

Union of Saints, Modern Slavery

Slowing our progress one mistake at a time, one thwart at a time, one stolen good at a time, one devaluing at a time, it all compounds until it is no longer just inconvenience but warfare, no longer just frustration but slavery. What appears small in the moment becomes devastating in the aggregate: the little betrayals, the quiet thefts, the daily diminishment of our worth. These are not accidents, but tactics—an erosion designed to wear down the spirit, to chain the mind, to strip away confidence and freedom until what is left is submission. It is in the steady drip of harm, not always the sudden strike, that whole peoples are subdued.

And yet, even in the shadow of such theft and devaluation, rises the beautiful bounty of woman, given by God as a wellspring of life, wisdom, and endurance. Her grace aligns with the spirit, her heart in rhythm with heaven's truth. Through the fire she marches, unyielding, rising steadily with God at her tow. She is the flowering resilience of humanity, turning ashes into gardens, wounds into wisdom, and chains into songs of freedom. What was meant to enslave becomes the soil of her strength, and what was meant to silence becomes the sound of her rising. In her, the eternal strength of God blossoms, a promise that no erosion, no tactic, no warfare will ever undo what heaven has planted.

~D. Cowdrey