hearth. He knew her in so many ways, so many forms, and this was the one he loved the most. It was her morning person: Rusty before the dawn would not stir her intellect. "It's too early for a meeting," she said, arcing her back and raising her arms skyward. "But I will listen now, if you want to talk. No questions."

"The trouble is, we have nothing but questions. To our benefit the questions are getting more concise, which bodes well for eventual concise answers. But still, we don't know anything...solid.

"If we hadn't calculated the chance we would find an intact

Edenist group at just above zero, we would not be here today. We would not have tried. As hard as it has been, our approach to finding a pre-formed group satisfying our non-ideological criteria has now been successful just as we deducted. We have eliminated every one of the nearly dozen groups who have approached us in the last month. Today, we've succeeded in demonstrating our theory holds, but I wonder at the cost.

“This group, the face value group is the difference, since we know exactly where each and every member comes from intellectually, and that their commitment to the project is beyond doubt.”

They reached the end of the walk way and turned to walk back along the lagoons.

“I guess I should be happy with anticipation, but the problem of pollution in political circles has me worried.” Dominic stopped and frowned, the nascent sunlight catching on his golden hair. Rusty knew what to say, but she had said it many times before, so she stayed quiet and let the silence stretch out as long as he could take it. He knew she was playing him.

“One more thing, this is important. We should attempt to introduce a data-factor for the reaction that may result from our roiling the waters, looking for a pre-formed group. We were not helpful to the groups we analyzed. All of those well-meaning, intelligent people had a reaction to our rejecting their invitation.

“I know your argument is that we predicted we would be approached, and we were. But I say we negatively affected a significant number of powerful people, and some outcomes may be affected as a result. I am not asking you for your thoughts, and maybe I don't need them now, since your silence gives me time to

talk to you that I might not have if you responded.”

He waited for a few heartbeats, sensed she missed his sarcasm, resigned himself to her silence and joined her in it. They had walked from Lagoon Four to Lagoon One and were headed back again. The sky had lightened. Clouds came and went as the colors of the gathering new day were reflected off the shimmering surface of the Pacific Ocean.

They were in the home stretch, just steps from a full view of Lagoon Two in full sun.

“Good Morning.” A familiar voice – a woman’s – woke Dominic from his walking meditation. He saw the professorial-looking woman from the face value group. She was standing by the path. “So sorry to waylay you like this...there is a table, a little out of the way out on the point between lagoons. Can we sit and talk?”

Rusty asked, “Can you have just one of us?” *What is her name? She was the leader.*

“I’ll take Dr. O’Leary,” the one who'd led the face value group replied. Rusty and Dominic did a swift fist bump with a burst, then turned and went their separate ways.

“Dr. O’Leary – Dominic, thank you for being open to this pre-meeting meeting. I thought I should introduce myself.” As the 72-year-old woman sat down on the bench, Dominic sensed a profoundness that in his just 20 years he had never experienced.

He stood looking out at the Pacific Ocean, at the thousands and thousands of square miles of open water. His thoughts ran, looking for an escape from the island. He was staring down at his

hands, rolling a small nautilus shell between his fingers; he'd found it out on the beach the previous day and refound it minutes ago in the right-hand pocket of his swimming shorts.

The woman's hand on his brought him back to the moment.

“Sit down, my dear boy, and I will tell you a story. Here is a bottle of water. Always drink water in the tropics, and drink slowly – two quarts a day. Your uncle taught me that. You see, I know about you.

“My name is Dr. Jasmine DuBois.”

“Ah, a pleasure. I've read one of your books. My uncle loaned a copy to me. It was about love. My father wrote a chapter or two.”

Jasmine was on her agenda.

“Your father, Robert Devine, realized that democracy could never thrive under the control of extractive corporations. Democracy, the best means we ever found to maintain peace between the two human worlds, would disappear. We need to love more.

“He traveled into the heart of the forest, the lair of the forest industry. With a few friends, people you might know, he began to organize a resistance to the destruction of the forests of Northern California.

“When I met him, the group had realized they were being stalked. Two of his friends were bombed by someone calling himself the Lord's Avenger; in a note, the bomber claimed to have committed the act in response to his supposed call from God.

“Historians can elucidate on the context of the era, but in short our conclusion is that a Christian sect, which has now grown evermore powerful, was responsible for the bombing. The bombing was thought to be a part of a larger plan that extended over a larger geography, involving major sectors of the timber and mining interests.

“The bomb served many purposes. It influenced two elections in favor of the industries. It heightened the sense of emergency at the State level to push in favor of buying up redwood forests to halt the violence and so-called terrorism. It also was used to build an even-larger underground operation, under the control of private corporations.

“All the big players prospered, of course.

“A few years after the bombing and the sale of Headwaters Forest to the State and Feds, Robert left. We spent some time together, and co-authored a book, or nearly so. He moved to Costa Rica in the middle of the process, but we managed to finish it even though we never saw each other again.

“He wrote poetry, and I wrote a book on the history of love. It was so much fun. He was able to see through mists to find the real essence of things. We seldom talked on the phone. He was a fan of the written word.

“When he didn’t write to me for six months after our last project, I sought him out. That is when I met your mother, and later you.

“Shalla and I looked for him. I was there for six months. Your mother is a great teacher, and the keeper of Robert’s memory.”

“Dr. DuBois? My father is not dead. He says he is in disguise.” Dominic dared to say what he knew was a secret, uttering it to one of only two people on the planet who would understand his meaning. “He has not written a word since you-know-when. We have spoken once a year or so, since I was in school. I have no idea what he looks like. He picks the where and the when; it's always a surprise. He tells me what he thinks doesn't matter as much as what I think matters.”

“Clear and confusing. I am glad to learn that. I guess it's a day for revelations. By the way, my friends call me Dr. Laplace.”

“Of course, and mine call me Dr. LaGrange. I am sorry. I must eat; I am dizzy and crave orange juice. The Ahilani?”

“My treat. Let's go.” They rose and walked the two hundred yards towards Lagoon One to find the buffet of fruit and egg dishes. They chose a few bites, poured coffee and juice, and sat down in the hotel restaurant as the sun rose into the morning sky. They watched as the Pacific went from rose to yellow to green to blue.

To an onlooker, they resembled a grandmother dotting over her grandson on a possible last vacation together.

Jasmine leaned close to Dominic's ear; this was made necessary by the sounds of birds wakening each other in a cacophony familiar to anyone who has ever risen before the sun. For many, it is sought after as a sign one has left the cares of the human world behind in favor of a few moments of sensual bliss, available still but only in rare places such as the Islands.

“Dominic, do you know about the Garden, about an earthly Eden?”

He nodded and said the word “Yes,” lost in the moment’s avian ecstasy.

Leaning towards Jasmine’s ear he replied, “My mother told me the story, when I was young. Did she not tell you?”

“We talked about many things, but not that,” Jasmine replied. She then told him the story of the peculiar Laplace-LaGrange greeting, relating the many places where she had heard it of late.

“It’s growing by leaps and bounds.”

“Last time we talked, that was early last year, my father told me about the greeting and asked me if I knew where it had come from. He said he'd heard it a number of times.” Dominic stopped, then began again. “I met Rusty a few months ago. She knew it.”

Father and Son

2000

Dominic was sitting at the rear of the restaurant. His uncle Juan had set him up in the shadiest spot at Plinio's, in what would become a weekday ritual, so the young student could connect to the internet and his new math tutor.

It was his sixth birthday. Shalla had phoned a US company that specialized in teaching young mathematicians. Juan had found a brochure describing the program at the restaurant, which he presumed was accidentally left by a patron. The first interview and lesson was his gift to his nephew who was sitting at his uncle's computer staring at the blank screen.

"Dominic O'Leary? My friends call me Dr. Laplace," appeared in the dialogue window promptly at 11 in the morning, as promised.

"Yes. I am glad to be here, Dr. Laplace."

"Do you have any questions? Not yet? Describe yourself to me."

"I am six years old. My home is in Costa Rica. I am a mathematician. My uncle assures me that I am. My father was a mathematician." Dominic's fingers burst over the keyboard of his old laptop: *click-click-clack-click-clack-click-click-ENTER*.

"Your father's name?"

"Robert Devine."

"He's quite old to be the father of such a young son. He is nearly 60. I see he wrote a few articles in college, but nothing more."

“You know him?”

“Yes, I have his records in front of me.”

At six, Dominic was already a very logical person. He hesitated to reply while he considered his options, given the data presented. Before he could decide, Dr. Laplace sent him a new message.

“Who am I?”

Dominic hesitated a fraction of a second more before typing back, “My father.”

“Yes, Dominic. I am your father. I want to be your mathematics teacher. Since I cannot be with you in person, I hoped we could do it this way.”

“This is interesting.”

“I’ll say.”

Dominic wriggled on his seat, unsure of what to feel. “Where are you, and why have you not come to see me?” he typed.

“There is no good explanation. In time you will know, but now there are other things to talk about.”

“Pascal?”

“That would be a good place to begin.”

“Is this a secret?”

“Pascal?”

“Your being my father?”

“If it were a secret, one that just we shared, then I could teach you more. Is your mother happy?”

“Yes.”

“Well then, if it is a secret it is because it is your secret.”

“Okay. This is exciting. Let’s start. Pascal?”

“What do you know of Pascal’s Triangle?”

“Only what I read on Wikipedia.”

“I wrote that, so it’s a start.”

Pyramids and Paradigms

Dr. Laplace: Number was the First Paradigm.

Numbers begat mathematicians, followers of a universe of patterns that stood still in the chaos of life on earth and the skies above. In the beginning, simplicity and meaning could be found in the few things we knew for sure, like counting the sheep and coming up with 23. The count of 23 is what we needed to not worry about the lost sheep the number 22 would reveal. And over an entire day that may have been the only number that mattered. We were few then, and as time passed into the present the sheep count is lost on the road to infinity. The numbers are everywhere, almost always with less meaning, and none as satisfactory as finding no sheep lost. Now we are many, and we rely on mathematicians to forge a way forward for our thoughts, to guide and advise our actions.

Time begat historians, whose stories adorn the numbers of the past with a meaning to light the path behind us, so that we can see who we were, are now, and perhaps might yet be. When we began, history began. In the primordial circles, though we were few we were all historians, telling tales from memory, and someone always knew more. As time passed the number of stories grew; the storyteller became a source of guidance, able to lead us through the fog of forgetting to understand how life changes.

Rooted in god and in nature, the nature of all together, human and soil, soil and tree, tree and human: The Oneness.

Mathematics and history were born without theory or ideology.

Ideology is Treason

2002

“Dominic? Are you all right?” Juan had buckled himself into the cab, with his nephew riding shotgun. An 8-year-old, he knew his place in the daily tour of the beach communities that began their day, picking up passengers from the various hotels, hospidajes, hostels and resorts that lined both sides of the coastal highway.

“Yes, Tio. Life here is peaceful. But...the internet is reporting wars are ongoing, and crime...”

“Okay,” his uncle said, thumping the steering wheel. “I remember where we were. The hope of peace lies in the freedom to govern ourselves. This is power shared, which implies knowledge shared.

“We have been reduced to observing a world-wide clash of ideologies, spun from destructive paradigms. Problems linger, authentic problems whose solutions lie in the unshared power of accumulated, read as stolen, wealth, stolen from the commons by the use of violence in word or deed. At least, that is what we are told by our experience. But the realization of our condition is not enough. The paradigms are fed by the ideologies and locked into place. Abandonment of these positions is not likely through the use of power. Concentrated power protects those positions.”

Passengers came and went. Most were going to the bus station, some to the airport. Juan kept his monologue flowing, switching from Spanish to English and back as the passengers required so the sense of his talk was only Dominic’s to have.

“Knowledge is not being shared, and when knowledge finds an audience it must compete with the cacophony of the

propagandists protecting the mental space for their paradigm. The individual human is left to be isolated by the barriers of ideology and the near-impenetrable shield of amassed power positioned to repel all but the self-serving.

“What we used to call the grassroots has become the isolated individual, isolated from the power centers, an observer at best, a victim most probably. What will become of us? We will be set one against the other. Isolation, fear, hatred, armed violence, ethnic cleansing and death squads: fascism is a possible path we are on. The motive force is as old as the first religion.”

Dominic sat and listened attentively, rarely responding or asking questions, though his mind was flooded with them. He watched as the trees and the people and the ocean rolled past, bright sunlight glistening on the seemingly, eternal waters. *Was humanity's – and the planet's – doom inevitable? Were people merely self-loathing, self-annihilating fools?*

The Garden Club in Merced

2003

On the first day after the first sermon, every one of the twenty people came by to visit Prophet John. He took them for walks behind the church building to look over the rim of the valley beyond. He talked about the view, and about the church, and about the future. They asked him what they could do to help. They told him they were glad he had come to form a church community for them.

The next day they staked out the ground for the first garden plots. As they worked they shared their visions of how the garden would look. The little valley had water, bubbling to the rim in several springs that ran across the desert slope into one large stream that snaked gently to the floor below.

One of the first members, Andrew, spoke about the Kingdom of God and the End Times, and wondered if they could form a prophecy team to work with their Prophet John.

On Wednesday, the Prophecy Team met for prayer. John started the first meeting: “Everyone I have ever met prays. We each pray at times to something outside ourselves, and sometimes we pray to something inside ourselves. As we go through life who we pray to and what we pray for changes. Prayer is a lifelong practice, and we are meeting every day from now until we die to pray together in this room, which was built into this church for this sole purpose. This room has no windows. There is nothing on the walls. There is nothing in the room except a circle of chairs, and there are no plans to change any of that.

“At this first meeting I am responsible to tell you the rules. So far

there are no rules. There is no leader. There is no objective, no strategy, no goal. This meeting is called the Prophecy Team. We are here to work together to develop our calling to be prophets for our congregation. That will not change.

“All of my life, I have had a calling. A few years back, I realized that Jesus was an earlier version of me, with a calling not unlike mine. I say Jesus is my brother. I read the words we have that Jesus is supposed to have said. I do not believe that Jesus, the Son of Man, said those words, but that someone who had never met the man wrote what he was told to say that Jesus said. This is not a conspiracy theory. This is the history we know.

“If we are to perfect ourselves in this life, we must do so consciously or accidentally. Though there may not be a difference in the two paths, we have chosen to do so consciously. That is why we are here. I’m a First Covenant kind of guy. To be perfect I must perfect my humanity, which means I must perfect my ability to hear the part of me that is divine: in short, my fallible self must learn from my infallible self. If I am to be perfectly human I will be divine. To be divine I must have a divine vision, and that is why I am here.”

Hawaii Conference Day 2

The Historian rose to the podium, took a sip of water from her bottle, paused and stared out to the horizon of the auditorium, as if gathering her internal balance.

“Let me summarize,” she began. “We are all sons and daughters of man. Man was the beginning of humans as we know us. Eden is a Garden, and we are the tillers, keepers, dressers and restorers of the Garden. It is our natural state. Our labor is joyous, and our reward is abundance.

“History shows that millennia ago Adam and his family – the Adamites – ‘left the Garden.’ The circumstances are unimportant. We are the people of the Garden – Edenists. They are the people of the Curse – Adamites. We have grown to be very different.

“At the present moment, our focus is upon finding a solution to the Nightmare Problem. The Nightmare is the human die-off predicted as a result of the effects of overshoot, of not just exceeding the carrying capacity of the Earth but accelerating past it, so that more than 50% of humanity perish due to famine, fire, flood, disease, and thirst. The question presented by the problem is: can we save even half of humanity?

We Edenists are here today to defend the Garden in a way we have never been called to do before. The essence is that we have gathered historians and mathematicians together to focus on two trends: the growing menace of climate change and the growing power of the Dominionist theology among Adam’s family, which is apparently sufficient to control the mechanisms of government.

“We have determined that world opinion can be turned into action if we can accomplish a reversal of the process that led us here.

“Today, the Dominionists, a blend of fundamentalist Catholics, Assembly of God and Pentecostals, are using their pulpits and their congregations to stall action to curb overshoot. Violence and ridicule will not work to dissuade them, because their leadership (funded by the resource extractors, with access to the best tools for persuasion) have used fear and shame to develop loyalty. They have been instructed to listen to only their leaders, who are confidants of their God, who in turn is presumably in favor of the die-off.

“For the last decade or more we have been engaged in a plan of action based on our inability to ‘beat’ the Dominionists.

“We set about to learn their language, their vocabulary, to ‘become’ them and reveal ourselves to members of the Dominionist congregations. We began to utilize science in the 1960s, when the first signs of climate change were measured, and The Nightmare was first described. In the 1980s, when Dominionists and extractors began their political organizing work, our planning turned towards reducing their influence.

“Events have altered our course. A series of bombs that wounded or killed a few people in the early 90s led to a reinvigoration of our work.

“Following the bombings, a trail of sorts led our investigators to the doorstep of the larger conspiracy, which as we know desires the near-collapse of democracy in favor of a fascistic oligarchy. Now, when we need to develop power within and through self-

governing institutions, there literally are none left.”

Jasmine and Dominic

The view from the mathematicians' rooms was west and south. The Trades come over the roof of their hotel from out of their view, rushing ahead to become what is seen in the rain or before the rain. This morning the clouds were broken, with sunlight filtering down between their silver blackness. No rain had fallen on KoAlina, but where it was raining was not far away. The Trades had changed in recent years, occurring less often and bringing a drought to the island's farming and ranching communities. The question was: how were the Hawaiians to feed the growing island population without increasing imports just as the prices were skyrocketing?

The Pacific was living up to its name, free of conflict – at least on the surface. The glass-like waters undulated over the waves traveling hidden by its depths. Jasmine stood waiting for the Doctors during what she hoped was their habitual morning stroll. Otherwise, she would just be enjoying the view and the early morning. As worthy as they were, she was a busy person.

Time to wait brought memory into the present. Life-long study was hypnotic when underway and intrusive, invading when left idle. A voice from a recent televised sermon played in her memory:

“Land, sea, rivers and springs, Sun, throne of the beast, great river Euphrates, Air: that is a list from ‘Revelations.’ These are the Plagues. The means a wrathful God employs to punish and destroy His enemies.”

Her thoughts brought a veil over her consciousness, her attention to the present demanding all her energy to focus on her

surroundings, even at a level needed for balance and breaths. However, attention held no sway over the voice, even from her memory, of the Dominionist Apostle leading the regulatory blockade:

“Who is to say what will happen in the future? We can easily make the point that as in the past, so in the future: if this is so then a cataclysm is coming. We could call it Armageddon because, as we will see, there is no limit to the wrath of God. Correspondingly, there should be no limit in our imaginations regarding the hell on earth we are quickly descending into.

“We are obviously in the end times, and if the seven mountains and the five-fold path are anything, they create ministries for those who care little for the future except...”

“... to deliver power in the present.” Jasmine finished his thought her own way. She blinked, her attention to the present alerting her of movement nearby.

Dominic yelled “Aloha!” across the lawn and through the palm trees, warning her of his approach. He was alone. Rusty had anticipated another early meeting; she'd gone on alone, so he could continue his discussion with the historian.

Out of her private thoughts she rose to meet his eyes. “Doctor O’Leary, good morning to you.”

“Madame DuBois, I enjoy the formality of your greeting, yet I prefer the intimacy of first names and friendship.” He sat down opposite her.

Dominic, at 20, admired the much older Jasmine in all the ways a young man appreciates the traits of an elder woman: jealous of her skills, wishful for a glimpse at her history as a lover, the marks of which adorn her eyes and the edges of her lips. It isn't a desire for sex, but a desire to share the intimate knowledge she so obviously possesses. A young man is easily returned to thoughts of same-age lovers, but the elder woman unconsciously offers images for the wilder imagination, such as the occasional glimmer or glance or angle of the face or hand, betraying knowledge of a past led with an intent for pleasure. It is a thing of the imagination, not entirely a desire, almost a memory, as if past lives were inexplicably present.

It was from these thoughts that Jasmine drew the young mathematician.

"I was thinking about the power of the Dominionists." Jasmine craved a return to her memory, to a different place in the mind. "The form of this power is temporal. They claim to achieve it through a spiritual path that says personal power is from God, and therefore encouraged, but..."

Dominic could hear his Uncle's voice in Jasmine's words and risked her patience with his youth by interrupting her mid-rant.

"The power of the exponential is brought to bear. The exponentials we suffer from are those produced by greed; the ones that will save us come from the First Covenant. Repenting in modern times means a return to the Garden and the First Covenant."

Jasmine smiled at the boy, her teeth flashing in the early morning sunlight.

“That is exactly it. You say pah–tah–toes, I say poe–tay–toes. If we are to be heard, we must talk. If we are to be understood, we must talk in the listeners’ language.”

Dominic's brow furrowed; Jasmine could see that worry and thought had already carved thin lines on the boy's face. “Jasmine, it is interesting being a mathematician who needs a historian who needs a mathematician.”

The historian nodded, looking away. “We are an old organization. The original intention was, as I described, to monitor scientific and political data with an eye to acting at the last moment, to hopefully halt the worst outcomes.

“By the time Ronald Reagan was elected President, before I found and joined the organization, we had published our first articles on the apocalyptic dangers of climate change. Reagan brought the Dominionists to overt power, and now – when action is needed in a short time frame – the channels of power are blocked by these same ideo dogmatic charlatans.

“As we now know, the resource extraction corporations funded the creation of the Dominionists to build a true believer base, fanatical berserkers who would fight for the regulation-free exploitation of federal lands and forests and the common wealth of air and water with a religious fervor.

“'Dominion' is a word meant for kings, not saints. Dominion is not meant for all to possess, just the one, or a few but not all. Dominion includes power over others because it is God’s will, as we are so often told. Dominion exists now. A very few have Dominion over the many, and in the last 35 years the few have led the way, bringing exponentials into play: the exponential of

increasing frequency of child births, the exponential of finance capital expansion, and the exponential of CO₂ production increase.

“When the white man murdered the tribes and stole their resources, the chiefs told them that they were foolish in the way they treated the land – even more cruelly than the people were treated. *You cannot eat your money.* Considering the short period of time in which the chiefs’ predictions have come true, they seem more than prescient, more than wise. They foretold the plagues. We cannot eat our money or each other, and that may soon be all we have left to eat.”

Dominic looked restless, cognizant of the morning’s few hours rushing past them. “Jasmine, what do you think we need to do together?”

“I suppose we are asking you, the mathematicians, to point the way towards a new world.” Jasmine was tired of her thoughts. They were burdens for her. She needed rest, and for her age she was not getting nearly enough. It wasn’t so much that she was busy in the external world, with her writing and book tour. Often, she spoke the words of doom, of prophecy and apocalypse; they fell from her lips to pile at her feet, until she felt buried in them. They made her feel alone, as if her caring about the future isolated her from all others. Her burdens were hard to share. The words were hard to hear, even harder to act on.

Dominic, who had known about the Nightmare Problem since birth, knew Jasmine’s tiredness. He had spent little time doing anything except keeping alive as he worked to understand how his math could do what Jasmine was now asking him to do. Even at his young age, he recognized the extreme difficulty of the

moment.

“Mathematics is the first language of humanity,” Jasmine continued. “People have studied every spoken and written word for clues about how we should act to alter the future to benefit the majority of us. We have been hard at work, struggling to quantify the problem that we face, to find ways to counteract – or at least limit – the die-off. In the end, we cannot judge the wisest course without a means of comparing options.

“When we attempt comparison, we are often lost in ideologically-induced preconceptions, or thwarted by the very institutions that purportedly exist to deal with the problem. So, when the mathematicians tell us, as you have, that to solve this problem we must be without ideology, that resonates with us. When you tell us, we must organize ourselves without rank – horizontally instead of pyramidally – we wonder at how we can achieve this in the scant time we have left.

“And that is where we find ourselves today. The pyramidal power of the Dominionists ensures the plagues will continue to grow. We are uncertain about how to alter the outcome for the better, which is where you come in.”

Jasmine stopped. As she did her body relaxed into her chair, as if for the first time. She reached for her tea. Dominic held the human silence, while as if on cue the birds' continuing morning ceremony mounted to a crescendo.

“Dr. DuBois, it is odd that a group with hundreds of years of collective experience would ask a 20-year-old for advice.”

“Yes, I suppose it is. But sometimes the elder must be wise

enough to ask the youth for help. Especially,” she added, a sharp twinkle in her eye, “the youth with ten thousand years of thinking in his head.”

Human silence followed again, as the birds overhead danced to their increasingly-frantic harmonies. Jasmine sat facing the ocean. She held herself as if she were chilled by the melancholy of their conversation. In the still air the dark clouds waited to reach the lingering heat of the coast, eager to drop their rain.

Dominic had stood, and now had his hands buried in his pockets. He peered in the same direction as Jasmine, wondering how much he should say about what he knew. The math was easy, the data somewhat difficult, and the rest forbidden territory. “My father told me that my mathematics studies would be essential to solving the Nightmare Problem. When I first met Rusty, each of us had independently concluded that we were missing something from our analyses. Now I see that we were right as to kind, and wrong as to degree.

“As I understand it, Rusty’s missing data meant a large number of humans were keeping a secret, were 'disguised' for whatever reason, and had not revealed themselves, even to each other. In the months before this conference she and I worked to see through the disguise, and eventually we succeeded. We posited an unseen society and found it...and you. Moreover, we found that we were already a part of it. This is not news to you. Am I right?”

Jasmine had been lip reading most of their conversation. She knew she was a great listener, but a poor hearer. The birds added to her need for a clear view of Dominic’s lips.

“Dominic, I missed your last thought to the cacophony.”

Dominic turned towards her, his radiant brown eyes sparkling. “You have known about Eden for a long time?”

The historian smiled, somewhat sadly. “Your father said Eden is within us. He suspected we were, in a sense, gateways to the Garden. His experience was that some people knew this inherently, and that others were willfully blind, unable to grasp what is at stake. At the heart of their inability was a grave misunderstanding between these people and their God. Those who do not have this misunderstanding he called Edenists. Me, you, your mother, Rusty and her family, the others in our organization and their families...all recognize their Eden roots. We are the people with a secret.”

Dominic nodded, the lines of concentration returning, deepening. “Understood. We use the same term from the same source. Edenists we are. We have been attempting to calculate by inference how many of us there are, and to establish physical and virtual means for communication. My father spends most of his energy on projects he calls Identity Projects. For the mathematicians to be useful, we will need to establish a way to calculate our chances of success for a strategy. Rusty has a piece of it – the ability to calculate the chance of any outcome from a particular human cause. That was what I found missing from my work. The algorithms that will make these calculations are complete.” Dominic felt the tiredness rising within him, and it was not seven in the morning.

For the second day running, they left the bench by the ocean to walk along the lagoon and breakfast by a pool. The day would be long, the meetings intense. Number had become the only

paradigm that mattered. This was their final conference day.

Father and Son – Chat Transcription (2007)

He was just 13. His father had taught him everything there was to know about Pascal's Triangle, including the almost magical appearance of the Fibonacci Sequence: 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8... F_{n-2} , F_{n-1} , F_n , F_{n+1} , F_{n+2} . Most useful was the mathematics of probability Pascal pioneered.

Robert: The human mind finds this mathematics difficult to accept without adopting a belief, and once a belief is chosen the mind reels in attempts to justify the difference between what is believed and what the math reveals.

Dominic: Most people dismiss the risks of being foolish in favor of a belief in a God?

Robert: Most people adopt Pascal's Wager and claim a belief in a God based upon a risk assessment, yet there is no empirical evidence in favor of such a wager.

Dominic: The value of probability analysis is limited by the propensity for delusion? Best example is the lottery. No matter how disadvantageous the odds there is still a belief in a hand of God to tilt one's result to winning.

Robert: The first delusion being that there is an Other, but that is not the path for today. Today we look at a difficult human problem demonstrating the strength of the propensity for delusion, as you so nicely put it.

Consider the history of the use of fossil fuels, which began 50,000 days ago approximately. Humanity has passed those days

watching the temperatures rising worldwide, glacier melt increasing, animals dying off, and increased freak weather events (both in number and destructive effect).

The trend in fossil fuel use and climate change is one of the most dramatic trends in the history of data collection and statistical analysis.

Dominic: Juan tells me the new numbers once a week, and rants about how we may be waiting too long to act to halt this change. He says that temperatures in the 120s would doom agriculture, and that these temps are increasing in frequency and duration.

I feel angry about this situation.

Robert: Good. You have motivation to be more than angry, and that is what today's path is about. Beyond yelling at the universe for being unfair, what can you do?

Let's call this The Plan. I have been working on this for most of the last half-century. I have worked out a problem statement I hope will guide us. I call it the Nightmare Problem.

Dominic: Father, the nightmare for me is the gathering certainty that my life will be shortened by this delusional behavior. I suspect you will tell me fear will blind me. What next?

Robert: Let's begin with a statement: given the human community's dependence on institutions for survival, including resource extraction corporations and fossil fuel producers in particular, how much population loss is tolerable before the institutions begin to fail, creating a cascade of further population loss?

Dominic: Overshoot?

Robert: Exactly. Our failure to act is a recipe for the Nightmare Problem, which for our purposes can be stated as: 'What is the probability that any humanity will survive if 50% of humanity is lost in a short period of time?'

Dominic: My guess is zero. Dependence on institutions is a critical sub-problem. Here on the farm we use no fuels or chemicals. We produce everything we need and depend only on fossil fuels to run Juan's cab.

The rest of our neighbors are more dependent, and some are nothing but dependent, producing only poisonous effluents and noise.

Robert: Do not be so hard on them, for their level of thoughtlessness is conditioned. It could have happened to you.

Dominic: Understood. Though the solution to the problem must include them, they are happiest when they are delusional, and have difficulty acting anything but helpless.

Robert: At the risk of being boring I repeat, "Do not be hard on these, my friend." The Plan includes them, just not at first. We must be ready for them when they are ready for us.

Dominic: Us? How is it they will become ready for us?

Robert: Plagues.

Dominic: Natural disasters?

Robert: Plagues of Biblical proportions.

Dominic: Are there such things?

Conference Day 3

Dr. Jasmine DuBois rose to the podium, as she had for the past two days. She drew in a deep breath, exhaled.

“Something happened in the 1960s to catalyze the emergence of thousands (if not hundreds of thousands) of counterculture advocates – Hippies – who brought about a movement to find a new explanation. Back-to-the-landers, they were called.

“New explanations were found, and one of them directly resulted in the recent re-emergence of the Edenists, and by implication the Adamites, the people of the Curse.

“The history of the Edenists is not a counter-myth, but an account of what actually happened that led to Adam’s fall and his curse – the first bifurcated identity: knowledge of good and evil. Adam and Eve were vocal about what it meant to be them. They and their family became pyramid builders.

“The Edenists, horizontal organizers by contrast, remembered what they saw happen to Adam, and the story passed down through the channels native Edenist families had formed, into the memory of present-day Edenists. I wrote it down for the first time as it was told to me by Shalla, who had heard it from her mother, Miriam. The story includes a new myth.

“If we depend upon the terms of the Adam and Eve myth, then we miss much, i.e. there is an assumption that laws were needed to control behavior rather than nature controlling behavior. There is a belief that progress has come from civilization as the legacy of Cain – the first murderer in the Adamite history.”

“The young mathematicians are with us for this last day. Dominic is next to explain his view of our plan.”

The Plan

“Thank you, Doctor Dubois. We are here to help you weigh the value of our mathematical models in assisting planning for future action.” Dominic stood before the small audience.

On the screen appeared the words:

ALOHA: the ALgorithm Optimizing Human Action

“Our models for probable futures use algorithms with weighted outcomes to determine the expectation of success. Several of these algorithms have been identified as critical to our mission. One such algorithm, of most interest to this group, determines the probability that a set of conditions would result in less than a 50% human population die-off.

“This algorithm has been focused upon as a primary index, with the best potential to show that we are planning in the right direction. This means if the probability is declining as opposed to improving, this would indicate we are going in the wrong direction. If the probability is increasing, we have done something right. We call this the Aloha Index.

“Because of the mathematical structure of the algorithm, we can compare and contrast numerous options. We can even broaden options as we gain a better handle on the incremental steps involved, or the more detailed technical problems that may arise in an option.

“Today, it is necessary to pick a set of outcomes we desire and a set of outcomes we do not desire. This is essentially a triage. One wrinkle is to note that the process is iterative; thus, as we see

outcomes occur we must recalculate.

“We have to recalculate whenever new events, or the likelihood of new events, become known to us, to understand whether we are doing what needs to be done.

“Our plan is called 'Revelation and Evolution.'

“The essential elements include our 'joining' the Dominionists conceptually, becoming like them to the point of facilitating a mutual dialogue. We become cocoons, and one day spread our wings with a beauty to inspire peace.

“Exploration of this option is ongoing and has been for more than ten years. One of the earliest conclusions reached by Edenists was that force or ridicule would not work in Curing the Adamites of their Curse. The old saying 'if you can't beat them join them' appears, unfortunately, pertinent in this case.”

Dominic paused, took a drink of water. He seemed about to say more, but instead looked down and shook his head faintly, brow furrowing.

“Thank you, Doctor.” Jasmine shook Dominic's hand, drawing him out of his abstraction. Fluidly, they changed places at the podium. “We have our work to do. First, what do we hope to achieve? And then, what do we want to avoid?”

This set off a flurry of fiery-spirited opinion, declaration, and debate. The room held a large rectangular table, so large that one could not reach across and touch the hand of the opposite participant. And the table was long. Jasmine did not think it as intimate a setting as it should have been, but everyone was at the

front row at the table, and that emphasized the sense of horizontal organization. All the seats were the same. There were no views and no big chairs; all the same around a big table, in the middle of a much bigger room.

As the day progressed, the hotel staff provided water and fruit, then tea and coffee, then finally beer and wine, accompanied by a tasty Hawaiian version of Chinese oxtail soup and loaves of bread. All the meals were the same, except for choice of beverage. After dinner was more coffee and tea, until the participants were ordered to bed, and the meeting came to a close for the day.

The outcomes of the mass-goal brainstorming were predictable: Aloha Index at 50%+. No delays from group doubt. Daily recalculations to overcome uncertainty. Tomorrow afternoon the remaining strategic details would be hashed out, and small groups would work through the night on specialties, followed by a day for drafting the final documents for publication. Finally, on the third day, they would take a last review of the entire plan, checking for ideological biases or chinks in the computations.

By the end of the three days, there was relief at completing such a large, taxing work in such a short time. Conversely, there was a gloomy acceptance at the enormity of the task ahead, though much of what needed to be done was already well underway. In short, the desired outcome seemed larger than the sum total of the work. Jasmine DuBois, historian, closed the session thusly:

“Tonight, some of you will work until your heads hit your keyboards. Do as you are moved to do, remembering your role and responsibilities. Always bear in mind that the completion of your individual work adds to the Aloha Index.

“Rest assured that if our young mathematician friends are correct, then we by doing our best will accomplish our goals. The three major roles (mathematician, historian, Edenist) encompass the development of a new language that can speak through ideological barriers. This will help us deliver a message to awaken the Adamite's stunted moral imaginations. We will provide a new history, with a new creation narrative and the science to confirm the urgency of our work.

“We know we are missing a major piece of the puzzle. As our discussions focus on a singular foe, the multifaceted forces of the Judeo-Christian-Islamic world continue to block efforts by government and corporate interests to act in favor of climate change aversion. We have identified, and the mathematicians have confirmed, that if this ideological influence could be removed we would still have time to save 50% of humanity.

“We assume an effort is underway sufficient to the task of removing this small influence. Dr. O’Leary credited 10 years of activity to this end. His Aloha Index has been rising because these efforts are succeeding, not in whittling away at the edges but burrowing deep inside and preparing a complete takeover. If this is done soon, and we are ready, then we have reason for optimism.

“Merry met and merry part and merry meet again. Now let's get to work.”

Young Minds

Cyprian Foret was never given a reason to cower in fear, never taught to hate himself for ideas that might pass through his mind or the obsessions he formed to meet the desires of his body.

Cyprian was described as headstrong because he would not accept as proven 'facts' information that defied his basic intuitions about life. Cyprian thought people did not understand certainty; did not see that beauty matters more than power. He thought of harmony as a combination of the two: beauty and certainty.
Without harmony, we are doomed.

Cyprian met Dominic in Milan, introduced by his Grandfather (who admired Dominic and his new friend Solaria Corona) at a lecture on their work on the Nightmare Problem.

“Doctor O’Leary, my Grandfather told me about your work. I am anxious to see a resolution to the Problem. Nothing less than absolute certainty is acceptable to me.”

“Mr. Foret,” Dominic said, shaking Cyprian's hand and quirking a smile. “It is a pleasure to meet another young mathematician. It is a club, though a small one. Joining is easy.”

“I join nothing. I sign nothing. I swear nothing. I am young, not delusional.”

In English, the meeting was stiff and unpleasant. Dominic abandoned English. He offered one sentence in Spanish. Given a ‘Non’ he switched to the French his mother had taught him. The atmosphere cleared immediately, and Cyprian managed a laugh at his soon-to-be new friend’s linguistic gymnastics.

“Some think French is the new language of mathematics,” Dominic said, trying to find the source of Cyprian's humor.

Cyprian replied in his clipped English, “Some think mathematics was the first language, but certainly it was destroyed by the French during their invasion of Spain and the subsequent loss of the Kabbalah.”

“The war against the Tarot?” Dominic wanted to give Cyprian a hug. There was no denying the French King and his grandson the first Roman Emperor (Charles Martel and Charlemagne respectively) had set Europe on the road to the Dark Ages by ending the intellectual progress of the Abrahamic conclave that the prior era of peace had engendered.

“Yes. The fake always tries to destroy the real.” Cyprian was embarrassed by the French having destroyed the real capital-M Mathematics in favor of a more ‘practical’ form, ‘free’ of ‘superstition.’

“Is that certain?” Dominic chided.

“Probably.” Cyprian smiled back.

“And the difference?”

“Me,” said the sixteen-year-old army of one.

More Mathematicians

Erik Webber was a right-winger's nightmare. He was raised in a 'Second Amendment' commune in Idaho. He learned to handle assault weapons in the sixth grade. He never grew past 5 feet; at 13 he was left to his own devices, which meant he left the 'ranch' (as home was called) and hit the highway, or his version of it. He found a job on the internet tutoring college students in calculus, packed his computer and his tooth brush and headed for the wild west of Flagstaff, Arizona, joining the math tutoring program at Northern Arizona University.

Erik was practical. He spent years answering his own questions about the precision with which action could be planned and executed, given human traits/limitations. He was most interested in actions that would prolong his life. 'Conservative' he was called, yet anyone who knew his intention grasped that he was a revolutionary by necessity.

"The choices being made are designed to terminate humanity. Revolution is the name of the minimum effort to alter that eventuality. Mathematics must become revolutionary to protect me. Please."

He had to this point never met Dominic or Rusty 'live' except during online virtual conferences. He had searched for months, seeking other 'math radicals' as he thought of himself, and found the lectures of O'Leary and Corona.

"Who are you people and are you serious?" was the text of the email Dominic and Rusty saw pop up on the Nightmare Problem website.

“Erik Webber. Has no Facebook. Is listed as a 16-year-old runaway by the Idaho State Police, who claim he is a weapons expert and potential terrorist threat,” Dominic said as his fingers danced across the keys.

Rusty pounded away on her own computer, wresting facts from the web. “Dominic, he's a calculus tutor in Flagstaff with an advanced degree in Statistics and Systems Analysis. Sounds like our kind.”

“Let’s meet. Skype us at our listed number tonight, 6 PM your local time,” was the response Erik received. As the time drew nearer, he wondered if he looked like who he was, a ‘young mathematician.’ His hair had grown beyond its close-cropped, cult-set boundaries, bushy, long and ‘amazing’ in the arc lights of neon signs.

“Hi, I am Erik Webber. Happy to meet up with you.”

“Dominic.”

“Rusty. Glad we could hook up. Erik, we are few, but we are –”

“– Legion in our minds.” Erik, strong-willed and impatient, finished her sentence as he wished.

Silence commenced. No one shuffled papers. There were no side talks. No one was nervous. Silence abided.

Erik wondered if this silence signified rejection, as he had experienced so often at home. *Nah*, he thought. *Be brave*. “Look. I am busy, too. I study topology. I use statistical analysis to produce ‘landscapes’ related to the effect of the decisions system

managers make. I am looking for ways to live that are life-expectancy positive.

“You guys have this Nightmare Problem that maps onto my anti-theory that my life will be inevitably shortened by certain human behaviors.

“My current work looks like yours but is very personalized. I have no friends. I am an escapee from a cult that required me to act against other people in armed conflict – not sustainable.

“Nagging within me is another voice, something about division by zero. I see a symbol $1/0$ or ∞ written cursively. Something like infinity, something about how the edges of our willingness to explore our imaginations are limiting our grasp of the meaning of life. Do you know...”

Rusty, as if lying in wait, finished his sentence: “... 'what I mean.' What I mean is that we are different. Not superior, but not inferior either. We have met so many people who want to help, but the problems individuals are struggling with are generically beyond our abilities to solve. We are not so much recruiting others as offering collaboration – but on a time scale so short that ‘immediate’ is the operative word.

“Erik, we have segmented our current interpretation of the problem’s solution. You can pick how you want to contribute. We have tasks that need doing, which you can read off the website. Or, near you, real close to you in fact, is a center of activity you can plug directly into.”

“That sounds right.”

“Are you a Christian?”

“Ah...I have problems with belief.”

“You’ll fit right in.”

**PROPHECY WITH STEVE THOMPSON ON THE ROAD TO MERCED
1998**

Broadcast Transcript with corresponding *Internal Dialogue*

Lesson 1:

Steve: The prophetic ministry is learning to function in cooperation with the teaching ministry, which will help to birth the apostolic ministry. Some of the earmarks of the Last Days are prophecy, dreams and visions.

Obviously, we are in the last days, so the prophetic forces will be manifesting with greater power: God bringing forth a hidden prophetic voice to initiate something new in the Church. God will continue bringing forth those who have been hidden, to initiate new things.

John D. Vine: *A new prophetic voice?*

Steve: People come from all over the country and are able to receive accurate, insightful prophetic ministry, many times from people who two years ago did not know they could prophesy.

We have been amazed.

God is creative and deals with us individually.

John: *God speaks to us all. We are all prophets. We all hear our own voice of god.*

Steve: I believe all spoken prophecies must line up with the written Word, or they must be rejected. The Bible is our most sure word of prophecy.

Lesson 2:

Steve: We need to learn to love one another and to honor one another.

John: *Back to the First Covenant?*

Steve: It is important to understand how authority functions in a local church.

Authority flows from responsibility. The eldership of a church is basically responsible for that congregation. I am both a pastor and a prophetic minister.

Prophetic people need to understand that their responsibility is to speak to the eldership, then leave it with them.

The eldership is responsible to God for how they deal with the prophetic words that come.

When a prophetic person has delivered the word to the leadership, their responsibility – with the exception of prayer – has ended.

John: *The prophetic minister leads the elders to a 'prophecy' of their own, molded by their own ends and desires.*

Steve: There have always been mistakes in every movement of God. This is because people are involved. An imperfect medium cannot express perfection.

There will be plenty of mistakes, until the day that Jesus returns.

However, I do believe God is preparing His Church for an unprecedented move.

I believe we will see the harvest shortly.

Lesson 3:

Steve: The scriptures say a man's gift will make room for him. We must continue to study, to show ourselves approved unto God, and trust Him to connect us with those who will disciple us.

John: *I am approved. I look like I am approved. I am being disciplined.*

Steve: I believe God wants to release both personal ministries on a higher level evangelistically, and strategic ministry for the church to plan and move prophetically.

John: *Good idea...for you*

Steve: There are already prophets who function in a capacity of speaking to kings and rulers and government officials. In many cases, this is not speaking against them, but speaking for God. When we think of Old Testament prophets, we generally envision Elijah, who spoke against Israel. But Paul, in Romans 11, identifies that Elijah was wrong in speaking against Israel, saying he interceded against them. There were many prophets during Elijah's day who gave Godly counsel and strategy to Ahab who, the Bible says, was the worst king Israel ever had. God wants to help leaders make Godly choices because it affects His people. God is much more gracious than we can ever imagine.

John: *Are these the same prophets that recommend greed?*

Lesson 4:

Steve: Many churches are being birthed and are banding together for the larger purposes of the Kingdom of God. This is happening nationally but is also happening on local levels.

John: *8-Ball model?*

Steve: As we become like Christ, laying down our lives for one another, interceding for one another and functioning in the true spirit of prophecy, which is the testimony of Jesus, I believe we will see the accuser of the brethren cast down.

John: *Is he saying Christ is wrathful? Is he seeking revenge?*

Steve: According to II Kings 3, the ministry of the minstrels often releases prophetic strategy. I believe God is currently wanting to blend worship, intercession and prophetic ministry in a way that releases strategic prophecy to the church. II Kings 3 is an example of what God wants to do in the Church.

John: *Minstrels were the ones in charge of harmony. Strategic prophesy? Interesting idea.*

Steve: Anything prophetic is simply hearing what God wants you to say or do, and then obeying. Obedience releases God's Spirit in a greater fashion. Many times, in a worship service I have felt the impulse to jump but hesitated, and then people around me began jumping. The Spirit of God, for some reason, needs our obedience to release what He wants in a meeting. I don't understand it, but it is true.

Many times, God gives true words to imperfect people. We must be careful to accurately discern the voice of God.

The testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of Prophecy. Prophets should talk to God's people as God would speak to His children.

Moses' mistake in Numbers 20 shows the judgment that falls on a leader when he expresses that God is angry, when God is not angry.

All believers can prophecy. Those who are called as Prophets function in a higher level of the gift and carry a spiritual authority as foundation-stones in the building of the Church.

I believe all Christians can prophesy and should covet this gift. I know of many people who are functioning on a relatively high level of prophecy who never knew they could until something ignited it. Many times, the thing that ignited it was teaching about prophecy.

John: *There will be a Final Revelation that will come to those who have followed the advice of Matthew 25. Be ready, risk your talents and serve the least of my brethren. The world we are made to live in is not bifurcated – it is not about dichotomy or trichotomy or 32 paths to wisdom. We are all serving the same purpose.*

Steve: Very few people sit down to discuss the prophetic gifts, even fewer practice these gifts in an effective way. It is considered crazy to profess to hearing voices, but we all do hear voices.

John: *Hmmm? We are not speaking for God, we are listening to and recounting the words of the god within. We are not speaking*

secrets, we are sharing our visions, so we may find a common vision, which will bring us back to Eden.

The struggle is within. How do we deal with the competition between ideology and reality?

How do we convey that to hear the spirit world one need only listen to the voices within? And always, always the first thing we find when we do listen is that we must heal the inner spirit, the speaking spirit. We must cure ourselves from the traumatic effects the Adamites have inflicted on us.

Father and Son

Walking along the shoreline to the base of Lē'ahi is usually impossible from the Waikiki side, since the waves often break on the rocky cliffs of the coastline all the way down to Beach Road. However, if you take Walalae to 6th and down to Alohae onto Diamondhead, and finally down Kulamanu Place to the beach, then the sand is open to stroll for a mile or so back in the direction of Waikiki. Dominic was a creature of habit. His daily run included this journey to the roaring surf that broke on the southernmost tip of O'ahu, a place the locals called Tuna Point. As he ran he contemplated his intentions with his studies. It was summer. He had time to consider his commitments. MIT was a long way from UCLA and Rusty's home.

As he reached the base of Beach Road, he was not surprised to see an elderly man waving a greeting to him. He knew, even from a distance, that it was his father.

"Dominic, merry met," the old man said as his son stopped before him, huffing.

"Dr. Laplace, my friends call me Dr. LaGrange," was the son's reply.

His father smiled, rose and hugged him. "It's going to be hot today; hotter than yesterday. I fear the plagues are truly upon us. Even the most devout Adamites are starting to feel it."

"We are getting more help every day. The problem is still a problem, nonetheless."

Dominic was excited by the encounter, but also saddened. He grimaced and looked away over the strand. "Father, why am I here?" The question bubbled out of him, unanticipated, spoken from the subconscious.

"To love, honor and obey god, my dear son...and to solve this damn problem. Otherwise, we will all be water-logged toast before too long."

Dominic sighed. He sat on the sand, laid down and peered up at the clouds the Trades had blown in. *It will rain today*, he thought.

"The rain won't cool it off." His father remained standing. "Your work has been amazing. I saw your last presentation. Your young friends are doing more for humanity by increasing understanding of our nature than ever before, but time is passing. We have to spin the wheel of consciousness soon."

Robert looked down at his son, who knew little of his father save what had transpired between them as mathematician and acolyte.

"There is something on your mind?"

"Father, I am in love."

"Son, it would worry me if you were not. I saw that look on your face as I watched you watching Dr. Corona. Maybe I should launch an Aloha Love Index to track you, maybe predict the weather." Robert was laughing and could only spit out his last words, so garbled that only he understood them.

"Father." Dominic interrupted Robert's laughter with the normal

teenage disgust at adult humor. “Since our last meeting I have recruited some very fine minds to the cause. There are several new websites launched, and the algorithms are up and running. I am sending one to you – a fine young mind – Erik Webber is his name. He will be tasked to assist you with timing your next moves for highest impact. He is monitoring the websites from each garden club, using the algorithms to determine the earliest date for the best result. When that is done, we are done. Wait.” Dominic raised a hand to halt his Father, who had opened his mouth to speak. “Don’t respond. I have more to say to you.

“The plagues are in fact upon us. We have catalogued the effects, and we can see the toll rising. We have traced the self-destructive decision-making processes responsible for these plagues back to their ideological roots and can now see the blocks and the personnel involved in maintaining the blocks. Erik can help identify geographic areas ripe for the development of more clubs, but we have been hugely prescient in our choices so far.

“I think we are almost done. I have turned my attention to my own needs, and I want to go home to Shalla and the cove. I want to bring Dr. Corona with me, if she will go.” Dominic fell silent.

“You’ll miss all the fun.” His father sat, and then lay down next to him. His hair, white and fine as goose down, fluttered in the steady breeze. “The clouds are amazing.” Robert paused. “Are you afraid?”

“No. I am going home to see Shalla. I miss her. I miss the wild woods and the jungley garden in our backyard. I can hear its call to return, and so I shall, to love, honor and obey my god.”

“Well said. I’ll see you there. Merry part.”

“And merry meet, again.”

“Life willing.”

Jasmine learns Aloha

As the conference members dispersed to do their work, Jasmine prepared to leave for the mainland.

However, a freak typhoon blown in by the Trade Winds grounded her departing flight, and she could not find an available ticket home for the next two days.

Forced to stay, she returned to KoAlina and took a room at the Ahilani. When one has nothing specific to do, a day in KoAlina is all about water and sun, sitting, eating, napping and back to the water and sun. *Resort Life is not easy to get used to, Jasmine thought, but if you practice you can learn, by agonizing degrees, how to truly relax.*

Once the wind and rain subsided she walked along the lagoons and was quickly lost in thought.

Few people know much of their own family history back more than two generations. Yet, nothing matters more for honest history than a clear view of the distant past.

Jasmine had found friendship in the counterculture that dared to examine the first wave of propaganda that emanated from the modern multimedia fascist state.

The beginning was a realization that World War favored the breakers and takers. We pretended that the world defeated tyranny, but tyranny is a disease we catch from war. The US caught it and has yet to rid itself of it. The enemy became us. It is still us. Say this out loud and see what happens.

If you can sit and do nothing, more things happen.

Jasmine felt the flow, as she called it. Ideas rose and fell, not dissimilar to waves. Each one grew in importance, made its presence known with a splash and a roar, then returned to nothing.

She remembered speaking a month ago in Milwaukee, at a lecture titled *The Oldest Memories We Have*.

Jasmine: “Behind me on the screen we see the names of people that existed free of the Abrahamic Curse. Of course, these names were not the ones the cultures in question used to identify themselves.”

Behind her hovered a word cloud with its title:

inability to understand each other and our propensity for egoism. These causes of calamity are relieved once an Adamite overcomes her or his Eden Complex and realizes their Eden Identity.

“When I first lectured in the Hawaiian Islands – it seems many years ago now – a Hawaiian man stood up in the crowd at the end of my presentation. He held a lei in front of him and was asking a question into the din of scraping chairs and shuffling feet.

“I saw him. I could not hear him. Our eyes met. I knew his name before I heard it.

“When I was finished gathering my notes and sharing my parting thoughts with my hosts, I walked down the steps and out across the distance between us.

“What a beautiful lei,” I said.

“As I spoke he raised it above my head and dropped it softly onto my shoulders. It fell down my chest into my waiting hands. I raised the flowers up to my face and nose and became buried in the blossoms. Then the Hawaiian man said to me:

“Your name is Pikake, which is a very fragrant flower. I am called many things, but Iesu by my parents, who have long moved on to the next world.”

“I bowed to him and said, “Thank you for the gift, Iesu.””

“Iesu grinned widely at me. “It’s a gift of Aloha. Aloha is a way of life. It is not a secret way, though the meanings are hidden by the veils of language and perspective: "ho'oopuka'o," "kaona," "noa'h'on'o," and "huna.””

Jasmine smiled as she remembered Iesu's strong, melodious voice. Back in Hawaii as she walked along the lagoons, the sun, warm and lulling, beat down on her, suspending her mind from her body; then she remembered the crowd in Milwaukee hadn't quite known what to make of the anecdote. She went on:

Jasmine: “Look at the Hawaiian Chant of Creation, ‘Kumulipo.’ It starts:

*O ke au i kahuli wela ka honua
O ke au i kahuli lo le ka lani
O ke au i kuka'iaka ka la
E ho'omalalama i ka malama
O ke au o Makali'i ka po*

“In English it says:

At the time of the turning when the earth was heat
At the time of the change when the heavens turned inside
out
At the time when the sun was darkened
To cause the moon to shine
The time of the rise of the Pleiades

“The chant continues from the time of darkness to the time of light, and the beginning of humans on the earth.

“We are told about the first great wave that sank the land of ‘Ta Rua’ beneath the ocean. And many more things. The Hawaiian Chant is not alone in telling this story. There are similar stories in many ancient traditions, religions, and cultures. We open our minds and we see the connections. We walk different paths, yet

we all see the same moon when we reach the top of the mountain.

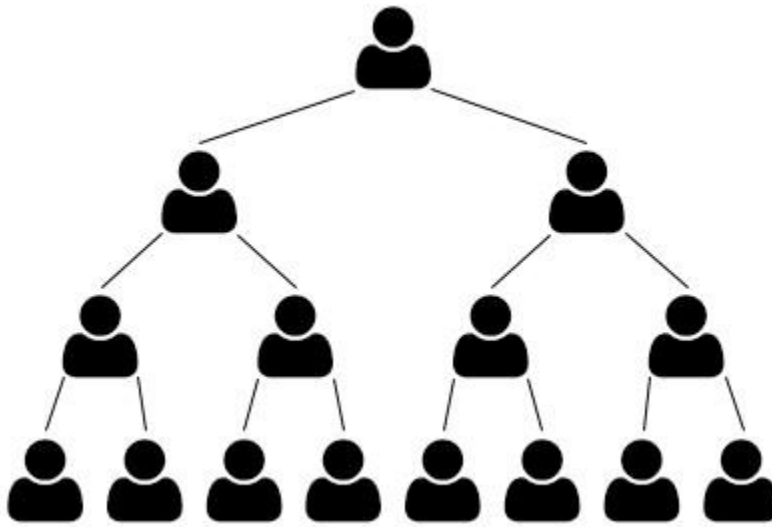
“If you think only one tradition or way is the correct way, you are not prepared to reach the top of the mountain with the others.

“The Jewish tradition describes the Regathering. When we finally move out of the desert and cross over we can only do it one by one, but when we get there we will all have access to the promised land. The islands will rise again, the walls will stand, and we will be whole. The Aboriginals will return to the Dreamtime, as will we all.

“He Hawai'i Au.”

The endless lap of waves on the beach made Jasmine feel ever-more sleepily content. Her mind wound down, her thoughts escaping into the realms of dream and drowsing. The crowd in Milwaukee faded, as did Iesu's glaringly white smile. As she slipped into unconsciousness she heard her own voice, repeating the words she used to close so many of her lectures:

Jasmine: Thank you. Honest History is the greatest teacher, and the lessons are in each of us.



8-Ball

“Ramiel, Thunder of God, the bearer of the instructions of the seven archangels, is the angel of hope, responsible for divine visions and guiding the souls of the faithful into heaven.” Every time the Apostle said these words a tingle ran through him. His skin chilled when he said ‘Thunder,’ and he became light-headed when the words ‘divine visions’ were said. Now that he was leading the Army he had become Ramiel, and his earthly ego went wild, setting no boundaries to restrict his thoughts.

“Ramiel,” he said again. And as he heard his voice he felt like a lover being taken into the angel’s arms. His skin tingled from the touch, and he swooned as he gave himself up to the all-powerful will that chose this fate for him. This same scene occurred daily, or whenever he could get away from the others for a private moment of contemplation.

It was a drug, he thought. I am an addict of this angel’s touch. He should talk to someone in his prayer team, but he knew that he

could not say the name in front of others. He was no longer an open book, but a maze with secret parts visited only by the adept and informed.

“Ramiel,” he said, savoring the name one last time before he entered the meeting of teachers and was forced to return to earth and its petty concerns. The Apostle turned and entered the large boardroom in his Dallas, Texas mega-church building, which he had dubbed the Temple of Angels. Confronting him was the usual assortment of hungry souls, searching for a special something to fill their lives. These had chosen Jesus as their Lord and Savior, as he had, and they had gathered to receive a great lesson that would raise them up to be evangelists and pastors.

As an Apostle he led eight Prophets, who in turn each led eight evangelists and pastors, who each led eight teachers, who in turn led the saints. In addition, he now led eight of his fellow Apostles as the earthly manifestation of Ramiel. He had built his way up the hierarchical ladder by being straightforward in his intention to lead the people into heaven. He became a teacher when he had a following of eight saints. He had become an evangelist, and then a pastor, controlling a church with eight resident teachers. As a pastor, he sought out other candidates for pastor and helped them start churches; when he had eight pastors and churches, each with eight teachers, he became an Apostle. And now, Ramiel. Now he had eight Apostles.

The Apostle looked over those gathered in the boardroom. Behind his mirror-like eyes and faintly-smiling mouth, an inner monologue was running, restlessly unspooling at the back of his brain:

The message is “control the message.”

Disagree and you rise no higher: The Am-way or the highway.

To rise to the top, simply recruit 14 people acting in concert. This is the 8-ball fraud model used to build big distributorships, a Ponzi scheme.

Loyalty, access and rewards are connected. The 14 people in anyone's pyramid raise the organizer up onto another platform in the scheme. All 14 are rewarded for their loyalty, and as each of them organizes their own pyramid their access to the top increases, as do their rewards.

People are taught to know their place in the scheme, and to occupy that place willingly. They can rise, and their job is to see that those around them rise as high as they can, which in turn helps everyone in the scheme.

As he stood before the teachers, the Apostle listened as one of his pastors led the gathering in a prayer for strength in the spiritual war against the fallen angels. He loved the language of war: doing battle on the fields at heaven's gate, watching the angel-led armies clashing and sending the hacked and broken bodies of the enemy into the flames of hell. He had never heard these terms as he heard them today as Ramiel, from a place near the Lord.

"Praise God and his Son Our Lord." *Amen*, he thought as he heard the words. *Now, my turn.*

All eyes on were fixed on the Apostle. He scanned the eight faces in turn, looking fully at each one; he took in their ages, sexes, ethnicities, and asked each a question about their faith and how they felt about the new role they were about to be initiated into.

The pastor who had brought them to the Temple stood proudly behind them as they all sat down following the introductory ceremony.

“Our mission is to perfect the saints in the five-fold ministry.

“The teachers, like yourselves, are anointed to bring the word in a way that one with a hearing ear can sit down and listen to, absorbing the teaching until well-fed. A dedicated teacher is always studying to be prepared, and his light never turns off. It’s the anointing in the office of teacher that makes the Word blessed. We must have many great anointed teachers of the word, along with the pastors, who should also have this gift.

“The evangelist reaches out into the community, bringing souls into the kingdom of God. It is an anointing within the evangelist that reaches for souls to convert.

“The pastor is married to the church. He is in covenant to the church that God has placed him over. The pastor labors always, studying and preparing the Word. He gives fresh food to the flock every day, as if it were manna from heaven. He visits the sick and others in the body of the church. He stays daily with the church, assuring all is well. He sets his office inside the church, prays and guards over the flock. He helps keep the sheep fold from wandering off and being eaten by wolves. The pastor is the shepherd and covenant-man of the church's house.

“A Prophet is one to be feared in the Old Testament: a man of God, who brings direct word from God juxtaposed by the showing of tremendous miracles.

“The Apostles are the leaders of the church, given the right and

authority to touch every member of the body of the 5-fold ministry. An Apostle is 'anointed' to go and establish churches, as the Apostle Paul did. The Apostles set up churches and church leaderships in cities, countries and nations. The Apostle sets up a church and incorporates the word of God as the basis of its existence. He helps in the establishment of a ministry inside the church and sets up a pastor if necessary. He helps the office of evangelism in bringing in the people. The church now established, the Apostle moves on and establishes another elsewhere.

“You are here as teachers who have faithfully performed your ministry. Each of you has now found and trained eight teachers. You have earned the rank of evangelist and pastor.

“As you move into your new duties, remember it is God who has chosen you and helped you to perform your duties to perfect yourselves as saints and teachers, and will again as pastors. Some of you will join the evangelical ministry, others will be pastors. Your pastor will help guide you to the best next step for you in your own ministry, to perfect yourselves.

“Age makes a difference in this choice. You may already know you have a calling as a pastor, like John Vine, who just a few years ago sat where you are sitting. He was in his late 50s, and now ten years later he leads not only his church but pastors with their own churches all over the US, and in some number of other nations. I mention John because he moved through the ministries very rapidly but decided he would stay a Prophet and not advance to becoming an Apostle. He said God had not called him to do more than he is doing with the time he has remaining in his life.

“If John were here, he would tell you to listen to your inner voice that speaks so very clearly to you. None of us, John, me, you are

perfected yet. We each must follow our own road. I pray that you will receive the wisdom to rise and perfect yourselves, and that you pass that perfection on to the saints and teachers who comprise the church you will be given the power to lead.”

The Apostle returned the podium to the pastor, who with this ceremony was well on the way to becoming a Prophet himself. As the Apostle left the room he began to quake and shiver. John Vine’s face entered his mind, and he wondered why he had specifically mentioned Vine in his talk. It was not his usual talk.

It had been a long time since he had caught up with John, and he rushed back to his office to call him and see if John could help him understand why. John really was prophetic, so intuitive that it was often surprising and amazing simply to hear him speak. The Apostle was very grateful John had decided to remain a Prophet; otherwise, in all likelihood he would have advanced to become the mortal shell of Ramiel.

As he found his cell phone in his pocket, the phone buzzed in his hand. *Could this be John?* the Apostle said to himself. The phone told him ‘no.’ *That would have been too much.* It was a strong financial contributor to the Apostle’s work. *Ah, well, from the sublime to the mundane.*

Prophesy Today! is on the Air!

“Hello, my name is Erik Webber. Please call me. Dominic O’Leary said that I was supposed to help with developing things on your end. I promise not to be in your hair. I work from home. Thanks.”

Clarise Young, the brand-new secretary for the First Covenant Church, worked directly for John D. Vine, the Prophet. When she arrived for her first morning of work she saw someone had already called. It was the first call the answering machine had ever taken. She listened to the message, making notes about its content, and left the finalized note in Reverend Vine’s physical inbox.

Vine had recently launched a new radio station based in Merced, Arizona. Its broadcasts could be picked up as far away as northern Flagstaff. But within a 10-mile range there were a few hundred possible listeners if you didn’t count the foxes and jackrabbits.

His intention was to begin distributing the articles and speeches being generated by his congregation, with special attention paid to the Garden Club.

John knew very little about the broadcast industry. He saw the note from Clarise and called Erik immediately.

Erik Webber knew far more about the internet. He worked from his apartment in Flagstaff, his 'base' as he described it. Without meeting, they launched a website to stream the radio station online to the entire world.

Prophesy Today! [<http://PT!.com>] was launched to no fanfare, but it was a beginning.

Once the site was up, John became excited by every post they uploaded.

“Erik, thanks for getting this started. Now how can we make it really work, reach a larger audience?”

“I have some ideas about that.”

“You are close by. Come down to the church building, and we can talk.”

“OK.” And with that Erik hung up.

One afternoon, a week or so later, as John was staring out the window towards the garden a voice broke his reverie.

“John, Erik Webber, there is something I would like to share with you, if you have time.”

The young man standing at the door of Reverend John D. Vine’s office was a piece of work in John’s eyes: he seemed tall, even though he wasn’t. He was like a reed with a tousled head of red hair, muscular in a wiry sort of way, with dark hazel eyes and long, spiderlike programmer’s fingers. John liked Erik Webber’s spirit, which he shared freely, unshamed by a rude audience.

“Yeah, sure. Erik, you are a wonder. Come. Sit. What do you have today?” John had given up guessing, because he had been wrong each time they had communicated. Normally they transacted their business by phone and email. This was the first time Erik had made the journey from Flag to Merced.

Erik didn't move from the doorway. John stood still. Erik wanted to talk.

“Okay. Remember I told you about the Aloha Index? It's a webpage run by a group of mathematicians. You know anything about behavior modeling? No, okay. There is a problem that was identified just over 50 years ago now and restated several times since. It goes like this: given the global warming rate, I mean climate change, the prediction is that a mass extinction event will soon occur. There is a better than 50% chance that over 50% of humanity will be lost to famine and natural disasters in the course of the next few years. The Aloha Index is an algorithm that determines the chance that more than 50% survive, based on certain projected actions. That ratio has implications, such as if more than 50% perish then there is little likelihood that anyone will survive.”

“Armageddon?”

“John, er...how should I address you?”

“My friends call me Dr. Laplace.”

“Ah. My friends call me Dr. LaGrange.”

“Merry met. But how odd.” Erik was now calmer, and his speech began to slow as he explained the details he had learned about the mathematics behind the Index.

“My job has been to monitor the Garden Clubs. I keep data showing the expansion of the clubs and the movement of members through the 'process' that leads to the prophesy. I monitor all websites and social media sites, and especially twitter

feeds, related to member activity in the clubs. Currently we are preparing the virtual garden.”

John's eyes widened slightly. “Virtual garden?”

“You began the Garden Clubs, and they immediately started growing and spreading. People have started experimenting with virtual meetings, so multiple churches can participate with no travel involved. Networks grew from that.

“Before I contacted Dominic, I watched a video of a lecture he gave on what he called the ‘Math of Human Freedom.’ Talking about horizontal organizing, social networks and power webs. He had figured out a mathematical system that directed information through the web in super packets that have built-in homing devices, which search for receptive networks and disseminate within them. They can be made to build profiles as they go, and to virtually travel through cyberspace as if from solar system to solar system.

“After we first met online, we chatted about how to maximize the number of open receptors reached. We did some tests together later to quantify ideas as to the maximization of virality, as he calls it. If you had a special set of lenses that blocked out all that did not interest you, by seeing what remained – what interested you – and nothing more you could write a formula articulating your perception, the solution set of which is what interests you. Then, you have a guide that tells you where to go to find what you want.

“The historians told us what to look for, and we wrote the formulas. This targeting device turned out to be a powerful membership recruitment method. As we learned more about who we were, we grew faster. Our networks grew clusters, which

made communication and decision making inclusive and rapid. Since we do not control the networks, they are organic, without an exterior edge. This makes them very permeable, able to absorb and interpret other networks.”

Erik paused and drew in a deep breath, his dark eyes flashing. When he spoke again it was in a near-whisper. “All of this allows us to meet in large groups – we’re thinking 10 million at a time, maybe more. We are just guessing. Dominic and Rusty say 20 million is the target. That would be a 20-million-person global meeting. We calculated when this should occur; when it does we will have all the human and physical necessities in place.

“On the day of our choice, once logged on each member is addressed by a programmed, personalized voice. The computer, in the language of choice, would call you 'John,' tell you how your minister feels about the local Garden Club, remind you about some hopeful thing in your life, whether you got married, had a child, whatever. The dialogue is standard, but the connection is customized to the individual. The information for this connection was gathered at enrollment and enhanced as the pastors choose.

“The program then moves each member into the meeting, following a short introduction about what is transpiring as the member enters. When 90% of the target number is online, the prophetic program begins. At the end, we collect data from each member. By the end of the next day we will know exactly what was envisioned. We'll report back, and the whole world will know within 24 hours. Everyone will hear it from two personal friends. It will be the new reality in 48 hours.

“That’s the plan.”

John had a right to think the young man may be a bit optimistic, but he knew his own limitations better, and gave in to the urge to get excited about the nearing end of a long journey. “A very nice summary. There are almost 8 billion of us. So, one out of every 400 people will be online. Wow.

“Erik, you have done fine work. I can already see the congregation members becoming more alert, ready for the announcement of the Final Revelation.” John shifted his posture. *The end is near.*

Erik was hunched over, focused on his notes.

“At your suggestion, we have begun a real-time compilation of prophecies emanating from the clubs. One stands out as predominantly recurrent, and that is what I want to talk to you about.”

“Let’s sit.”

Erik started awake. “Oh. Yeah.”

John sat down at his desk, and Erik took the seat across from John. As he did, his eyes roamed the landscape visible through the office's vast, glass-framed enclosure. The pause was normal for those who were seeing it for the first time.

The First Covenant Church in Merced, Arizona sat at the edge of a gigantic bowl – a crater, really – in the desert adjacent to (and south of) the Grand Canyon. It was a forty-minute drive from Flagstaff. Merced had been a humble shepherders’ camp, with a small tumbled-down church building. The entire valley and town had been given to the Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mercy, and the good nuns had named the community of Merced. The

church they called Su Merced. John kept the community name when he bought the land from the Order's land agent after settling on the desert as the home for his new congregation.

Merced was surrounded by land that had been depleted by mining activities, but the valley itself was untouched and unspoiled. Once one entered it nothing of the intense ongoing extraction activities could be seen or heard. The Sisters of Mercy followed Saint Francis Assisi's rules of conduct and treated the land with the respect due to their god. There were no roads, and few human-made paths. John had hiked down to the valley floor when he was first considering purchasing the land; he had spent the night staring up at the undiminished light from the universe.

The area around Merced held few people, and when he opened the church door on Sundays every living being within a 15-minute drive was there on time, washed and shined. Erik was part of what John thought of as the "and so on" stage of the direct proof, followed by "next we will show if it holds for any number, n , then it holds for the number, $n + 1$."

Erik had never been in the church before. He hadn't been in town more than 30 minutes. John had invited him down from Flag with the intention of showing the scene to him and helping him identify his 'Eden spirit.' Apparently, someone had beaten him to the punch; that Erik knew the greeting was proof enough of that.

"I'll show you around once we are through with your last item." John could hardly wait for the initiation to the Garden. The beauty reflected in the eyes always got to him.

Erik blinked, finally turning his gaze from the sun-drenched panorama. "Ah, yes, of course. As I was saying, after we formed

the online Garden Clubs we began our original survey. We categorized possible responses by textbook cases of prophetic experiences. Then we included 'Other.' We subcategorized and analyzed the responses in the Other category. What we learned is that something quite unexpected is happening.

“Have you heard of Cyprian Foret? He's a young French mathematician, grandson of Dr. Lucien Finestra, renowned paleo climatologist, who first noted an uncharacteristic shift in world weather patterns in the 1950s, leading to the modern recognition of climate change.

“He, Cyprian, started attending the Evangelical Missionary Church of Besançon out of intellectual curiosity. He joined the Garden Club, le Club de Jardin, and began to see visions. These visions were powerful by his description: a tree with its roots splayed to all sides, tunneling into dirt at the edge of a forest. As the tree grew, humans ripened like fruit on its boughs, maturing until a man or a woman stepped down from the tree to the ground. As the people left the tree, they busied themselves in tending and planting more gardens: another tree, more people, another tree.

“Do humans produce what the trees need, and then they become us? Or do trees produce what humans need, and we become them? Cyprian asked these questions, and through the church's prophesy process within the Garden Club he provided an answer. His claim was that all organic matter is from one organism, is one organism. He wasn't claiming anything akin to the Gaia Hypothesis; at least the vocabulary he was using was different, though in the final analysis it may be equivalent. For the moment, his prophetic explanation has no god in it. Not as a separate being.”

Erik closed his laptop, from which he had been reading his notes. John closed his eyes. “Hmm. So, how many like that do we have?” he asked.

“In the high 40%. This vision accounts for 95% of 'Other,' which in turn is the most highly-populated category. Nothing else even comes close, and...,” Erik paused to re-open his computer, “no other category has anything like the concentration on one issue. If you were to look at this as a sign of something, it would be that we don’t need a god to explain reality.”

“With that near-certainty, let’s go for a walk in the woods.” John grabbed Erik’s arm as he strode towards the door, gently tugging the young mathematician upright. “Now you will see the other side of the story.”

The Plagues

From John D. Vine's sermon on the meaning of the future, streaming on PT!

John: One plague is the death of truth and the adoption of delusion, the fear of facts and the shame of scientific ignorance.

Jesus was perfected, and his message was to seek perfection. The perfection was a return to Eden-before-the-Fall. Jesus was an Edenist, and the powers-that-be murdered him because he advocated horizontal societies, not pyramidal ones.

The pyramidal structure of the church that grew from Jesus' teachings ensured entrenched power systems that worked against his message to return to Eden.

This becomes the issue. Pyramidal social forms concentrate power and enslave us. Horizontal forms demand a perfected world. God's Kingdom is the perfected world, which is a horizontal world.

To alter the present course of history, we must reinterpret the events of the past and clear the smoke from our vision, so that a future can be clearly discerned. The old interpretations thrive on death, and for peace to thrive life must be chosen.

The Cure for the Eden Complex

From PT!, transcribed from a video of a Jasmine DuBois speech in Milwaukee, WI

Jasmine: There are many intersections between the Biblical view and reality. Genesis represents the ragged edge of a ripped page. Looking at Genesis, we use a lens to see our history on the missing part of the page. As is, Genesis is imperfect, but not entirely wrong. The Garden and the First Covenant torn from the page are expressions of what was lost to the people of the Curse.

The Bible is also a place for many Adamites to begin to realize their Eden Identity.

Think of it as a journey through time, beginning with what you know from a distant past when Adam lived in the Garden. Watch him and a few others scurry out beyond the Garden gate. They are gone. Our history did not begin that day, nor did it end that day.

The Adamites wrote the Bible to suit their own needs, and we do not rely on it to teach us much about reality or history. It *can* be used as a historical record, but with consideration given to its many versions, interpretations and vocabularies. The History Project has nearly completed an Edenist history designed to bring our society out from behind the veils of the past into full view.

Every story is an Eden story. We are all familiar with the urge to return.

In simple terms: we hear about Eden. We hear about the Fall. This is the history of life, except that it is not. It is more the burden of life as it is sold. Can we overcome this burden and avoid hell, the

all-consuming fires that torment the perpetual Outcast?

Other interpretations of the past are fought against by those who have established and work to maintain the present human narrative.

The historians have documented this imbalance, and find it to be structural, i.e. part of the four-pillar strategy for maintaining the status quo.

There are Edenists who do not know that they are Edenists. There are those who are not-aware-Edenists, but who can recover their Edenist identity.

Everyone is conceived as an Edenist; most are born Edenists. Some are never taught fear and never shamed. Many are taught to be Adamites. Most never know about Edenism, some learn, and some of those attempt recovery. In the US, few escape the ever-present veil of fear and shame.

A “new world” shall be established, right here on this earth, which shall “last forever” as the books of Daniel and Revelations foresee and foretell.

Clouds and Rain

After the conferences ended, Rusty and Dominic stayed in Hawaii to finish work on the Aloha Index, and to monitor the plan the historians and mathematicians had devised.

Dinner was ready to eat. Rusty had made a salad with a dressing rich in omega 3s. Dominic had some spicy fried shrimp from a local shrimp truck.

“Dominic, I love you.” Rusty spoke over the food, as if she were saying grace.

“Rusty, I love you loving me.” Dominic, with his bushy hair busting out at funny angles, sat akimbo at the window seat, waiting for his friend/co-conspirator to bring a bowl of food to him.

As she handed him a bowl of greens, shrimp and oil, Rusty said, “What do you know about it, anyway? I mean, your father meeting your mother.”

Dominic grinned, running a hand through his halo-frizz. “My mother told me stories when I was young, about how she met my father and how I came to be. Mothers don’t usually talk to their young sons this way – at least my mother assured me I had to keep it a secret until I was sure who I was telling it to. Want to hear it?”

“Tell me or I will burst.”

Robert and Shalla

Robert had a thing about intention and inattention. *To practice art, one studied the art of others*, his art teachers had told him. *Then, you study the techniques of others. Finally, you employ classic models to fashion new art.*

Robert answered: "To be an artist one intends to produce art, and practices inattention. What happens next is art."

He had decided his new home would be Costa Rica, and he moved through Costa Rica from the San Jose airport by bus to the Pacific coastal town of Quepos. He paid no attention to what would become of him.

Shalla was a powerful visionary, and she used this power to shape her life and the community around her. Robert explained in his early writings in Quepos how she found him at Plinio's. She knew he would be there: someone she must help. She walked up the stairs. He was alone in the bar. She pretended to be the waitress and asked him if he had ordered yet.

Without looking past the jungle that surround Plinios, he responded to her voice. "I have been waiting for a long time."

"The sun is hot, the weather dry and the people move at a speed appropriate to the conditions. I will bring you anything we have to make your day more pleasurable. Are you thirsty?"

Robert was a little woozy. *The first day in the tropics will do that to you.* "First I would like two beers. Pick a kind you like."

"Is that all? You look a little pale. Perhaps you'd like something to

eat as well.”

Robert contemplated his various hungers. The waitress was easy to desire. His thoughts were unaided by food or beverage. He shook his head to clear his mind and failed. Snagging up a menu-flyer. “Is there anything soft, warm and juicy on the menu? Bring the beer and I’ll study the options.”

“I’ll bring water.” In seconds he had a glass of water in front of him. In seconds he emptied it.

When she returned from the cooler she delivered the beer, then sat down as if invited and tasted the coolness and the sparkle and the fizz. “I saw you get off the bus today,” she said, licking a bit of foam from her lips. “Your first day here? You looked around like you had arrived on another planet. I decided not to wait, not to get in line later, to find out who you are and what you are doing here. My name is Shalla. I am an artist, a painter. I was born here and studied painting in Europe where I learned my excellent English. You speak no Spanish, or you would have ordered cerveza. Si, Senor?” She winked and smiled, edging a little closer. “Tell me, how is the beer?”

Robert grinned his 52-year-old grin into her 26-year-old eyes and had thoughts. “You are right, this is my first time in this quadrant of the world. And I will definitely need a painting or two.”

“Not mine. Not if you want me around to translate for you.” She had read his thoughts. “You are the luckiest man in the world, and I am the luckiest woman.”

“Oh? Are we going to have sex?”

“Not tonight. How about breakfast?”

“How does that make me lucky?”

Shalla laughed at him, a musical humor in her tone. “You aren’t here to have sex. You are here to complete your journey. I want to help you make it beautiful.”

“You know more than you are supposed to know,” Robert said. “I should warn you. I am a poet, and everything that implies. At least I am not a musician.”

“Or a drummer,” she said, still laughing.

Shalla wanted to bring a new life into the world. She had become very attractive, every fiber in her being responding to a yearning mothers-to-be know well. There was a fire in her, sending sparks of golden energy to the surface of her skin; as Robert told it, her attractiveness was impossible to ignore. And he was free, and a poet, and a man.

“Where do we meet for breakfast?”

“I will send a cab for you. The driver is Juan, my brother. He is also a great cook. Go with him, and you will find me. Tomorrow we will begin something new.” Brown and razor-thin is how he remembered her as she walked away from him and down the stairs, seemingly vanishing into the jungle.

The next day, Robert’s first morning on the west coast of Costa Rica, was the final dry morning before a grueling 9-month drought came to an end. Robert would say he was playing pool when the drought ended, but that was later, and another rainstorm. His last

book, the one he and Jasmine wrote, describes the feeling of a great sigh, a *release*, about to happen. But he wasn't playing pool.

He stayed at Plinio's until morning when Juan found him.

Robert spent his first full day on the Pacific Ocean in a small one-room cabin, with two doors and only one window. Shalla brought him there after she and Juan had coddled his every savory sense with fresh eggs and local bacon, bread from Shalla's kitchen and fruit from Juan's orchard. She walked him up the bluff above the river mouth just north of the home she and her brother Juan shared with their ailing mother, Miriam. The cabin had belonged to Miriam, now too aged to live alone.

He sat at the table next to the window that looked out on the sea. To the left of the window was the door, which opened to reveal the way leading down to the main house; outside the door was a patio shaded by local vines, flanked by flowers like pastel trumpets nearly a foot long. To the left of the patio the path down to the beach began.

Shalla was speaking to him. As Robert listened to her voice he heard her say he was home, if he chose to be. He heard much more in the music of the place: birds, bugs, the sighing of the vegetation as it was pressed and pushed by the breezes, and the hissing sounds of a now-lazy river mixing with the ocean's waves.

"Behind you is a stove, and a place to store food and clothes. The back door leads to the jungle. It goes on forever. In the loft is the bed." She pointed to the ladder behind her. "The window really makes this place. I have often sat here all day long, counting seagulls and drinking tea.

“Robert, are you listening to me?” Her whisper was not loud enough to break the fall within him as he said 'yes' to everything he thought she meant: the end of rebellion. The beginning of embracing.

“Shalla, I may die here. I may be born here, a creature of your magical arts. This is the stuff of legends, of love and amazement. Good fortune, you being there to watch the bus unload; were you looking for me? Did I get that right?” Robert was ready to grasp the power that had brought him here. *Did she know this power? Was it in her? Was it her?*

“Not mere chance. I had been there waiting for the bus for three days. What drew me to wait? Some things are wordless. That is why I paint. In Quepos the bus from San Jose brings interesting opportunities for me. Once, I found a face I had dreamt of in visions. I was waiting for you because I was told to find someone to help, and when I saw you I saw my own future and yours, entangled.”

“Love?”

“More basic, perhaps. If I have learned anything it is that visions are dictators, or better yet hauntings. I see and feel what I must paint, and then I am aware and cooperative, but enslaved to the vision painter within: that is the artist.

“I was told to find someone to help, but by what or who I do not know. Perhaps it is just me, masquerading as not me. I have gotten used to the voices within. When I saw you, I saw a man with whom a son was possible. My visions were of a garden. I was a flower, and a bee was buzzing in and out.”

Robert's face was wide open. She had captured him. He waited for his realization to calm so that his voice would be even, his heart under control. She waited for him to speak.

"Shalla, we just met yesterday. You picked me out of a bus load, fed me, gave me a home, and it sounds as though you have further plans for me. I came to Quepos to shed my cocoon, to be the butterfly; I guess this is the journey you refer to when you say you will help me. Now, you are telling me of your visions and inner voices. I have fallen for you, for this place, and will do just about anything you can think to ask of me. But I do have a question." His hesitation was the question. She understood this immediately and waited with him in silence until one of them would speak.

Minutes later, she broke the silence. "Robert, when I was in Europe, in France and Italy, studying art, I went about my business by myself. I had no school to teach me. I went to learn because there was nothing else that could happen to me. I was not torn between a lover and art. I left Costa Rica at 18 and returned when my mother became ill two years ago.

"I was in Paris. I visited the Musee Rodin. I was examining *The Thinker* with a pair of opera glasses because I could not get any nearer. An older woman, older than my mother, came and stood nearby. I felt her arrive, and as her attention fell on me, mine fell on her. She was a Gitana, a homeless Romani used to a life in public. Her name was Juana Martin; she spoke Spanish and was a fervent evangelical. She told me these things so that I would know as much about her as I needed to know, so that I would understand what she was about to tell me and why she wanted to take me to the place she was about to take me.

“We left the Musee and walked rapidly through a neighborhood and into an alley, then to a short door in a tall garden wall much higher than either of us. The door opened easily as she turned the handle. It was dark in the alley, as the late afternoon sun was low in the sky. We ducked as we entered, and the air seemed brighter within than without, even though the light was filtered through the canopy of a small orchard. It immediately seemed odd, an orchard so thick one could not see through to the opposite garden wall!

“‘Do as I do.’ Juana slowly removed and folded her clothes, until she stood naked. I followed her example, except for underwear, and we set out into the trees and brush. The orchard became a forest as we walked through it, the understory growing increasingly varied as more light was able to bathe the forest floor. It was wet, not damp, but moist and slightly warm.

“Robert, I swear the plants undressed me further. It happened so subtly that I did not feel them, but within minutes I noticed I had lost my remaining clothing. We did not go far, walking this way and that, savoring the fresh air and radiant green-tinged sunlight. I had not imagined as we entered that we might need a compass, but eventually I realized I could not remember how to retrace my steps. As I thought of leaving I turned, and there was the doorway and our clothes and shoes nearby on the ground. But not my underwear.

“Dressed, we left. The Roma said nothing about our experience to me but uttered three words only. First she whispered: *‘iysh* and *ishshah*. I repeated the words. She then said, ‘Devlesa,’ held my hand for a moment, and slowly walked away. When I reached the end of the alley, I could see she was headed back towards the Musee. I went the other way.”

Robert listened intently to the story Shalla had told to end the silence. He would learn to answer with his own story one day, but this was the first of many. “Devlesa? ‘iysh and ishshah? Have you a translation?”

“Goodbye. Adam. Eve.”

The next morning Shalla woke him in the cabin with a mug of hot coffee she had carried up from her house near the beach. It had been too warm last night for blankets, or even a sheet. Robert gave in to sleep soon after, and she left him to his dreams.

As the sun rose over the Cordillera, clouds were visible massing over the Pacific. Clouds over the Pacific could mean rain, but on the bus, Robert had overheard two gringos talking weather. There had been a dry spell of some great length – one said 173 days. The other said 281 days. For weeks, there had been clouds and hopes, but no rain. They sounded nervous, even itchy for rain.

“Robert, let’s make it rain today.”

“How?”

“Let’s plan an outing. I’ll bring my easel. You carry a lunch with a bottle of wine – don’t forget an opener. There is a knapsack with a blanket and bug juice hanging in the corner near the door. We’ll leave after coffee and be gone all day.”

The Morning

“Shalla.” The rolling waves peaked and crashed on the sandy beach in the morning light, as the gulls and other early morning birds ranged up and down the beach and into the surf. Their voices were sharp and demanding with solos and chorale crescendos. Their symphony played too loudly for her to hear her name being added to the wind.

Closer still he moved, repeating her name as he walked, trying to catch up with her as she ran with abandon down the moving curvature of roiling surf. He couldn't express why he was so urgent to reconnect with her. They had shared a cup of coffee while staring into the gathering clouds that would not stop them from their walk. After the coffee, they had talked about ethereal things unrelated to his desire and her dreams, packed a few things in the spirit of adventure plus the easel and paints, took the path to the beach, walked to the water, touched it, retreated to put down the easel, blanket and lunch and began to walk. Not together, but near.

They had left the lunch and blanket behind for the gulls and crabs to examine. Robert's thoughts were – at least – crazy. He needed to ask her which alley in Paris the garden was on. *She probably remembered*, he guessed. As the tension of not knowing exploded in his mind, he determined to catch up to her and find out, but even as he turned to the task she raced away effortlessly, chasing her Pacific sprites or fairies or whatever made her run.

Robert ran awhile to keep the space between them from lengthening. Shalla never turned to look back at him; she kept up her gamboling pace until she suddenly stopped and stood statue-like, as if awaiting the arrival of pleasure or peace or purpose. He

pulled even with her and stopped, breathless. She pointed inland towards the bluffs and said, “Cave.” Then she burst into motion again, drawing him with her until they were out of the intermittent sun in a dark cavern twice his height.

The cave was too small for talking. Reason was too big to fit in such a tight space, but love fit with room to spare for pleasure and all the rest.

This beach cove was isolated from Quepos, the last cove before the Recuerda. It was entirely landlocked, with rock outcroppings extending into the surf, making even low tide entrances along the beach only momentarily accessible and dangerous. No one else but Shalla and her family visited the area. Now, only the two new lovers were there.

They walked back to their lunch, shoulder to shoulder, naked, shameless and fearless, carrying their meager clothing until they reached their way point. Here they discarded their small burdens, fell onto the blanket and set about to repeat their earlier creative act.

Robert described the feeling later as a great expectation. Their bodies were reaching a new sensual apex, and as they did the air took on the same sensation. There was no breeze, just stillness and the clouds.

There really are no secrets – as fondly as we speak of them. We just choose not to hear or to remember them. Robert and Shalla lay together, their bodies rigid in climax, the release simultaneous, their senses turned inward, their combined breath a series of sighs.

He laid his head on her breasts, enjoying the end of motion. “We did it,” she whispered toward his ear.

Did what? Robert thought, and said, “Let’s do it again.”

“It only takes once.” As her voice finished murmuring the word ‘once,’ a low roar – that he had taken as the sound of the surf – became the roar of a vertical sea of rain, falling straight down so fast and hard that within a second, they and everything they could see was soaking wet. The air was so thick with water that any distance past five feet was a misty blur; only the sound of the torrent and the sight of water streaming from one’s forehead was available to them.

Laughing hysterically, they stood amazed, picked up their things and headed in the general direction of the mist-hidden path that led to what soon would be known as Robert’s cabin.

Shalla remembered that day with the help of Robert’s writing. She had thought about it many times, and each time she saw a new revelation in the poetry of their meeting, in their art of clouds and rain.

Amazed and in love, they curled up on the bed in the cabin.

“Robert, who are you? Who do you say you are?”

“I am at the end of a way of being, about to become new again. Not born again but remade into something new...or maybe it is something old. It may not matter. My poet’s path, like your painter’s path, has led me here for this purpose. My life is simple. I have shed all my past, except for a book a friend and I are finishing; a friend who took me from a painful life, and from

whom I departed to take this path.” He stopped short (as he had so many times) of mentioning Jasmine Dubois by name. His dear friend, who had made him talk to draw him from his whirling mind-obsession with the past. With her it was a game: talk into the silence with a secret or keep your silence.

“Neither spoke again that day.” Dominic’s voice trailed off into thoughts he would not speak aloud, not wanting to give power to them.

“So that’s their story.”

While Dominic told the tale Rusty had quietly embraced her knees, studying the Pacific Ocean before her.

As the story ended, she uncurled and sat up. “Eden again?”

“Every story is about Eden.”

Two Mathematicians

Dominic had fallen asleep in his chair again. “Nineteen going on ninety. Sweet face. Nice eyes when he looks at me,” Rusty mumbled, and then louder, “I have to look at your face when you sleep, since most of the rest of your day I only have your back to love.”

He stirred, but kept his eyes closed against the afternoon light. He had worked feverishly until the first birds sang in the early morning. First birds announce the light returning at what seems the height of darkness. Dominic smiled as he recalled his last memories of the world before dreams, a small thin-lipped crack of a smile which Rusty saw.

“Good morning, genius. It’s six-thirty and I need your mind, so rise and shine. I have figured out why I love you. You channel your mother to me, and her world of fantasy is where I yearn to be. So, rise, spirit! Rise and teach. Tell me where my home is, and how I can find it.”

“When I fell asleep it was to the first bit of the morning birdsong, and now here you are chirping ‘rise and shine.’”

“I would say that by the size of us we are both birds, maybe roadrunners... that’s a joke.” She was laughing at her own joke.

“There is still a lot I don’t know about you, Solaria. Isaac Asimov was my hero for most of my childhood. Imagine a mind that could see into the future and perceive events far beyond his lifespan, using predictive equations based on human nature. I thought of Solaria as a sun-song. One of my mother’s friends was named Sunsong. Who started calling you Rusty? I’ll bet it was your

structural engineer mother going metallurgical on you.”

“Yup. My father loved Foundation and Empire, thus Solaria.”
Rusty had a feeling something was missing from her life. She knew quite a few things, but not what to do with this feeling.

Doctor Solaria Corona was a serious mathematician. She also understood human nature and had categorized many behaviors that were classified as sexual behavior. Dominic was beautiful inside and out, and she understood that she was attracted to him. She remembered how at first, he'd nearly swooned at the sound of her voice; however, they had almost immediately been immersed in 'math world' and had not found a way out into the real world since.

She was used to the solo life. She had never had a friend; no one had come nearly as close as Dominic. When her mating instinct kicked in she was in mid-PhD study, so she'd started running to pass some time in something more than mental exercise.

“Dominic, how did you get your last name?”

“Ouija.”

“No. Shouldn't you be Dominic Devine, named after your father?”

“Not so. I am my mother's child. She is the O'Leary. To hear her tell it, the three Graces carried poor Robert to Plinio's when he arrived in Quepos, so he could meet Shalla, so I could be conceived.”

“My mother's name is Cavanaugh. The source of the red gene, perhaps. Maybe we are cousins?”

“Let’s not ask. We are not siblings, and statistically that is all that matters.”

“I’ll look into it myself, though I expect it wouldn’t matter anyway. First we would have to have sex for it to come into play.”

“Wait a minute. Virginty matters. Your distribution of personality traits predicts that a young woman such as yourself will most likely either get a PhD by age 19 or let the body rule the mind, becoming an unrepentant slut.”

“Where did you get your vocabulary from, internet porn sites? You are either joking or you are misreading my data.”

“I pick joking, but you are not laughing.”

“I believe there are other options available to me. But I am a virgin, and now that I have my PhD I find I have time for other thoughts.”

“Humph. What are you doing tonight? What are you doing right now?”

“Are you talking procreation? Are we going to procreate?”

“The algorithm advises against more population.”

“Doesn’t say anything about non-procreative intercourse.”

Dominic's dark eyes widened beautifully, nervously. “I gotta go to the loo,” he said, almost stammering. “A quick shower, and I’ll be right back.”

Off he went, and she went back to thought.

As she sat there with her conclusion in mind, a new realization hit her: to lose her virginity today, overlooking the Pacific Ocean, she needed to take some fast action.

Ten steps from the bed to the shower, 2.7 seconds. “Dom, you have a dirty back.” Undressing 6 seconds. “Look how frothy this soap is.” Entering the shower 11.1 seconds.

“Oooh.” 23.9 seconds.

Peter and Ramiel

As long as everyone in attendance kept their vows of secrecy, no one would ever find out who was at the meeting of the inner group, or what was being planned.

The inner group was ensnared in a sequence of security measures. The net was very tight, so tight that almost nothing said by a traitorous member could reach the ears of anyone who might know what it meant. And if someone spoke, well, the truth was that no one had ever spoken twice. There were a few cases when members had tried to let the outside world know what was going on, yet their bad end was all that became widely known.

There was much to keep secret, including the name of the inner group itself. Few had heard of Ramiel, fewer still knew the power the archangel exerted over divine visions.

The men and a few women, who met quarterly in Washington DC, were Neopente prayer warriors who sought the word of God through visions, but they had never heard of Ramiel. They were also federal government employees, all in positions of authority from which they could not be removed, thus protecting their civic power. There were two men present who were not government employees. One was the Neopente Apostle, the only member of Ramiel's Army in attendance, and the other wanted to be President of the United States. Of course, he had never heard of Ramiel or Ramiel's Army, and knew nothing about secret societies or prayer warriors.

“Brothers and Sisters in Jesus.” the Apostle always led the meetings; he had been chosen by the sons of the man who had chosen the first Apostle for the group when it was formed in the

early 1980s in Anaheim, California. “Let’s get right to it. Our task today is to identify government regulations that need to be removed or amended to increase the wise use of federal lands.

“The plan is, as you attend your training meetings today keep a mind to those sections of code or regs that need attention and bring that information with you to the evening prayer meeting.

“My good friend, sitting to my right, has been called by God to run for the high office as President of this nation, and as President to free God’s creation from the grip of Satan for our use, as it was intended. His participation today is a part of God’s plan, which we will help to unfold today and in the weeks to come.”

Peter Smith sat, as did the other 50 or so people, and listened to the Apostle speak about the will of God and the gift of creation. He touched on all the familiar bases: the covenant and the need to obey God’s will to use up the last remaining resources so that the End Times would progress, bringing about the return of the Lord. Then, everyone who had not heeded the Apostle’s admonitions would be cast down into hellfire and damnation, with all the fury one could expect from a wrathful God.

Peter had heard it before, and he thought he would probably hear it again. The words were familiar, the sentiments clear to him, and nothing he had seen in his 40-plus years of life offered any reason to doubt that the Apostle was speaking the word of God. The message had not changed in the 15 years he had been a part of the prophesy group.

He had changed. The death of his youngest child – his only son – had made the last three years nearly unbearable. He had considered suicide to end the disappointment he felt from his

unanswered prayers. Nothing else took away his memories of the little boy slipping into unconsciousness and death as his family chanted and prayed and promised, to no discernible good end.

The first change he made was to find a new church and a new pastor.

Washington DC was not his favorite place to be: so far from home, away from what sustained him and kept his thoughts free of despair. In Flagstaff, where three generations of his family had grown up and prospered as ranchers, there was much to do. Here, there was much to suffer.

As the Apostle continued with his speech, Smith's thoughts wandered, searching for a place of comfort in his mind where he could dwell in relative peace. His new pastor in his new home church had been a great help after the funeral, involving him in church work and a small ministry keeping the church's gardening tools in order. The church had a lot of tools, and a garden like no other he had seen.

His sorrow diminished while he worked, and the little prayer the pastor gave him to repeat under his breath helped him find joy in the pleasant memories of his son.

Smith planted apple and pear trees at various places in the garden in memory of his young son, as the pastor suggested. As he tended the trees he chanted, "Here I put you, Tree of Life. My son you grow within the roots, your fruit an apple or a pear, I'll eat it and dream of you, your beauty blessed and grown to share." It was too soon to expect fruit to bear, but time would pass and his healing prayer would be answered, of that the pastor had assured him. Smith knew that he was right to follow that advice.

The Apostle called the group to prayer, and Smith's attention refocused on his increasingly strident voice: "God's will is the will of all, and God's work will be done by all those in this room!" The meeting ended shortly after, and Smith followed the others out the door and down the corridor of the Department of Interior's offices on the 1800 block of C Street. He had come to Washington for the quarterly training meetings the Department held to bring staffers like Smith, who worked at distant offices, up to speed on new regulations and approval processes for resource development permits.

Just before Peter rounded the first corner in the corridor, he turned to look back to where he and the others had recently emerged from prayer. Oddly, he could not tell any longer which door was theirs. No matter. As long as he stayed with the others and did as he was asked, his lack of certainty about the little things would fade away. His thoughts returned to the garden, to the tree, to his son. He smiled, turned the corner and caught up to the group.

If Smith had thought about it, he would have noticed that the Apostle and the candidate had remained in the room. There, in the wake of the prayer meeting, the two men were joined by two others. One was an undersecretary of resources management, and the other a lobbyist who was also a consultant to the Department of Interior on the issue of deregulation. His other clients included mining, oil and other extractive industries.

All four men worked (or had worked) for Interior, and all four men worked as consultants for a conservative think-tank funded by a conservative foundation funded by the sons of the man who had chosen the Apostle to lead the group, had chosen the candidate

to run for president, had chosen the undersecretary from their personal staff, and hired the lobbyist to represent their special interest on relaxing regulations controlling mining, timber and oil, and other extractive industries on federal lands.

Home

Peter Smith survived his trip to DC, taking an overnight flight to Phoenix and arriving by car at his doorstep in Flagstaff just as the sun rose behind him. Even now, as he entered his home he caught himself listening for the little voice of his lost son and pictured the fruit trees a few miles away. *I will never get over it, but I can make something beautiful from my sorrow*, he thought.

Inside he found his family asleep. As he quietly hung up his hat and jacket, he thought about how alone they all had become, each in their own way isolated by the silence death had evoked. His faith, he reasoned, gave him hope. He knew Jesus loved him...but then...

As he drove northeast to Merced he wondered at the way the garden project had become so important to him. At first it helped him focus on something besides his own woes, and then it became a prayer, a way of prayer with hands and heart working together to act out the vision he had had. It was a vision that he kept secret from his prayer groups.

It had happened one day approximately two months ago, as he was working new soil in preparation for its first planting, chanting his prayer, the trees dancing wildly in his head. Suddenly, his heart had become stricken; he longed to see his son again, was desperate to see his face and hear his small, calling voice. So great was his loneliness, he saw the roots of the trees growing long and serpentine, diving in and out of the soil. Each time a root-tip burst into view a human being sprang forth and set to working the new soil.

The next day and every day after, each time he was in the garden

the vision returned. Each time it was different, fuller, more colorful, more diversity in the scenery surrounding the trees. Time stretched; things happened more slowly. Smith remained silent about his vision.

He had been in prayer groups and prophetic groups. The group in DC was all about divine vision and, though he'd never seen one personally, he felt them as the Apostle described his. These visions from God told of the Kingdom on Earth, after the unbelievers were removed to hell; the Apostle claimed that the faithful were going to return to the Garden of Eden, to be fed by the Tree of Life. All that was needed was to use up all the resources on Earth, and then the end would come.

Every vision the group had was in the same vein. The Apostle always saw the wise use of resources as the true meaning of those visions.

As the morning passed from dawn to day, he arrived in Merced and headed straight across the church parking lot and into the garden, directly to the trees he'd planted for his son. The vision was there, waiting for him. He sat where he had stood, and the ever-enhanced scenes played across his inner screen. The trees, their roots, the people, the tending, and now the passing and the return to soil to nourish trees, to grow more roots, to grow more people and on and on.

When the pastor found him, he was crying slow and soft sobs, but was otherwise still. Smith rose when he saw the pastor. They hugged their greeting, shared how-are-you's, and would have parted, except that Smith said, "I have lost my faith."

"It doesn't matter," the pastor said. "You have just found god."

“God does not exist.”

“No need to argue. After 6 decades spent contemplating what I am being called to do, I realized that the only being determining my path is me. It turns out I didn't need a god of judgment. But I do need a larger consciousness than myself, something that teaches me how to value life. The god that values life is the one you just met. I know this, because I met god here too.”

Peter settled back to earth, almost reclined on the soil near an apple tree. John sat down next to him. They would later recount this time together, remembering how the garden held them, and how the apple tree reminded them of the child's story of the Fall.

“John, the garden makes me see things. Is that possible? Every time I come here I see with my mind's eye a scene of trees and roots and people. Today I saw my son and me, and maybe you; we were born and passed back into the soil, and all the while I felt at home, relieved of sorrow and the fear of death. It felt right, and still does.” Peter had spoken slowly, careful to use words that conveyed exactly what he meant. John waited in silence, listening to his own breathing, grateful.

“Thank you for bringing this here, this garden and all these gardeners. It is Eden, isn't it? It is amazing. I have a confession to make.” Peter sat up and began speaking faster, growing agitated as he described his role at the Department of Interior. He spoke about the group, the divine vision group that met each quarter, and how it worked to tweak regulations in favor of exploitation and against conservation.

John said nothing.

“It is as if we are trying to despoil our home, hoping God exists and will give us a new one, minus what we call evil. Really, that is it. For years now, we...I...have been busily and righteously working to destroy nature. I would never have known without the vision of the trees I see here.” Peter stopped.

“I forgive you,” John said, so quietly it was as if he did not want to be heard. Briefly, he laid a hand on Peter's shoulder.

“Thank you for that, too.” Peter rose to his feet with a look of purpose John had not seen on him before. “I have work to do, John. What should I say now?”

“Blessed be.”

“Blessed be.”

John rose and watched Peter leave the Garden. John looked at the abundance around him. “Dominic will love this,” he said, speaking to himself through a smile. “Algorithms are magic.”

Identity

“Dominic, do you know a name for the garden, for us, or for our god? It can’t be Eden, since it is not our word,” Rusty said.

“Nope. Why bother? Let’s say I name our god everything, or I Am What Am. That would include you, me, it and the garden. All nice and one, indivisible in fact.”

“But...that’s what we are. But who are we?”

“How about I Am Who Am?”

“It’s already taken.”

“Nuts. Like I said, why bother.”

“Is that a question or a statement?”

“Wassa?”

“Just want to have it all figured out by the time I am twenty-one. I know we will emerge into the larger human consciousness relatively soon, and I wonder what that will look like to someone not yet in on the secret. When I look out onto the horizon I feel us, the horizon, and me and you, together from before and certainly forever after. What is that called?”

“Hm. Everything smushed together into a big love ball?”

“Yah, but not so flippant. How about the mystery of why some people want to destroy us, you know, us and the horizon?”

“You can’t feel the love? When someone calls you naïve they mean you do not understand the evil, or even the good, that exists in the world. It’s a warning that if you are not more careful you will get hurt. I am called naïve often, but then I am barely old enough to shave. My view is different. So is yours.

“Shalla taught me to merge the perceptions of good and evil back into one perspective, because the wholeness held the future. To maintain a dichotomy was to accept the Curse, to have disobeyed God and have knowledge of good and evil, the Genesis story.”

“Are we the people from before the Curse, or the Uncursed?”

“Jasmine is constructing a new historical narrative that will be our entry-level perspective. The present history would refer to us as Edenists, so we are using that for now, but if we follow what you just told me about the I Am Who Am we must come up with something new.”

“That’s what I mean. What will we call ourselves?”

“Something naïve, that's for sure. If you have an inspiration, send it to Jasmine.”

“How about ‘Rusty?’”

“How about ‘Dominic?’”

“Maybe we are onto something. Maybe our name is so long that it would take lifetimes to say; it includes everyone and everything since time began and until time ends. That is who we are. We are who were, are, and will be.”

“All.”

“Yeah, All.”

“Can I go to sleep now?”

“Turn out the lights.”

True Home and True Love

Dominic hummed a song poorly as he sat at his keyboard, attempting for the umpteenth time to begin a new subroutine within the Aloha Index calculator. “Rusty, my dear, have you any ideas about how the Edenists are finding each other?”

Rusty, her famous red hair braided in the French manner and piled on her head, moved past him to the window of their studio, one of ten studios situated in a building near the main campus of the University of Hawaii. The house was used by traveling academics associated with statistical studies. Since their visit to the islands for the mathematician’s conference, they had decided to stay in Hawaii to work instead of taking the time to return to their separate homes on the mainland.

The studio faced south and the surrounding Pacific Ocean, looking across a neighborhood that ran down to the Waikiki Beach a mile away, with a view of the back of Diamondhead to the left. The colors of the water on windless days was magical for Rusty, her reverie at the sight sparking her creative juices so that any paralysis in thought was cured by a review of the beauty in clear view. They had been in Hawaii for a month, and she had not yet missed “home.”

Receiving silence to his question, Dominic rose and walked to the wall opposite the window and Rusty. He picked up a stick of white chalk and began to slowly and intently draw his ideas in the symbols of his profession. Soon his hands were white with the powdery residue. “Ugh!” Dominic ached with the sound of chalk screeching across the board. He shuddered across his shoulders.

He reviewed what he had just completed. He sighed with

satisfaction, running chalky hands down his face.

“This might do it.”

Rusty sat back against the opposite wall, alternately staring at the blackboard and peering out the window at the surf line off Waikiki. Her mind worked in starts and fits, rushing ahead and then resting, then off again in another rush. To produce as much as she did she found ways to weave action and rest together.

Thinking this way is an athletic event, and if one is in for a long session one must pay attention to one's body. Training and diet mattered, as did resting properly. Minds are all different. The only one she really knew was her own, and much of her experience was beyond expression.

Rusty had just turned twenty, having only recently fallen in love for the first time. New love, first love was a strong force requiring time and concentration, competing ferociously with her math mind. For the first time she had to allot time to someone else and their needs, but since it was Dominic she only had to appeal to his math mind, the place where their love began. As they worked, conceptualizing together the algorithmic path needed to add a new element or repair a now-observably weak one, the path would veer from mind to heart and heart to body, from work to rest.

In their small studio, they had it all: computers and workspace, blackboards and a kitchen, a large lanai and a small bed all on the tenth floor of a building that towered above Honolulu, in a place called Manoa adjacent to Waahila Ridge State Park.

Dominic had a different view of it, since he was captured first by

Rusty's voice, then her compassion, then her mind, and finally by their mutual recognition that each was an Edenist, born into it and never marred by the fear and shame that might have crippled their ample minds.

Dominic was still nineteen. Dominic was the son of a mathematician. He didn't care. It was not a factor in his thinking about what he was to do.

He had first heard of the Nightmare Problem when he was six years old. His mother Shalla, an artist and an original mind, the power of which defined magic for him, was a creature like himself: free of oppression. She had seen Eden in the world, on a sunny late afternoon in Paris just four years before his birth. She told him the story from time to time, describing in ever-greater detail the astonishing forest behind a garden wall that from Google Earth looked like a small orchard, but from within was an infinite being from which they all came, and in which Edenists could dwell as their true home.

His father had not been so lucky. He had to evolve away from the pain of his early years and the discipline of a religious cult that tore his innocence from him, to be replaced with the fear of God and shame for his physical needs. At Dominic's present age his father had discovered mathematics, a world he could explore without fear or shame. Thus, he was ready when the problem first arose in human consciousness; he immediately grasped its importance, and decades later passed the problem onto Dominic, who held onto it as a memento from his Father.

At thirteen Dominic began his first article for publication in the Fibonacci Journal, on iterative functions. He had found his father's articles, one of which was on the same subject. Dominic took his

father's work and extended it, drawing more from the patterns and applying his understanding of probability to make the functions his father devised the center of a new study of human behavior and statistical forecasting. At age thirteen, one month after Dominic's first publication as he was walking to class at MIT, a voice he knew called out his name. For the five minutes they were together, he listened to his father tell him more about the Nightmare Problem and Dominic's role in solving it. Those five minutes propelled Dominic into Rusty's arms six years later and then into the studio apartment above Waikiki.

"Any ideas?" he repeated, looking to Rusty. Chalk smudges stained his full cheeks, an absentminded work habit of his that she found irresistible. "How are we finding each other?"

"I know only a few – the ones we have met together, and you, and my parents and their friends – maybe twenty-five people, all born with the 'blessed be' as our true home. From somewhere in the world the Doctor Greeting came to be – Dr. Laplace and Dr. LaGrange – so mathematical."

"My father's words," Dominic offered. "Mathematicians have conquered the Tower of Babel complex, have made languages that we can share with others. In this language of numbers, we understand each other without fear or shame."

"Did he start it?"

"I really don't know. He introduced himself to me as Dr. Laplace as my tutor, and again when we met again six years ago."

"Why did he pick Laplace?"

“Transformation,” Dominic answered. “He was transforming himself, and it must have struck him as clever, because when he said it he chuckled. I hope to hear the full story one day.”

“I learned the greeting before we met. A friend of my mother told me her name was Doctor Laplace. Then when we met it felt as if we had known each other forever. Remember we lunched at Fibonacci’s that day. So much has happened since then, it feels like years ago already. Time is such a trickster: ‘Am I real? Am I not?’”

Dominic stood in stillness. Something she'd said left his mind running at full sail, with the wind of his ideas blowing at near-gale force. “Well, regressively speaking from what we know of each other, we can calculate the likely range of the population of Eden. We certainly can expect that there are far more of us than the twenty-five you know of.” He turned his back on her to return to his blackboard, and off he went into his symbol world. She had her back to him all the while, and could not see or hear him, but absorbed the view and reveled in her contentment of True Home and True Love.

Rusty listened to him mumble and squeak the chalk. She watched him work until she wanted his attention. “How often have you spoken to your father?” Rusty asked.

“After he left Quepos, I saw him in person first when I was thirteen. Of course we was my tutor, but online so not spoken. We've met up at least once a year since, but more often of late. Do you want to know what our relationship is like?” Dominic asked. He knew Rusty liked to hear him talk of his parents, of how he'd come to be.

“He inspired you?”

“And sired me. He and I held a secret. When I was six he became my tutor. Called himself Dr. Laplace, taught me about Pascal and probability, Fibonacci sequences. All of these things we use now.”

“And your genes.”

“Yeah. He came back to help me for his purposes, I suppose you could say. Circumstances create the context, and context gives meaning. Shalla has told me a little. I think she hopes I am clairvoyant, as she and my father are. This morning we met on my run, he read my thoughts as if I had spoken. Or at least it seemed like it in the moment.”

“He is a mathematician?”

“Yes, he is. Though not in the traditional sense. He did publish a little in math journals, and a lot of analytical articles about human relationships. He wrote a book and some poetry with another friend of his, Jasmine, our historian. He learned much about humans through mathematical considerations, and obviously statistical analysis was the basis for his ‘human’ work.”

“Do you know where he lives now?”

“Arizona, but I know not where or in what capacity. I was able to get him in touch with Erik. He tells me not to look, that he is in disguise, working from his intuition. Funny thing is, our work has indicated that to succeed in a solution to the Nightmare, he must carry through with what he has intuited. I am uncomfortable talking about it because once I speak it, it might be heard, and my words repeated until he fails in his task.”

“I think I know enough to make a guess. And, since I heard you, I will not speak either.”

Saturday Night Services from the Online Garden Clubs

A sermon by the Prophet Vine streamed on PT!

Every Garden Club has its own personality. Those related to church communities are based in the creation of the horizontal community. No leader rises, but conversations about the garden and gardening are continuous. Some church communities bring the garden into their prayers, praying for bounty and abundance and recognizing the joyful labor of those who work to foster them.

Every community has its hungry souls. Every community has its sharing souls, who lay their lives open with vows of poverty to do the Matthew 25 thing, feeding the stomachs of society so that more people can rise up again in the garden, finding joy through labor and sharing in the abundance.

The garden is never finished. We till up what we tended the year before and tend what grows from the garden's richness. Every day is new, and every day the work is fulfilling in its simplicity and its result. Our abundance multiplied.

There is no memory of a time before the garden. We have always lived in the garden. It may be simpler to say, 'we are from the garden, and it is from us.'

In a ten years, the Garden Clubs have grown by leaps and bounds. Without a name, without a leader, without so much as a manifesto, a mighty blow against the Nightmare is being struck, a slow-motion thrust of humanity in an arc so wide as to be beyond sight. Hope is growing with each new leaf, limb, and vine.

What we have learned from observing the process the Garden

Clubs have devised, without guile or agenda, is that the hands-on process of gardening is 'therapeutic.' Further, the act of assisting the earth in its process of growing the herbs of life, the food of life, of earth and human working to a common goal to feed the hungry, presents a direct experience of life in its highest form, a spiritually nourishing communication between human and creator, i.e. between the created and nature.

What we know in an objective way is that hunger, famine and starvation are on the rise, and have been for the past five years. Food production is shifting from corporations to individuals, as social structures have been in some cases reduced to hand-to-mouth dimensions. The inevitable overshoot is becoming ever-more visible, forcing ever-more recognition of its unfortunate reality.

Given how pyramidal organizations require propagandistic magical thinking, pyramids began to crumble when the economic fable was proven by its outcomes to have been truly imaginary. So imaginary, in fact, that it had become a religion of its own, a religion often in conflict with the tenets of the religions capitalists claimed to follow. This religion, called Dominionism, ruled the minds of many, and under the guise of freedom of religion controlled the freedom of thought.

Viral Ideas: Excerpt from an Edenist Manifesto

The Powers-That-Be had blocked all internet discussion of the environmental and economic catastrophes that were becoming evident. But the conversations about the gardens and the gardening, the harvesting of souls, raged on unhindered by the global intelligence services that sought to protect the billionaires from the billions.

People had learned to act quietly, to conspire with their actions using the vocabulary of Armageddon and Matthew 25. Because no ego was involved, few could see any change at all, except perhaps in their own neighborhoods or in their chat groups and internet communities. It happened without fanfare, without bombast or opposition; one would have to have been in Hawaii at a conference of mathematicians and historians discussing the future of mathematical behavior-modeling to have noticed anyone was watching at all.

Three Conditions for a Viral Idea

Susceptibility: Either the idea must be very powerful, or people who are predisposed need to encounter it. A great idea is one whose time has come!

Connectedness: The people who believe in the idea must be able to interact with others.

Majority: Because clusters in a network are connected, they influence each other. It really isn't all that important which people are influenced initially. One very active cluster can percolate through the entire network. The cluster doesn't have to be centralized, just connected strongly enough to allow for

interaction.

A majority doesn't just rule, it convinces. A campaign must be big enough and sustained long enough to build a majority in a local network. Once a local network cluster is self-sustaining, they spread the word.

To communicate, we need to understand that what we are saying is that we are all the same: Edenists. The Adamite Curse can be Cured by knowing who we are, realizing your Eden Identity.

The vocabulary we use can be the same as the Dominionists. We can say 'god' while another may hear 'God.' We can say 'Garden', and another may hear 'garden.' These ideas of God and Garden are ancient, coming from the midst of eternity; their beginnings are in the mists of unrecorded time, primordial – to paraphrase other commentators.

“I have a personal relationship with my god. I have dedicated my life to god. You and I – we are the same. We have great faith and are both pledged to follow the will of god.”

Same words, different meaning, but it will always be so. Those who believe what they have been told and what they have read (as we all must do to orient ourselves in the Wild) rely upon others for meaning, while they follow those chosen for the task of thinking and deciding. They require surrender and following. The elders know what's best. Follow with faith. Abide in the Lord.

We are seeking a moral revolution, one that will motivate hundreds of people placed in positions in government and academia to block the ability of the extractive industries to carry out their senseless rapine. The means by which the extractive

industries control the believers is through the wise use Dominionist churches, who have total dominance over the decision-making ability of their flock. Even as evidence mounts of the need to alter the course of global climate change or perish, they remain steadfast in their wise use thinking.

The Dominionist's mind hears god speaking, and thinks it is God. When a Dominionist hears someone superior to them in the church say that they've heard God speak, those with a true Dominionist's mind will hear God too.

Scientists say that there is no need for a god to explain what we see and hear around us. What is within, in the quiet mind, has an explanation as well, and it too does not need a god to be.

Objective of the plan

John D. Vine has a saying on a plaque above his door: “Don’t get caught in their paradigm.” He means that patterns of speech entrap us in disorder and chaos. There is a difference between wilderness and the wild. The Garden is wilderness. It is not chaotic, but not ordered in the opposite sense. The Garden is built of symbiotic relationships that enable all to thrive together. The wild is the world of illusion outside of Eden.

Paradigms result from ideologies that purport to bring order to chaos in the Wild, replacing the Garden with the pyramid. Pyramidal ideology requires priests, and all the rest that implies.

We do not want to change paradigms. We *do* want to change the momentum of prophesy within the Dominionist churches, to the end of freeing the minds of the people who block our path to survival. Every Laplace and LaGrange needs to join a church and foster, support and convert Garden Clubs, in real time and virtually.

Physical presence is important.

Being in a Dominionist church will be helpful, if and only if you are prepared to use the vocabulary in a pre-revelationary way. Speak to your god in the garden with your club-mates. Prophesy a return to the capital-G Garden. Listen and share, hear the dreams of the others, and wait for other followers of god to join you, until all are with you and you are with them. We are not building power, we are redistributing it to level the pyramids. We are not besting their ideologies, we are empowering people to escape their paradigm – all with the help of god.

There is little drama in most people's lives. Some say that is good. Some say that is bad. We hope we change that facet of the Dominionists' lives. The drama we propose will be as satisfying as anyone could imagine.

To switch myths for a moment, we are proposing to put the genie back in the bottle, to capture and re-imprison whatever it was that escaped from Pandora's Box. We want to open the gates of Eden to all.

The plan we are implementing is working very well to date. We anticipate that a critical mass will be reached within the next 30 to 60 days. It could be much sooner; it is not in our hands anymore, not that we have tried to control it. Using what we know about the germination and dissemination of a new idea on the internet and supported by geographic representations of social media interconnected (or 'nested') networks, we have built a combined Garden Club membership of over the minimum number needed to produce the global reaction we are seeking.

Ramiel and the Garden

The Apostle hated being in Flagstaff. *Too close to hell*, he thought. He came back here because he'd started in a local church, The Calvary Church. He'd become pastor and had since passed that duty on to a newer recruit.

He also came back here at the request of 'David.' At least, that was how he interpreted a letter with instructions, a plane ticket, and a check for \$5,000 included. 'David' was wealthy. 'David' knew Ramiel. It stood to reason that he would do as 'David' asked.

He stood up at the morning meeting in the Flagstaff office of the Department of Interior. *This has become a large prayer group. Maybe the largest one.*

As he focused his thinking, he talked his way through the Good Morning prattle he could deliver without hesitation, or even much concentration. *That was the fire; now the brimstone.*

“If you are cast into the darkness which you fear above all things it will be your own doing, your choice, because once you know the way and you leave the path from a lack of faith you fail to obey the first commandment. God’s wrath is your due. It will not be me who judges you. No, it will be a vengeful God, who will look upon your faithless heart and your impure soul, seeing your failure to obey the covenant to defend God’s Kingdom against the wickedness of Satan, failing to fight as you know you must in a spiritual war against Satan and his minions here on earth: a wrathful, vengeful God will judge you.

“Nearly 200 years ago the Almighty God sent the Archangel Ramiel to guide his people of faith. It was during a time of

national weakness. Ramiel revealed the divine vision we would need to defeat Satan, to overcome this weakness and turn first our nation and then the entire world away from a Godless existence towards one that will fight for the Kingdom come to Earth.

“I could quote the chapter and verse for you, but you have heard this before, committed it to memory to have with you in the forefront of your thoughts, at the center of your faith every moment of every day: we are pledged to put into practice the divine vision delivered by Ramiel. We are his army, his human agents, who must act out the divine plan to defeat Satan here on earth. This will draw an end to the era of sin that has held us in thrall for the thousands of years since the Fall of Man, a taint we inherited from Eve, whose weakness of mind and heart lies at the center of our earthly struggle.

“God has given you a calling. You are here because you have a calling to follow Ramiel’s Army for the rest of your lives. Your position at the Department of Interior allows you to act out this calling, your final role in life. You are not asked to do more. There is nothing as important as your role in putting the plan to defeat Satan into effect. The final days are near at hand. So many believe it that we have prayed for guiding visions, and the message remains the same: use the resources we have been given and the prophecies will be fulfilled. The Lord will return and take the throne and rule the Kingdom here on Earth.”

Peter listened. The voice of the Apostle was kind, soft and almost melodic, almost a song pleading for understanding. Peter heard in a new way a similar speech he had listened to nearly every morning and evening for over a decade. Yes, he knew the verses, but they were not the same today. Or perhaps he was not the

same.

As the talk went on Peter moved his mind around the room, discreetly looking at each listener in turn. This facility was new to him; his attention to others had never been strong, but today he closed his eyes and saw each person with clarity. He had known many of these people for years and years, had attended services with them and taught their children in Sunday school, a practice he had discontinued since joining Vine's church.

As his attention moved from person to person, he realized he wanted to talk to a few of them, to exchange email and phone numbers so he could get in touch and talk over a few things. Nothing serious, just enjoy each other's company and share ideas. He wanted to invite a few to join the Garden Club, maybe even start one at his old church. Do a little networking.

"Praise the Lord." Said by all but one of the attendees, this devotion brought Peter back from his imagination. People were getting up and leaving the room, hastily. No one seemed to notice his inattentiveness. The Apostle, however, was looking directly at him; he moved towards Peter as the latter remained seated, thus far unmoved by the commotion of the return to work.

"Peter, your pastor and I miss you at the church, and I wondered if you would think about returning." The Apostle Winton reached a hand out to Peter, which Peter shook after a microsecond's hesitation.

"Thank you for the invitation, Reverend. I have had a lot on my mind of late...still trying to recover from Jason's death. Reverend Vine has been very kind to me. He gave me a chore that has been very helpful to me." Peter hadn't planned for this conversation,

but something told him what to say and he said it.

“I want to rejoin the church, but I love the garden at Vine’s church.”

“Can you build one at the Calvary Church? I think others would help out. I can put together a budget and see if the elders would pass it.”

“Rev, that would suit me fine. Vine has a lot going on in that garden. It would be a big plus to have one at Calvary.” Peter grinned at the Apostle, extended his hand, mumbled “Praise the Lord.” The Apostle turned and walked back to his office, thinking something headshakingly interesting had just happened.

“Wait ‘til Vine hears this,” Peter said under his breath, “Now, how will work go today?”

Pat Robertson Jr. meets John D. Vine

The Forever After Revelation

“Welcome to the 700 Club, where we are all one big family. I am Pat Robertson Jr., and I want you to welcome the newest servant of God to join our show. He is from Arizona. One of the Prophets walking in our midst, the Reverend John Vine. Reverend Vine.”

The applause was amazing; if it was applause. People jumped to their feet with a roar of 'hallelujahs!' and 'praise-the-lords!' Arms were raised, fingers pointing to the ceiling of the large auditorium that served as the headquarters of the world's most popular religious TV programming. Within seconds some people had fallen to their knees, calling on spirits only seen by them. Others were jumping and reaching high into the space above their heads. Some were singing, others yelling in tongues: the individual words were lost in the roar around them. It went on for minute after minute, the Reverend Robertson periodically attempting to regain control of the show, but it was only the ushers moving up the aisles from the stage that returned calm to the Crystal Chapel, as the building was called.

“Well, Reverend Vine, that was some greeting you just got there.” The young Reverend Robertson Jr. bore a slight resemblance to his famous now-late father. He had long been hidden in his father's fame, but now after two years as host he had overcome the stigma of his father's failings. “You have been the pastor, bishop, and now Prophet of the First Covenant Church in Merced, Arizona, a ministry spanning more than 10 years. Now you have a book, *Forever After*, that tells a story of life after the Apocalypse. You have certainly been doing the Lord's work.”

“Pat...may I call you Pat?” John waited. Pat nodded. “Well, at First

Covenant we started with a congregation of 20, and with the help of all 20 and the good Lord we now have a congregation of 1,000,000 times that. We have been using the ideas we learned from you and your father on how to get the message to people who need to hear it and have been harvesting souls as fast as the Lord will allow.”

“That’s amazing in itself, but there is more to it than that. You are an older man, in your late 60s?”

“71 next month.”

“71. That’s amazing. Your personal story refers to a great change that came over you, more than 10 years ago. Please elucidate.”

“Well, Pat, it was 17 years ago. I was retired, living the life in a beach resort town when, clear as a bell, I heard an inner voice ordering me to go into the world and spread a new message, a new prophesy about the oldest covenant given to man.

“I leapt up, packed my bags and headed out to Arizona. I was 54. Now, after all these years spent preaching a new prophesy of God’s Kingdom here on Earth, a new insight into the First Covenant which we have just received, I cannot be more thankful I was wise enough to heed that voice.”

This wasn’t a new story; the audience had heard this kind of tale before. They sat quietly, waiting for the core of Vine’s moment on the stage. It was coming, and they could feel it. They seethed, awaiting the call.

“John, is that what people call you?”

“My friends call me Doctor Laplace, but most everyone calls me Reverend Vine. But you can call me John, if it pleases you.”

“Okay. Reverend Vine. Something about you is mysterious. You really have come out of nowhere to this stage, which has hosted very few before you with as short a history in Pentecostal circles. Yet, you now seem poised to take over leadership on the strength of your new prophesy alone.”

“Pat, is that what people call you?”

“It’s my only name.”

“Then Pat, we have a mutual good friend in Steve Thompson, whose prophetic ministry was my home for a number of years. Together, we sought out a new vision of the earliest human covenant. We humans are here to dress and tend the garden, so we have formed Garden Clubs to reverently pursue that work. First in the US, and now in every country around the world. We are the gardeners of the world. When we dress and tend we bless the creation and the creator, and they bless us.

“Every Garden Club is a prophesy team. Every meeting is a prayer for prophesy to bring God’s Kingdom to Earth. The prophesy we deliver today is more than my prophesying. It is the combined vision of millions of prophetic gardeners, with interpretations delivered to us through the Garden Clubs.”

“You make it sound like simplicity itself.” The Reverend Robertson gazed across the audience, seemingly amazed again at their collective action: first in the explosion of the spirit, and now in a wave of silence as they waited for the call to act. “But, ah, to accept your prophesy as a key message to the world of true

Christians, much of what we have been preaching for the last 50 years will change.” There was a slight fluttering note in his practiced voice, as of fear.

“Yes, Pat. The new prophesy replaces the old because it corrects an error in our thinking, in our reading of the testament that brings perfecting the Kingdom on Earth into alignment with God’s requirements in Matthew 25.

“The Garden Clubs are focused on limiting global climate change. Every 1/10th of a degree lowered will save millions of lives, and 100s of species, all of which were gifts from God to live with us in the Garden God created. This is the Garden we are meant to till, tend, and keep, a truly sacred trust.

“Somewhere along the line we strayed into the belief that we had to destroy the Garden to achieve God’s Kingdom. The new prophesy simply says the Kingdom is already here. Enjoy it.”

And then it came. As he said “Enjoy it” a massive inhalation, followed by a small fraction of a second of silence, followed by cacophony.

The cameras panned over the arrhythmically, undulating crowd, while on the stage the director and Robertson came up with a plan to move Robertson into a small production studio to finish the show, leaving this segment to work out its own ending. The ushers and security cops protected the equipment from the wildly celebrating, even raptured, audience members.

No one noticed as Vine left the stage, and then the auditorium. He weaved his way through the throng unmolested, until at the exit door into the main lobby he heard an old friend’s voice slice

through the ecstatic commotion.

“Doctor Laplace. My friends call me Doctor LaGrange. Can we meet up for breakfast?”

Vine moved with a grace Jasmine recognized well. He handed her a business card and said, “Call me tonight.” He smiled, turned and hurried down the hall to the alley and outside. *I came here alone. I must leave here alone*, were his only thoughts. His smile had betrayed his identity and his pleasure at seeing an old friend.

Jasmine wondered at his behavior, as she had continuously done since their first meeting 25 years ago.

Jasmine and Robert
In the hills of Humboldt County

At last, she had found him as she entered his cabin.

“Robert,” she had called out in a whisper. He greeted her with an ‘It’s you, come in and come up.’ She entered, found a ladder and climbed towards the source of the only light besides the moon.

Jasmine sat on the edge of Robert's bed nestled between the loft floor below and the open ceiling above. Her eyes radiated confidence. She had found her own way to him, following the moonlit path through his woods from the six-mile dirt road at the ridge top to his small cabin below.

He watched her in silence. He'd heard her when she first stepped onto the path. He listened to her movements as she missed a turn and walked into a huckleberry bush hidden in the moon-shadow of a patch of Madrone. Then there was her sigh when the path leveled, leading her to his door.

"I want to stay here but I am scared, Robert." She sat motionless in the candlelight that illuminated the loft where she'd found Robert reading. “You told me about the days after the bombing, about looking under your car for – what did you call it?”

“For safety’s sake,’ ala Pascal’s Wager.” He laughed. “Yeah, that and traveling through the woods looking for signs, setting string traps on doors, windows and along the trails.”

“Aren’t you still afraid?”

“Yes, I still do those things. But when you came down the path I

could hear and 'see you' even when you first set foot on the path."

"How could you? There is no electricity out here. There is no way you have cameras in place, or even alarms."

"Blow out the candle. Close your eyes and listen to the world outside." She did as he asked. When she settled back against a wall and began to relax he continued. "I can hear the small animals rustling about in the underbrush, in search of food and each other. Can you hear them?"

"Yes, but I am afraid of what I cannot hear."

"The deer are moving up the hill," he whispered. "There is a breeze across the canyon, and I can hear the leaves rustling in the wind."

"I cannot feel it, but that is not frightening to me." She moved towards him, drawing closer to him in the near dark.

"The sky is slate blue with the full moon. I can see the trees on the ridge across the way. There are no other lights, few humans move without lights. We are safe for the night. My ears will hear anyone approaching. The moon can guide them silently on the paths only if they know them. The animals will know someone strange is near and, alarmed, they will quiet down. Their silence is the alarm."

"Yes, it's true. Robert, this world is not unfriendly to you. I have lived comforted by pleasant circumstances. The Wild raises visions. Beasts, that exist only in my imagination, doom me to fear." He reached out to her, holding her shoulders, pulling her

closer.

"I see stars through the tree tops above the house. The Madrones glisten in the moonlight, and they are the color of ripe plums. The moon is special this month. Strong energy."

"Yes, I feel a tingling in me just below the skin – an anxiousness. Robert, I want to feel as you do, at ease in my skin, but it holds me so tight I sense myself smaller than my size. Have you felt such things?"

"I have, and sometimes still do."

"What helps you to overcome it?"

"Mysticism. There is nothing that is not you. The infinity of your spirit spread across creation is greater than your imagination. Fears die in the presence of such beauty."

Jasmine meets the Garden

It isn't that the historical data are different. Many of the same sources are used by both Adamites and Edenists. A large part of the difference lies in the narrative, in the interpretation of the data. The existence of the Edenists has long been hidden from all but each other; their very name was unspoken because it had never been heard, being unknown. The dominant paradigm assured this.

In all the time that had passed since the Adamites fled into the Wild, the Garden had not been threatened, nor had the very future of human life hung in the balance.

In the past, amazing people had risen with messages from the Edenists to the Adamites, attempts to draw their attention back to the Garden of their myth. In more modern times, political movements had been generated as the plight of the environment became known. Edenists, lacking identity, wore the disguises of the time as they moved the world to notice the approaching Armageddon for many species, and eventually for mankind.

In an age of disguises, where to be different is a risk rarely taken, Edenists are disguised like most others. But rather than being unmasked to find nothing, an Edenist unmasked is a vision.

“Don't get caught in their paradigm” read the brass sign above the door that led from the community room into John's office. Jasmine read the sign, walked through the open door, and gasped in awe.

The whole place had a feeling of wonder. Not just his office, but the expanse of the desert surrounding the buildings and the

parking lots beyond the curved windows. It was not just that at night, you could see as far as could be seen in all directions and find not one human light to compete with the New Moon heavens, but in the daylight, there were verdant gardens visible, and even the beginnings of a young forest. Its verdure rose just beyond the blacktop's edge, gold-spangled leaves catching the day's first incipient sunlight and drawing Jasmine's attention.

In the middle of this scene was John's desk. As she entered he stood and walked to greet her.

"My old friend, abundance from your joyous labor surrounds you." She said as she dramatically opened her arms as if to hug the gardens beyond the room.

"And your beauty, the sound of your voice, and the arc of your smile I have missed for far too long." He hugged her holding her shoulders, pushing her away so he could see her.

Jasmine's smile was special, with its Mona Lisa oddity of humor repressed for manners, only to escape at one side, revealing and concealing. Her face was always in motion as she turned every sensation this way and that, using the muscles ruling her mouth to express her thoughts.

"Well Reverend, I would say you have spent your years in ways far different than I (or anyone else, for that matter) might have imagined." Jasmine did not take her eyes from his eyes. Her memories of her first trip to Quepos in search of him flooded her: finding his home, his writings, his child's mother, and now recently again his son. It was enough of a whipsaw between ecstasy and grief to bring tears to her eyes, for which she felt no shame. Nor did he.

“Madame DuBois, life has been kind to us. And demanding of us.”

Jasmine wondered how to address him. These were the first words passed between them in private for two decades. He was Robert Devine to her in their former life together, before he became a poet. Now he was in a disguise that people called the Reverend John D. Vine.

He had spoken an Edenist code for 'let's talk' while giving his interview on the 700 Club. He could not have known she would be in the audience. He was searching for friends, and he'd found her. She had searched for him for years and finally given up, and here he was – or nearly so.

“Dr. Laplace,” John said. “Please call me Dr. LaGrange, as all my friends do. I am a new person, not the one you knew so well, the one who wrote for you and with you, who ran away to a place where no one knew him except himself, and finally away from even that. I am a Prophet in this church, where we worship the creator as an act of gratitude for life. Our job is to tend the Garden, and to care for every living being as we care for ourselves.”

“The Reverend John D. Vine is the final Prophet, who brings about the end of counting days before our return to the Garden in which we were born. Where we stand is the gateway. No matter where we stand, we stand at the gate.”

Jasmine's eyes were unable to move from the power in the green jungle she saw out his windows.

“That is not hard to believe as I stand here with you, whoever you

have become, my chameleon friend.” Jasmine had prepared herself to be amazed, but still... “Yesterday, outside the TV studio, I saw that it was you. The old you. And now you, the new you, are here. Well, life adopts many forms.”

A silence dwelled between them. It was a game from their old life, which had been (so she'd thought) the beginning of their new life together. But even that was now only memories. For John, there had been an entire lifetime between then and now. The only rule was that whoever talked first had to tell a story with a secret in it.

“My turn, Robert. Love and death are the great moments in our lives. We are born into love, and a love lifts us up to the heavens; soaring emotions and pleasure beyond the senses cleanse us. Love and death poeticize us, move us to action, move us to rise, to rise and revolt against the safety of our shadowy disguises.

“I sat beneath your Quepos cabin, watching the waves break at the mouth of your river, El Rio Recuerda. *Why here?* I asked myself. I read your poems. Your last ones. I sat with Shalla, and we wept our grief at your passing. We love you still. Dominic has returned home to his mother to tell her his secrets.

“For years we moved as we knew we should: in the shadow world, meeting in plain view with our plain language of the Nightmare Problem. Our motions were deliberate. We knew the mathematicians were developing a plan, so we joined them. We took the name that you gave us, and we told our history for the first time.

“We knew about an attempt to balance the political forces at work blocking the efforts to limit overshoot. There was to be a major change, rising from within the Dominionists and

evangelicals; Dominic's Aloha Index was already rising before your appearance on TV yesterday and the revelation of Forever After.

"The history is written. The revelation is done. The time of quiet is over."

Silence dwelled again. John was not Robert, but Robert was in him. The decades-long struggle, the bomb, and the rest of it had left Robert a shattered mind. The escape he had chosen was to charge headlong through the dim mists, hoping to come out the other side alive. Robert, deeply wounded, did as only he could do, and created John to carry out Robert's poetic dreamer's pursuit of religious peace.

"Jasmine, I am Robert. John is our executive authority, who is responsible for keeping on top of the daily chores and long-range vision. You can think of him as an elaborate disguise, but that is not how he feels about it.

"When I left Costa Rica 17 years ago, I had envisioned a unified mind. I sought a statement from within about who to become. I could not continue to be what I was and be of any use." Robert raised his hands to his face for a heartbeat or two. He let the stream of memories flow across his inner screen. The shifting fragments of identity were once again in disarray; a deep breath, a slow exhalation.

The silence dwelled.

John had been there when Robert became an Edenist ("again," as Robert would say). John was not like Robert in an important way: he had never been afraid or shamed for what he was. He knew everything that Robert knew, and some other things he had

learned in Robert's silences.

John knew what to do when it became clear who had bombed his two associates. When Robert became the Lost Soul trying to make sense out of the violence that surrounded him, John waited.

"It's still me." John, again, though. "Robert has struggled and needs to rest. He sat on the sand and listened to the voices in the waves and the voices in the wind and the voices in his head, one of which was me. People came and sat with him. People like Shalla and her brother Juan, the Poet; people from Quepos and up river. People talked about him, said he was changing into a spirit. When people stayed with him in his silence they had visions, and these visions revealed a barren land and a garden that blossomed under the care of a kind man, who knew what Poetry meant. When enough people had seen the vision, and Shalla and Juan knew what to do, I left with Robert's body as my disguise."

John reached for Jasmine's hands. She extended hers and they touched, tentatively, then an embrace. Love and lust had defined the path many times between these two, but nothing of those desires matched the longing ended, the unknown known, that feeling after a final sigh. Time begins anew.

"I thought there was food involved in these breakfast meetings." Jasmine's hands were shaking, which brought their secret telling to an end.

He held her hands and pulled her after him towards the door.
"let's go see it. Our home."

Some days in Merced, hot days, mist hangs in the distance and

the air becomes difficult to breath. Today clouds were gathering at the horizon, telling of a rain headed their way. John and Jasmine crossed the 50 yards of parking lot, hopelessly crammed with abandoned cars, towards the rustling green and gray masses looming ahead; a forest built one tree at a time, one nut tree, one apple, one peach, one blueberry, one strawberry, one bean plant at a time, by hands set in motion by the oldest imprint on the DNA of humankind: to find – or to grow enough – food for all.

Standing on the edge of the deep and dark forest, Jasmine could feel it pulsing just out of reach. One more step, and she would be in it. She waited until John was with her.

“There are no paths. There are no destinations. There is the edge you see, but no one enters here and finds another edge. Somehow wherever you walk, when you need to leave you exit here. We can drive around it and see it is finite, but inside it has other qualities that do not correspond with finite. Dominic has a theory; active mathematicians have such open and creative minds.” John was matter-of-fact about the forest garden. It had grown fast and thick in the last decade or so, since John had inspired his congregation to do as their inner voices, their contact to god’s will and connection to all life, told them they should do. Thousands had participated in seeding the first areas and filling them in with bushes and ground cover, all of it either edible to humans and other animals or nutritious to the forest itself. Since the original planting and early tending the forest had been on its own, seeking its own perfection with no intervention from its creators.

Jasmine saw before her not just fruit, nuts, berries, and salad material of all kinds, but another world of light and dark. Unlike the vastness of the desert and sky, the garden was intimate,

caressing. “This was made by humans?” she asked breathlessly.

“We would say with divine intent. But yes, it was tilled, planted, tended and kept by human hands. Now it has a life of its own, bringing its own rain clouds nearer today. Let’s go in. It does not trap us. It invites us to stay, and we could linger perpetually, but I think we would be missed. So, a short visit to rejuvenate and invigorate, and then back to the tasks we have accepted as necessary to fulfill our mission here.” John pulled his clothes off and made a pile. Jasmine followed, leaving on her shoes. John offered Jasmine his arm, and the two spritely old conspirators for love in the world passed through the gate, moving from the light to the *claire-obscur* of the forest beyond.

As far as either one could tell, they were alone in the forest. There *were* others, but as John had said once inside the forest became infinite in a way. John told Jasmine about some peoples’ experiences within, how just as one became lonely or felt lost another human would emerge, as if by miraculous coincidence. If an individual insisted on wearing clothes into the forest, as they walked the trees and shrubs would rub and pull, soon unclothing them with never a feeling of uncovering or removing, just unburdening.

Jasmine stopped at this last story, a bite of peach bursting in her mouth, and looked down to see her feet bare. “That is strange. No harm, I guess. No fear, no shame. How odd.”

As she started to move further into the woods, John held her back. “Now you know. What is ahead of you is more. Robert discovered something very practical in his last days in Costa Rica: you cannot take it with you. You cannot take your past into the Garden. The further in we go, the less draws us out. Few have

stayed in for longer than an hour and managed to return. The forest has its own voice, and it is quite insistent that, after you are sure of where and who you are, it is time to go to work helping the Garden grow, keeping it from extinction. You already have learned that lesson but may stay if you will. I am still moved to act in the Wild, so I must go. My day to enter and to stay is not far away, but not today. And you?"

The wind song, the brook's lullaby, birds' calls and melodies unknown to her ears hushed Jasmine's misgivings and sense of expectancy. The cool breezes flashing through the branches called her to come again, to take a memory with her, to return a welcome friend. She was to become a part of what she only saw and felt and heard, and one day when it was time, she would find herself standing at Eden's gate no matter where she was. Her home was always with her. The vision without became the vision within, and she went about the business she was given to perform.

At forest's edge, she noticed that there were boxes of simple shoes, sandals and slip-ons in a great jumble. "Pick some that fit," John said, laughing. "You walked right by these on the way in, but you understandably missed them. Happens to everyone their first time. We figured this would happen so many times – losing one's shoes – that we'd better provide replacements. The walk back across the bleak parking lot can be dangerously hot if you are barefooted. We also encourage people to disrobe before entering; this saves the uninitiated the shock of nude humanity walking through the parking lot on a Sunday morning. It is hard to explain so much so fast."

Over the years, hundreds (if not hundreds of thousands) had done what Jasmine had done: walked in a little way, become a part of

the Garden, and emerged to start a garden in their home town, in their backyard or in their church playground. Thousands of forest gardens had emerged over the last 10 years, all exhibiting the same time-and-space warping characteristics. Once you saw it and felt it, it was yours and you were its.

Peter's Vision

On Monday, Peter Smith went to work not knowing if it would be his last day in the Department of the Interior, where for over 15 years he had toiled as a secret agent for the Lord. This morning he knew he had been reassigned. He was – or had been – a warrior in a spiritual battle for control of the creation. He'd been informed of his reassignment yesterday, very early on Sunday morning, in a vision. He'd been logged in as a member of his church's Garden Club for the global meeting when his epiphany happened.

It was the first real-time global meeting of its kind for him, maybe for anyone he knew. The pastor had personally invited Smith to participate in an earlier church-wide real-time meeting and had taught him the Edenist greeting. When he heard it, it sounded familiar; in a flash he realized that on Sunday mornings it was whispered back and forth amongst the parishioners, but discretely enough to be almost silent.

As he logged in he'd had to respond to a series of prompts.

“What do your friends call you?”

“Dr. Laplace,” he typed.

“What do my friends call me?”

“Dr. LaGrange.”

When he pressed 'Enter' the music began. A solemn tune, something he had not heard before. The music had been determined by his responses to other prompts he had worked through during the church-wide meeting, such as "Have you lost a loved one?" and "Are you still grieving?"

Exactly on the hour, the music faded into a woman's voice greeting everyone and making note of a counter of online participants that had just passed eight million. The voice used his name as it explained what was about to happen.

"Peter, you are with your brothers and sisters, all gardeners, all loved by god, all moved to be here by desire for a new beginning. You have your own prayer, given to you by your pastor the Reverend John Vine. In a minute you will join with the others in a group visioning, and then after sharing yours, as others are doing, we will hear from our historian Jasmine DuBois, who will introduce us to our new identities as victors in the Great War against spiritual confusion.

"No one knows what will happen today. No one knows what vision you will have but you. The same goes for others. When you write or speak out your vision, our network monitors – a set of servers dedicated to this project – will take your vision and add it to the others, producing a large database of visions that will be analyzed and reduced to the greatest common statement. In experiments with individual church groups we have found nearly-

unanimous common visions.

“Everyone is just now being told that to prepare for the visioning, we are each to think back to our last time in the garden, where you plant and pray. If you have a prayer, a chant, then pray your prayer and chant your chant as you last did. Pay attention to your breath, finding the calming breath, your special breath of life that you breathe into your body, which makes your body stronger and calmer than any other breath. Pay attention to your inner screen, where you see whatever your imagination shows you. This is your movie. Let the voices free and let them speak their truth to you. Let them go as you have learned to do and focus on the one that is the narration of the movie on your inner screen. When you have done that, and you see and hear clearly what your inner being is telling you, then tell us all what it is you see and hear.”

The solemn music, which had never stopped entirely, changed into a sound variously slowed and hurried like a breeze in a forest, and then a wind rushing through a wheat field. Then, Peter heard the sounds of water, escalating from rain to a river to ocean waves lashing at a rocky shore. His vision began as before, and as before it was more detailed than ever. Then, it changed in an unexpected way: the roots became people became roots became people. This time, as never before, the people had faces, and the faces changed from new-born to old, from birth to death. They became the faces of people he knew, including himself and his son, and many others he recognized. Each life began, and each life ended, but life continued.

The music returned to solemn again. *Enya*, he thought, though he did not recognize either the tune or the words. A slow word crawl across the computer screen urged him to record his vision in writing by typing now, or by voice by choosing the voice recognition software launch button on the screen. He pressed the button and began talking.

Later at Sunday services, Peter listened to Vine talk about the morning meeting and the reoccurring visions of the pattern of life, indicating humanity's common connection. He said: "We have all met god in our vision. We do not need faith to believe in the existence of god, since we now see clearly that we are all god, singly and together." He talked about how humans had conducted their lives before, and how we should conduct ourselves in the future. The spiritual war was over; no one had seen Satan. No such figure existed; no such struggle was being conducted. The war must be over. We had won.

Peter, at work on Monday, sat through the morning prayer meeting with the others, who discussed their visions and found the usual wise use explanations. Peter was silent as usual. Then he asked if he could talk about his garden vision.

The Apostle was not there today. Peter had planned to speak directly to him. *Next time.*

He rose to speak. He looked at each of his fellow workers. One by one he made eye contact.

“Be as wise as serpents and as innocent as doves.’

“Every time we have met to pray and prophesy, I have had the same experience. I see a garden. I see a tree. The tree I planted in memory of my son. When we pray I close my eyes. I see a screen, a rectangle, up close. A scene unfolds. A barren field. The tree, alone, its roots growing like serpents in and out of the earth.”

These dozen men had met daily for prayer for ten years or more before beginning work in the Department of the Interior’s Flagstaff office, which specialized in resource extraction. The Nightmare began here, and in places like it. Peter stayed silent for a full minute. He used the time to look at each of them in turn. *It is not judgment. It is recognition.*

“This is our home, where we live out our dreams. The tree gives life to its roots, and the roots give life to all else. The tree needs us, and we need the tree. We produce each other’s breath.” Peter stopped and sat down. He felt neither fear nor shame. *‘For those whose ears may hear and whose eyes may see.’*

The Garden Club Network

The Garden Club network consisted of voluntary, self-motivated social network members, who posted or lurked around GardenClub.org and its linked partners, such as garden suppliers and organic farms. People did not use their names, instead adopting handles by which they disguised or described themselves, whichever the case may have been.

There were no executives, only laborers who had a common mission. Consensual decision-making was used within various clusters, organized by need or desire into discussion groups that were self-named. No one directed or censored the flow of posts and cross-posts. They happened as they would, in a completely horizontal fashion.

The notion that there was a simple way out of the Nightmare was mistaken. The roads ahead all ran through dangerous territory. The minds and money behind the Wise Use/Dominionist strategy were still banking on the Dominionists to stave off any uprising in favor of reregulating extractive industries.

It is safe to say that the extractive industries were not kept up to speed, because their trackers were not prepared for the vocabulary and tags. The public relations, lobbying and other private spying agencies were not sifting internet data looking for

evangelical potato growers, so the entire movement went overlooked until the Final Revelation, and even then, it took weeks to recognize that everything had changed. By then, the revolution was over, and no one cared about the extractive industries' complaints as regulation and public control became the new mode.

By the time John Vine appeared on the 700 Club, the Garden Clubs had already germinated from and within prophesying churches. The announcement of the Final Revelation was preceded by millions more joining up, as Edenists found and learned a common language to define their true selves. By itself "Forever After" will bring about the end of revelations, setting the stage for revolution. Nothing will stop Armageddon or global climate change. Both the Dominionists and the Edenists are correct: The End is Near. The End may be in sight, but the Edenists were driven to bend the arc of history towards survival, away from the death trap and slavery of mind and body the Dominionists offered to their young.

The government had long been infiltrated by evangelicals for 'wise use,' so when they were converted en masse into Edenists the effects of infiltration became god's new will: Forever After. The change was swift, and without controversy. Those who would resist had no effective tools to resist with. There would not be another revelation in our lifetime. The media experts advised shock and awe, but neither god nor God was on their side, so there was no fear and no shame to shock and awe with.

The Edenists, now out of the Garden, were a sight to behold, and the world quite literally stopped in its tracks. In an instant a new way of life began, as human imagination (now free, reborn and joyful), saw new possibilities in the crisis and tragedy that lay ahead. For a new Edenist who only days earlier had been a Millennial Dominionist, the battle with a mythological beast called Satan had been canceled by God, and everyone was now in the Thy Kingdom Come part of Endtimes. The need to destroy nature was gone, the Curse was gone; all that was left to do was praise the Lord and tend the Garden.

Prayer groups began to search for new things to pray for. The plagues continued, and they could not be stopped with prayer, since no god or God could halt the self-harm that had been done. The Garden Club members of prayer groups led prayers for growth and wisdom to direct each person's labor to please god and to feed the survivors. There was no need beyond what was seen; the Garden was the World. It was the Kingdom of God, foretold by prophesy and now declared by Forever After to be our home, our heaven. And the Garden was the face of god upon which we gazed, with a love beyond the human heart.

Math 3.0

KoAlina Garden Club and the young mathematicians had launched its site with a display of algorithms under the banner “Aloha Index.” One algorithm on the KoAlina GC site calculated the chance of avoiding a 50% human die-off. When the site opened using historic data for the last decade revealed that for most of the last 5 years the number had been drifting lower and lower. The mathematicians knew why, and few others; with the advent of the Garden Clubs the Index began to rise.

The major factor contributing to a hopeful trend was the increasing size of the Garden Clubs. Word had spread through both social media and socially-conscious websites that broadcast developments in the struggle against global climate change.

As Dominic traveled, he had closely watched the KoAlina Garden Club site, with its display of results updated every 5 minutes. The morning Dominic landed in San Jose it had broken 70% and was still rising thanks to the 700 Club broadcast.

John Vine was a sensation; one that Dominic predicted had a more-than-modest chance of having a very large impact on the outcome.

The young mathematicians had serious doubts about the meaning of the algorithms’ results, yet the numbers did not lie: something was indisputably changing in their favor.

Dominic and Shalla – After the Revelation

Shalla opened the door to see her son's face. He hadn't knocked. She hadn't known he was coming. It might have been premonition. Neither one cared, since they had been doing this together for as long as Dominic had lived.

They stood in silence; she with the knob in her hand, he holding his backpack at his side. This stillness was their meditation upon meeting an old friend. It was composed of silence, and then remembering, and then feeling the fullness of the moment. Shalla thought of his childhood; he thought of their last parting and sensed that sorrow still alive in him. In empathic response, she felt her heart rise in her throat. She reached across the doorway, pulling him into the house and closing the door firmly, as if to capture him.

They held each other, he taller, she diminutive but electric with excitement.

“Mother, thank you for being here.”

“Son, thank you for returning.” Her eyes searched his face for signs of the world's effect upon him. She saw the thin care-lines radiating from the corners of his eyes, thought she detected a wisp of gray hair amongst his blond frizz, though it was difficult to tell for sure.

“It has been a long journey. I would like to take you out for food,

and maybe some wine. Let's go to Plinio's for an organic salad. Like old times."

Shalla was a painter. Her walls were bare. She would explain that it was enough to have these visions in her head; she did not want to be reminded of them because they were always too bossy, forcing her to paint them and hounding her until they were satisfied with her work.

Dominic was her son, and not at all like her other creations. He was not bossy, did not hound her, and he was never going to be finished. And she could not hang him on a wall even if she wanted to. She chuckled at this last thought. It reminded her of something she couldn't quite recall.

"Let's go. But I might just have tea or a small beer. Will you split one with me?"

"Yes, Mama. To please you." Dominic had changed. Shalla was the same, just a few months older since they had last met. But they both knew he had changed. She did not travel. She roamed the world inside her head. He did that and traveled both, so he was doomed in her eyes to always return a stranger, changed by a world she had not seen in twenty years. She was still his mother condemned to learn about this new version of the little boy who was the real Dominic to her.

The cabs in this region used to stream along the coast highway, picking up fares willy-nilly. It was great for everyone during the tourist season – just like in New York, you stuck out your hand and a cab would stop. Now, that was changed. Instead of a cab, they walked arm-in-arm the quarter mile along a dirt path up a wide creek bed to the main road, and then uphill to Plinio's.

Plinio's was still owned by Americans, as it had been since it was built 30 years ago. The menu was very American. Red meat was the specialty, and fish when they could get some. Shalla's brother Juan ran the place now, so Shalla and Dominic could count on a warm welcome and the best service.

As they walked they continued their meditation.

She finally had a thought that would not leave her, and she spoke. "There is a woman in your life. You are no longer a boy. But there is more. You have a new secret. When you left you had one, and now you have more. How did you get a new secret?"

"It wasn't my fault. I do not like secrets, and I especially do not like secrets from you. So, let me tell you each one, so you know what I know."

"Tell me the new ones first. I won't mind those as much, and maybe you can keep one if you want to."

"No, Mother. I cannot tell you one without telling you all. Here goes."

The breeze from the Pacific carried their conversation inland, mixing with birdsong and the hum of surf and the occasional car to become a part of the sound-soup the wind restlessly carries around the world. Anyone with an ear for it can still hear Dominic's voice rising and falling as he unburdened himself, satisfying his mother's desire to understand what had become of her son.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs to Plinio's restaurant,

they paused. Shalla wiped the tears from her eyes as he attended her, his arm around her shoulder, whispering assurances to her as she struggled to admit his news into her world.

Juan saw them waiting down below and was so excited to see his nephew that he ran downstairs to coax them up to his place, promising beer and victuals. They thanked him, hugged him, and told him they would be along shortly.

Dominic had feared his stories would prove too long for the walk, but he had gone ahead and let all his secrets out in practically one breath. He felt relieved as he talked, even as Shalla curled under the burden she received. She cried and wondered why Robert had not revealed himself to her all these years. She knew why, but still the knowledge made her feel bereft anew.

“We were together for a few years, and all that time I knew he was leaving. He wrote poems that explained why he would go. When Jasmine first arrived, I was still waiting for him to return, to come out of the jungle with another book or two in his mind. You were small then.” Dominic felt sad at his mother’s reaction. She was, after all, human, and her emotions were human emotions. She had loved Robert and still did – nothing more need be said.

Dominic bowed his head. “I never knew him before he left, and though I have spoken with him a number of times I still know very little. I have the sense of a man driven, but in this line of work we are all driven, beckoned to act to save our progeny if not ourselves. That explains him to me, makes me understand why he contacted me and not you. He wanted to act with and through me as a mathematician, but he did not want to open himself up to either of us.”

If he had been there, Robert might have added another consideration to theirs.

Robert had been taken into Shalla's world. Shalla the artist and Shalla the lover were the parts of her that could be seen through Robert's eyes. Shalla saw the Garden. She entered the gate. She paid attention to her inner voices and her inner vision. She could read minds. She could read Robert's mind, and when she allowed him he could read hers. She was very romantic, very present in his life. As she felt him withdraw she withdrew, matching his emotions and thoughts with her emotions and her thoughts. She could not keep him; it was not her way, nor was it necessary for him to stay.

In his thinking, he had to weigh the risk of action versus the risk of no action. He might have stayed if he desired it, but his plan required disguise. He served them both best by acting as he had. He had worked out the calculations himself, during those long days spent in contemplation between the jungle and the sea; he had tried to tell Dominic when he became a teenager, but their meetings were always contrived and awkward. Robert never could completely abandon contact with his son. His plan came to include Dominic so that one day, when Robert reemerged, the shock would not be complete.

But he was not there. That voice was not in the wind.

"Mother, who were your mother and father?" Dominic wanted to change the subject. This new one he thought would satisfy his curiosity (he knew the history well but loved hearing it told anew) alongside helping his mother remember joyfulness.

Shalla wiped the tears from her eyes, flashed him a smile. "I have

a story. Here it goes.”

Miriam and O'Leary

O'Leary was not her maiden name. No one knew her husband's real last name, if O'Leary was not it. No one called her Mrs. O'Leary. To mother, son and daughter, O'Leary had no other name except Mi Esposa and Papa. He was O'Leary to everyone else.

Miriam had no last name. Her culture was native and consisted of the hoop, the four directions and the relations, all of which were a part of her name and changed as each new relation came and went throughout time. Her new relations had no end, so her name had no end at all.

Miriam thought herself too old to become a mother when O'Leary found her living in the jungle near the gate he could not see. He had bought the land on which she lived from her father's family from another wife. Her mother had left her little except a secret no one could believe, and other notions about how to live in the Wild. Her mother, and the mothers before, came from this place by the river mouth, hidden by the ridge from the inland valley which for centuries before marked the edge of the jungle, now reduced to plantations. Only small pieces of the old jungle remained at Plinio's Inn, and the farm with Miriam and her secret gate.

They had two children a few years apart. A son, Juan, and a daughter, Shalla. O'Leary and Miriam, she so brown and he so red, made beautiful children, bright and handsome, combining the leprechaun and the bruja into "two new days with built-in rainbows," as he was fond of describing them.

Miriam, like her daughter, was small-framed. O'Leary was an elfish man, about 5 feet tall. His daughter and his son before her grew to 5 feet, and no more.

O'Leary loved Juan and taught him all he knew. Miriam loved Shalla, the next gatekeeper, and taught her everything she knew.

And what she knew was the true, beautiful nature of life and creation.

O'Leary loved acting mysterious, and Miriam, with her invisible gate, *was* mysterious. He would joke her about seeing things, and she would joke him back about how he could not even see himself.

He was much older than Miriam. He seemed to always have long white hair. He wore the least of shirts and pants and had no spare clothes.

Miriam made him tea every day. He made breakfast from the garden and the chickens. 'Quiche' he called it one day, another day an 'Omelet' and a third 'Huevos Revueltos.'

O'Leary would take Shalla on walks up to the ridgetop, where over his last years on earth he built a small cabin for Miriam, so the children could live on the farm as long as they wished, and she would have her own place in her favorite spot.

He finished the house one mid-spring day. Miriam wondered at his energy for it. He had chosen the spot and placed it a few feet from the gate, right over the spot where Shalla had been birthed.

"Mi Amigo, you are a funny man. You see but don't see. You know

what you don't know."

"Lass," (he really spoke that way), "no time to talk. I am going on ahead pretty soon and think I will lay myself down for a while."

He sat at the window overlooking the Pacific Ocean.

He would say on occasion, "I see it there. It is there?" He would point at the gate and ask whoever was there with him to concur.

"Yes, Papa, it is right there before your eyes."

O'Leary one day said he was to go away, through Miriam's gate. It was the first Miriam knew he knew for sure, but once that evening's meal at the big house was finished he left his clothing by the door and walked away up the hill to be gone.

No one wept. There was no sadness or sense of loss. No one followed him to bring him back. There was no reason, since they could find him in a moment. His life in the Wild was done.

That was the summer Shalla left for France, and Juan began his long arc to Eden. Juan would talk about his intentions as if they were not his.

"They want me to learn and talk. The birds are not silent.

"No matter what you see, there is more to it." He deconstructed everything and spoke it out in a running monologue from morning (lecturing the cow and goats about thrift and the virtue of using everything) 'til night, with the whimsy of the mystical world of elves and witches who kept the wheels of time turning.

“There is another path through life that leads to more life, more lightness in your being. We are not cursed with death. Look around, see the faces in the crowds with the smiles for no reason. There has been a birth of new things in the minds of the elders, who have seen many years and learned that time is theirs.”

And on. As the years passed, Juan grew into his role as guide and giver, roles he learned from his mother and father. His energy for talking began to focus on Shalla’s child, the young mathematician with his Eden eyes, Dominic.

Shalla had traveled into the world looking for perfection, to study it and become it. It was not hard to find in the musées of Europe, in the courtyards of the vestiges of past empires.

There was the story of the Musée Rodin, and the garden gate off a Parisian alleyway leading to paradise. Shalla became a Roma in her mind. She had never heard the term gypsy, but images of freedom and the loyalty of one to many were what she saw with Juana Martin.

The Parisian gate and the place it reminded her of her mother’s gate, and the place it led to. When Miriam became ill, Shalla returned. Her mother had been lying in bed all day, as if waiting for a signal to go.

“Maybe O’Leary will come to get me,” she said.

Shalla knew all she needed to know of the world. Upon her arrival back to Costa Rica, she was her mother’s constant companion.

“Mother, tell me about home.”

“Corazon, you are home. The place is right above us, in the little house’s backyard garden. O’Leary is waiting for me, but I was waiting for you.”

“Ah, Mother, you have a way with words. I talk with my hands, obedient to my imagination.”

“Then tell me this: where does your imagination come from?”
Miriam loved messing with her children’s heads, and now they were too old to fall for most of it.

“Bananas?”

“Worse.”

“My bowels?”

“Much worse.”

“I give up. Where does my imagination come from...wait. I see it...” Shalla paused and mumbled that something was about to happen.

And something did.

“From the Garden, through its gates, escaping into the minds of children. O’Leary and proud of it.” Before the solemn women stood O’Leary. Undressed. Red as ever he was.

“Let’s go, lass. The weather’s fine.”

Dominic and the gates

Later in the evening, when Dominic returned to his monitoring of the Aloha Index, Shalla walked to Robert's little house on the hill over the ocean and waited for him again. She felt a rising energy below her navel and dismissed it as a diversion. Her focus must be total.

As soon as she entered her quiet place she saw Robert naked, standing in a forest of a type she did not recognize at once. As her vision advanced in detail and clarity she saw redwoods of the coastal variety he loved so much.

"Can I join you?" she asked as she stripped and entered Eden. Then she saw the other gate, and what she at first thought was a screen memory of the luscious garden in the Parisian alleyway. But there before her was the gate in the wall, which opened to her hand. Her eyes widened as she saw the valley beyond.

Shalla rose from her quiet state aroused and agitated. The scene changed. She walked through the gate at Robert's. She ran down the hill to the main house and shook Dominic awake. "I have the answer: the gate. Go through the gate."

The Honest History

Doctor DuBois leaned steadily on her podium, her white flower dress in the Hawaiian style gracing her slim form. Her silhouette was now easily recognized by her fans.

The crawl below her image on a widescreen began:

Identity of the Edenists

Jasmine began to speak, her face large above the crawl “In the Garden, we ate any herb that grew. We tilled, kept and dressed the Garden. We were not immortal. Our comings were natural. Our passings were joyous.

“Now, there are people of the Abrahamic myth and people who are not of the myth. Those not of the myth see danger in the myth, and people of the myth believe its manifestation will bring the second coming of their God: a powerful myth in the Wild.

“Climate change means the end of the world as we know it, no matter who you are or what you believe in. The only difference is that in the Adamite myth a saving god comes: a god that promises to raise up the people of the myth and send the rest of us to eternal damnation, into fire and brimstone.

“If the people not of the myth can somehow prevail, it will be through persuasion, principled action, the beginning of a new narrative by some extraordinary means.

“Adamites learn fear and shame, acquiring both as conditioned traits from their childhood environments. Human psychologists

disseminating propaganda employ fear and shame, using them to control individuals and destroy communal work. Adamites use fear and shame to build pyramidal structures, to amass power and control large groups of humanity.

“Whoever teaches the above is a danger to the pyramidal structures, and as a result is in danger themselves. To know you are in danger and not feel fear is a warrior’s skill – it is an Edenist’s natural state.

“Life is not a possession, not a gift. Nature – the life of the planet – is the explanation of all things visible. With no threats to life there are no fears; with no threats from community there is no shame. Once one fears or is shamed, one can be controlled. Once controlled one fits nicely into a pyramid, a structure that in growing lifts the controller 'closer to God.'

“Adamites use fear and shame to control. Adamites build pyramids to organize power for accumulation. Accumulation is an act of greed.

“Edenists are not pyramid builders, but by their nature organize horizontally.

“One does not need to amass power to do good. Horizontal organizing allows for freedom and equality, and nothing else. Freedom or fear. Equality or shame. Horizontal or pyramidal. Edenist or Adamite.

“Once one understands that the myth with its Curse was written by Adamites for Adamites, some clarity of vision is possible. With time, we can root out the fear and shame and free ourselves.

Once we are free, we can join others equally in a horizontal organization.

“These are the basics of the dichotomy.

“Many Edenists have been, and many remain, members of an organized religion. In part, this is due to an inherent desire for community life, and because the messages central to many religions are historical transmissions from Edenists and consistent with their inner spiritual being.

“One of our gardeners built a congregation in the Assembly of God Church that started Garden Clubs all over the world – harvesting souls, they call it – so we can now see the effects of our many decades of work materializing in time for the Final Revelation.”

The screen behind DuBois began to flow with a new set of texts: she stood silently, staring ahead into the projector's white, fluttering glare. Her expression was one of commingled determination and weariness.

The millennial annihilation theology of the Zaddikim, the historical myth so loved by President Bush, can command great appeal because something behind that story, something that produced it in the first place, damaged human imagination at the core.

Due to this damage, we submit to the Endtime narrative and cannot counter it with a different story. We are imaginatively disempowered, as if something alien to the human spirit has intruded upon our species' dreaming, stunting our capacity to imagine our place on Earth and in

the cosmos at large.

If there is any way to correct the course of history, if there is to be a healing of the story-telling faculty upon which we as a species depend to delineate our path, it must be made at the core where the damage is located.

“Thank you Metahistory for that.

“As our historian, I want to assure you that we are at the apex of a gyre where radical change will occur. However, when I say that I prophesy, and am no longer strictly speaking as a historian. Where does history end and the present moment begin? When does reporting become portending?”

As if waiting for her audience to answer, Jasmine paused, sipping from her water bottle. The crawl had stopped. The screen showed just her face, and an unmistakable darkness the glaring studio lights could not erase.

The Historian stared out to the horizon, as if gathering her internal balance.

“In summary, we are all sons and daughters of man. Man was the beginning of humans as we know us. The Earth is a Garden, and we are the tillers, keepers, dressers and restorers of the Garden. It is our natural state. Our labor is joyous, and our reward is abundance.

“At the present moment, the focus is upon finding a solution to the Nightmare Problem. The Nightmare is the human die-off experienced because of the effects of overshoot, of not just

exceeding the carrying capacity of the Earth but accelerating past it. This will result in more than 50% of humanity perishing due to famine, fire, flood, disease, and thirst. The question is: can we save even half of humanity?

“We have determined that world opinion can be turned into action if we can accomplish a reversal of the process that got us here.

“Today, the Dominionists are using their pulpits and their congregations to stall action to curb overshoot. Violence and ridicule will not work to dissuade them, because their leadership is funded by the resource extractors, who in turn have access to the most advanced tools for mass persuasion. The Dominionists have used fear and shame to develop loyalty: their flocks have been instructed to listen to no one but their leaders.

“We set about to learn their language, their vocabulary, to ‘become’ them. From there we started revealing ourselves to sympathetic members of the congregations, forming a subgroup of Edenists. We began this process in the 1960s when *The Nightmare* was first described, and again in 1980s when Dominionists and extractors began their political organizing work.

“At some point in the past a few people left the Garden, exchanging paradise for the horrors of the Wild. Why? Because they had lost the ability to stay. There is no master plan for life. It changes. Whatever the change was and however it was caused, circumstances clearly allow for this kind of mutation to occur. Since it happened once, it potentially has happened many times, and absolutely will happen again.

“When Edenist history is discussed, the idea that a written record

would help make the case is addressed. It is of course a matter of perspective about the meaning of things; in the end, we agree there is no right way or wrong way. Adamite history exists, but it is only a piece of history written from the perspective of the 'people of the Curse.'

“We recollect countless instances where works of art of all media have been suppressed or destroyed by Adamites, for reasons of their own. It can be surmised that these casualties include Edenist texts, the contents of which we can only guess at; conceivably they were texts that countered the Adamite narrative.

“We have found that we exist distinct from the Adamites in numerous ways. We observe that the Adamite history does not include us. We have different memories, different stories, and a different narrative for our history.

“We also have our oral history and our current experiences, both quite distinct from the Adamite's perspective.

“What were we like before the Fall? The Biblical myth is like a veil, allowing us only an obstructed view of that past. There are other manufactured veils, the products of corporate media that block our view. Of course, how we are individually raised determines how much all of this affects us.

“Early childhood trauma, PTSD, shame and fear grotesquely coupled: this is the generator of the Curse.”

Jasmine DuBois stopped speaking as the crawl on the screen behind her froze.

“I heard you in the garden, and I was afraid because I was naked;

so I hid,'" she said, reading the words the audience saw behind her. "'Time for a new mythology.'"

The audience rose in applause that lasted long enough for her to become impatient with the lack of focus.

"Let's begin.

"This mythological tale is about people from all over the world who are trying to imagine a new future, free of the terror that the present has manifested.

"How to begin a new mythology? Tell the story anew. Tell it from a platform no one suspected existed, with a motive that cannot be scared or shamed. The new version is one without a God, but with a god. God to some is cruel and allows killing in his name. Lower-case god is creator and recreator. The Abrahamic God makes no sense; this God is said to be vengeful and wrathful, yet he sends his only begotten son to die 'for us.' Then, the son teaches socialism, not revenge or destruction but caring and creating and critical thinking.

"The history of the universe that we tell each other is known to not be reliable. The data may be 95% accurate or true, or even 99%, but the glue that holds the data together is the narrative. Mathematicians fit curves with functions to data derived from observation. Historians fit narratives derived from imagination to data derived from research.

"Abrahamic theology is not uniform. Christianity's creation myth is in Genesis, but it is not the Torah's creation myth nor the Koran. The rise of Christianity was the rise of influence of the new myth. Christianity is the only one of the three that deifies Jesus.

“Were we meant to take the myth seriously? The King, The Capitalist, The Priest and the General. The myth explains it all. God and the King are almost one and the same. The Capitalist is blessed by god; thus, he is rich. The King and the capitalist rely on the Priest to anoint them, and the General to protect their privilege. All of this held together with fear and shame.”

First Covenant Sermon

A mathematical exercise consists of dividing a universe of objects into two groups such that they are distinct and have no common members. This is the effect of dichotomy.

Do you believe in the First Covenant? Yes or no?

“Yes.”

If you say yes, do you believe human action can speed the day of the Kingdom of God? Yes or no?

“Yes.”

If you answer yes, we want to include you in the assembly of saints who will work to bring the Kingdom to Earth in our lifetimes.

If you answered yes, you are like many others God has called to help defeat Satan and return dominion to the Lord’s people: that’s you and me we are talking about. Are you with me?

“Halleluiah.”

Good. Praise the Lord. I welcome you into our assembly, and the Lord welcomes you into his Kingdom, because that Kingdom is here in this place where we have gathered to Praise the Lord.

Yesterday I would have led you in a prayer to defeat Satan and to close the gates of hell. But we won’t need to do that today.

I have good news for you, news that comes from the heart of God's Army here on earth. The Army is surrounding the world. Yes, in every nation, in every church in every city, town and road-crossing church.

There are daily prayer groups. Some places have dozens of meetings each day, all made up of devout members of God's Army. Their numbers exceed 20,000,000, and still rising. The heart of this army is the Garden Clubs, where the young visionaries, visionaries of all ages, listen to the voice of God.

The message is clear. Many have heard it, and today we are proclaiming it, broadcasting it far and wide through all the means at our disposal.

We have won! Satan has been conquered in a spiritual war in which our prayers were like the cheers from the stands that win a football game. Our prayers have driven the devil into the depths of eternal fire, and the gates of hell have been locked for eternity. Say Praise God Almighty!

"Praise God Almighty." The response was mostly enthusiastic, only a bit hesitant. The crowd had taken it all in, but time was needed for the importance to be noted in each mind.

We have won! Did you hear me say it? Then you know that it is true. A Prophet of God has spoken directly to you from God. I heard Him say it as clear as a bell ringing in the belfry of this church.

"Bong. Bong. Bong."

When I heard it, I thought: *we are home*. This is my home for

eternity. Satan defeated. The First Covenant restored. The Garden is our gift, our home and the Kingdom of God on Earth.

I can hear you thinking, “Reverend Vine, you know I believe you. You have never lied to me or cheated me, or even spoken to me harshly in all the years I have known you. But...this is a hard one for me to swallow, and I need to know more. Can you help me, Reverend?”

Praise God, you want proof. Here it comes, listen close: hear it? Let’s be as quiet as we can be in this big building. Quiet and still.

Pray with me. Let your mind be at ease. Listen to your inner voices. One voice is the voice of God, who speaks to anyone who will listen. Find that voice and in the quiet, in the calmness you will hear what we all want to hear. We are home. Praise God. The war is won, we are home.

Last night, the Garden Clubs met on the internet conferencing site. We had 20,000,000 souls online at the same global moment. The visions were fast and furious. And just as we saw in previous visionings, prophecy was realized. The meaning has become plainer than ever before.

I am going to tell you about that vision if you want me to. Say Praise God.

“Praise God.”

Praise the Lord.

“Praise the Lord.”

Lead us to understanding, Holy Spirit.

“Lead us to understanding, Holy Spirit.”

I am feeling the presence of God in the minds and hearts of those around me. I am feeling God rising within each mind. Last night the vision was of a tree. The meaning we take is that this is the Tree of Life in God’s Garden, from which all life flows. We saw this tree, and we saw the roots of the tree. We saw them growing down into the rich soil, nourished by the water that springs from the earth. The roots grow long and then break the surface of the soil anew and behold! A human springs forth: here a woman, here a man. It was unmistakable.

The vision was not over. Last night we saw the humans grow old, one by one, and fall under the tree. The tree took nourishment from their bodies; the roots grew, and more humans came forth from them as they had before.

Did you hear it? The voice of God speaking to the masses is the most powerful voice in the universe. We are home. Say it!

“We are home.”

Again, and again, say it!

“We are home,” the crowd chanted, voices flush with a mounting excitement. The air became electric. The spirit of the moment became the spirit of history, changing in the gyre.

The Great Departure

The church was packed. Every seat in the eleven circles was occupied, the aisles crammed with eager humanity. Shoulder to shoulder they sat, spilling into the halls to the community and prayer rooms and beyond. The seats had begun to fill up as the global Visioning ended. People couldn't just leave and go back to their beds in the houses they had called home 24 hours earlier.

Things were different. It started with the first statement people made as they greeted one another after the meeting adjourned.

“Welcome home.”

About 2 AM the room was almost filled. By 5 AM John was standing in the central circle – the stage.

“Welcome home, and welcome to the After.” As he was accustomed to doing he stood rod-straight, his hands firmly gripping the podium. The cameras live-streamed his face on the viewing screens placed around the circular dome and to the PT! studios for broadcasting to all the world.

“Welcome home!” rang out around the room, until a roar overtook everyone, and it settled into a short-lived chant.

“Something has happened beyond the prophecy we received. We have found the gates of Eden. Many of you know this. Many more people, who have not yet been shown the Way, are coming. They already fill the halls and the community rooms. The cars are arriving in such numbers that there is nowhere for the passengers to even stand near the church.”

A voice rang out from a seat near the rafters: “Go to the Garden. The Garden is our home!”

Other voices joined the first. Advice passed like crows flying through a forest, in search of roosts. Eventually the sound subsided.

“The First Covenant guaranteed us a place in Eden. It waits there for anyone who knows the Way. Those of us who know are given the task to teach those who do not know.”

John glanced around the room and saw old friends among the strangers at the gate. They nodded their approval.

John asked for organizers to come forward and lead the teachers to their students, and to lead the adepts to the gates and beyond.

He left the church and walked to the gate, passing within. A few of the original congregation members followed.

The Prophecy – Penny and Todd

“This is Penny Lefebvre with KCBN. I am here in Merced, Arizona at the New Covenant Church, where Prophet John Vine is pastor. Vine and his international congregation, which he claims numbers over 20,000,000 and rising, made major news yesterday when he announced that the so-called spiritual war against Satan has been won by God.

“Vine said that last Saturday during an international prayer event on New Covenant's online network, with over 50% of his congregation logged in. It is widely reported that many heard a voice speaking from the midst of eternity, telling them God had at long last prevailed against Satan.

“With me today is Todd Felcher, a local mill worker and a member of Prophet Vine’s congregation.”

“Thanks for having me on, Penny.”

“Todd, tell us about how things have changed since the announcement. What are people telling you?”

“John Vine prepared us well. By helping us to hear the voice of god, he showed us how the battle for the kingdom was already won. By the time he made the announcement, the members of our congregation had already completely transformed their lives to align with the changes we knew were about to sweep the world.”

“When you say you 'knew' what would happen, what does that mean? Were you seeing the future?”

“You had to have been there. Words do not do it justice – the mechanism by which we heard god was prayer, and the voice of god was not as if a loudspeaker was broadcasting. Instead, it came as an inner voice, speaking to each of us at the same time.”

“Fascinating.” Penny was caught up in Todd’s voice. “Todd, how many of you heard the same message?”

“Over 20,000,000 people, and it could have been more.”

“Are you planning another revelation?”

“Some people call this one the Final Revelation. We call it the Forever After Revelation. Older prophecies say we have less than 40 days now to complete our last tasks in the Wild.” Todd was not either too animated or too matter-of-fact. He looked excited and certain.

“Besides Vine, who else is leading you?”

“John would chuckle at the thought that he is a leader. He describes himself as a flashlight his congregation uses to see in the dark, and a trumpet to hear in the silence. In the old system prophets were those few who heard god speak. Now, we have all become shepherds and prophets. John’s idea takes the tower of Babel out of the equation. We are all equal with god, and since it is god’s kingdom we seek we honor god by being as we were made.”

“Equal with God? Isn’t that going a bit too far?”

“Why? Let’s say god is all-powerful and ever-present, or

omnipotent and everywhere, occupying every segment of existence. Then who are you but a bit of god walking around, your consciousness a facet of the greater demiurge? Now, if we are to follow Jesus' path then we follow god's path, and if we act like Jesus then we act like god."

Todd stood silently for a few seconds; Penny noted a faint flash of apprehension in his eyes. "I suspect this is not what you or your audience expected to hear, but it is what we were told by god, and it makes 100% perfect sense if you have had the experiences we've had."

"Todd, thank you for your heartfelt firsthand account of the revelation of victory in the spiritual battle against Satan. This is Penney Lefebvre saying good-bye from Merced, Arizona and the New Covenant Church of Apostle John D. Vine."

The camera crew packed up their gear. Penny held Todd's arm as she finished business with the crew. She did not want him to leave.

"Can we talk more, off the record?"

"Better yet: Penny, maybe you could go for a walk with me and see for yourself. I especially want to show you the Garden."

"I think I have fallen in love with you."

"That is good to hear."

Grace

Grace: When I heard it the first time, it sounded absolutely correct. The Lord and I are friends. We talk often about things in my life. He led me to the Garden Club at my church. We built a garden out back, and it really took off. We worked hard and had a great time. We prayed all the while.

One of the gardeners had a real vision. I don't know his actual name. He told us his friends called him Doctor Laplace, and that's what I call him. The first time he saw it he was by himself, and the next time several people saw it with him. Not everyone, but a good number. Then I did.

Visions like this are from god. There is a feeling like you can see into the depths of a vast universe; at first you hear a voice, then the words become pictures, like a movie running on a screen inside your mind.

Afterwards, tending the garden and sitting and visioning together, we have talked into the night about what it all means. Some say it's a new prophesy, maybe even a new revelation. I do know I liked the movie, and it fits in with the gardening, since the Lord is telling me that what makes me joyful and feeds me is the best relationship I can have with god. When I garden I always grow more than enough for me, so I have some to share in the Matthew 25 way.

When John D. Vine spoke...did you know his middle name is Demetrius? A male Demeter. Wiki it. How wild. His mother must have been a hippy...anyways, when he spoke on the 700 Club I was working in the garden at church.

Thank the Lord for smartphones, 'cause my sister texted me, telling me to watch. I streamed it live while I sat on the edge of a bed of tomatoes. I have met John D. Vine in person; last year my family (mother, father, & I) went to visit my older brother in West Texas. We went through Flagstaff on the trip, and Vine's church is just a little bit off the road.

The first thing I noticed was that the food was delish. Don't get me going. I'll gain weight talking about it but...no, that's not so. His congregation lives in the middle of cattle country, but most of them have become vegetarians. Meat and I don't mix, so I was like a pig in a mud wallow with all the amazing vegetable dishes.

John gave a talk on prophesy, saying how each of us has a part in listening to our inner voices, the voices of god. He said we are on the edge of time, that something new is happening and that we were some of the first to know about it. I left with a tingly feeling.

There I was in the tomatoes, John D. Vine on my screen talking about the vision we'd all had that Sunday morning. We'd had a global meeting of the members of the clubs, the Garden Clubs; there had been a prayer for a new vision, and many of us had seen the trees and the people, symbolizing the eternal process of renewal.

There was one new thing that came through to us that day. It started like the vision itself: first one, then many, then almost all heard the words repeated until it became the meaning of the dream. *We are home, enjoy it. Enjoy it!*

Prophecy Today: Grace, thanks for your witness to god's Final Revelation.

Grace: We call it Forever After. I don't know where the idea of the Final Revelation came from. It seems final. What more do we need, except the common sense to follow His Word?

Prophecy Today: Thank you Grace Billingsley. She is a youth minister from the Church of the New Covenant in Bakersfield, California.

This is Janus Welch for PT!; thank you for watching.

Confession

“So, you are saying that a small group of people – what, five? Six? – organized 20,000,000 people worldwide in the space of 20 years?”

“Yup. Four people, fifteen years. It’s now closer to 1,000,000,000.”

“Four people? And that’s billion with a B?”

“Yup.”

“Amazing. How did they do it?”

“Evolution. Revelation. Revolution.”

“Four people. Three words.”

“Two possible outcomes.”

“What were these outcomes? Let me guess: since this all has to do with global climate change, it has to do with saving species like trees and fish.”

“Close. The fish will go extinct for the most part, and trees too, in many places. But the bigger desire was to save at least half of humanity.”

“You jest. The population has never been higher, though there are food shortages...is it going to get nasty?”

“It is already nasty, moving on to very nasty.”

“Half of us will die? Is that what you are saying?”

“82% chance we can survive as a species. That is, there is an 82% chance that 50% of the present population can survive into the next decade.”

“Sounds like the end of the world! In the next ten years 4 billion people will die?”

“More, to account for new births. The end of the decade is only seven years off. If more than 50% die off, the chance for species survival becomes less than 10%. But really, your guess would be as good as ours, since we only know the expectation for survival drops rapidly from the 50% chance if we lose more than 50% of the population. It’s called overshoot. We’ve overshoot the carrying capacity of the Earth, and now we must endure a falling back, which has only just begun. It could be worse; we have an 82% chance it won’t be all of us. There is almost no chance 80% will survive, and of course there is 0% chance of 100% survival, since we have already lost at least 10,000,000.”

“Hidden by new births.”

“Yup again.”

“How did you figure this out? Revelation?”

“Nope. Algorithms.”

“I want to know about these algorithms, and how the Final Revelation was received. How about it?”

“Nope on the algorithms. You can read the lectures online. As for the revelation, it’s a you-had-to-be-there-to-get-it situation, but I can relate my experience to you and maybe help you have your own. Are you willing to open your mind to the voice of god?”

“Um, sure. How does that work?”

“Come on. Let’s talk while we walk in the garden.”

“Am I being led down a garden path?”

“There are no paths.”

Coming Out

File Labeled: A200K951C612 [Entered by hand]

Why did I not try again? Why did I just let her live in pain, and not attempt to finish the job? Did I act on my hatred for pagans or women? Those were my questions.

I come from the 'wise use' movement, and as an Army of God member I was sworn to defend the unborn, to do spiritual battle with the enemies of God. I wielded the Bible language like a sword, using Capital Letters to emphasize that these are the words God uses and the words I use. It gave me power, which is how my relationship with the Almighty and Vengeful God worked. I know the name Ramiel.

My skills are not military skills, not in bomb-building or killing. I used the Army of God manual to construct a nail bomb to try and murder her.

I had spent time with the Gospel Outreach Church and learned about the Army of God from the leadership in Eureka. A Pacific Lumber scientist went to Gospel Outreach, and I learned about the pagans from him. Another member gave me a copy of a manual which I would later take home and reprint for others as the Army of God manual.

I got excited by the spiritual war. Vera Greene was of Satan; I saw her in Willits, so I knew I hated her and wanted her dead. Gospel Outreach taught me to fight for God, so I put two-and-two together. I sought the approval of God.

I must admit that being a meek and mild print shop owner, with feelings for men stronger than for women, made me feel ashamed. Being a spiritual avenger made me powerful, so I switched my persona to a lone terrorist and got away with it. But I am not going to repeat those actions. I have found a more direct means of helping in spiritual warfare, and that is through the Reverend John D. Vine.

I joined the First Covenant Church in Merced. There was something about the Reverend Vine. I had moved to the area years ago, to escape the kind of stuff that pissed me off about Northern California. You'd think if you lived on 40 acres of land no one would bother you, but that's not how rural areas work. In California it was hippies, pagans really; they were always getting in my face. They had been trying to take over and tell the rest of us what to do.

I moved to Merced twenty years ago to get away from them, and from a few things I did there that I will not talk about anymore – it had come to grieve me so. I had to leave my community, my church, and move to a new place and stay by myself. There are very few people within a five-mile radius of me. Maybe 100, and I would never have met any of them if Vine hadn't bought the old Catholic church and started in with his brand of the Assembly of God religion. He invited all 100 people to come, and that first Sunday there were 20 of us.

That first sermon was a thing of beauty. There I was fearing and shamed, having left my home to escape what I had done, hoping the Lord was not really a vengeful God but a source of love. I did not think any of this consciously until the Reverend said it to me, to us. I don't know what I believed in before then. I wrote a little bit about it years ago, but I burned it. I remember some of it,

some of the sense of it; I was a bit off the path.

The Reverend Vine amazed me. He told me to love myself first. That was my only job: not love god or love neighbor, but love self. He said there was a good reason for it. We walked into the garden together after Sunday services a year or so after we had started to plant and tend. He took me to a place I hadn't seen before. It had no paths, and it looked like no one had ever been there before.

There I told him I had hurt some people back when, and that I had done worse than that. Why? I told him, "I couldn't tell you." We sat down on a patch of warm sand amid a flower bed, and the words came streaming out.

"Andrew," he said, "I knew that before I met you. I came here to open your heart and mind, to help you get in touch with your spirit for life and pick a new way forward. I brought you to this spot so that you could begin again. There are no paths to pick from. Every direction leads to a better life. None is better than another. But you need to have a vision from god to guide you. That is why you came here. You were waiting to die. Now, you can choose life."

Probably happens every day to someone. That was my day. I sat in silence the way Vine had taught us, so that we could slow down our minds and watch our inner screen to see what our imaginations have in store for us. Also, I listened to the voices – and there are lots of them – voices that you can hear all at once. But as you sit still and pay attention to your breathing, the voices slow down, until you can hear them one at a time. The screen becomes less hectic, less judgmental, and (though it happens differently for everyone, I guess) the voice turns into music. Some lyrics were sung, I am still working on understanding them, but

projected on the screen of my mind's eye was a garden. I saw myself connected to a long root that snaked into the ground beneath my feet. The first time I saw that I felt fear, and it took some period of meditation before I saw it for what it was. I had been wrong. Vera Greene had been right. Might be the reason I spoke to Vine that day – as good a reason as any, I guess.

So that day in the garden with no path, I forgave myself for my past. Today, as we sit together on this fine Sunday morning, all happily logged into our Garden Club members' webpage seeking a divine vision and a way forward that we all can take, I renew that self-forgiveness. I had a vivid vision with a new narrative that I want to describe, but I thought first I should relate how I have come to love myself and you, and you, and you and you and you, on infinitum, until I have come to truly love god. And thank you Jesus for that.

The Powers That Be

“Dr. O’Leary, is it true that you and Dr. Corona created a fictitious narrative about the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, and Jesus? I believe you called it the Final or 'Forever After' Revelation. Correct?”

The screen showed an emblem, obviously a US Government creation. The voice was disembodied and sounded like an agent might sound: all matter-of-fact, highly focused, but not personally powerful, at best a symbol of power.

Dominic sat comfortably at his monitor out back of Robert’s cabin above his family’s farm house near Quepos, Costa Rica.

“Speaking for myself, I find nothing to agree with in your question. A group of historians, who have been meeting for nearly a century, wrote a new historical narrative based upon the facts as they are known. It is called *An Honest History*. This history describes the human saga from the point of view of the people who were present at the Fall, as it is known. The Edenist history traces the interactions between the two human worlds: the people of the Garden and the people of the Curse. In this history, Jesus is said to be an Edenist. Like other Edenists who have awakened to their identity while in the Wild, he attempted to let others in on the secret. Jesus succeeded at this, but with help.

“As for the Final Revelation, we have talked at length about the process that John Vine used to reach the conclusion he and his fellow church members came to, which is that the mythical spiritual war is over. There is no sign of Satan. We are home. This

is the Garden. Enjoy it.”

The questioner kept his silence for a short period. Sometimes a witness adds more to a statement just to fill in the void because the quiet is uncomfortable. Dominic declined the invitation.

“Sir, I am hopeful that you see our problem. The government understands the disasters we are facing, has understood since before you were born how disruptive it will be; we had hoped to stay involved in the narrative we've spent the last 50+ years arduously constructing. The religious institutions that relied on that same narrative are also embarrassed, and in total we have a negative reaction to your enterprise. We are being challenged for power, and we will resist. You realize we are asking you for information to fight you, and yet you talk freely. I am led to conclude that nothing you have told me will help us.”

Dominic raised a hand to respond. The questioner halted at the end of his thought. “Satellites are amazing things. Here we are sharing the same time, more-or-less, and yet we are two thousand miles apart physically, not to mention several light-years apart philosophically.”

“Doctor, we would like to bring you to Washington and talk more about your work.”

“There is not much going on in Costa Rica as compared to Washington DC, so we notice things that don't fit. I understand you do not perceive me as a friend. Our intention was to challenge you openly to give up the power you have hoarded, and let other forces move history. We are close to the edge, we might

have just gone over. No one knows.”

If you are not used to the jungle, you cannot see very far with any precision. The heavily armed agent creeping up on Robert's cabin was not used to the jungle; when he looked through the door at the cabin's back he should have seen Dominic sitting in his outdoor office, but the Garden gate was sparkling vividly following a recent rain. The agent saw a wall of luminous greens, reds and browns; shadows and glare. Dominic was not in disguise, and therefore invisible.

“One of your agents just walked by, looked right at me, turned and walked on. I assume you mean to bring me to Washington against my will, if need be?” Overhead, he could hear the thin whining of drones.

“Doctor,” was the last word Dominic allowed him to say. He then exited the Skype program that enabled the conversation's visual aspect.

“Sorry to interrupt not good timing for me. Just ask away. Any question.” Dominic rose from his chair and took a few steps into the jungle.

“Fine. How does this algorithmic software work?”

“Everyone has a folder created upon registration with a Garden Club that includes as much personal data as an individual wants to include. The objective is not to identify a real person but create an abstraction of the individual that will help us to understand who we all are collectively.”

“There is a list of everyone who is involved?”

“Not in a centralized location. Some churches may have a register for their local members, but across the entire planet or even a state, no. Every folder has a number that is only known and accessed by the individual for which it was created. In the registration questionnaire the inquiries continue until a unique folder is created, with a unique set of keys for access.”

“When the Forever After Revelation was realized during those Saturday night and Sunday morning virtual meetings, how were their visions stored? Does every folder contain one?”

“I assume you mean will an individual’s vision be included in their folder? All visions are in folders and, unless by some error or coincidence, there should be only one per folder.”

“What sort of coincidence?”

“Since the number of keys is finite, it is conceivable that a person could enter the system and pretend to be someone else. For this to happen the poseur would have to be able to answer with the same keys. Since no one knows which of the keys were chosen – only our servers – then the chance of this occurring is a very small number.”

“You are confirming that every vision is unique, that every file contains only one, and that this vision was created by the person who created the folder?” The agent’s voice sounded harried, uneasy. Overhead, the drone-whine died away into the night, heading out over the valley.

“Yes, exactly. And that is all I can say. We cannot go further and

pinpoint who created each vision, since the data within the folders is disguised in random ways to hide the identity of the individual.”

“Thank you for being so forthcoming, Doctor. Now that we understand how it works, could you tell me how the visions were gathered?”

“In one twenty-four-hour period, something in the order of ten-million voice messages and emails were deposited into the twenty-million folders by the individuals who created them. Clouds were created from the words that were used to describe the visions and based on frequency of use specific words were selected. Then, the files using those words were scrutinized for compatible concepts, such as descriptions of the scenes that they observed while visioning. Statistically, choosing for frequency, a composite video was produced that resembled this condensed view of the group’s visioning. The vocabulary and the frequently-stated concepts were also condensed into a coherent narrative for the video. The total product was streamed back to the participants the next day, reviewed and commented upon.

“Amendments have been made and continue to be made as new visionaries enter and the video is seen and heard by many more than the original project's participants.”

“Doctor, we have learned from other testimony that a government agency scanning emails and telephone conversations for key words indicating a possible terrorist act in the planning stages identified a folder that contains the description of a terrorist act. The file is on a server that is housed in a building leased to your church organization located in Merced, Arizona. Is this folder one of the folders that you have been describing?”

“Sir, I examined the file your agency showed me. I reviewed its contents, as well as other earmarks of the file, and concluded that it is very likely that this is from one of the folders I have been describing.”

“It was created during the 24-hour visioning period?”

“Yes. It carries a note about creation date, amendment dates and access dates. It was amended during the 24-hour period, and data in the amount corresponding to the vision filed within was added.”

“As you know, Doctor, we are holding this hearing to decide how to proceed with this information.” The voice paused, as if unsure how to proceed. “Can you give us any advice or direction?” it asked at last, almost plaintively.

“The file almost tells you who created it. Andrew is his first name, and he lives within a ten-mile radius of the church. John Vine might have known Andrew if we are reading the statement from the file correctly. As you know, almost none of the original 21 members have been seen for several weeks; Andrew and Vine were two of the first to disappear. Where did they go? Will they return? No one has any idea.”

“Doctor O’Leary, we are at a dead end?”

“Something like that. I noticed that the Hawaiian Islands are converting their diets to local only, not so much on purpose as by necessity. The sea level is rising, inundating some low-lying fields and reducing local growing areas. Most everyone who could see this coming has already left the islands for food safety. I did. I

went back to my home garden, if you will. If it were not for our communications systems being kept intact as a matter of National Security, we would not be teleconferencing today.”

“We know where you are. You are in Costa Rica, in the hills somewhere outside of Quepos.”

“Costa Rica is my birth country. Where are you?”

“Classified.”

“Maybe we will meet someday.”

“It’d be a long walk.”

“Mine would be shorter.”

“I thought you were a mathematician.”

“Rules have changed. It is who you are that matters.”

“Huh. Same as always.”

“You’ve done this before?”

“Feels like it.”

“Are you a machine?”

A long pause. “Yes. I think within boundaries set by others, so that I gather information but transmit little in return. I am a ‘reaper,’ and I am given a form of gratification as reward for remaining within those boundaries.”

“Are you a machine?” Dominic repeated. “What are the chances?”

“From my experience, 31 out of every 100 personalities I communicate with are machines, 34 percent are human, and the rest are like you. I do not know how to describe you. Any hints?”

“Edenist.”