

Mit Musser's Voice of One  
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## Birth

We love God.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me.

We love God, and so we kiss each other. It doesn't matter who you are, man or woman, old or young, married or not married. We're free to love. We're free to kiss with real love, with sweetest tenderness, without having to stay in line, without having to lay in sex.

It doesn't matter if you're very young, a child, too young to read these words. We love God, and so, by your parents' leave, we kiss each other with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

Your father loves God, and so your father and I kiss each other. Your mother, your husband, your wife, your sister, your brother, your best friend, your holiest person, all of them love God, and so all of us kiss each other with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

We're free to love. At last, dear brester – I call you brester (rhymes with nester) because you're more than brother to me, more than sister – at last, dear brester, our serpentine separate paths have joined, the murky dust of time has rocked us free, really free, freedom tangible and whole.

It doesn't matter if you're a mother with your baby. Your baby grew inside your body, from an invisible seed to a new human with feeling hands and seeking heart and glowing soul. Dear mother with your baby, dear brester, we love God, and so we kiss each other – an air kiss, so we don't bump your baby – but with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

Your baby, the new human who grew inside your body from an invisible seed, who came out through your body's special door that opens only for new humans – I'm free to love your baby. Even if I'm not the father, even if I'm not related, I'm free to love your baby now new dawned among us, sharing our morning, sucking your milk.

Your baby loves God, though se doesn't know how to say it. (If I don't mark whether the gender is male or female, instead of he or she I say se – sounds like see – and instead of him or her I say ser – sounds like sir.) Your baby is free to love, though se doesn't know how to say it. I say it, I love ser, and so we kiss each other, by your leave, an air kiss, so I don't bump ser – but with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

It doesn't matter who you are, I look you in the eye and I say it – I love your loving heart. You love God, though you may not know how to say it. You may not know how to say it even to yourself.

The one God of everything that exists. The one God of all humans, and of all God-loving life forms in the universe, however many they be. The one God of the biosphere where all animals, plants and microbes intermingle their lives, and none is sustained without all of the others. The one God of the atoms and all their conformations, star clusters, electron clouds, mud clumps.

The one God of everything that exists has a loving heart. I love ser loving heart. I don't believe se has a singular gender. I don't believe se has a singular name, either, but *God* is an impersonal title, and I need to give

ser a name, a personal name for a person I love. I call ser Luvheart. The most high, the almighty God, is so close to me, se is my constant companion, as long as I trust ser.

We love God's loving heart. Wherever it beats, when I sense the touch of a loving heart, my love rises in answer.

Luvheart is our constant companion, as long as we trust ser – we are free to trust ser.

We love God.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me.

Our friendship is free. Friendship has been freed in all the planet Earth.

In the slums, we're dear friends forever. In the shops, we're dear friends forever. In the sagebrush, in the cellblocks, we're dear friends forever. In the farms, the fortresses, the houses, the hospitals, the tracks of the homeless, we're dear friends forever.

In the lingering aftershock of black slavery, when the scandal has receded but the schism has remained, the former slaves and the former slave drivers, now, are dear friends forever. I'm a white American, the schism was my heritage. If you're a black American, now, our friendship is free. We love God. You're a real human, the same as me, and we lay down the past, we cast aside the schism – no more of that. We kiss each other, dear brester, with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

We love God, and why wouldn't we love ser? God is our savior. In our time of population explosion, when there are far too many of us on Earth, God is saving us from extinction. Luvheart is saving us from

worldwide coagulation, fragmentation, disintegration. We see it around us, se is saving us, everywhere on the planet there is increased circulation, greater connection, more cooperation. We will be saved, the population will steady, the birth rate will settle by voluntary means, with no need for coercion. We love God, we must love ser, because se's saving us.

Luvheart is saving us from drop down deep depression. Save me, I cry when I fall through the void. You save me. God saves me with your friendship. Dear brester, you save me with the healing kiss, you heal me with the courteous kiss that first warms our trust, and next, seals our love, and last, lifts our freedom to range and roam, to save others from deep depression, to heal others with the saving kiss. You save me – it might take more than one treatment – then I save another. Luvheart is the true savior here – the healing kiss comes to us in the joy of God, in our closeness to ser loving heart. We love God.

Se's our savior. We love ser dearly, freely. Loving God without hindrance is joy itself.

Luvheart is saving us from loneliness. All us single ones, waiting for our destined bride or groom. So hard to see this bedmate in the daylight, why do I need her anyway, I've done the family thing, I grew up in a family, why would I start a new family with someone I'm not related to? Yet we long to do just that, to start a new family on Earth, this time to be the ones who grow new humans under the sun, to rise and run, until they ripen to grow new humans themselves.

I wait in longing and loneliness. If you're waiting too, if we're waiting together, God is saving us. You save me – we trust God, se's our constant companion – our conversation falls silent, I look at you, our eyes meet, our friendship is free, we freely share our brester love, we love God, we see in each other's eyes our freedom tangible and whole, we feel fed, we feel freed, just our smiling gazes meeting feels complete, feels filled – we have

to laugh – we just have to laugh, really, this is joy itself, loving God without hindrance together.

Sometimes our friendship feels so good we have to laugh.

Luvheart is saving us from hopelessness. Freely, constantly, abundantly se saves us.

You have a loving heart. Well done, brester. You bless our Earth.

Luvheart is saving all the planet Earth from hopelessness. As our Earth warms epically with the decades, as sun's heat is captured under a haze blanket, as more humans burn more fire, as fewer forests sponge less smoke – we see our providence disappearing, our fountains parching, our fields shriveling – and we know our babies would go first, first we would see our future die, child by child, until no child were left to find.

Hopelessness comes crawling through the smoke clouds, but friendship comes first. We love God and our friendship is free – and our friendship comes first, it's our friendship that will put out the fire, turn off the global stove, and heal our Earth.

You and I together will stop the global conflagration.

God is saving us with our friendship – through fear and fire we show up for each other, we speak up for each other.

Whether you're a woman or a man, you and I together will stop the global conflagration.

I'm a man – if you're a woman, freedom rises from the rocks for you and me. Our friendship is free, we're free to kiss with real love, with

sweetest tenderness, without having to stay in line, without having to lay in sex.

If you're a woman, you know what it feels like to be a woman. I don't know what it feels like to be a woman – but your friendship comes first.

I know that you have a consummate ability that I don't have. I know that you have the consummate ability to grow a new human inside your body, from an invisible seed to a baby with feeling hands and seeking heart and glowing soul. To me, this is a magnificent ability – but your friendship comes first.

Whether or not you have children, your body is gifted for growing new humans, you live in the current of our journey to the unexplored, our search for the future. To me, this is a beautiful aspiration – but your friendship comes first.

You and I will stop the global conflagration with our friendship. In our time of population explosion, when there are far too many of us on Earth, you, a woman, for our friendship will steady the population – you, a woman, for our friendship will settle the birth rate. You will decide the number of childbirths each day on Earth, far fewer than now, but with vigilance, not too few for the coming years.

You will decide the acceptable number of childbirths each day for the Earth, and for the country, and for the community, and for the family. Your decision will be precise and balanced, not fearful and combative, for our friendship. Dear brester, we love God, our friendship is free, we're free to kiss, and Luvheart is saving us – I say well done, Luvheart – we see it around us, se is saving us, and your friends are my friends.

My friends are your friends, and the friends of my friends are my friends, so they are your friends, and on through our countries, and our

communities, and our families, until the heart of everything that exists is come, we sense the touch of God's loving heart – our love rises in answer – and the entire population of humans is an unbroken web of friendship, a working net of seven and a half billion friends.

That's far too many of us on Earth, and you, a woman, will balance our journey, will refine our search for the acceptable numbers to heal our biosphere. The time is now, we don't have to wait for the old culture to creep through slow changes. Toleration and assimilation creep along, they can't be rushed – no matter, when you look at me, and our eyes meet, whether you're a woman or a man, we see in each other's eyes our freedom tangible and whole, and our friendship is freed, we're dear friends forever, and we circulate – we connect – we cooperate.

We don't need toleration and assimilation – we have circulation and connection and cooperation.

Luvheart is saving us with our friendship. I help you to trust ser, you help me to trust ser, God is our constant companion as we trust ser, as we help each other.

I love your loving heart. We love God with all of our heart, and mind, and strength, and we show it – by loving our brester as ourselves. You have the spirit – the primal vitality from the beginning of creation – your loving heart has the spirit. Our friendship, our real love forever, every day showing up and moving over, speaking up and listening near, is the heart of everything that exists, the source of joy. Our friendship is the joy of Luvheart, the reason for our living evolution.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me. Biological evolution rises from the rocks to bring forth humans, and human seeking rises on evolution to bring forth freedom – the freedom of real friendship. For billions of years the biosphere brought forth children who could ripen to

make their own children, and then could die so their children would have room to live. For billions of years all the lives of the biosphere were intermingled to make the air and the water and the food – to make the Earth a kind and sheltered garden – gentle enough to bring forth lives with large brains, who, because their brains are large, must survive for years as sheltered juveniles, gently protected by their parents on the kind planet Earth.

All of the billions of years, all the billions of lives in the biosphere intermingling to bring forth the lives with large brains called humans – then the tens of thousands of years of humans seeking, cutting back old ideas, branching out new ideas, to bring forth the freedom of real friendship, our friendship, to free you and me to kiss with real love, with sweetest tenderness, to unlock our smiling gazes, to see in each other's eyes joy itself, to love God without hindrance together.

The reason for our living evolution, the reason it's worth it to make children, the reason it's worth it to die so our children will have room to live – the reason it's worth it to go on, to care, to hope for the lives of the biosphere, animals, plants and microbes, to go on intermingling, to go on bringing forth life on Earth – the reason we're here is the smile of joy we see on our friend's face, when se knows our friendship is real forever, and se feels connected to the earth, the sun, and all the light of the stars that brought forth our freedom to love, in this planet, in this day.

We really love God. Luvheart is our brester, our dear friend forever. What matters most to us is ser happiness, and what we can do to make ser feel good. What se does for us matters, se is our savior – but what we do for ser matters most.

God's friendship comes first. So we love each other, because that's what makes ser feel good. We love God by loving each other. Luvheart is our constant companion, when we trust ser – when we love each other se's



here, se's close, se feels good – when our love is tender our joy makes ser happy.

Our joy makes God happy. Luvheart's whole care is to bring forth joy for us – and so freedom rises from the rocks for you and me. Our living evolution raises freedom from the rocks, and we are free to love anyone, anywhere. We are free to love in pain – if you give me pain I still love you – I don't love you because you're painless. We are free to love in pleasure – if you give me pleasure I don't love you more – I don't love you because you're tasty. We are free to love in boredom – if you give me boredom I don't love you less – I don't love you because you're new. We are free to love in excitement – if you give me excitement I still love you purely – I don't love you because you're hot.

I don't love you to get something from you. I love you without hindrance, for the joy we share, for the joy I feel from the joy I see in your eyes – the joy that we are one, that you are not the Other, that I am not the Other – the joy that there is no Other.

## Death

Death is not the Other. It's worth it to die so our children will have room to live. Dying is something we do for our friends. We die for each other.

You and I die for each other, and you and I compete for survival.

Competing for survival is human, it brings forth our evolution, but our friendship comes first. You and I compete by rules of friendship. If you and I have opposing needs – if there's not enough air, or water, or food, for both of us – first, we circulate, we connect, we cooperate. We do all that friendship can do. If our friendship fails, we can fight for our lives – but we love God, our friendship is free, our friendship is real, we're loving together to find a way, we're strong together to agree on the outcome. We can use our strengths of competition – our courage and our cunning – not just to win, but to win together.

I will be honest, I have a deep urge to survive. It's an instinct, an inborn drive to pass on copies of my genes, if not exact copies then as close to it as possible, and to care for those who are carrying copies of my genes, that they may live to pass them on again. I must have this inborn drive, because my ancestors must have had it – if they didn't have it, I wouldn't be here. If your ancestors didn't have it, you wouldn't be here. You and I both have the instinct to survive, inborn, not learned, unnoticed, bone-bred.

So we care for the children. By instinct. We have an instinct to care for the children until they can make their own children, and care for them, and so pass on our genes. Our ancestors must have had the instinct to care for the children, or we wouldn't be here. So we must have it, inborn, bone-bred.

What an exacting instinct! We grow the children inside our bodies from invisible seeds, we give birth to them, we give our milk for them to suck, we hold them tenderly, we clothe them carefully, we wash them delicately, we watch them constantly. We make their food and medicine and shelter, nicely. We let them touch us, hold us, step on us, lie on us. We speak with them before they can talk, we play with them before they can match, we perform for them before they can clap. We read their books, we play their games, we go at their pace. We forgive their mistakes, their

missteps, their misunderstandings. We teach them, we train them, we untangle them.

In short, we treat them as dear loving friends, by instinct, because they need our friendship to learn to choose, to learn to plan, to learn to learn, to ripen and be ready to glow. We give our new humans real friendship by instinct. We kiss them with real love, with sweetest tenderness, by instinct – if we didn't do it, they wouldn't pass on our genes – if the urge to do it wasn't inborn, instinctual, genetic, we wouldn't be here.

Real friendship is an instinct, brought forth by our living evolution. Our genes are passed on because of it. Our friendship, the source of joy, the joy of Luvheart, is born and bred in nature, present at the primal creation.

So we care for our bresters. By instinct. Even if our children are strong they will fail if the community fails. We give our bresters real friendship by instinct.

With our family bresters we're dear friends forever, so our family will be strong together to support the children. With our community bresters we're dear friends forever, so our community will be strong together to build our places, our pathways, our parks, and so support the children. With our country bresters we're dear friends forever, so our country will be strong together to shelter our waters, our woods, our airways, and so support the children. With our planet bresters we're dear friends forever, so our planet will be strong together to deliver our seaways, our word streams, our biosphere, and so support the children.

You and I are bresters, no matter where you are. No place is unheard, no place is unseen, no place is unsung. You're a real human, the same as me. You love and are loved, the same as me. Your voice counts, the same as mine.

Your voice counts, the same as mine.

We give each other real friendship, by instinct, so our children will survive. You, yes you, and I are real friends, as are all humans, a working net of seven and a half billion friends. The outer net, the web of Others – unknowns – not real humans – has become the internet of real faces and individual voices, and no more do humans tag Others on this Earth our home.

We love God, we're free to love. If you don't know how to say it, even to say it to yourself, love isn't always said. If you feel resentment toward me – me, a male white American – love isn't always untroubled. If you feel wrath toward me for some reason, love isn't always serene. Even if you feel hatred toward me, and you seek to injure me, love isn't always innocent. Now, we forgive our mistakes, our missteps, our misunderstandings. Our friendship comes first.

Luvheart is saving us. Se's saving the children, freely, constantly, abundantly.

Se's saving us from panic. Save us, I cry, when confusion takes charge of the world, and the ground I stand on starts to melt away. There are no Others to mark what I am not – then what am I? Who is my friend? And how will I know my children are mine?

In earlier times, foreigners were Others – now foreigners are real humans, the same as me – then what is an American? Nonwhite humans were Others – now they are real humans, the same as me – then what is a white human? Female humans were Others – now they are real humans, the same as me – then what is a male human?

I try to cling on to the Others of earlier times, but they're not here, I have to invent them, every day, again and again. For a while I think I know what I am – or what I am not – but I'm wandering in a dream, I'm blind to the present dangers – our Earth warms, our population grows – and my made up Male White American starts to dry, and fade, and shrink. The panic is worse than before – what am I? What is there to live for?

You save me. God is saving us with our friendship. I know what I am – I'm your friend. We love God, our friendship is free, we love in freedom. I know my child is mine, my child and I are loving friends, he's the one who was born my friend, friends from birth.

Luvheart is saving all the planet Earth from panic. You are my friend, your friend is my dear friend, the friend of your friend is my dear friend forever. The entire population of humans is an unbroken web of friendship.

The people in the city, walking, standing, every one of them is my dear friend forever. We don't know each other, we haven't unwrapped our friendship, but we might one day – anyone in the city, in all the cities, might one day know me, and unwrap our friendship with me. The people in the cars, freeways full of cars, as I drive my car I can't see them, but they're in every car, and every one of them is my dear friend forever. Anyone in the cars, anyone in any car, might one day know me, and unwrap our friendship with me.

You might one day know me, and unwrap our friendship with me. You are my dear friend forever.

Our friendship is worth living for.

You are worth living for.

The murky dust of time has rocked us free. The serpentine separate paths of all the humans, from the earliest times, journeying to the unexplored, searching for the future, have joined, unswervingly joined in freedom, tangible and whole.

We're alive together in a time that only comes once in the life of a planet – the time when all war ends. War is ending now. It has to end, there is no Other left to battle. In earlier times every family was the Other. In the living evolution of friendship, distant families ended their wars and connected in villages. Then distant villages ended their wars and connected in towns. In the same way towns made kingdoms, kingdoms made empires, and always, as territories became larger they became fewer, there were fewer Others left to battle, until one day there were only two, dividing the Earth in halves, East and West.

Only two Others were left to battle, West and East, and cushioning their borders, suffering ones squeezed between the two – brave ones resisting being crushed in the giant clamp – Korea, Russia, the Middle East, Africa, Vietnam.

At last, in the living evolution of friendship, in their turn the last two Others connected in – what? What shall we call a connection that has no Other left to battle? A planetdom? If I belong to this planetdom, what shall I call myself? A terrazen?

The outer net became the internet, and no place is unheard, no place is unseen, no place is unsung. You and I are bresters, no matter where you are, and your voice counts, the same as mine.

All class privilege is ending.

Your voice counts, the same as mine, and all class privilege is ending. Male privilege is ending while war is ending. If you are a male human, now,

in place of male privilege you have our dear friendship forever. Privilege of wealth is ending while war is ending. If you are wealthy, now, in place of privilege of wealth you have our dear friendship forever. Privilege of skilled labor is ending while war is ending. If your work is highly skilled, now, in place of privilege of skilled labor you have our dear friendship forever.

Male humans don't need male privilege – they circulate better without it. Wealthy humans don't need privilege of wealth – they connect better without it. Humans doing work that is highly skilled don't need privilege of skilled labor – they cooperate better without it.

Men don't need male privilege. I'm a man – if you're a man, freedom rises from the rocks for you and me. Our friendship is free, we're free to kiss with real love, with sweetest tenderness, without having to stay in line, without having to lay in sex.

War is ending. Our love is free. We can still compete against each other. We can still join together and compete against another side – compete with toughness, compete with serious menace – but our friendship comes first. You and I compete by rules of friendship. I love competition, I'll do whatever it takes to win, by the rules. We're free to play the game. We're free to play every game.

War is ending. If you kiss me with real love, you won't be betraying your friends. Your friends are my friends, my friends are your friends. We're free to be close together. We're free to be safe together. We're free to be gentle together. We can be strong and close, strong and safe, strong and gentle at the same time.

Our love can have strength – sometimes it can have toughness – sometimes, even, serious menace – because we love God.

The joy of God is our constant companion, as we trust ser, as we help each other. Whether you're a man or a woman, our love is free no matter what. If some day you feel resentment toward me, if you feel even wrath, or even hatred – if you are stalking about like a roaring lion because I treated you with scorn – if, because you weren't American I didn't see your face, because you weren't white I didn't hear your voice, because you weren't male I didn't prize your work – I say I'm sorry, for our friendship. I apologize, even if my fault was unintended, even if your anger is excessive, for our friendship I say I'm sorry.

We love God no matter what, because se's the source of joy. When you and I feel hatred, when you and I feel fear at others' hatred, we love Luvheart – se's here, se's close, se is our brester, our dear friend forever. If I doubt that you love me, because I fear your hatred, I still don't doubt that you love God – even if you can't say it. The thing that I want most of all is to make God feel good – so I quiet my fear, I still my mind, I trust God to give me time, to give me truth, I wait for God's truth, for God's time – and I say I'm sorry.

Now, we forgive our mistakes, our missteps, our misunderstandings. God's friendship comes first – so we love each other, because that's what makes ser feel good – when our love is tender, our joy makes ser happy.

The thing that I want most of all is to make Luvheart feel good.

Luvheart is smart joy – I can't give ser more joy – but we can give ser happiness by the joy of our friendship. Our joy makes ser happy. We make ser happy – not me alone. I can't make Luvheart feel good by myself. I need your help to gain the thing I want most of all. Brester, we'll do it, we'll gain the thing we want most of all, we're bresters, we're free, we'll help each other.

Se is our savior.



The one God of everything that exists, the most high, the almighty God, is saving us with our friendship. You are saving us. Your voice counts, your face shows, your strand in the unbroken web of real human friendship meshes.

Smart joy is our constant companion, as we trust God, but happiness comes and goes. I'm happy when you're healthy and whole, when we're together and one, but sickness and separation come. When sickness and separation come I lose part of you, when death comes I lose all of you – but I don't lose the joy our friendship. Together or apart, the joy of our friendship is alive, we never lose it.

Sickness and separation may come, dear brester, death may come. You might one day know me, and unwrap our friendship with me. Then, if death comes to you, I'll feel the pain of your loss, the loss of my tender loving friend, my real friend. If you are in my family I'll feel that pain, and also an additional pain, the pain passed down with the genes of my ancestors, the pain when the survival of my genes is threatened. If you are very young, a child, even if you're not in my family, I'll feel that additional pain for you also, the pain when the survival of the children, and all of our future, is threatened.

There is danger of many deaths to come, in this time of population explosion, when there are far too many of us on Earth. The numbers of new humans were too large for us to assimilate, to tolerate. Our homeland began to coagulate, to fragment, to disintegrate. Now, God is saving us from extinction, and our world has begun to circulate, to connect, to cooperate more than any time before. The population will steady, the birthrate will settle – but for a time, while there are so many of us, there are more ways for death to come than ever. Serious menace has come to you and me, the children need us – our love is free – our love has strength, our

love has toughness, our love has serious menace. God is saving us from extinction with our friendship.

Death has always come, death will always come, and it's worth it to die so our children will have room to live. Which is to say, it's worth it to die for evolution, so our living evolution can bring forth the joy of real friendship. Which is to say, it's worth it to die for joy.

Joy is worth any price. Joy is worth the pain of death, and any pain. The wheel of pain and pleasure is no longer aimless – it has a destination. The circle of attraction and aversion, present in the electric poles of the atoms, present at the primal creation, is no longer mindless – it has a mind and a soul, it has the joy of Luvheart, it has the one care of God to bring forth real friendship in this planet, in this day.

It is the source of joy for you and me. It's worth it to die for you, my dear friend forever.

You're worth dying for.

The reason we're here is the smile of joy we see on our friend's face, when se knows our friendship is real forever.

We die for each other.

I die for you, dear brester.

## Rebirth

The savior has come to this world. You and I have our savior. Se's not coming some day. Se's not coming soon. Se's not coming tomorrow. Se has come. The waiting is over.

Se's here, se's close, se feels good. We live with ser.

We live with Luvheart. We eat with Luvheart. We sleep with Luvheart. I'm writing this with Luvheart.

We work with Luvheart. We love God together, and I work for you, dear brester.

I work for you. Not just words, not just talk – you're my real friend, I pay attention to your needs, I consider your feelings. If you are hurting I work to help you.

I work. I have a backbone. I don't just speak up for you, I show up, I clean up, I work with my hands, I work in the dirt.

If you are hurting I work to help you. If I don't know you, if we live in far away places, I can work to help your friend – I'm helping you when I help someone to help you. If I don't know your friend, I should know, I would help, the friend of the friend of the friend of the friend of your friend – we're separated by only a few degrees of acquaintance.

So far I've been fortunate. I've never been exhausted all day, every day, working to exhaustion for years to get enough money to live because money was so hard to get, there wasn't enough money in the world. If you are exhausted, working to exhaustion every day, I'm working to help you.

There will be enough money in the world. War is ending – it's war that swallows the money to live, burns it, explodes it, hides it. Now, there are no Others to battle, we're free to love, I'm free to work for you. There will be enough money – God's here, how could money be lacking? – we live with God, we work with God.

If you are far away, if I don't know you to help you, I'm working to help your friend, or the friend of your friend – there are no Others, the chain of friendship is unbroken, an unbroken web reaching every place, every voice.

I work. I eat my bread in the sweat of my face, for our friendship. I till the soil for my bread. I love the dirt.

I love the dirt. The dirt of the Earth gives us strength – it makes the air breathable, it makes the ocean livable. The smells of the dirt are smells of life, smells of decay and growth. You and I are stopping the poisoning of the dirt with poison oil and soot. The dirt is alive, the air smells of life, the ocean is living, and the sun who powers all life on Earth is gentled by that sheltered garden of life.

I love the blind bugs of the dirt, worms, millipedes and microbes, interlacing under the surface. They're in the dark, they don't know the result in advance, and they do their work with touching and tasting, they meet their quotas of food production, brewing food for hungry roots, in the dark. The blind bugs of the dirt aren't afraid of the dark, they love surprises.

The dirt isn't dirty.

We love God.

The dirt isn't dirty, it's a food factory we can trust, it converts former life forms into food for future life forms. Seen up close the dirt is sparkling clean – a shiny factory floor.

I love the blind bugs of the dirt inside you and me – no worms or millipedes, I hope, just microbes – trillions of them, invisible to the eye, but vital living cells in sensible shapes. They produce food for us, inside us, in the dark. They convert former life forms we have swallowed into food that our cells can swallow. They're not afraid of the dark, the dirt inside us isn't dirty, it's a sparkling clean food factory.

And the factory waste that comes out of us in measured lots isn't dirty, when it gets back to the dirt outside us for it's next conversion. That waste isn't dirty, it doesn't need to be handled by special words – medical words, street words, baby words – squeamish words. It needs regular words, like arm and leg, words you don't notice every time you use them. Instead of excrement I say tosh (rhymes with wash) and toshing. Instead of intestinal gas I say tef (rhymes with deaf) and teffing. Instead of urine I say sep (rhymes with step) and sepping.

Those blind bugs of the dirt inside you and me, keep us alive, make the food we need to live. They do good work, but they're only microbes, not magicians. If we give them junk to work with they get overworked, and they die, and we get sick. I love my bugs, I wouldn't be here without them, I try to give them good food to work with – they don't need fine food, they're well satisfied with good plain food.

So far I've been fortunate. I've never been starving, I've never felt the sharp bite of many days without enough food, for myself, my family, my community. If you're starving I'm bringing you food, now. I can't stand it if you're starving, even if you have food but your food isn't good, I'm bringing food to you, I'm circulating through the centers, I'm connecting to the leaders, I'm cooperating with the partners, I can do it even though I'm weak because you're my brester and I won't let my brester starve.

There will be enough good food.

There will be enough good food in the world – war is ending. You and I are stopping the poisoning of the dirt, the blind bugs of the dirt are brewing food for hungry roots. We have the planes, we have the phones, we have the worldwide working net of friendships. The women, for our friendship, will decide the acceptable number of childbirths each day for the Earth, and the birth rate will settle, the population will steady. There won't be too many of us on Earth, the forests will sponge our smoke from the sky, the bugs will scrub our oil and soot from the dirt, and the oceans will be livable, really alive, a cradle of wild, bounding life.

The sun who powers all life on Earth will be gentled by this sheltered garden of life.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me, brester. We're free to love so close to a star that we can feel its heat. A gigantic blast of atomic fire, our sun, our star, could boil our oceans dry in minutes if we were too close. All our air would burn in the tiniest lick of its flame. Yet our thin skin of air around our small ball of a planet gentles that star, softens that gigantic blast of light and heat and shooting rays and zooming particles and magnetic storms and mass ejections – and we walk in the sunlight on a fine day in a cool breeze, safely sheltered by our thin skin of air around our small ball of a planet.

Our skin of air is thin, but it knows about blasting sun fire – it knows what to shield and what to filter, what to keep and what to scatter. Our magnificent air, the clouds in the sky, the wind in my face, the breath, the blue – is made by the biosphere, all the animals, plants and microbes of the planet interlacing to sponge and filter and restore our magnificent air – to keep it breathable, to keep it strong and smart in the blast of fire from the sun.

The biosphere keeps us alive, it makes the breath, the blue, that we need to live. It does good work, but it's only a multitude of life forms intermingling, not a magician. If we give it too much smoke to sponge, it gets overworked, and the air gets overheated, and our welcome on Earth gets overstayed.

We love God. We're free to love so close to a star that we can feel its heat. We kiss each other, dear brester, and you and I will stop the global conflagration. War is ending, our overheated lives will cool off. We know our mistake – too much smoke comes from too many fires. We know what to do, we don't need to get hot running from the truth. The hottest fires are the fires of coal and oil that make our electricity and run our cars – so we'll make our electricity with sun and water and wind, instead of coal, and we'll run our cars with electricity, instead of oil. If making such a big change brings us hurting, for our friendship I'll accept hurting – besides, hurting is less where there is friendship.

Our magnificent air, the breath, the blue, will again be our sweet clear air.

We love God. We're free to love, we're free to breathe.

What do you love? Tell me. We're safe here.

You love me. We're safe here.

You die for me. We're safe here, dear friend forever, real friend, dear brester.

Feel the freedom. In the sun, and the stars, and the galaxies, feel the joy of God.

Breathe free, dear brester.

Our magnificent air, the breath, the blue, will again be our sweet clear air.

Smell the air, feel the air, hear the air – there's a song in the air. Listen – this is the time of peace on Earth.

Conflict isn't ending – we're starting to unwrap our dear friendships, the worldwide net of real friendship is just starting to be unwrapped. Still, this is the time of peace on Earth – the joy of God has revealed our brotherhood, and the global consciousness is receiving it, for all of our conflict and will to defiance, we know our friendship comes first.

This is the time for it. The time for it to happen, not just be talked about. The time for us to live it, not just talk about it. The time to enter the valley with, yes, the magnificent air – and the mighty trees, and the flowering meadows, and the fertile fields, and the abundant wildlife living naturally, wildlife living wildly and freely, not because they stopped being fierce, but because we have ready means to avoid harm. The time to enter the valley, not in dewy-eyed innocence, but with all the knowledge of lived evolution, this time also to know the tree of life, God's promised life of wholeness, the primal source of really living in this world. The time for all living humans, not just for a select remnant – the time for seven and a half billion humans to enter the living valley without hindrance together, not each for herself, but each for her real friend, because without real friendship it's just a valley.

This is the time for it. War is ending – which is to say, fratricide is ending – violent killing of humans, by humans, is ending. Since Cain killed Abel, our greatest fear, our nightmare, has been violent death from the hands of Others – so, to prevent our nightmare from coming true we tried to kill them first, we violently killed the Others, in wars, in inquisitions, in private enmities – and the Others had the same fear, so they tried to kill us



first, thereby increasing our fear, in a self-perpetuating cycle. Now, there are no Others, we love the one God of everything that exists, the God of our living evolution that brings forth real friendship inevitably, that brings forth bresterhood by instinct, by the inborn circulation and connection and cooperation of all things.

Bresterhood is the organizing principle of reality. It reconciles enemies. All forms of enmity, from indifference to hatred, are natural phases in the evolution of real friendship.

Now, inevitably, by instinct, by gradual, natural steps, you and I realize joy – we know joy of loving God together in everyday life, feeling it without being able to really say it, feeling it and not hearing it really said by others, in private or in public. But we see the signs of the new consciousness, the brester culture replacing the war culture, the person-to-person increase of calmness and patience and sympathy. Now, I lift my voice and say it – this is the time of peace on Earth – the savior has come to this world – now, I'm only saying what you have been feeling, and trying to say, and maybe even really saying it yourself. If my voice of one is the first to be lifted, yours may be the next – many voices of one may follow, as many as there are terrazens – no voice is unheard.

Yours may be the next.

It doesn't matter who you are.

It doesn't matter who you are – you and I can make the one God of everything that exists feel good. We can make Luvheart feel good with our dear friendship, our real love forever. We can make the most high, the almighty God feel good, not because we are superior, but because real friendship is superior – bresterhood is the superior creation of all time and space, the work of the ages of living evolution, the reason for the immensities of the galaxies – and the reason we're here, the reason for us.

The reason for you and me, each with immensities of galaxies inside us, to seek and explore in our everyday caring and paying attention, to bring forth our bresterhood, to love God without hindrance together.

You and I can do the thing that we want most of all, we can make God feel good – and we're already doing it. No fooling, it's happening, we're living it – Luvheart is saving us from hopelessness – the waiting is over – the saving has already started. It's here, it feels good – se's here, se feels good. We feel it, we're just not focusing on it yet, so much else demands our attention for the time being. Loud alarms from all sides of imminent unspecified dangers – yes, real killing and hurting too, but less in fact than formerly and still diminishing. Mainly alarms, arguments, uncertainty, indecision – only to be expected at a time of worldwide transformation. Still, through the twittering and the tramping we feel it, we see the signs of the new consciousness, the person-to-person increase of calmness and patience and sympathy.

You and I are living it – we're bresters already. If we haven't yet unwrapped our friendship together – we might, someday, but even if that doesn't happen – we're already connected to the unbroken worldwide net of friendships. The spreading of bresterhood the world over happened already, while we weren't looking – it happened by itself, without prodding. When I know my brester, when my brester and I are close, as I love ser, as I care for ser happiness, so I care for ser other friendships – I care for ser other bresters. Those bresters have other bresters – not just acquaintances, but real friends, dear friends forever, who have unwrapped their friendship together – and so the net widens from strand to strand, by itself, without prodding, link to link from me to you, wherever we are on the planet.

We're already doing it, all our strands are enmeshed in the unbroken web, in various degrees of awareness, in various stages of friendships unwrapped. The awareness is increasing, the unwrapping is proceeding because, really, because this is the time for it – it's happening around me,

bresters are uniting, and I don't need urging, this is what I want most of all, my bresters don't need urging, we're already doing it, we feel this is the time for it, so we increase it, we proceed.

You and I are bresters, even if we don't know each other. If by chance we meet, as soon as we meet we'll know that we're bresters – with various degrees of awareness. We don't have to know each other, we don't have to know the strands of friends that connect us link to link – the unbroken web is alive, we can feel everyone's strand enmeshed, everyone's link bonded. You and I are bresters, we love God, we're free to love, we're dear friends forever, even if we don't know each other. If I don't know the galaxies inside you, your unique life, still I know you're worth dying for – there's no limit to our real love forever, if we are given the time to show it. We're not perfect, sometimes we might give each other pain or boredom – real love is forever, I don't love you because you're painless, or because you're new.

I have to say it – the time may come that, by custom, when strangers are introduced they will kiss instead of shake hands, not a lingering kiss, but a kiss of real love, of sweetest tenderness.

You would think people would be more cautious than that – you would think people would want to know who they're kissing. When you meet me for the first time, you don't really know what kind of person I am – you don't know who I have hurt before, or who I am hurting now. When I meet you for the first time, there are immensities of galaxies that are unknown to me. But – even if you're a stranger – I know you love God, though you may not know how to say it, though you may not know how to say it even to yourself. We love God, and so we kiss each other. When I meet you for the first time, I wouldn't be careless, that would be uncaring – I wouldn't tell you all my secrets – but the time may come that I would kiss you, by custom, instead of shake hands we would kiss, not a lingering kiss, but a kiss of real love, of sweetest tenderness.

We love God, dear brester. The peace at the heart of life is for you and me. The peace at the heart of life is for dear friends forever – not for one alone with no brester, but everyone alone is my brester – not for several in a group with no bresters – but everyone in every group is my brester.

Peace is for you and me together. True peace – but not slumber. The children need us. Serious menace has come to you and me. For a time, there are more ways for death to come than ever, and our love has toughness, our love has serious menace. There are so many of us – but the population will steady, the birth rate will settle.

Today means – while the Earth rotates once. 24 hours to spin one time. As I see the hours go by, I feel this great mass of rock turning. Today on this great mass of rock, 360,000 new humans were born, each one a joyful celebration. What a lot of joyful celebrations in one day – almost, I think, too many for a planet this size, it's a big planet, but still it seems hard to do justice to so many births in a day, hard to give each one the joyful attention it deserves. Maybe 50,000 births would be enough for our planet in one day – 50,000 births create a lot of joy.

Today on this great mass of rock, 160,000 people died, and so, balancing from the deaths of previous days, 160,000 funerals took place, each one a solemn memorial. As with the births, almost, I think, this is too many solemn memorials for our planet in one day – what a lot of solemn memorials. Maybe 50,000 funerals would be enough for our planet in one day, to give each one the honoring recognition it deserves.

50,000 funerals console a lot of grief, and 50,000 births create a lot of joy. If those were the actual numbers for today, the population wouldn't have grown or diminished – instead, today it grew by 200,000 – and the same yesterday, and the day before. 50,000 births and deaths per day would be the numbers expected for a steady worldwide population of about 2 billion – about the size of the population when I was born. Maybe 2

billion of us on Earth would be a sustainable number to aim for, as we cool down our fires and heal our biosphere – as the women decide the number of childbirths each day on Earth, with vigilance, gradually fewer than now, a balanced, precise number.

Today, the savior of this world is here, is close. Luvheart is saving us from hopelessness. You and I are already living the worldwide transformation. You and I will stop the global conflagration, and you're worth dying for.

I die for you, dear brester.

Our friendship is worth living for.

You're worth living for.

I live for you, dear brester.

We really want to really live, and this is the real thing. Are you ready for it? Am I ready for the global culture of bresterhood, for perpetual joy in the smiles I see on my bresters' faces, for the reconciliation of the natural world and the loving heart, for the tangible realization of our real love forever in our everyday lives, at home, at work, at community affairs – for the source of joy, for the heart of everything that exists – for the restitution of all things – for the truth of all things?

Of course I'm not ready for it, without you.

With you, together, I'm ready.

With you, together, I see the physical world bringing forth our friendship in the primal creation. I see the immensities of the galaxies, the whirling revolutions, the shattering collisions, the devouring explosions,

inevitably bearing towards a safe haven, and the tender curves of a baby's fingers.

With you, together, I see the reason for everything, the reason anything exists, the reason there is something instead of nothing, is to bring forth our dear friendship forever – not just ours, but any such friendship – not just with humans, but with all God-loving life forms on other planets, however many they be.

With you, together, I see the time for it is now. I'm ready. Before – I didn't see, I wasn't ready for your dear friendship. I didn't really see you – I didn't see your loving heart, I didn't see you loving God. If you are one of my family or friends from before, I'm sorry, I didn't really show up for you, or move over – I didn't really speak up for you, or listen near. I brought hurting with mistakes and missteps and misunderstandings. I'm sorry.

I pray for you. I pray to the joy of God, not with words, that the hurting I brought you will be healed. Not with words, I remember you, and I pray that God give you constant comfort and strength with your bresters – because real friendship comforts every pain, strengthens every weakness.

Now, I see you, you're my dear brester. I haven't become painless, I haven't become new, but I can pay attention to your needs, I can consider your feelings. Now, if we are given the time together, we're free to kiss, we're free to gaze, and we're free to hold, each in turn to hold the other by a deep and delicate hug.

No matter who you are, I live for you, I pray for you, your voice counts. I pray that God give you constant comfort and strength with your bresters. I'm sorry if I have brought hurting to you, unknowingly or unthinkingly. Now, the future we hope for is – getting to know our bresters.

The next friend you make could be anyone – anyone in the cities, walking, standing, anyone in the roadways full of cars. The next friend I make could be anyone – anyone in the multiplicity of my city, Los Angeles, anyone in the profusion of my near vecino city, Mexico City – and anyone in the hills and valleys in between.

You might be the next friend I make.

The future we hope for is getting to know our bresters. If some day you unwrap our friendship with me, we love God, we'll feel fed and freed, complete and filled – and good. We need have no fear that a planet without war will be lacking in excitement. Getting to see what other people love is better than a movie. For us just sitting and talking will be plenty – actually, joy – in the miracle of oneness, while we are getting to know each other, in the stream of getting to know each other, unarmed, unlocked, loving God without hindrance together.

Loving God without hindrance is joy itself.

Living for you is my rebirth.

Living for you is my rebirth. Loving you as myself, because you're my brester, paying attention to your needs as I pay attention to my own needs, considering your feelings as I consider my own feelings – I have another life – I have a new life. Not owning you, not using you, but rising together in the dawn of a new day upon the Earth, in this life, in this flesh, seeing Luvheart's cool colossal clarity together.

I love you.

You're pure loveheart. I die for you. I live for you.

You live for me.

You live for me, dear brester. You may not know in detail the God of real friendship, the God of friends who really love each other – but you love ser – se's here – se feels good. You may not know me in detail, one man among many – but you love me – I too love Luvheart – I too love the God of real friendship – we love God – we love the same God.

You love me.

I'm pure loveheart. You die for me. You live for me.

It's not that I'm superior, it's that I have soul – we have soul – I'm sensitive to your loving heart – you're sensitive to my loving heart. Someday we may unwrap our friendship together, and feel the joy of God in each other, in other people, in all the Earth, together. The joy of God in the sun, and the stars, and the galaxies.

To unwrap our friendship together, to feel the joy of God in each other, wouldn't be hard – a kiss would be enough. A kiss of loving friendship is always enough, and we're free to love. We're free to kiss with real love, with sweetest tenderness, without having to stay in line, without having to lay in sex.

In the meantime, the chances are increasing that you will unwrap your bresterships. This is the time for it, we're increasing it, we're proceeding. The more it proceeds, the more we want it to proceed – it's the thing we want most, to give God happiness by the joy of our friendship.

So we proceed – we enter the valley, you and I together. Our path is lighted by the spirit of truth – we see it together, not in separation. We are satisfied that we love each other, that we love God – we feel it together, not in separation. And we are together, at last, the waiting is over – se has



come. All bresters are together now, and all are bresters. We're together forever now, even when we're apart.

No matter where you are, we're together now. No matter what your skinship is, we're together now. I say skinship, meaning the people with a similar skin color to yours. All the beautiful shades of skinship, some lighter than mine, some darker. Some older than mine, some younger. Some firmer than mine, some softer.

No matter what your skinship is, we're bresters. If you are a black American you are my brester, you can have a gun, you can be my boss – and you can fire your gun, you can fire me – we're dear friends forever, we lay down the past, we cast aside the schism of skinship.

All the beautiful shades of skinship.

You don't have some skin, you have a skin. Your skin is one of your organs, the organ on the outside – not inside of you, but still you, definitely you, every inch you. Your skin looks good. I like your skin.

I like your skin.

Your skin looks good. You're good looking. Not everyone is a movie star, not everyone is a beauty queen – but all humans are good looking, aren't they?

If you are a movie star, if you are a beauty queen, I love you anyway. I'm not prejudiced – I don't want to worship you, I don't want to possess you. You're my dear brester, we love God, we're free to love each other.

I don't want to lay in sex with you, unless you're the only one. The only one I want to lay in sex with is my destined bedmate, the one I want to stay with, the one I want to grow new humans with. If you and I feel

physically affectionate, it's not a sex emergency. With bresters, there's no pressure to lay in sex. In the brester culture, sex compulsion is ending. Sex, money and power aren't compulsions, because they're bound to the children – the children need us. We're bound to the children – sex is caring for the children – money is caring for the children – power is caring for the children.

Mental illness isn't ending, the compulsions of mental illness aren't ending – but they're diminishing. If you have mental illness – emotional disorder – you're my brester. You're a real human, the same as me – and I have had mental illness myself – and I have been cured of my mental illness. I was fortunate, I had capable treatment and patient friends. You're my dear brester – real friendship comforts every pain, strengthens every weakness.

If you have an obsessive-compulsive disorder, if, say, you have the emotional compulsion to be the center of attention at all times – you're my brester. I don't blame you, I don't shame you. When you're aggravating, when you're outrageous, I don't condemn you, I know you can't control your illness without help. If you bring hurting, you're only hurting to get attention – to be the center of attention at all times, you have to bring hurting. If you are a public figure, and your hurting is on display, I don't call you a monster. You have human feelings, you know others have feelings, you just can't focus on others' feelings, your compulsion demands all of your focus all of the time. I don't call you a psychopath. I don't call you a narcissist. I say you have obsessive-compulsive disorder and you should get treatment. You're a real human, the same as me, dear brester. We love God, and so we kiss each other, with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

Real friendship comforts every pain, strengthens every weakness.

Now, whoever you are, I'm only saying what you have been feeling and trying to say, and maybe even saying it yourself. I'm not really telling

you something you don't know. You have as much to teach me about loving as I have to teach you.

Your voice of one may be the next to be lifted up.

The new global consciousness is very new, but it hasn't come suddenly, out of nowhere. This is the time of peace on Earth – of the restitution of all things – of the truth of all things – the great worldwide transformation. We're already doing it, we're already living it, it's been happening throughout my lifetime – and before that, it was prepared by progressive stages of history – and before history, it was declared in the friendships made, for the caring for the children, for the passing on of the genes. Real friendship is in our genes – brotherhood is the organizing principle of reality.

It hasn't come suddenly, still it's very new. For the first time, we have to find our identity just by what we are, with no foreign Others to show us what we are not. And that's not the greatest novelty – the greatest novelty is that we get to know ourselves in our friendships – I can't really know myself as an individual, or as a member of a group – I really know myself in my friendships, with you, together, as a duo. I guess it seems fair that the ancient conflict between the individual and society should be resolved on the middle ground of the twosome.

It's happening, we're living it. We love God, and our love for God makes us free to love each other. Our freedom has risen from the rocks themselves, through long ages, by means of many chance events. If future chance events fall against us, and our extinction comes after all, it was worth it – we had the joy of Luvheart, we had the thing we want most of all, to make God feel good. If the future Earth revolves with the galaxies, with no human voice heard – if the times of planetdom have passed on Earth, and all the loving planetdoms of the universe, however many they be, are on

other planets – it was worth it – we had friendship that felt so good we had to laugh, so good that we said well done, God.

Our times of loving planetdom are beginning. For the time being, loud alarms demand our attention – only to be expected at a time of worldwide transformation. For the time being, opinions are divided into two opposing camps, conservatives and liberals, furiously arguing with angry words, as if we were different countries, disowning each other as Others, unknowns, not real humans. We're not really Others, we're not at war. The last two Others, East and West, have connected, war is ending. Now, our Others are fantasy Others, with fantasy arguments – to stop the global conflagration we should have more self-control, or to stop the global conflagration we should have more self-expression. Which side have you been on? I admit I'm sort of liberal, but actually I'm somewhere in between, like most people, actually.

Actually, the unchecked division, the fantasy Others, are only to be expected at a time of worldwide transformation. This is the time of peace on Earth. Both sides know, liberals and conservatives know equally, the global conflagration will be stopped by both together, from two flanks, as surely as there are two words in Free Country. It will be stopped by individuals who show up and make their voices heard, and by leaders who can be trusted because they listen near to those voices, and move over for those individuals – in other words, it will be stopped by worldwide representative democracy – good will towards all.

There are two people in a real friendship. Bresters' voices are heard, bresters' leadership can be trusted. You and I will stop the global conflagration with our friendship – we show up for each other and move over, we speak up for each other and listen near. With your friends and my friends, and the friends of our friends, we make a global net of bresters. We'll bring forth worldwide representative democracy because we all are

bresters, all individuals and all leaders are bresters, and we circulate – we connect – we cooperate.

In the tracks of the homeless, we're dear friends forever.

I love your loving heart.

You and I don't have to stay in line. There are no lines around our affection. Our love has unlimited room to live and breathe.

Breathe free, dear brester.

So far I've been fortunate. I've never been homeless, truly without a place of my own, without even family or friends to rescue me. I've never had to live unsheltered for many days, or live in a public shelter myself, or my family, or my neighbors. I haven't known the fear of surviving every day exposed to the cold and heat and danger. If you are homeless, I fear with you – you're my brester, I love you as myself – I fear for you as I would fear for myself, if I were in your place. I'm working to bring you to shelter – I can't stand it if you're homeless.

There's a great fear of vast homelessness spread over the world. With you, together, I trust Luvheart. God is our dear brester. Our real love forever is stronger than fear. The children need us – we're rescuing the homeless ones. I won't let my brester stay homeless.

This is the time for it. The time to live it. The time, at last, to deal with it.

There's a great fear of vast homelessness spread over the world, because there are far too many of us on the Earth. We couldn't deal with it, we couldn't even talk about it in public – no serious proposals for a remedy have been made, that I know of. I think, we couldn't talk about it in public

because, in a war culture, any serious proposal for a remedy would call for coercion – and we seem to know by instinct, that to attempt to lower the birth rate by coercion would result in anarchy.

Now, we can talk about it in public. The savior has come to this world. War is ending. We will be saved, the population will steady, the birth rate will settle by voluntary means, with no need for coercion. In the brester culture, the women will decide the number of childbirths each day on Earth – the men will consult, the women will decide. Their decision will be precise and balanced, not fearful and combative – they will reduce the birth rate through fewer pregnancies, not through terminated pregnancies.

Women will decide, because it is inside women's bodies that babies grow, from invisible seeds to new humans with feeling hands and seeking hearts and glowing souls. Each woman will decide for herself – others will consult, she will decide. In the brester culture your voice counts the same as mine, and women's voices are heard the same as men's. In the brester culture, we'll bring forth worldwide representative democracy, because we all are bresters. All individual women are bresters, the same as individual men, and all female leaders are bresters, the same as male leaders. The worldwide population will gradually diminish, with vigilance, aiming for a sustainable number, as we cool down our fires and heal our biosphere.

There will be enough houses.

There will be enough food, and shelter, and clothing, and medicine, and security, and education, and transportation, and communication, and art, and recreation – all without giving the biosphere too much smoke to sponge. It won't come by itself, we'll all have to work for it – we'll have to show up, clean up, work with our hands, work in the dirt. For our friendship, I work for you. With you, together, I'm ready.

There will be enough, means – scarcity of necessities is ending.

No fooling. This is the time for it, our last fundamental worldwide transformation – the last one, because no more will humans tag Others on this Earth our home. So we no longer need scarcity, as a goad toward future transformations.

So we're ending it. Since we no longer need scarcity, we're ending it. We've always had it, but that doesn't mean we can't end it. We have plenty of technology, plenty of expertise, plenty of organizing skills, plenty of every kind of ability to produce the necessities of life for all. We'll need innovation – good, we have plenty of invention and creativity. We'll need smart innovation in global finance, as we convert from an economy based on ever-growing population and debt, to a more decentralized and flexible economy – one where bresters can work for each other, and provide things that are hard to put a price on, things like peace, space, relaxed company. An economy that makes time for bresters to unwrap their friendship together, to become close, to have unguarded conversations. We won't be slackers – in the brester culture we participate with joy – we don't have to be drafted.

As scarcity is ending, war is ending – and not only war. Scarcity brings war, and poverty, and injustice. As scarcity is ending, war, and poverty, and injustice are ending – but they're not ended yet. You and I have to work for it – serious menace has come to you and me, the children need us. The children who are battered by war, stunted by poverty, crushed by injustice, need us now – this is the time, at last, to deal with it. If you, now, are engulfed by war or poverty or injustice, I fear with you – you're my brester, I fear for you as I would fear for myself, if I were in your place. Our real love forever is stronger than fear. I'm working to bring you freedom from oppression – to bring you comfort and strength with your bresters.

I'm working for the exhausted, the starving, the homeless, those engulfed by war, and poverty, and injustice. All these misfortunes are

brought by scarcity of necessities, and you and I are ending scarcity – but it hasn't ended yet. Scarcity has brought forth our historical transformations, the evolution of our real friendship – and we no longer need it. This is the time to deal with it. I can't stand it if you fade under scarcity. I won't let my brester fade under scarcity.

Luvheart is saving us. Se's saving the children, freely, constantly, abundantly.

You save me. God is saving us with our friendship.

The saving has already started, means – the waiting is over – we are saved, now and forever, world without end.

We love God. All things work together for good to us.

We are saved, not because pain is ended, but because our friendship is worth any pain – our friendship is stronger than pain. Now, in the new consciousness, in the brester culture, we are freed – our spirits are free to rise, our hearts are free to really love, and our souls are free to really know the ones we love. When pain comes, our brester helps our infirmities – God saves us, frees us, heals us with our friendship.

The waiting is over.

So we proceed – we enter the valley with the magnificent air and the mighty trees. We're here now – look around, the place where you are. The living valley is this world, now – this world now, not this world soon, not this world someday. I look around the place where I am, and I see trusting. The people outside are being themselves – they look unafraid, walking like themselves, dressing like themselves. In times I remember, in the scarcity culture, people looked more alike, hiding their individuality, conforming to a



few acceptable roles. In the scarcity culture, really, we had to take care not to look like a foreign spy.

I look around, and people look unafraid – we trust each other more. I know, my place now is Los Angeles, California, not Kansas City, Missouri. Well, across the street from me there lives a married couple who both grew up in Kansas City. They have modest manners, compared to me, but they're not repressed, they're not afraid.

We trust each other more, because to stop the global conflagration, to end scarcity, we know we all have to cooperate.

We trust each other more, because we have the planes, we have the phones, we have the worldwide working net, and we know that anyone, anywhere, might connect with us, might be the next friend we make.

We trust each other more because the soul of God has revealed our bretherhood, that as we turn to each other we turn to God, and as we turn away from each other we turn away from God – so, for the hope of God's constant companionship, we don't leave anybody out, we don't isolate – we circulate.

It doesn't matter who you are, man or woman, old or young, married or not married – you and I enter the living valley without hindrance together. If someday you unwrap your friendship with me, we trust each other, we're not afraid to try it. I sense your sweetness – your original sweetness, the sweetness of your loving heart. You sense my original sweetness, and we feel fed and freed. We can't possess this sweetness, it's not an object of pleasure, it's the joy of loving God without hindrance together. I don't love you to get something from you, but I do get something – I get to see what you love. Getting to see what you love is better than a movie. So we kiss each other with real love, with sweetest tenderness, the kiss that warms our trust and seals our love and lifts our freedom. Then I look at you, our eyes

meet, just our smiling gazes meeting feels complete, feels filled – really, this is joy itself. We may just have to laugh – sometimes our friendship feels so good we have to laugh. Then we hold – each in turn holds the other by a deep and delicate hug – and we know the reason we’re here.

We know the reason we’re here – we know our friendship is real forever, and we feel connected to the Earth, the sun, and all the light of the stars that brought forth our freedom to love, in this planet, in this day.

It doesn’t matter if you’re a child – I’m a lot older than you, and you’re still my dear brester. If you’re my grandchild, don’t worry, you’re my dear brester, and I’m still your grandfather. If you’re a child, it’s worth it to me to die someday so your children will have room to live. Dying is something we do for our friends – it’s worth it to die for the evolution of real friendship. It’s worth it to die for joy.

Living for you is my rebirth. Loving you as myself, because you’re my brester – I have a new life. Not owning you, not using you, but rising together in the dawn of a new day upon the Earth.

Well done, Luvheart. Se won’t let you down. Faith is letting God love you on ser own, without constant monitoring. Let ser. Let ser. Let ser.

Trust ser. Se won’t let you down.

With you, rising together in the dawn of a new day, I trust ser.

I know my joy by knowing your joy.

I know the real me, the whole me, only in our real friendship. Before, I knew two parts of me – I knew my common ground – the community, the planet, the universe in me – and I knew my individual ego – me by myself.

Now, I know the third part, the part that completes me. Our brestership is essentially me, the part of me that makes me whole.

I'm not scared. You're not my ball and chain, pulling me down. You're my rebirth, a new life, lifting my heart and expanding my love, all my days.

All my days.

Real joy isn't for just a moment. We kiss, and gaze, and hug, for a moment – and when that moment is past, we're still here, in the living valley. We're still living together in the planetdom of Terra. We still know the joy of getting to know each other freely, everywhere on the whole planet, every day of our whole lives.

I know my joy by knowing your joy.

With you, together, I'm ready for it – I'm ready to know my joy by knowing your joy – I'm ready to see the source of joy, the heart of everything that exists – I'm ready to really live.

With you, together, I have a perfect brightness of hope – we're here, we exist, that we might have joy. The reason for the primal creation of the physical world, is to bring forth our real friendship, that comforts every pain, strengthens every weakness.

Thank you, dear brester. There's nothing sweeter on the planet than our dear friendship. If I ever doubt that you love me, I don't doubt that you love God – and I pray for our brestership, without words, I remember you, I sense your sweetness – I sense your needs, for comfort and strength – I sense your feelings for your other bresters – for the ones you pray for – I sense that I love you wholly, with the vitality of the primal creation – I love you as myself – and I'm satisfied – I don't doubt, I don't fear – I know our

brestership comes from God – our friendship is free, always and everywhere, because we love God.

We love God because our bresters come from God.

Our joy makes God happy. Luvheart's whole care is to bring forth joy for us.

We exist that we might have joy. Our joy is in our existence. Your sweetness is in your atoms, in your electrons. We don't leave anything out – star clusters, electron clouds, mud clumps, bring forth joy for us.

Real friendship comforts every pain, even the pain of terror.

Terror isn't the Other, it's just fear that is too much for us. Terrorists aren't the Other, they're just soldiers – they're not breaking rules of war, because war means – you do whatever you have to to win. Terrorists are terrifying – and war is ending.

The place where you are, outdoors or indoors, in your room, in your bed when you are sleeping, with other people or alone – the place where you are, now, is brester country. Everyone there, anyone who comes there, is your brester.

If the place where you are is a place of terror – if you, now, are crushed by injustice, battered by war, stunted by poverty – help is on the way – you're in brester country. I fear for you as I would fear for myself if I were in your place – I'm working to help you – everybody's doing it, we're ending scarcity together – and ending scarcity is about the urgency of right now, as well as our tender restoration to our planet.

Ending scarcity is about the urgent help for bresters in places engulfed by terror. Help is on the way from outside, and also from inside.

You are changing, there – you are getting strength and comfort from your bresters. Your crushers, and batterers, and stunters, are changing, there – they are doing it too – they are unwrapping their friendships – we love the same God.

They aren't villains. There are no more villains, and no more heroes. In the worldwide transformation, each of us goes at ser own speed, and we all are helped. Everybody wants to end scarcity. Terrorist is nobody's first choice for a job. You're in brester country, and help is on the way.

Our Earth warming epically with the decades is terrifying – and you and I will stop the global conflagration. It's hard, though, for us to work together when we're terrified. It's hard to show up, it's hard to speak up. It's hard to pray. Our minds and bodies are weak.

Real friendship strengthens every weakness. If I'm terrified it's hard to focus on God -- good, I make God feel good by focusing on my brester. It seems hard, though, to focus even on my bresters when I'm terrified. Still, there is one brester, one child, I don't know ser, but I think of ser, standing up in the way of harm – and as soon as I think of ser, the pain and weakness of terror are forgotten, and I see my path, to do what I can to protect the children.

It's not charity, it's not heroism – it's instinct, the inborn urge to pass on the human genes – but it's an instinct that has evolved through historical transformations, an instinct that has become the global culture of bresterhood.

If you are a child, you're my brester. If you are a child, and you ask – what hope is there for planet Earth – when it's warming and warming? The hope for planet Earth is – our brestership gets better every day.

Today, we see the living valley of global bresterhood, dimly. Tomorrow, we will see it better. You will see it better than your parents, and your children will see it better than you.

The planet Earth has a beautiful future. All we need to stop the warming is for everybody to do it, together. I'm guessing everybody wants it – we're free – we might start doing it, together, any day – any minute.

Really, we have already started. It's happening – everybody wants it. Who says so? Bresters are saying it, person-to-person. Soon, our phones and TVs will be saying it by the gigabyte.

Our brestership gets better every day.

Tomorrow, we will see it better than today.

Today, we see it better than yesterday.

I see my path, to do what I can to protect the children.

The child who makes me forget my terror isn't my child – se's my brester. Se's the restitution of all things – the truth of all things.

Se comes from God.

We love God because our bresters come from God.

I thank God because my bresters come from God.

Our children are our bresters. Our friendship is stronger than family, stronger than terror. If destruction rains down, if the air we breathe grows hard, and we have nothing left but our friendship – there is nothing we can do – then all is well, nothingness is God's flower garden. Let us not mourn,

let us only wait for God, sense Luvheart's sweetness together, and se will make something from nothing – God will bring forth from nothing a marvelous work and a wonder – the sweetest blessings, the richest rewards – beauty beyond imagining.

Now, I do what I can to protect the children. The children, our bresters, need us. You and I together will put out the fire, blot out the burning, stop the global conflagration.

We'll care for the children now, henceforth and forever.

To care for the children we have to get to know our bresters – and love it.

Getting to know you, living for you, I know a full measure of joy forever.

Thank you, dear brester. There's nothing sweeter on the planet than our dear friendship.

Our friendship is stronger than fear. Our friendship is stronger than pain.

Our friendship is stronger than war.

This is the time of peace on Earth – now I make peace with others – now I make peace with myself.

I make peace with myself by making peace with my brester. I look in your eyes and I see you love God, I see the freedom in your soul – I see that your spirit and your sense, your heart and your voice, all show your love for God – that we love the same God.

Your soul is free.

We're free to love each other.

So war ends between you and I – and at the same time, my war with myself ends, my inner war ends – my own warring sides agree that I love God – that we love the same God.

I look in your eyes and I see, in the joy of our freedom, our friendship is stronger than war – now, we make peace.

Now, we make peace.

Now, we make peace.

The peace at the heart of life is for you and me.

Your soul is free.

Your soul is free.

We're free together.

Injustice is ending for you and me.

Injustice, and war, and poverty are ending on Earth.

Scarcity of necessities is ending on Earth. You and I are ending scarcity.

You and I love the same God. Our souls are free to end scarcity together.



We're already doing it. We're ending scarcity with our friends.

We're ending scarcity for our friends.

I live for you, dear brester. In the ups and downs of everyday life, on the everyday wheel of pain and pleasure, I pay attention to your needs, I consider your feelings. The wheel of pain and pleasure is no longer aimless, it has a destination – it has the joy of Luvheart. We enter the living valley – we have reached the destination of the universe – and we see the valley sights, as we live together, as we get to know the immensities of galaxies inside our bresters.

Darkness is – not knowing the result ahead of time – and I have a perfect brightness of hope that I'll get to know you, I'll get to see what you love. I don't know the result ahead of time – but your friendship comes first.

Your real friendship comes first, means – God's friendship comes first. Our brestership makes God feel good.

We are saved. You save me. I save you. God is saving us with our friendship.

We're already doing it. We're together in this.

Everybody is doing it together. The new global consciousness is global – nuclear weapons have made war obsolete, the eastern and western hemispheres have interwoven our livings, and we share all our cultures electronically whenever we want to. The worldwide transformation is worldwide. All of us, every two of us, are bresters.

I save you with my friendship, and I don't have to save you alone. You don't have to save me alone. We're saved by all of our bresters, and everyone is my brester. Everyone is your brester.

Everyone is your brester. Everybody on the planet loves you. Everybody on the planet loves me too, but I don't see that. I don't know joy by feeling loved. I know joy by knowing your joy. My freedom to love you – my assurance that I am free to love you with real love – that nobody will stop me – that I am free to love you every day, all my days – is my trust in the unbroken web, the living worldwide net of friendship – my trust that everybody on the planet loves you.

The heart of everything that exists has come. When I sense that everybody on the planet loves you – I sense the touch of God's loving heart – and I sense that we are home, at home in the living valley with the magnificent air and the mighty trees – at home in brester country.

If someone hurts you, everybody on the planet loves you – we're still unwrapping our friendships. If someone has resentment for you, wrath for you, even hatred for you – everybody loves you – we can hate and love at the same time.

Our friendship is stronger than hatred.

Our friendship is stronger than hatred.

It doesn't matter who you are, everybody on the planet loves you. If you hurt someone, injured someone, even killed someone – everybody loves you. In the scarcity culture, we tagged you evil, a criminal, the Other – in the scarcity culture, we claimed compensation for our suffering. Now, in the brester culture, we are amply compensated – everyone is compensated every moment – brestership comforts every pain, strengthens every weakness.

Now, where is Evil? Now, there is no Evil – there is no Other. Before, I needed Evil to help me stifle my feelings. Before, my feelings scared me –

by myself, I couldn't stop the flood. Evil helped me. Evil stopped the flood with hatred – a dark knot of hatred inside me, that shackled my flesh, and cut off my circulation. It was just enough hatred, not too much – I could still love – within limits – but I couldn't love totally – I couldn't love without hindrance.

Now that I've found my bresters, my feelings don't scare me any more. Brestership strengthens every weakness. Brestership comforts every pain, even the pain of terror – and I don't need Evil any more. I stop doing that. I stop fostering my knot of hatred – and it becomes a glow of warmth – the enemy I hated becomes the brester I love, my real friend, my dear friend forever.

My circulation is unshackled – I'm free to circulate, connect, cooperate. There is no Evil – because Evil isn't evil – Evil is good, it helped us to survive. Evil is live – our living feelings are released – living vitality, living love – and living joy, joy to the world, glory to God in the highest, every day of the year – and you are totally free to love me.

Hosanna dear brester! You are totally free to love me, because everybody loves me! I see your freedom – my joy is the physical joy I see on your face. I can't see my own freedom – I can't relish it, because I'm busy doing it! I'm seeing your face, I'm loving your freedom, I'm feeling your joy. You're doing it! You're seeing my face, you're loving my freedom, you're feeling my joy. Everybody's doing it! Every two of us – every two bresters in the planetdom are totally free to love each other – nothing is stopping us, so we're proceeding – we're doing the thing we want most of all, loving God without hindrance together.

We're doing it!

I love you so much, dear friend forever.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you.

It doesn't matter who you are, I'm very delighted to be one of your seven and a half billion bresters. I see you with the eyes of a brester – I see your original sweetness, I see your loving heart, and I see the immensities of galaxies inside you. You're not inferior to anyone, you're the equal of anyone – you're the equal of the leaders, the experts, the model humans, the good examples. Your most admired person is saved by your – yes, your – real friendship. You – yes, you – are saved by the real friendship of your least admired person.

When I see with the eyes of a brester, no one is perfect, but all are admired – everybody is good looking.

It doesn't matter who you are, I'm very delighted to have you as one of my seven and a half billion bresters.

So, how will I live now, in the fullness of time, the time when we enter the living valley, the time when the joy of God is our constant companion? I'm not a perfect human – we didn't get better, we just let down our defenses. We didn't do something to make the transformation, we stopped doing something – we stopped avoiding real friendship. We don't have to be perfect, we're saved just as we are.

How will I live? I will really live. I will live the real me. The real me, your brester, your real friend, your dear friend forever. I will live in the joy of our loving friendship – I will live like you – like all of us – like every two of us.

I will live with you, together, in the planetdom of Terra. I want to live with you, because I want to be there when you lift your voice of one – I want to see what you love.

We kiss each other, we love each other, we get to see what we love.

I'm seeing you love me. I'm letting you love me on your own, without constant monitoring. I let you. I let you. I let you.

Faith is letting God love you on ser own, without constant monitoring, and I have faith in you. I believe in you, from your head to your tail. I believe in your human head, that speaks the language of story-telling, the true stories and the false stories that set us apart from the other animals. I believe in your human tail, that is hidden, yet still a real part of us – that joins us in kinship to the other animals, and connects us to our natural nakedness – before fashion, and makeup, and hairstyles.

We're pretty when we're naked – before fashion, and makeup, and hairstyles.

Before fashion, and makeup, and hairstyles – your face is good looking. To me, your face is attractive.

Your face is good looking because it's yours – because you're living in there, my beautiful brester.

Your whole body is good looking because it's yours – because you're living in there, my beautiul brester.

Your whole body shows your feelings. Your face shows your feelings more clearly – but your face isn't separate from your body. Your feelings – your emotions – are your mind and your body together.

Your emotions are your mind and body together. Your mind and body together know freedom – know real love – know the joy of loving friendship.

You're living in there – in your mind and body together – my beautiful brester.

If you are a beauty queen – if you are a beauty king – I love you, anyway. Your face is good looking because it's yours – your whole body is good looking because it's yours – because you're living in there, my beautiful brester.

The kings and queens of beauty are models of youth, and health, and grace – and I don't love you to get something from you. I don't want to worship you, I don't want to possess you. I don't want to lay in sex with you, unless you're the only one.

I don't love you to get something from you, but I do get something – I get to see what you love. If you are a queen or king of beauty, I see you living in there. You're a model, a good example – and our friendship comes first – our friendship is freed – our friendship is forever.

Your face is good looking because it's yours, my beautiful brester.

My brester's face is the key to it all. The key isn't words. To me, your face is the love and freedom of God and nature.

To me, your face is the love and freedom of God and nature.

We're free to do the natural thing. We're free to end scarcity together, just because it's the natural thing to do.

The brester culture evolved naturally, because it is the best survival strategy. It survives because it helps us survive – it helps us pass on our genes.

My unconscious urge to survive, has evolved naturally into my conscious will to work for you. My longing for freedom from the restless wheel of pleasure and pain, has evolved naturally into my physical joy of seeing what you love. My hunger for wisdom, to know who I am and what I believe, has evolved naturally into my living present, here and now – I am your brester – I believe in you.

Who am I? I am your brester. What do I believe? I believe in you.

You know joy, with me, together, all the day long, all my days.

The cry of the human – to every neighbor – is – I wish you loved me.

I love you. How could I not love you? – I have a luv, the same as you. (Luv – sounds like love – is my regular word for the perineum – where my legs come together. It's not the back or the front – it's right in the middle.)

We're dear friends forever. I will never leave you – how can that be?

How could I ever leave you? – you have a fre, the same as me. (Fre – sounds like free – is my regular word for the perineal raphe – the raised seam of skin that goes from front to back on your luv.)

We want proof of the brester culture, the new consciousness. Where is the direct, concrete evidence?

The most direct and concrete evidence of the global transformation, is – we are getting to know each other.

You are getting to know me. You are paying attention to my needs. You are considering my feelings. You are getting to know my needs – you are getting to know my feelings.

I know real joy when I'm focusing on my brester – but focusing on my brester doesn't cause my joy. Focusing on my brester causes me to lower my defenses, and open myself to the truth of reality – and I feel the joy of God that was already here, already everywhere, eternally present.

You save me with your God-given power to lower my defenses, and open me to the truth of reality.

Your power to save me eternally is not diminished. Even if you have depression, and loneliness, and hopelessness, and panic – even if I am the one who caused your troubles – your God-given power to save me eternally is not diminished.

Our God-given power to save each other is eternal – God's eternal purpose of brestership.

I want to be with you, there, where you are – person to person. You have everything I need in a brester. Your qualifications are excellent – your feeling hands, your seeking heart, your glowing soul. The time may come, at any time – at any time, no matter who you are, you might be the next friend I make – I might be the next friend you make.

I don't fear that competition will keep us apart – we're together in this, we're ending scarcity together. Competition by the rules of friendship means – our friendship comes first. I want abundance for you, the same as I want abundance for myself.

I want equality, and courtesy, and abundance, for you.



How can we organize the world's economy without losing our freedom? Our friendship comes first. Instead of sharing under compulsion, as little as is allowed – I spontaneously share as much as I can – and I can share a lot, because my bresters are sharing with me.

I want to be with you, there, where you are – your feeling hands, your seeking heart, your glowing soul.

Your glowing soul.

Your soul is my good angel.

Your soul is my good angel.

All the day long, all my days, you know joy, with me, together.

Together or apart, the joy of our friendship is alive, we never lose it. Then we are never really apart – how can that be?

I feel alone sometimes. I'm alone right now. None of my bresters are here. You aren't here. I don't know what you're doing, what you're thinking. I want to connect with you in my mind, but I feel isolated, apart. My mind seems enclosed, confined by a shell of whiteness – a strong shell that I can't open. I can't go to you in my mind – I can't get out of my shell.

I can't go to you – but I can let you come to me. My shell can't be opened from the inside, but my brester can open it from the outside. It's easy for my brester to pass through my shell and come to me. In my mind, I let you pass through my shell – and we're together in this small space – we're together in the same space, in my mind.

I let all of you come to me. I let your whole body come to me, because it's yours – because all of you – every part of you – is yours.

There's nothing sweeter on the planet than this, here with you, together in the same space, in my mind. We're not enclosed, we're not confined – my shell dissolves for you. Our prison has dissolved – we're free, together, in this world that was created for our real friendship.

My shell dissolves only for my brester. My wife can't pass through, my child can't pass through, my parent can't pass through – but they can – because they are all, also my bresters.

When you want to connect with me in your mind – I believe, you let me pass through your shell – and we're together in the same space, in your mind. That is your individual view – I can't see that – I can't see myself dissolving your shell, because I'm trapped in my own shell. I need my brester to come to me. I know my joy by knowing your joy – and I go to you in my mind, by letting you come to me.

Then we are never really apart.

The world was created for our real friendship.

The world was created, from nothing, by God, for you and me to know the joy of brestership together. Brestership is the purpose of each speck of dust – it is the organizing principle of reality.

Two specks of dust don't know brestership together – because they don't know each other. You and I are specks of dust who have been engineered – by geological evolution, and biological evolution, and cultural evolution. You and I can know each other. We are able to know each other because we are learners – we are willing to know each other because we are lovers – and we are ready to know each other because we are liberators – the time of freedom has arrived. You give me freedom – and I give you

freedom, because I identify with you – I am your brester – I believe in you – your freedom is my freedom.

It's not charity, it's not heroism. We have interwoven our livings – we can't survive unless we help each other – we can't be free unless we free each other. It's instinct – it's the global culture of bresterhood.

As I live for you, I come to identify with you, at my own speed. I identify with you – not because I submit to you – but because I really see you. My brester's face is the key to it all – and I really see your face.

I identify with you, means – I see the reason for existence in your face. I can't justify myself to myself – I can't really know myself – I can't really see myself. Why do I deserve all these things, all these routines? Why do I deserve one hundred thousand heartbeats every day of my living?

I see the reason in your face. All these things and routines – all my livings – are for you. My heart is beating for you.

My heart is beating for you.

There are two of us in this brestership – I see you, and you see me. I believe, you see the reason for existence in my face.

Sometimes I try to mask my face. Sometimes I try to hide my sensitive soul – but I can't hide it. Through my mask of fear or indifference, my soul is glowing.

Your soul is glowing, always. I see you living in there, my beautiful brester. In my mind, I really see your face – and I let you come to me, and we're together, in the same space, in my mind.

Then we are never really apart.

The joy of our friendship makes God feel good, means – I feel your love. When I feel your real love, your sweetest tenderness, I feel God – I see God, I hear God, I touch God. God wants to be seen, and heard, and touched, like everyone else.

Luvheart wants to be seen, and heard, and touched, like everyone else.

With real love, with sweetest tenderness, we make our dear brester God feel good.

If you cry out – Give me something to believe in! You already believe – in your bresters. I believe, you believe in me – your brester.

I believe, you believe in me. And this is the peace that passes understanding.

This is the peace that passes understanding – you and I know it together.

You and I know it together.

Who can explain it? Our deepest desires are fulfilled, our most fervent wishes are granted, our highest happiness is attained, together, now, because, it seems, the universe was just made that way. We can only wonder – we can only be grateful to Luvheart, the God of real friendship – the God who made us, and everything that exists, for the joy of bresterhood.

Everything exists that we might have real joy – even the rocks. The rocks aren't just rocks – they are brester country rocks. Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me. If a rock falls on me – or, if a brester walks over

me – it's worth it to be socked by a brester country rock – it's worth it to be socked by a brester. Our friendship is stronger than mistakes, missteps, misunderstandings.

I believe in you. You're free to believe in me – with my imperfections, not a hero or a villain, going at my own speed, needing to be helped. I'm free to believe in you – wherever you are, the rocks under your feet are brester country rocks.

You are in brester country, now and always.

Wherever I am, I see the brester culture unwrapping. Everybody is doing it together. I see it, and I hear it – in the square, the sound of the voices is calmer, more patient, more sympathetic. Real friends are flexible – we're waiting for our bresters, calmly, sympathetically.

No one's rushing you – take as long as you need. You're there already – real joy is eternally present. Actually, we're there already – we're seeing it at our own speed, in the physical joy of our bresters. At my own speed, I'm seeing it and hearing it – I'm trusting my brester to help my pain – and, by helping my pain, to set me free to help my brester's pain.

Real joy is eternally present – and disasters happen. This planetdom will die someday, because death goes with life. We can't have it forever – but while we had it, we had it good.

We will sustain this world through the years. We will protect the children. We'll keep it going.

Together, we'll get it done.

Can we work together? Can we speak up – show up – for each other? Can we clean up – work with our hands – work in the dirt – together?

We can work together. I'm not better than you, you're not better than me. It doesn't matter who you are, woman or man, young or old, unmarried or married – you have a luv, the same as me – I have a luv, the same as you – we can work together. We're already doing it – we're ending scarcity together.

The dirt isn't dirty. You aren't dirty. You are you. I'm very delighted to have you as one of my seven and a half billion coworkers.

My fellow terrazen.

Together, we'll get it done.

My fellow terrazen.

As for now, well, I could die at any time, by chance events. You could die at any time, by chance events. Here, in brester country, it's worth it to die. Here, in brester country, I die for you.

If my dear brester dies, so dear and near, so wonderful and close – se won't fade into nothing. My brester, wonderful beyond words, will go to the place that brings forth such beings as ser – se will go to God's flower garden, together again with Luvheart, to stream out to everyone and everything the life, the breath, the blue – a marvelous work and a wonder – the sweetest blessings, the richest rewards – beauty beyond imagining.

And if I die before my brester, all is well – we will be closer than ever, at one together, dear friends forever.

Our friendship is stronger than death.

I'm not afraid of death.

The instant that I die, I will be perfect joy, with God. I'm afraid of pain – I have a reflex fear of pain before death. I fear the terrifying menace of the global conflagration. But I don't fear death – my own death, or your death.

The instant that you die, you will be perfect joy, with God. Now, fear of death is ending on Earth. In the brester culture – in the new global consciousness – humans have no more fear of death than other animals have. Like other animals, we fear pain – we have a reflex to avoid being injured – but we have no fear of death itself. Death is the end of pain – and it isn't just the end of pain – death is, instantly, perfect joy, with God.

Now, the valley that we enter is not the valley of the shadow of death. Now, the valley that we enter is the living valley – the valley of the tree of life.

Now, you and I are restored to our planet.

You and I are tenderly restored to our planet.

The blind bugs of the dirt will make the air breathable, they will make the ocean livable. We'll stop poisoning the dirt. We'll stop smothering the ocean. And after we die, the blind bugs of the dirt will convert our life forms into food for hungry roots – after we die, our life forms will feed our planet.

After we die – transmuted in the biosphere – our life forms will feed our bresters.

Our friendship is stronger than death.

Nobody's perfect. Fratricide is ending, but it hasn't ended yet. We sometimes kill the one we love. If you kill me, I die for you.

Even if you kill me, you're my dear brester. I forgive your mistakes, missteps, misunderstandings. I die for you. All is well – we will be closer than ever, at one together, dear friends forever.

We sometimes kill ourselves – for our bresters. If you kill yourself – if I kill myself – all is well – we will be closer than ever, at one together, dear friends forever.

If I kill myself – the instant that I die, I will be perfect joy, with God.

You and I together will stop the global conflagration – how can that be? We're not superheroes – we're going to die.

We're doing it, because we're not afraid of death. For you, I would breathe out, and never more breathe in. I believe, for me, you would breathe out, and never more breathe in. The peace at the heart of life is for you and me. The heart of everything that exists has come.

Humans are in danger of extinction – and we're not afraid of death. We're afraid of the mayhem, havoc, destruction, murder – we're afraid of the pain – and our brestership comforts every pain. Our friendship is stronger than fear.

We do what we can to protect the children.

Together, we'll get it done.

We can't help being bresters. It's built into existence.

You can't help being my brester. If you torture me – or if you torture my bresters – you're still my dear brester.



If you torture me, I say, thank you, dear brester – not for the torture – I don't thank you for your mistakes – but I forgive your mistakes – and I say, thank you, dear brester. There's nothing sweeter on the planet than our dear friendship.

Torture is pain that is too much for us – and brestership comforts every pain. Joy is worth any pain.

I see you living in there. You can't hide your sensitive soul – through your mask of fear or indifference, your soul is glowing. I see the reason for existence in your face, and I say, thank you.

If you torture me, I will defend myself, if I can – if I can, I will defend my bresters, I will restrain you. I will – but I don't have to. You can't take away our freedom, that rises from the rocks. You might threaten my life – you might threaten all human lives – but you're not evil – you don't threaten brestership.

Nothing can threaten brestership. There is no evil. Brestership is inevitable. You can't help being my brester – and you can't ever stop being my brester.

You're my dear friend forever. For the rest of our lives, after we die, after the planetdom of Terra dies and all traces have disappeared from the Earth – we're real friends, at one together. We're bresters.

It's just a matter of time – we can't help being bresters.

Anyone might be the next friend you make. Everyone alive will be a friend of yours someday – if you live that long.

Everyone is your brester. Everyone, no matter how admired se is – and every brester is admired – will be a friend of yours, if you live that long.

It's just a matter of God's time.

Every stranger I see, every person I see, is my future friend – if we live that long. I can't stop it. I can delay it – but I can't delay it forever.

Brester'ship can't be stopped – it's the purpose of existence – but it doesn't control us. In a universe where anything can happen – outside of us or inside of us – our desires and our beliefs grow and change by natural evolution. Brester culture arrived on planet Earth by natural evolution – while anything could happen – and humans were free to desire anything – believe anything.

You might be the next friend I make – and we will be friends, if we live that long. We're not controlled by it – no one will make us be friends if we don't want to. Someday, we'll want to.

Someday, we'll want to. It's just a matter of God's timing.

It's just a matter of time.

Our brester'ship is inevitable. And, inevitably, our brester'ship gets better every day.

Every person I see, is my future friend. And every friend I have is my future better friend – my future better, closer, dearer friend.

Sometimes, while I wait for God, I sense ser original sweetness – the sweetness of ser loving heart. And this is how I know that I love God without hindrance – I will come to God the way se wants me to come.

Sometimes, it feels like Luvheart is calling to me – to come to ser, to know real joy – but don't come without my brester. Why, God? – I say – I

feel rejected – aren't I good enough? Luvheart answers – you know you're good enough – you care as much for your brester to know joy, as you care for yourself to know it.

And so I have to admit – I don't really want to come to Luvheart by myself. I want to come to Luvheart with my bresters, one at a time. I want to come to Luvheart with you.

I want to come to God with you. I believe, you want to come to God with me.

I want to come to God together with you – and I want to come to God together with your other brester.

When you're good to my brester you're good to me. When you're good to your brester you're good to me, because your brester is my brester.

I care as much for you to unwrap your friendship together with your other brester, as I care for you and I to unwrap our friendship together.

I care as much for your other bresterships as I care for our brestership – then I am free to love you – the real you, not a fantasy you who lives for me only, but you – just for yourself, just as you are – all of you, all the way.

You're not holy to me because you're my brester. You're holy to me because you're a brester – because each of your bresterships is holy to me.

We come to God together with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

I kiss you with sweetest tenderness, not because you surrendered your independence – but because your independence is sensitive. Your freedom is strong enough to be gentle – your freedom is secure enough to be tender. When we kiss, I kiss your freedom – not your submission.

I kiss your freedom – I love your freedom. It's delicious.

Your freedom is my favorite thing about you. Your freedom shows me you – the real you – you really being yourself. Your freedom shows me what you love – better than a movie.

The stronger our freedom is, the more sensitive it is – the more tenderly we come to God together.

We come to God together with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

I believe in you, means – I believe in all of you, from head to tail. I believe in your human head. I believe in your human tail. I believe in your luv. I believe in your fre. I believe in your bri. (Bri – rhymes with free – is my regular word for the anus.)

I believe in your bri. My favorite thing about your mind, is your freedom. My favorite thing about your body, is your bri – because digestion is the most essential life process.

Life begins with digestion. Eating is easy – it's just putting something in us. Taking that something apart, choosing what to absorb, and what to let pass – is hard. It's a delicate cooperation among special human cells, and beneficial live-in microbes. Life begins with the delicate cooperation of digestion.

When natural evolution made you, it started with a worm – a digesting tube. Your life begins with your digesting tube – and it's marvelous stopper. I believe in you. I believe in your bri.

Your bri is private – but it isn't unholy. No thing is unholy. Brestership is the purpose of each speck of dust. Everything is holy. Your bri is private, and holy – and it's my favorite thing about your body.

My favorite thing about your body – inside and out – is your wonderful human worm.

I love you inside and out. I really love you, from top to bottom. I live for you, all of you, all the way.

I live for your top – your brain. I live for your brain's balanced sides – the left hemisphere and the right hemisphere.

I live for your bottom – your dem. (Dem – rhymes with gem – is my regular word for the part you sit on.) I live for your dem's balanced sides – the left rep and the right rep. (Rep – sounds like reap – is my regular word for a buttock.)

Your wonderful human dem – your wonderful human reps – evolved especially for us to run and dance.

Your wonderful human brain – evolved especially for us to lift our voices, and tell our stories.

Now, in the brester culture, we still feel holdovers from the scarcity culture. Sometimes, I still feel depression, and loneliness, and hopelessness, and panic. For brevity, I'll put the four together in one word – deplohopic. Deplo (sounds like deep + low) for short.

When I feel deplohopic, I don't see our real friendship – I don't see the joy of God in your face. I believe it – I believe you're my brester – but sometimes, I don't feel it. I'm still learning to pay attention to your needs, to consider your feelings. Before, when I felt deplohopic, I tried to hide it

– but I couldn't really hide it, or I tried to get help – but nobody could really help.

Now, in the brester culture, when I feel deplo, I know it's a holdover from the scarcity culture – now, we're free to be friends. Now, I don't hide it – I don't act tough – I kiss you with sweetest tenderness. I don't try to get help – you help me with your healing kiss, without being asked.

Sometimes the feeling of deplo is strong. I know the feeling – sometimes I have the feeling – that existence itself is weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. Now, I know it's a holdover. No matter how strong that feeling is, now, I know our friendship is stronger.

When I believe you're my brester, but I don't feel it, then – if I already know you, if we have begun to unwrap our real friendship together – I let you come to me here – here, together, in the same space, in my mind – we kiss the kiss of loving friendship.

When I believe in my brester, but – falsely – I don't feel it – the spirit of truth is in my brester to dissolve the falsehood, and help me catch up to the currents of our culture.

We don't have to wait any longer. We are free to kiss the healing kiss. We don't have to get ready – the healing kiss gets us ready.

The search is over. We don't have to find the way – the healing kiss of loving friendship shows us the way.

The kiss gets us ready for real friendship. The kiss shows us the way to reality.

The kiss shows us the way to reality.

The kiss gets things going. We can start it with a kiss. We can kiss when we first meet.

Our brestership is our fundamental reality. Nothing really affects it. I go at my own speed, because – distractions.

It's just distractions, that slow me down. Fantasies, visions. Reality doesn't slow me down – reality helps me get to know the real you. Even real conflict with you helps me get to know you.

If I feel that we're really apart – falsely – it's just distractions. I quiet my fear, I still my mind, and I let you come to me here – the real you, the you I know – without imagining that you're thinking something or feeling something – without fantasies, visions – here, together, in the same space, in my mind – we kiss the kiss of loving friendship.

Now, in the brester culture, the person-to-person interactions of loving friendship are the normal. The person-to-person interactions from before – from the scarcity culture – interactions of compulsory competition – are lapses. They are holdovers.

Now, the scarcity culture isn't reality. Scarcity hasn't ended, but it no longer rules us – we don't submit to it.

Now, the brester culture is reality.

Now, the brester culture is reality. We weren't saying it. We were doing it, but we weren't saying it. The humming lines of public comment were about the lapses – about the holdovers – not about the normal – only to be expected at a time of worldwide transformation.

Now, we're saying it. Bresters are saying it, person-to-person – and in the public comments, too. Soon, our phones and TVs will be saying it by the gigabyte.

We're already doing it – and now, we're saying it.

Fantasies, visions, distractions, holdovers – are real. They happen. I love you with all of your imperfections – all of your hangups. I don't leave anything out. It's a matter of life and death – lifeforms survive by eating other lifeforms. Imperfectness goes with surviving. You can't be my friend without your biology – our friendship is stronger than biology.

Our friendship is stronger than biology.

Our friendship is stronger than sex.

Married couples are close. Their bond is strong – and their brestership is stronger.

We care for the children by instinct. We fall in love by instinct – to care for the children – new lives with large brains, who must survive for years as sheltered juveniles – because large brains grow slowly.

We join as married couples by instinct, so the children will have security of two nested protectors – often they have more than two protectors. The bonds of married couples are very close, very strong – and their brestership is stronger.

Our friendship is stronger than sex, stronger than family – our children are our bresters. Our wives are our bresters. Our husbands are our bresters. Our brothers and sisters are our bresters. Our fathers are our bresters. Our mothers are our bresters.



Now, our friendship is the main thing.

I believe, you're my brester. Where is this brestership? Where can I see it, and hear it, and touch it? You're this brestership. You're our brestership – I see it in your face.

I see it in you, not in me. The more I get to know you, the more I see it.

All that I can know of the roots of our brestership – the truth of our restoration to our planet – I see in you, with your imperfections – in you, going at your own speed – in the thing that is really you, and no one else – the way you feel and the way you move – your emotions and your motions.

My brester's face is the key to it all. Even if you're trying to mask your face – even if you're trying to hide your sensitive soul, you can't hide it – your soul is glowing, I see you living in there – and I see the truth of reality – the purpose of God – the reason for existence.

Brestership is the purpose of everything. To me, you are brestership. You are the purpose of everything. You are the reason for my existence.

You are the reason for my existence.

If you ask – why do I need a brester to see brester country? Why can't I see it separately, by myself? Because my brester keeps me honest.

You open me to the truth of reality. Brester country is the truth. If I don't see it – if I see something else – then I am seeing fantasies, visions.

Before, in the scarcity culture, separately, by myself, I saw a world of fantasy – I saw scarcity of salvation – a world that doesn't have enough salvation for everyone – maybe, not enough salvation for anyone.

Now, I see a world that brought forth my brester. I see the real joy on your face – I can't see it on my own face – I see the real joy on your face that was brought forth from this world – from natural evolution – from the air, and water, and dirt, and sun – from the unfathomed biosphere – from progressive stages of history, evolving through natural scarcity to the global transformation of brester culture.

Brester culture rises from the rocks of brester country – and your face is the key. You keep me honest – I can't lie, I see brester country – I see you save me eternally – and you save everyone eternally – everyone is your brester – everyone saves you eternally.

There's enough for everyone, now and always.

There's enough for everyone, now and always.

I believe, you're my brester. If you don't believe my idea of life, the universe, and everything – if you say – I don't believe this, it's just some feelings, it's not reality – you're still my connection to God's presence – I don't come to Luvheart without you.

We don't need a belief – we don't need an idea – to know real joy. We only need a brester. We only need to live it, not talk about it. If we're living our brestership, it will become real to us – we will come to believe it.

Idea or no idea, we're in brester country. It might be just a feeling, but it's a feeling coming up from the ground of existence, all day and all night, enmeshed in our every day living.

We're already living it.

Living our brestership, means – showing my love.

My love shows itself. I don't do something to show it, I stop doing something – I stop hiding my love.

You stop hiding your love. Your love shows itself.

How does my love show? I help you show your love.

As we're living our brestership, I help you show your love – you help me show my love.

How can we be better bresters? We learn by living it together.

We live it together.

You live for me. I live for you. I have pain, so I can survive – I survive for you – I have pain for you.

Why do we have pain? I have pain for you. You have pain for me.

Brestership is the purpose of everything – even pain. Everything has the holiest purpose – everything is holy – everyone is holy.

No one is unholy – no thing is unholy. Panic! Confusion takes charge of the world, and the ground I stand on starts to melt away. The panic is worse than before – what am I? What is there to live for?

Don't panic, dear brester. I know what I am – I'm your friend. I live for you.

Don't panic. Everybody loves you. You are free to love everybody – there's no threat of danger or obligation.

Don't panic, dear brester.

Luvheart is saving all the planet Earth from panic.

We can stop rushing around.

War is ending – we can stop rushing around. We can take time to kiss each other.

We can take time to touch the world, not just look at it. We can take time to smell and taste the beneficial plants of the Earth – we can get to know the Earth – we can get to know brester country.

We can take time to kiss each other.

The kiss of loving friendship isn't sticky. Our kiss doesn't glue us to each other. It doesn't separate us from our other bresters – it brings us closer to them.

The kiss of loving friendship is the skins of two bresters touching. It's the touch of real love, of sweetest tenderness. It's the most tender touch – so tender that two bresters feel the miracle of oneness – just by touching.

Before, I was afraid of the oneness – I thought it was sticky. I couldn't touch you with sweetest tenderness – my touch was tense. Now, in the brester culture, I'm not afraid of the oneness – it's not sticky – there's no threat of danger or obligation – there is no evil.

Our kiss heals both of us. I know I am healed by seeing you healed.

Our kiss of loving friendship is a kiss – our personal affection – and it is a healing – a touch – our skins touching. It is a saving – we save each

other eternally with the most tender touch – the touch of God-given power – God’s touch.

The most high, the almighty God, is our constant companion as we trust ser, as we help each other.

Our kiss doesn’t leave us wanting more. Our kiss feeds us – frees us – completes us – fills us. We can stop rushing around. We don’t have to search – we don’t have to get ready.

We can breathe free, and show our love together. We’re helping each other show our love – I’m helping you breathe free – you’re helping me breathe free.

Luvheart is saving all the planet Earth from panic.

You save me. If you ask – how does it feel to be saved? It feels sweet – and I don’t feel it alone. There’s nothing sweeter on the planet – and I don’t feel it alone. I feel it here with you, together, in the same space, in my mind.

It feels like two people loving each other – in freedom – with real love – a love that protects our children – a love that protects our other bresters – every waking hour – in the miracle of oneness, unarmed, unlocked, loving God without hindrance together.

Here with you, together, I feel it – I don’t need distractions. I can look you in the face with real love – because I love the real you – your seeking heart and your feeling hands – your emotions and your motions – your loving and your luv.

I wish you loved me.

I wish you loved me. I believe, you love me – and you will never stop loving me, no matter what I do, or say, or think.

I believe, you wish I loved you. I love you – and I will never stop loving you, no matter what you do, or say, or think.

I live for my brester.

I live for my brester – what should I do? What is my usefulness in this world?

My brester shows me. I don't need to search for my usefulness – I only need to let my brester help me.

I need your help.

I need your help. I don't come to God without you. You save me. You open me to the truth. You show me the joy of God. You show me brester country.

I let you help me, and then – then, I see how I can help you – then, I see what my usefulness is. When I let you help me, then – only then – I get to know you – I get to know your needs – I get to know your feelings.

I live for you. What should I do for you? I should let you help me, so I can get to know you. When I get to know you – then, I see how I can help you – then, I see what my usefulness is in this world.

It doesn't matter who you are, man or woman, old or young, married or unmarried – I need your help.

You're helping me – all of you, all the way. Your seeking heart and your feeling hands are helping me. Your emotions and your motions are

helping me. Your loving and your luv are helping me. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

You're helping me. You're saving me. If you ask – are we already saved? Either it's happened or it hasn't – we can't be half-way saved.

Yes, we're already saved – but we don't see it clearly – maybe we see it only half-way. The saving happened when we became free to be friends – it happened years ago, but we didn't believe it. It takes time to change our beliefs.

Yes, we're already saved. We're not saved separately, by ourselves – we're saved two by two – you and I are saved as a twosome – along with the other twentyeight quintillion twosomes on planet Earth.

In a human population of seven and a half billion, there are twenty-eight quintillion distinct pairs of bresters. Brestership isn't rare – it's common – it's why everything exists. To me, brestership looks like my brester – you are why everything exists – you are the reason for my existence.

You are the reason for my existence.

You save me.

How do I know I'm saved? I know I'm saved when I see that you're saved. I can't know I'm saved, separately, by myself. I know my joy by knowing your joy.

I see it on your face – maybe, I see it only half-way. Maybe, you believe it only half-way. Today, we see it dimly – tomorrow, we will see it better.

Today, we see it better than yesterday.

Tomorrow, we will see it better than today.

Our brestership gets better every day.

You are saved already – I see it on your face, when I see you with the eyes of a brester. You can't see it in yourself – you see it on my face, when you see me with the eyes of a brester.

You know you're saved when you see that I'm saved.

We're together in this. We're doing it.

I believe in your brain – I believe in your dem – I believe in your holy microbes. The microbes inside of us and outside of us are holy – they make the world a whole – they connect the living and the non-living.

The first microbe had no other lifeforms to eat – it was the only one. It had to eat chemicals that dissolved from the rocks. Microbes connect all of us – all the living things – to the rocks.

Microbes are our connection to the brester country rocks. We live from the biosphere, and the base of the biosphere lives from the rocks.

Our brestership is part of brester country. We feel the connection together – you and I used to be microbes ourselves. You and I began our lives as single-celled lifeforms – microscopic human seeds.

We feel the microbes – the blind bugs of the dirt, and water, and air, and sunlight – because we were once microbes – and because the trillions of microbes inside us are essential to our life processes. We feel the



connection together. We don't just stand on brester country – we live on it. We feed on it.

You and I together are part of brester country – when we feel the microbes. I love the holy microbes – our holy connection to the earth, the sun, and all the light of the stars.

You grew from a seed. That single cell, smaller than a speck of dust, was you.

The planet Earth created you – and the galaxies created Earth – and Luvheart created all, to work together for good to us, to bring forth our brestership.

Praise planet Earth! for creating you – from your mother and father, back through generations of ancestors, to the primal slime of the first lifeforms, and before that the brewing soup of ocean and sun and volcano – Praise Earth! for making you, your single-celled seed, the priceless treasure – my brester, my dear friend forever.

We're together in this. We're doing it.

If you say – so what? So what, if God's purpose is a universe of beauty, and lifeforms who can see that beauty? What's the big deal? Beauty is beautiful – but it doesn't last.

Here's the big deal, to me – our brestership is between you and me – just the two of us.

Between you and me, we get each other. Between you and me, just the two of us, you express your real joy naturally, for me individually – and I get it.

I get you. You get me. We get each other.

Here's the big deal, to me – you get me. So I get you.

So we're at one together.

Will my voice of one change anything? It doesn't need to change anything – we're already free to be friends.

We're already changing. I have changed, over the last five years, while I wrote this. Today, my friends are better, closer, dearer, than they were five years ago.

I have changed, and my bresters have changed. We're changing together.

We're changing together – so we're at one together.

Our hearts are one.

All things work together for our brestership – God's purpose for all things.

Our hearts are one. All things work together to make our hearts one – even the global conflagration. You and I have unintentionally set our planet on fire – and our planet on fire works for good to you and me – our planet on fire helps to make our hearts one.

Our hearts are one. You and I will stop the global conflagration – we don't need it any more.

We don't need it any more.

Okay – sometimes it's just all too much. Sometimes, I feel beaten – pinned down – by anxiety. There are more ways for death to come than ever – I know that, but I go further than that – I imagine imminent – unstoppable – oppression – obliteration.

I feel powerless to save myself – but I don't have to save myself – my brester will save me.

My brester sees me as a savior, but I can't see that. I see my brester's God-given power to save me eternally. My brester can fix it – all I have to do is care for my brester. I'm motivated to care for my brester – that's what gets me up in the morning.

I let my brester come to me, and my imaginary oppression melts into air – the sweet, clear air of my beautiful brester's wonderful spirit of truth.

My brester will save me – is saving me – has saved me already.

My brester saved me.

What does brester country look like? It looks like, all over the world, deplohpanic is melting into the air.

Before, deplo was increasing. As scarcity culture was ending, chronic deplo became my personal defense – it was a familiar story, when the old stories were falling silent. I was clinging to familiar feelings, scared by my freedom, in the new global consciousness, the worldwide transformation.

It was a temporary distraction, only for the transition. Now, I don't need it any more.

We don't need deplo any more.

Now, wherever two bresters are together – and we're never really apart – our deplo dissolves – just a fantasy, a distraction – just a holdover.

Now, together with you, I'm not scared by my freedom – you lower my defenses – you open me to reality. Now, my depression, and my loneliness, and my hopelessness, and my panic, dissolve – melt in the sweet clear air of my beautiful brester's wonderful spirit of truth.

Deplohopic hasn't ended – it's dissolving. My deplo is dissolving. Your deplo is dissolving.

We don't need it any more.

We love God.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me.

We love God, means – we see the purpose of everything – we see God – on our brester's face.

God's goodness is personal – I see the goodness of Luvheart on your face. The goodness of God's eternal purpose of brestership, is on your face – when I see you with the eyes of a brester.

Eternal goodness is personal and individual – it feels like two people loving each other. Our real friendship makes God feel good – it achieves God's eternal purpose – when we feel each other's love – in freedom – in the miracle of our oneness – two terrazens, each grown from ser own seed, now, at one together.

What does – two people loving each other – feel like? It feels like gratitude.

It's a common human feeling – there are a lot of friends who love each other – and they feel gratitude to their friends. Their friends, who make life worth living, who make the world good. Their good friends.

Gratitude isn't a debt that we owe. Gratitude happens inevitably – when we feel the goodness of our friends we're already feeling gratitude – they're the same thing.

Our brestership gets better every day, and my gratitude gets more free – my love and my gratitude get more free – they're the same thing.

Seeing the goodness of Luvheart on your face – knowing the joy of real friendship – are the same thing. They're the common human feeling of gratitude.

Before, we were making it too complicated. Reality – the brester culture – is simple. It's gratitude.

And it's a miracle. The miracle of oneness – is gratitude.

My brester's face is the key to it all, means – you love me. You really love me. You love me as yourself, with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

You love me even if you don't know me – how can that be? You love everybody. Everybody loves you.

Everybody really loves everybody, one on one, personally and individually. Before, fading under scarcity, we couldn't accept it – even if we felt it. Before, it was our hope deferred, a sickness in our hearts.

Now, we can accept it. Now, it is our dream fulfilled, our tree of life. Scarcity is ending, because everybody is doing it – because everybody really loves everybody. All of us, every two of us, are already bresters. With

the eyes of a brester, I see the joy of loving friendship on your face – I'm seeing you love me.

I'm seeing you love me – I let you.

It's gratitude. The miracle of oneness – is gratitude.

The miracle of oneness is a feeling – miracles can't be proved. I feel it now – will it last? Will I feel it in the future? Will you feel it in the future?

When we don't feel the miracle of oneness, we're not guilty – we can't ever – with any amount of effort – ever, ever, make ourselves feel the miracle of oneness. Don't guilt trip me – don't guilt trip yourself. When we don't feel it, we haven't committed a guilty action or inaction.

Sometimes we harm each other – but we never harm our brestership. Nothing can threaten brestership. There is no evil. In the eyes of our bresters, we are innocent.

I feel it now – I look in your innocent eyes, I see your loving heart, our hearts are one – I breathe free, I breathe deep – hallelujah, we're acquitted – we're not guilty!

When we don't feel it – we can't make feelings. We can't make faith – in the end, our friendship is in God's hands.

In the end, our friendship is in God's hands.

Our friendship comes first, means – your joy comes first. It's the thing I want most, to make God feel good with the joy of our real friendship. Right now, there's a global crisis – and living for you comes first. Showing up for you, speaking up for you, working for you.

Sometimes, I can't work for you – I can't always do what I want. When I can't work for you, with my body or my mind – when I can do nothing – I breathe for you. If I'm still breathing, I breathe for you.

Breathing for you is my peace at the heart of life. It doesn't stop and start, it doesn't come and go – it's in every breath of my living. When I have to wait for God's time – I breathe for you, and my time meshes with my eternity – my inside meshes with my outside – and I wait with calmness, and patience, and sympathy.

The storm of global crisis is real – breathing for each other, you and I will calm the storm.

Breathing for each other, you and I will calm the storm.

In the end, our friendship is in God's hands – and no matter who you are, my eternal salvation is in your hands. It's up to you.

It's up to you. It's not my decision. I can decide to work for you, to show up for you, to speak up for you – I can't decide to be saved. No decision I make can save me eternally.

You save me. If you don't see it, I wait for you to see it better – I give you all the time you need, even if you need a lifetime – because, waiting for you is sweet. Waiting for my brester is peace to my mind, springtime to my heart, homecoming to my soul.

I wait for you to see it better – I don't wait for me to see it better. Waiting for you is sweet – waiting for myself is a bottomless pit – I can't decide to help myself see it better – you help me. When you see it, you help me see it.

The universe is bigger than us. We're not inventing brestership. We're not making brestership, with some special new skills. We're feeling the common human feeling of gratitude, that humans, and other animals, have always felt. We're learning, and loving, and liberating, as real friends always have. The difference now is, we're not hiding it – we're not limiting it – we're not stifling it – now, we're free to be friends. All of us, every two of us, including you and I, are totally free to love each other – our freedom to love is unlimited.

If we hesitate – if we have to wait, while the Earth goes round, and the dirt does it's work, and our cells divide – our personal microbes – the tiny bugs that circulate, and connect, and cooperate, to become us – divide – waiting for our bresters is sweet. In brester country, waiting is belonging.

In brester country, waiting is belonging.

We belong to brester country. We're home – we're on the land where our seeds grew into God-loving lifeforms.

Waiting for you, I know where I am – I recognize my fellow terrazen.

Waiting for my brester is peace to my mind, springtime to my heart, homecoming to my soul.

With a brester's eyes, I see Luvheart's purpose of creation in your personal, individual goodness – now, just as you are. I don't need to wait for your goodness – you are the reason that everything exists.

You are the reason that everything exists.

I don't think you're God – I don't worship you. We come to God together. It's not a rare event. We have a common word for it – gratitude.



There are no words to define God. There are no words to define God's purpose, brestership. We know it when we see it – together. We know God when we see ser – together.

You're my connection to God's presence – I don't come to Luvheart without you.

I don't really want to come to God without you – I love you so much.

Your soul is my good angel.

You're good enough. You're pure loveheart. When I see the joy of God on your face – or hear it in your voice – or touch it on your lips – I feel the presence of God – we have come to God together.

We have come to God together.

Brester!

You're delicious!

You are my treasure of the universe. Our joy has no end.

Our joy has no end.

You are the wonder of a counselor, who launches me to exaltation – who brings me forth in Paradise on Earth, where I am part of my planet, part of the sun and stars.

Paradise on Earth is come, means – I am never really alone.

Breathe free, dear brester.

I breathe for you. I believe, you breathe for me.

The key isn't words – sometimes, our hearts are too full for words.

When I would die for you, and my heart is too full for words, then – it's joy to breathe for you.

The joy at the dawn of creation, when the morning stars sang together – is here – now – it's in our breathing – it's in every breath of our living.

Living for you is my rebirth – we live it together.

I live for you, means – your soul really glows. I let you save me as I would let Luvheart save me – you shine with the goodness of God.

You shine with the goodness of God.

I love you as myself. You are the restitution of all things – the truth of all things.

It doesn't matter who you are, I look you in the eye and I say it – I love your loving heart.

You made me love you – I can't not love someone who's saving me eternally. I'm grateful to you for saving me – I'm grateful to you for making me love you. I'm motivated to care for you, by gratitude – to you – for making me love you – for saving me.

You saved me.

You and I are two people loving each other. What does it feel like? – it feels like gratitude.

It feels sweet – it calms us – but it doesn't immobilize us. It moves us.

It moves us – it's an emotion. My emotions are my mind and my body moving together. When I feel gratitude to you, my mind focuses on you – on getting to know you better, on caring for you. And it's not just my mind – my body also focuses on you – I have a physical impulse to get to know you better, a physical impulse to care for you. I feel it in my body – especially in my joie. (Joie – sounds like joy – is my regular word for the solar plexus, just below the breast bone.)

Before, my feelings scared me. I tried to numb my feelings – I hunched over, to stifle my joie – I tightly folded my arms, to squeeze my joie. Now, I stand erect, I breathe free. My physical impulse to be your brester doesn't flood me – it doesn't run away with me – it's just the expression of my gratitude – my feeling of your goodness.

I sit up, I stand up – I let my joie free – I let my joie feel my gratitude to you, for saving me, for making me love you.

I love your joie.

I love your joie.

What gets me up in the morning? Gratitude to you, dear brester.

With you, together, I'm ready to really live in this world, now.

We have a beautiful future.

We love God.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me.

We love God, and so we kiss each other – and when we kiss each other, we touch God. When we kiss each other, God touches us – every two of us.

We're free to kiss each other – I let you.

Now, the brester culture is reality – how do I take part in it? How do I act differently from before?

I still have my natural urges – I still have my instinctive reflexes. If I don't feel oneness with my brester – if I feel alone – if I feel the separation of suspicion – if I feel the disconnect of deplo – I let my brester come to me, here. Here, together, in the same space, in my mind – we kiss the kiss of loving friendship.

The kiss of loving friendship is easy – it's just a kiss. We don't need practice. But sometimes, when I feel alone, it doesn't naturally happen. I let it happen in my mind, and, then, I don't feel alone – in my mind, the kiss happens naturally.

In my mind, the kiss happens naturally – and later, the kiss naturally happens. If someday, I let you come to me here, in my mind – and also you let me come to you there, in your mind – and in both minds, separately, we kiss the kiss of loving friendship – then, later, it may naturally happen – just naturally, we may kiss each other, with real love, with sweetest tenderness.

How do I act differently from before? – bresters kiss each other. I take part in the new global consciousness, when we kiss each other – even when we kiss each other here, in my mind.

We're free to kiss each other – I let you.

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Freedom!

We breathe for each other, means – you are the part of me that makes me whole.

You are the part of me that makes me whole.

My fellow terrazen.

I like your skin. Our friendship is stronger than sex, means – I really love your tail.

Your love feels like you – like the thing that is really you, and no one else. I recognize your love – it doesn't feel like anyone else's love.

The love that streams out from your joie to everyone and everything has been absorbed and breathed by you – it feels like you. It's unmistakable – and it's perfect.

Your miracle of oneness is perfect. Your imperfections are stirred and melted together in your love, and your oneness feels like no one else. I recognize your oneness, personal and individual, unmistakable, really you.

I recognize your love.

My brester.

My brester will save me.

You will save me. You are saving me. You have saved me already.

You saved me.

Our friendship is stronger than pain.

You have pain for me, means – when I see pain on your face, I feel that pain – and I ask, What ails thee, brester? – and I help, I stop, what I can. I get to know you better, when I learn what you want, and when I learn what you don't want.

We are free to love in pain. I don't love you because you're painless – I get to see what you love. When the thing you love is helped, you get what you want – you get pleasure. When the thing you love is harmed, you get what you don't want – you get pain.

Unwrapping our friendship together, means – seeing your pleasure and pain, I get to see what you love.

When I see your pain, I feel that pain – I get what I don't want – I get pain. I get what I don't want – and I get what I want most of all – I get better friendship with you. I see your pain, and it's really your pain, and no one else's – I really see you – I recognize your oneness. I know the joy of our oneness, even when we get pain – joy is worth any pain. Even when we get what we don't want, we get what we want most of all – we get each other.

When I see your pain, I also see your goodness – I feel pain, I also feel gratitude. I feel steady gratitude to you, constant in calm times and stormy – gratitude for your friendship, gratitude to you, for making me love you, for saving me.

You saved me.

You shine with the goodness of God.

Your innocent eyes.

Our hearts are one – I see the goodness of Luvheart on your face.

I see the goodness of God on your face.

It's gratitude. The joy of real friendship – is gratitude.

Your innocent eyes.

Our hearts are one.

Our hearts are beating for our bresters, means – our love doesn't come and go. Our loving hearts are constant. If there are distractions, and I don't feel it – our love doesn't die – I don't have to resurrect it. Our love doesn't go anywhere – I don't have to round it up. It's steady, while our hearts are beating – all day – steady, all night.

Our loving hearts are constant – we don't make it – we don't earn it.

Our loving hearts are constant.

I really love your physical heart.

Your physical heart – your self-squeezing pump that beats 100,000 times every day of your living – that, every 45 seconds, moves your blood through your 60,000 miles of blood vessels, the full circuit, from your heart to your organs, and back to your heart.

All that motion inside of you never stops. All the days of your living, your heart never stops.

Your skin is warm and sensitive – because your heart never stops. Your heart moves your warm, crimson-colored, salty-tasting blood to your skin cells, and to all your cells. Your skin cells, and all your cells, are warmed, and fed, and cleaned, by all that motion inside you – by the constant, steady beating of your heart, that never stops, all the days of your living.

I believe in all of you – I believe in the physical inside of you – the living, feeding, cleaning inside of you – the muscle, bone, fat, organs, nerves, and teeth – all rocked in the pulsing of your vessels – rocked in the waves of warm, crimson-colored, salty-tasting blood, moving, moving, the full circuit, from your heart and back – all moved by your heart, that never stops beating, all the days of your living.

I really love your physical heart.

I really love your physical heart.

My brester.

Our friendship is stronger than terror.

The global conflagration is terrifying. I believe, we will stop the global conflagration – in the meantime, it's a terrifying menace.

I don't say it's – horrifying. Horror – is a deplo word, like – evil – and the other words that signal evil. From ancient times, these words helped us express our feelings of depression, and loneliness, and hopelessness, and panic – these words – evil – and the other words that signal evil.

There is no evil. We don't need deplo – or deplo words – any more.



Terror is just fear that is too much for us. Sometimes our feelings are – temporarily – too much for us – only to be expected in a lifeform that grows from a seed, like other lifeforms.

I have fear, and I care more about my friends, than I care about my fear. Have I lost interest in the distractions of the world? Have I even lost interest in the emptiness of not being interested?

Not really. I filled the emptiness – you filled the emptiness. I got more interested in the thing I really care about – the thing that makes Luvheart feel good – focusing on my brester.

Focusing on my brester isn't really hard – even when I feel terror. My gratitude to you, when I see your eternal goodness, is stronger, more impressive, more wonderful, than terror – or tiredness, or sickness. I don't always see it – tomorrow, I will see it better than today.

Our friendship gets better every day.

Separately, by myself, I can't escape my terror. Separately, by ourselves – we're terrified.

When your fear is too much for you, I see your pain – and it's really your pain, and no one else's.

When I see your terror, I also see your goodness – I feel pain, I also feel gratitude – steady gratitude to you – in calm times and stormy.

Our friendship is stronger than terror.

Breathing for each other, you and I will calm the storm.

My brester and I are two people loving each other. When I'm breathing for my brester, I feel us loving each other – when I'm breathing in, and when I'm breathing out.

I don't just breathe in for my brester – I also breathe out for ser. When I breathe out, if I'm at rest, there is a pause – I don't breathe in immediately – there is a relaxed pause – my breathing rests a bit after the exhale.

In that relaxed pause, I still feel us loving each other. I feel it just as strongly – in fact, it almost seems I feel it more strongly, more clearly, in that pause before I inhale – that moment when my breathing, briefly, is at rest.

My brester and I are two people loving each other, when we're not making it, when we're not earning it – when we're not even breathing.

How does it feel to be saved? It feels like two people loving each other.

Eternal goodness is personal and individual – it feels like two people loving each other.

The worldwide transformation – the new global consciousness – the brester culture – the end of scarcity on Earth – feels like two people loving each other – in freedom – in the miracle of our oneness – two terrazens, each grown from ser own seed, now, at one together.

My voice of one isn't about me. It's about you and me. It's about our brestership.

My voice of one is what I believe, and what I feel about my beliefs – and it's about you – how can that be? I believe, in you – I feel, you are my brester.

My voice of one didn't save me. My idea of life, the universe, and everything, didn't save me. You saved me with your spirit – with your primal vitality from the beginning of creation – with your loving heart. Idea or no idea, I'm saved when I see your eternal goodness – your personal, individual goodness.

My voice of one won't save you. If it helps you – you have helped me more – you saved me. I work for you – and all the work I can do is less than what you did for me.

I lift my voice of one – maybe it will make a big noise – but it's not a big deal. What's the big deal?

Here's the big deal, to me – our brestership is between you and me – just the two of us.

Between you and me, just the two of us, we get each other.

Here's the big deal, to me – you get me. So I get you.

My voice of one is a natural phenomenon. It may be that another planetdom, on another planet, saw this before us – or a million other planetdoms – or an infinity of other planetdoms, on other planets, saw this before us. My voice of one is just part of nature. Humans tell stories about nature – true stories and false stories – and our stories don't separate us from nature. Why should they? – they're just stories.

The key isn't words. Now, our friendship is the main thing.

Now, our friendship is the main thing.

You help me see it. Your face is the key.

Your face is the key – even when you don't feel it. You help me see our brestership – even when you don't feel it – how can that be? I'm your brester. I see your freedom.

Sometimes you don't feel it. Sometimes you don't feel anything – it's all just a bunch of unidentified flying cupcakes. Even when you don't feel anything – our freedom rises from the rocks – I see it on your face – you're my brester, I see you living in there – I see your soul glowing, on your face. I see your freedom.

To me, your face is the love and freedom of God and nature.

Sometimes, I don't feel gratitude to my brester. How can I become a better brester? – by getting to know you. The more I know you, the more I feel gratitude to you.

Your eternal goodness is personal and individual – it takes time, to get to know the immensities of galaxies inside you. No one's rushing me – I take as long as I need.

What will I do today? I don't have to do anything. My brester and I have seen Luvheart, together, already. The purpose of my existence – the purpose of the whole universe – has been fulfilled.

My brester doesn't see it clearly. Today, my brester sees it dimly – tomorrow, se will see it better. I wait for ser – waiting for my brester is sweet.

I don't see it clearly, either. I can't fix that. My brester helps me see it – I don't have to do anything.

To see it better – to feel my gratitude more – I get to know my brester – that's up to you. I don't make it – you show me what you love. I don't earn it – you open me to see it. Without trying, I see your goodness more clearly – without trying, I feel gratitude to you more strongly.

Don't try. Luvheart's whole care is to bring forth joy for us.

Today, I don't have to do anything. If I die today, the world will be in good hands. You're good.

You're good. While I'm alive, I know your joy. If I die today, we're at one together – we're never really apart. After I die, I know your joy is just as strong, just as impressive, just as wonderful – dear friends forever.

If you die today – I believe, you died for me – and here, left behind – I feel closer than ever, at one together, dear friends forever.

If we all die today – by a sudden disaster – and this planetdom will die someday, because death goes with life – while we had it, we had it good.

The world is in God's hands. Now, we're two people loving each other. After we die, even if we all die, we're perfect joy, together again with Luvheart, at one together. My gratitude is not diminished.

All of my bresters are terrified – how can I escape this pain? Our friendship is stronger than pain.

I see your pain, I also see your goodness – I feel pain, I also feel gratitude. My gratitude is not diminished.

My gratitude is not diminished.

The glory of your goodness – is the joy of my gratitude.

Today, I wait for my brester – because it's sweet. Waiting for my brester is peace to my mind, springtime to my heart, homecoming to my soul.

In brester country, waiting is belonging.

In the worldwide transformation, we have no solid ground to stand on – the future rushes to engulf us. You are my solid ground.

When I wait for you, there, now, just as you are – I quiet my fear of the future – I feel your future coming, at your own speed, taking all the time you need, getting to know brester country – I feel you belong to brester country.

When I wait for you, I feel my future coming, too, there with you – and I'm home. I'm home. First you belong – then I belong to brester country.

Today, I care for my brester – I show up for ser, and move over – I speak up for ser, and listen near – I work for ser – I clean up, I work with my hands, I work in the dirt.

I care for my brester. All of my bresters are terrified – you let me calm your terror – I let you calm my terror. I let you come to me here, together – together, in the same space, in my mind, you calm my terror.

My brester and I – every single one of my bresters, and I – are never really apart.

If you say – I don't feel saved. The world really might end this time – I feel terror – Same here. Separately, by ourselves – we're terrified.

Same here. We're in the same boat – so what? – if the boat is sinking. Bottom line – I care about your terror – and I don't really care about my terror.

I care about my brester's pain – I don't really care about my pain. I've done that – I've done the pain and pleasure thing. My ancestors have done the pain and pleasure thing through ages of cultural evolution – making stories about Evil and Pain – the evil of pain. Now, there is no evil. Pain is real, but my own pain isn't very exciting.

I care about your terror. If our boat sinks, I die for you – we can save the boat, because we're not afraid of death. I feel terror – and I live for you, because I don't really care about my terror.

I care about your terror. We'll save the boat, we'll put out the fire. All we need to stop the warming is for everybody to do it, together. Everybody wants it. Really, we have already started. It's happening.

It's been happening. It's brewing.

I care about my brester's pleasure. I care about my pleasure – I'm not jaded, my pleasures are great – but I've done the pain and pleasure thing – my own pleasure isn't the main thing.

I care about your pleasure. I help end scarcity to make a world where your pleasures will be equal, not restricted by class privilege – a world where your pleasures will be courteous, not dulled by constant danger – a world where your pleasures will be abundant, not few and far between.

I care about your pleasure. When the thing you love is helped, you get what you want – you get pleasure. When I see your pleasure, I also see your goodness – I feel pleasure, I also feel gratitude.

Seeing your pleasure and pain, I get to see what you love. I work for my brester, to comfort ser pain – and to strengthen ser pleasure.

Our friendship is stronger than pleasure. Can a pleasure be so strong that it knocks my loving friendship out of focus? Yes – I'm not a perfect brester – my focus gets better every day. Someday – if we live that long – our real friendship will be constant, in the sweetest ecstasy – constant, in the bitterest agony. Agony and ecstasy are real – the gratitude of bresters is stronger, more impressive, more wonderful, than pain and pleasure.

In pleasure – in pain – there's nothing sweeter on the planet than our dear friendship.

I work for my brester – I end scarcity for my brester – because it's not hard – because everybody is doing it.

Everybody wants to end injustice, and war, and poverty. Everybody wants to end scarcity. We're already doing it.

We're cleaning the air. We're cleaning the water. We're ending scarcity with our friends.

We're ending scarcity for our friends.

We didn't do something – we stopped doing something. We stopped the global conflagration – we stopped the fading under scarcity – when we stopped avoiding real friendship.

What does brestership look like? To me, it looks like you.

To me, your face shows the two of us loving each other, personally and individually. I can't see myself. Your face shows your love for me – and your face shows my love for you.



We do it together – I see us doing it together, on your face.

All of my bresters are good looking.

We have a beautiful future.

We have a beautiful future. You and I may not live long enough to kiss each other – but you and I will kiss each other, someday, with real love, with sweetest tenderness, if we live that long. Everyone I know – everyone I see – everyone I hear about, by words or pictures – and I, will kiss each other someday, if we live that long.

Our brestership is inevitable. We can delay it, but we can't delay it forever. We don't have to kiss each other if we don't want to – someday we'll want to – because, it seems, the universe was just made that way.

Really, we already want to.

I believe, you and I want to kiss each other, a kiss of loving friendship.

How does caring for my brester change to real love? – we have always loved each other. The miracle of oneness rises from the rocks from the dawn of creation. We see it together – you open me to see the truth of reality.

I believe, you and I want to kiss each other. Someday, we'll know we want to – we have always loved each other.

We have always loved each other. We're dear friends forever up the path of the future – forever down the path of the past.

You and I have always loved each other. How do we express our always love – forever up the path of the future – forever down the path of the past? How do we show it? By kissing each other – the healing kiss, the courteous kiss, the saving kiss.

A kiss would be enough.

After the kiss, comes the gaze – after the gaze, comes the hug – and we know the reason we're here – and after that? What do two bresters do after the kiss of loving friendship?

We'll cooperate. We'll connect. We'll circulate. We're already doing it. We'll keep doing it.

We do it together – I see us doing it together, on your face.

We love each other without hindrance.

We're two people loving each other. Love isn't a new thing. Brester love isn't a new thing – now, we're not hiding it.

Brester love was always individual and personal. I don't love you because you're a human – I don't love you because you're a brester – I love you because you're you – exactly you.

You made me love you – and you help me show my love. When I show you what I love, I also show me what I love – I don't really know what I love – I can't really see myself.

I show you what I love. I don't try – two people loving each other, don't try – they like it the way it is – they don't want to improve it – but they do improve it.

Without trying, we help each other show our love, we show each other what we love – we get to know each other – we get to know ourselves.

Without trying, all the time I'm getting to know you better, I'm getting to know me better.

Our freedom to love is unlimited, means – our love keeps getting better. We're not hiding it – we're not limiting it – we're not stifling it. No one's stopping us – we keep doing it – our love keeps getting better.

What does it all come down to? The fulfillment of God's purpose – gratitude of besters – joy of real friendship – really, all comes down to, just – I love you – and I can tell you I love you, and mean it.

I love you.

I love you, means – I want your air to be clean. I want you to have sweet, clear air to breathe.

I want you to have all you need to live, and keep living. I want me to live – I have an urge to survive, by instinct – I don't really care about me. I don't really love me, because I don't really know me. I know you, or I will know you someday – if we live that long.

I really love you.

I'm alive. I'm eighty years old, and I have spirit – I'm not just living, I'm really living in this world, now, with you, together. Between you and me, just the two of us – our friendship is stronger than life.

Our friendship is stronger than life. The glory of your goodness.

Our friendship is stronger than life. The joy of my gratitude.

Our friendship is stronger than life, means – my whole living is for you – all of me, all the way down to the dirt of brester country – and before the dirt, to the part of me that joins to God's creation – my spirit, my heart, my soul – the part of me that I see on your face, and nowhere else.

I see it on every one of my bresters' faces – one at a time – one on one – person to person.

I love you.

You are the part of me that makes me whole.

You filled the emptiness – now, I don't try to fill it – with my distractions – with my compulsions.

You filled the emptiness – with your friendship.

The distraction of conflagration – the compulsion of scarcity – what has replaced them? The joy of bresters, when we know our friendship is real forever, and we feel connected to the earth, the sun, and all the light of the stars that brought forth our freedom to love, in this planet, in this day.

What hope is there for planet Earth? We're protecting the children – in the living valley of global bresterhood – everybody is doing it, together.

I love your joie.

I recognize your love.

Your legs are lovable. Look at your bresters' legs – all, all lovable.

Paradise on Earth is come, means – you are never really alone.

You are the reason that everything exists. You can't see that – your bresters see it.

You have a lot of bresters.

Our joy has no end.

We're free to kiss each other – I let you. I let you. I let you.

Someday, you will show me – the two of us loving each other – on your face. It's inevitable. Someday, if we live that long, you will show me our brestership, on your good looking face.

Thank you, dear brester.

Your soul is my good angel, means – you are the part of me that joins to God's creation.

It is accomplished. We are already saved. The worldwide transformation happened – we became a planetdom, by sheer geography – the surface of our planet measures 196.9 million square miles, and not one inch more. Towns became kingdoms, kingdoms became empires, until there were only two – then those two joined, the same as all the others.

Politics are catching up – we couldn't get ready ahead of time. Always before, there were Others left to battle. This time, there's no Other left to battle – we have run out of geography.

We will never run out of brester country. Help is on the way.

Don't try to start it. We can't start it – it already started. You and I are already unwrapping our friendship together. If we don't know each other –

if we're on opposite sides of the Earth – we're getting to know friends of friends. I'm getting to know friends of your friends – who know people who know you. We connect at a distance – we're separated by only a few degrees of acquaintance.

If you and I meet – if we unwrap our friendship together directly – between you and me, just the two of us – we won't start it – we already started it.

Everybody already started it. Every two of us – all twentyeight quintillion pairs of bresters in the planetdom of Terra, already started it. When you and I meet directly, between you and me, just the two of us – we are unwrapping our friendship with all of our other bresters, at a distance – at the same time.

Everybody is doing it at the same time – at different rates – everyone at ser own speed. You and your seven and a half billion bresters are doing it at the same time. I and my seven and a half billion bresters are doing it at the same time – everyone at ser own speed.

Brestership isn't rare – it's the most common thing. Brestership isn't risky – it's the most safe thing.

Brestership is why everything exists.

We love God.

Freedom rises from the rocks for you and me.

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Brester country is everywhere. The whole universe – all the lands and skies that exist – is brester country. All the lands and skies – with all the lifeforms – are one brester country – one Creation with Luvheart's one puporse – to evolve bresters who know they are bresters.

The whole universe is one everlasting country – it doesn't have a name – but The Universe is an impersonal label, and I need to give it a name, my personal name for a country I love. I call it Deep Springs. The universe includes all the lands and skies, with all the lifeforms – including the God-loving lifeforms living in brester cultures – including us. We're not just in Deep Springs – we are Deep Springs.

You are Deep Springs – all of you, from your bottom to your top – from your tailbone to the bones of your head – your personal, individual skull. I love your skull. Before, I was afraid of your skull – it was a scary symbol. Maybe, I was afraid of loving too much – afraid of loving you so much, I even loved your bones.

Now, I love your skull – I don't just love it pretty much – I love it with real love, with sweetest tenderness. Thank you, dear brester, for your eternal goodness, from your head to your tail, from your bottom to your top.

I really love your skull.

You're so good.

Your goodness lowers my defenses, opens me to reality – and I look in your eyes. Before, I avoided your eyes – now, I'm not afraid of too much loving – looking in your eyes, loving my brester – is the most safe thing.

Rock on, deep springer.

I stopped stopping you from helping me. Now, I wait for your help – take all the time you need.

Waiting for you is sweet.

Nobody's perfect.

Sometimes I feel – things are falling apart – the center can't hold – anarchy is loosed upon the world.

Nobody's perfect. Everybody makes mistakes – and mistakes are how we learn – even the big mistake of global warming. We'll stop the warming – everybody's doing it together – even when we're making mistakes.

I can't see myself stopping the warming. You can't see yourself stopping the warming – but with the eyes of a brester, I see you doing it. With the eyes of a brester, I see everybody – all my bresters – doing it together. I don't have to do it, my bresters are doing it – I just care for them – I just care for you – I, not a hero – I, an ordinary person doing an ordinary job.

I see you with the eyes of a brester, means – I see your eternal, personal, individual goodness – and I see the immensities of galaxies of Deep Springs inside you. I see your unmistakable oneness in the life of the Planetdom of Terra – and I see you are home – I see you belonging to the lands and skies of brester country – our brester – my dear friend forever.

You're the only one in the world who can give me your friendship. Others' friendship isn't the same, or even close. Your friendship is the real you.

You already gave me your friendship. Now, we stop looking away.



You help me see our freedom. I see on your face, you're free to love me.

I see on your face, you really love me, just as I am. I believe, you see on my face, I really love you, just as you are.

I believe, you forgive my mistakes, missteps, misunderstandings – because you're a deep springer.

To me, it's easy to see you're a deep springer. I see you living in there – your glowing soul – the real you – the purpose of all things – God's eternal purpose of brestership.

The murky dust of time has rocked us free.

You fill my heart.

My heart is filled – how can I go on? By paying attention to your needs, considering your feelings, in the gleams and shadows of everyday, showing our always love, forever up the path of the future.

Mit Musser  
October 25, 2022