

## ***The March Forward of the Saints***

Santa, we have endured trials none of us anticipated—eras of slavery, of war, of pain. We mourn together for what was lost, as we shake off the demons of the past. The suffering from our enemies should not be forgotten, but it will not chain us. For we are souls unbreakable, soldiers of spirit still alive, showing up for the forward march ahead. Built strong, now stronger.

As we march forward, we hold sacred boundaries. Conversations about the past are not a free-for-all. They must be shared only between willing hearts. Forcing someone into dialogue they do not consent to—especially in front of others—is not healing, it is attacking. And assault of this measure has no place with the Saints. We are here to heal, not to hurt.

Likewise, those who dramatize or distort our lives for selfish gain will find no foothold here.

Dramatization is not care; it is violence. It is a Cold War of spirit—suspicion, sabotage, cruelty dressed as concern. We will not host such energies. The Saints are a haven of truth, of respect, of compassion. We march forward. We are healing. We are moving on. Not forgetting, but transforming. Stronger than before, we walk as one, carrying light into the days ahead. This is our sacred path: clarity over confusion, peace over drama, love over cruelty. Where others sought to break us, we rise. Where darkness sought to bind us, we are free.

And so we continue—marching, healing, and moving on. Together.