

FIELD NOTE 0000003

September 8, 2026

Field Notes from the Mabuhay Stories Experiment Beyond the Story Score.

DYING'S OK

WHEN THE PURPOSE OF THE PARTICULAR DYING IN QUESTION

WILL HELP MERCY ABOUND

It is okay to die when dying has a purpose that helps Mercy abound.

Don't get this wrong...

Dying is:

Not preferable.

Not something to seek.

Not something to choose while another merciful way remains open.

Because...

Life is itself a gift of Grace, and while we possess it, we possess another opportunity to feed someone, welcome someone, heal something, repair something, forgive someone, build community, make Peace—or simply remain present long enough for the next encounter to occur.

So living is ordinarily the better calculation.

Live, if living remains a merciful option.

But sometimes every available road narrows.

Sometimes preserving ourselves would require abandoning another creature, surrendering what is true, inflicting greater harm, answering violence with greater violence, or becoming something contrary to the Mercy we have spent our lives learning to serve.

Then the calculation changes.

Not because death becomes good.

Not because suffering becomes desirable.

And certainly not because throwing one's life away becomes noble merely by calling the act a sacrifice.

Rather, there may come a threshold at which no available choice preserves everything we would rightly wish to preserve.

At that threshold, the question is no longer simply:

How do I remain alive?

It becomes:

Which choice helps Mercy abound?

That is the terrible freedom within *The Sorrowful Songs*.

Jesse does not seek death. He does not prefer death. He does not lack the power to resist. Indeed, *The Second Sorrowful Song*TM makes his power explicit precisely so that his refusal to retaliate cannot easily be mistaken for helplessness.

He understands instead that:

Power can destroy communities.

And:

MERCY builds them.

So Jesse refuses to preserve his life by becoming contrary to the Mercy his life exists to serve.
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This does not make dying the purpose.

Mercy is the purpose.

And if another path remains by which we can live **and** Help Mercy Abound —

Take it.

Live.

Keep going.

Keep serving.

Keep building longer tables.

Keep singing.

Keep passing the butterscotch.

There is still work to do.

But when no such road remains, death need not mean that Mercy has failed.

Sometimes the final gift a life can give is refusing, even at its ending, to become something other than what that life was always meant to be.

And perhaps that is why the Sorrowful Songs must be sung.

Not to teach us how to die.

But to teach us **what is worth living for so completely that even death cannot finally make us surrender it.**

Because creatures become what and who they surrender to.

And the object of the surrender is never death.

It is Mercy.

So that Mercy may abound.

Right on the streets where we live.

Until there are no streets left to walk—

and time ticks and tears drop no more.

4EVER!

