

Letters from 2161

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~ Revised 2025 ~

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Letters from 2161

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All is well in the year 2161. The era humankind has sought after for so many generations is now at the precipice of hard-fought intentions. Beyond corrupt government, beyond crumbling schools, beyond partisan politics, beyond racism, greed, and self-interest...beyond beyond.

Were the letters downloaded by a welcoming soul? Was the urging of President Consejos heeded? What would you do if this message came to you in an email from an unknown sender? Did this pop-up window from the future warrant a click? We are in those times.

Is it so very difficult to believe-a message from the future? Just as we can reach to the past and draw from history, the future can reach to the past (today) and speak truth into us. 2161 comes. How did we arrive?



Letters from 2161
President Augusto Consejos
Letter 1: Overview

Tesoros,

As I write you I know my words may never arrive at your doorstep, your mailbox, your coffee table. But I just know that these words, reaching the right hands will be a symphony playing its last note at rehearsal just waiting for opening night. I firmly believe that we are the orchestra that gives life to the world around us. Yet, many do not play. Far fewer play in unison. Once we do however, then our rhythm will resonate in such a way to silence the deafening dissonance of injustice.

Statesmanship or Politics

During the height of my time, as I look back on the beginning of my “political career”, it was common to be asked where I stood on the matter of politics. Conservative? They wondered. Liberal? They assumed. Progressive? They presupposed. The truth is that I did not place my vote, my power on the hopes of any one party because at any point their views may have changed while my core principles never did. For example, a Democratic administration once went so far as to sell the entire tool supply to avoid public works projects and Republicans once had liberal monetary policy. In the new millennium a seemingly role reversal had taken place. Therefore, I chose to vote man by man, woman by woman, office by office and issue by issue. I was then and still now am progressive in the belief that we would eventually all prosper together. And, eventually we did. It’s

Statesmanship, a position that seeks to serve public needs and public will without overt influence from special interests or self-interest.

Even then, some individual's goals did align perfectly with a political party and that's great for them. How wonderful, honestly. But, what if someone supported a party because they supported life yet then committed war crimes? What if someone supported a party because they advocated for small business but then financed corporate welfare? What if one party adamantly and vocally opposed imperial expansion and unauthorized wars under one president yet remained silent when the same and even war crimes were committed by their party's president. It occurred during the Iraq war, by both parties. And, It happened over many decades thereafter. In those cases, should anyone's allegiance remain with the same party?

My allegiance then and always will remain with liberty, even after I pass on, with representative government, with defending people not strong enough to fight on their own, with wise use of resources, and with a rule of law that applies equally to all. My allegiance remains with the people of my neighborhood, with America.

And, it is my hope that if this letter reaches you, even 148 years before my time, we can find common ground in order to advance forward together. In order that your people, my people, our people can inch toward the freedom we experience now in the year 2161 without the tragic hardships we endured, in order that widespread disease will not plague your elders, and impoverishing war will not steal your youth. My friends, with what I share please do not start a debate. There is no longer time

to DEBATE. All sides have validity and all sides have flaws. The time now is to COLLABORATE, to materialize the higher self within us all.

Voting for Politicians

Before we achieved Justice, some believed that voting accomplishes nothing. Others believed your voice was priceless. Interestingly enough, they were both right. It accomplishes nothing at times because the turnout, the interest was so low. In San Antonio, for example, in the May 2011 Mayoral election, not many voted. Yes, many news reports stated that greater than 80% voted for the winning Mayor but in truth it was only 81.44% of those voting for Mayor. Taking a look at the total number of registered voters then only 4.6% elected the Mayor, staggering. If you look at this by adult population the turnout is at least a full percent less. This trend continues in local and State government, Congressional, and to some extent even Presidential elections. Therefore, when it comes to a politician doing the will of the people, why would they support us if we do not support them. Many complain about special interests yet don't show any true interests themselves. Special interests show they care through millions of dollars in campaign donations yet many citizens don't even care to make a phone call, write a letter, much less vote with 1 hour of their time.

There have been times however when The People's voice is loudly heard and observed. The Voting Rights Act of 1965, the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Violence Against Women Act of 2012, also more recently the Economic Rights act of 2055. All are prime examples of what can be achieved when concerned citizens non-

violently take action through organizing and lobbying the politicians just as special interests do. If you feel your vote makes no difference in the Presidential election that may be so, if you consider the role of the Electoral College. But at the City level, the County level, in School District and State Board of Education elections your voice is heard loud and clear, even in Judicial races. We just need to sound off in a clear, concise, and coordinated manner. In fact, it was when the first of us advanced in these races, in 2025 that the power of government shifted; some as Democrats, some as republicans, some under a new banner, and some as independents.

Hopefully we, you and I, can begin to explore doing that together.

Voting with Dollars

It is important to note my dear friends, even if we do not vote at the polls, we do vote every day. We vote with our dollars. Every time we purchase gas or anything made of plastic we endorse practices such as giving major oil companies the equivalent of welfare benefits. Every time we purchase from a huge corporation that pays poverty wages we say it is okay to deny what is a just wage. We vote in all of our activities. Sometimes we vote for entertainment instead of education. Or, we vote for convenience in food over healthy eating. Yes, it is difficult to make the wiser choice. Yes, it is uncomfortable to go without some comforts but I tell you my predecessors, it was not until we maximized our consumer power that we caused a massive shift in business, thereby the influence of private interests in government and in turn the return to representative government and true freedom of our people

Beyond Voting

In the end it took action though. Some lost jobs. Others lost friends. But during The Tragic War we lost lives day after day, innocent lives, our women and children, on our shores in fact, and something had to be done. To begin we closely examined a prescription for non-violent civil disobedience. Here are the basics: 1. Become Knowledgeable, 2. Become Pure, 3. Take Action, 4. Negotiate. According to one late Honorable Congressman it is not enough to say, "They did wrong." He realized we couldn't fight "injustice" alone. We need to fight the specific act and root of injustice. Later we discovered that we need to know what law was passed, who voted for it, who proposed it, who wrote it, and who funded it. Not to make enemies or make a list of people to attack, but instead to know them, to know what drives them, discover their true objectives. What we discovered was that many held our same goals but did not know a better way. In this we were able to change many hearts and many minds and even...many souls.

Once we had the facts, we needed to prepare ourselves for action. We ourselves needed to learn how to run the business. We had to write the very legislation. We demanded and then provided it as a gift needing only a vote; facts, figures, research, and coalition endorsements conveniently packaged. We ourselves needed to raise up physicians and lawyers and scientists and be more self-sufficient and have a true power base from which to initiate this shift. The action then had to be relevant, decisive, and impactful. Several generations later we were able to negotiate for the greater good and establish the prosperity dreamt of for ages. Hopefully, we will be able to keep it.

Close

I hope this letter finds you well. I hope you take action and that my history books of your people changes until the future is brought to life even before today. I hope that knowing the future of your people will give you hope to progress sooner –that my people, my ancestry...will not have born to many scars. I will write more as I see you've progressed. Begin searching for Statesmen among you. They are there, believe me, just waiting. Train your youth and teach your children that they too command the reigns of business and government. They are just waiting for their elders and leaders to tell them, "It's okay to talk loud. It's okay to HIT HARD and FIGHT BACK when you fight for freedom with the very same principle of the civil rights era. Then they will begin to win minds and hearts little by little, day after day until the people again are ready...for freedom.

Devoted Always,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Augusto Consejo". The signature is fluid and stylized, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejo" clearly distinguishable.

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161

President Augusto Consejos

Letter 2: Grandpa and Government

Cielos,

There are family nights when, while we are preparing dinner together, we listen to Great Grandpa's old mp3 files of his first Campaign. At the time, public opinion thought it to so nouveau for an old man to be throwing out fighting words in a refined yet passionate tone. And they we're not just his words. He spoke as a philosopher, a teacher, even a businessman and preacher; both elders and youth aspiring toward success and even of those fighting for the exact same things but just differently. He used their very own words to call all to a higher standard.

Interestingly enough, until then, some of those words went unspoken.

In that Mayoral campaign there were many promises. Ranking political strategists vowed he had no chance without promises. His position: improvements needed could not be achieved by one man, a staff, or even an entire City Council. No, instead...it took an entire City. This was his compromise:

I do not promise, I DO NOT promise, that everyone's goal or career or other objective will be PERFECTLY achieved. But

I do promise this, that we have a prime opportunity to work together, to grow and learn together, and YES, even...to succeed together. Besides from the beginning, and all the way till the end, there will be no need for any promises because you my friends...you ARE...the PROMISE. And this is the support I ask,

from this day forward we ask ourselves and answer with ACTION, because I ask myself the same DAMN question, “What did I do today to make my neighborhood stronger, beyond obeying the law? What did I do today to make my family stronger, above and beyond paying the bills?” Because I must share with you this, it is within that answer...that the prosperity of our future remains.

There was no roaring applause the first time he said it. There were no standing ovations or encores. Even the moderator didn’t know exactly what to say on that day. Just silence. Then it happened, from that emerged the ultimate response, “But what can I do?” And from that was birthed the evolution from politics to statesmanship and a new political machine capable of maximizing talent and listening to people’s hearts, The Responsible Party.

But he didn’t tell anyone to register or go vote. It had been done. Instead, he carried proposals and delivered presentations about boards, commissions, and committees; where the most vital work was performed. Frequently, once an item was up for a vote there had been a series of meetings, meetings for the meetings, and deep negotiations prior to. Many did not realize City Hall proceedings were not to decide what to vote on. No, they were to vote on what had already been decided: street repairs, funding for safety, budget items, bond packages, and many many intricacies which created the city up until that point. Knowing these realities, the truth of the decision making process and how to become a force within, voting simply became second nature. Then, they got to work.

He offered them leadership because they had been servants for far too long. He asserted:

“...In our struggle for justice we do not advance slowly because we do not have enough soldiers. It is because we do not have enough Generals, enough Admirals. The General is the young lady that everyone seeks out to prepare academically. The General is the man that has a Championship Game party and twenty of his friends and all his family show up because they respect and admire him. If both of them would just stand up and say, “Injustice no more.” It would cease. The Admiral is the lady at the beauty salon that knows everyone’s sorrow and navigates an ocean of tears day after day. And if she just had the resources, there would be injustice no more. And I know there’s a bunch of lieutenants out there, our youth, just waiting for orders to be activated and allowed to use powerful instruments of peace in the cause for their own freedom and prosperity. We need a Brigade of Brotherhood con Mujeres Valorosas.

The facts were that everyone cared, everyone. The people who hated government often cared most. The practical application of how to share that meaningfully was the main challenge. To unite them he created a tool to honor the hours everyone put in. Now existed a language for everyone to say what they stood for in our common cause without uttering a word. It was through a Community Service Bond. Some simply issued them. Many received them for their contributions. Some honored them at 5% at their small businesses, others in large corporations at 15%. Some gave freebies on Monday with so many in hand. But everybody gave something and some...gave all.

Now today in 2161, voting is the least you can do to be political. The people know where the power structure is and how to make it strong. In fact, the people are the power structure. I have felt the ripples through time even today, like a tremor from the past easing tensions deep within the earth. There is a soul energy easing tensions deep within our hearts now. It will be just as the movement of tectonic plates, motions of the plates of the earth's crust, the continents even. We may, you may, not see the movement or even feel it beneath your feet, but ages from now, the face of the earth will never be the same again.

Lovingly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Augusto Consejo". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejo" clearly legible.

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161: Education
President Augusto Consejos
Letter 3: Grandpa and Education

My Friends,

The most challenging tasks Grandpa Consejos overcame were those of his inexperience in education. Demands for education were placed on all political leaders. Citizens proposed ravaging questions to City Council Members.irate citizens flung unrealistic expectancies onto Mayors. Interestingly enough, the ultimate responsibility for the educational system was beyond the scope of any office. That covetable and prestigious privilege was charged to local and state Boards of Education, university trustees, and the Department of Education. Nevertheless, Grandpa was compelled to respond. And his mind and hands and heart were forced to action. Despite hundreds of millions of dollars spent on education, a large portion of students-although some excelled- languished within that system.

Grandpa's response to the citizens was painful. Very few appreciated what needed to be done. It wasn't pretty. It wasn't sweet. These were his words,

"For so long my neighbors, we have complained that a particular side of town succeeds academically because they have more money, they have better buildings, and can pay teachers more. But I must share with you this, they have students that attend Tier 1, the Military Academies, Ivy League and beyond and guess what...so do we. Their students earn tens of thousands of dollars in scholarships and

some even earn full scholarships...and so do we. So I wonder, which student is best the one with every resource or the one that's resourceful enough to succeed? I think the second. And those are our students.

They have everything they need inside them to succeed and they are just waiting, for you. The greatness already exists within them and it's our job, it is your job to pull it out, as parents as neighbors and concerned citizens. The students who succeed do not excel because of marble tile, granite pillars and high end computer processors. No, they succeed because of a culture geared toward valuing education. They succeed because of a belief system built upon truths and character that can neither be taxed nor tested on paper. My Neighbors, it is not until we, you...all of us value education through action that we will achieve the success we desire."

After the presentation, the Tassa Tuesday Cafesitos, citizen follow-throughs, and so much more, people could see that he wasn't saying, "You are wrong and I'm telling you to do this now my way." Instead, he was saying, "We have a great challenge ahead. These are my suggestions. We can only succeed with the help of your time, talents, and treasures. Let's do this."

Several mastered the provision for Public Services Corporations, some railed at the public meeting. Others became parent volunteers in community organizations to overcome some of the barriers to being an involved parent. Everyone did something and together "we" gave all.

The tougher challenges came later with higher education. There was no red tape to cut anymore. It was duct tape, wrought iron weld, and worse, all of which needed to

be penetrated. Grandpa may not have been a scholar. He didn't brandish a degree but he certainly had a fine measure of entrepreneurial genius.

That's what Grandpa learned from his dad in the plumbing fields from San Antonio to Houston 5:00 AM to nightfall. Then, nothing was better than a cool drink of water or surprise snack cake for lunch, or spicy fideo to end the day. Those daily rewards at the end of a hard day's work- that's what Grandpa wanted to give the people. Not those things specifically but the feeling of earning the right to enjoy what you worked for, what you earned, because by then they had.

First, he shifted perception. We may have had a right to education but he disagreed with the concept that we had the right to tell somebody else to pay for it and then allow an adversary to set the standards. The shift in perception also included that education can be run as a business. Not for insatiable greed or profit, but instead for the benefit of all the stakeholders, and with education that's everybody.

Grandpa didn't introduce a new tax. He introduced a stakeholder business model, the very same business model with which he succeeded. He gave classes, mentored owners, and created teams of leaders. And, after a decade, we had our own schools, our own tutoring programs, programs for academic excellence, and, more importantly, families that valued education which made it all possible in the first place.

You see, my ancestors, even at that time, there was so much human capital and intellectual promise sitting idly or underutilized. Grandpa gave opportunity for others to maximize their potential by taking a risk to invest in themselves. He "sold" the concept of time as a commodity to expect returns and dividends as well as

recognition. And it sold, probably because there was no doubt that he himself invested in all of them.

Grandpa wasn't a trailblazer; he was more of a developer. He liked to say, "There were two roads on the path and I built bridges, installed sidewalks, and paved roads between them so we could all walk through together."

Their biggest accomplishment in education was establishing a university. It was simultaneously a statement of independence, excellence, and ingenuity. Instead of a board seat to honor him, Grandpa just asked it be named after his hero, the late Honorable Congressman Marie D. Gonzalez. And there are few greater notions than the honorable pride derived from having reason to honor those who came before us. That's from Organizational Culture 2302 at Gonzalez University.

Hopefully, we too can be that very same reason for generations to come.

My Fondest Intentions,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Augusto Consejo". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejo" clearly distinguishable.

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161
President Augusto Consejos
Letter 4: The Exodus

Neighbors,

As I write you this letter, hoping to reach you before the impending doom which generations before you had laid its foundations, please know that I write you from a position of privilege and peace. The type dreamed of from one utopian novel classic to the next; the type professed by prize winning pacifists who broadened the surface of what humanity could be; the type...in our mother's eye in the midst of anguish when life hurts but her love covers all things.

And I use this privilege to share with you the truth. Yes, there is evil. Yes, evil does triumph. But, the battle must go on because...it does even if you choose not to fight. You don't know this yet but in 2020 the world changed, or grew more boldly from the shadows where it lurked. There was a return to hatred, open racism, contempt for the poor, and greed that went from leaf to trunk to roots, seemingly the ground and streams it fed on. There was a Remnant of Light, fortunately, yet the dark no longer hid in the midst of its brilliance, the dark was a source all its own: unyielding, relentless, and awesome.

No one believed the ensued war could be won, the pebbles versus missiles. What the Dark Echelon didn't count on was non-cooperation and civil disobedience organized on a scale of five star generals and fleet admirals. Eventually they calculated that dead bodies had no value as their way of life would be lost too. Cooperation across classes and beyond boundaries of minority status developed

with an understanding that no one would win fighting separately; but together, united...The Remnant found away.

Among the greatest tactical triumphs was the Exodus. The waters weren't parted, instead traveled along, mostly. The first group to be targeted were those of Mexican heritage. It was more than talk about sealing the border and punishing "illegal aliens." It was deportation, going "missing", and criminalization of not only the undocumented, but Mexican-Americans as well. Assassinations among the judiciary was rampant, even brown business leaders at times carried a price on their head, kidneys, liver- violence unprecedented. And, the deportations were not exhaustive of the entire population but only enough to bind fear in the spine of the story of anyone's American Dream.

When the people realized enough was enough and reasoned that a new way of life outweighed the "death lottery", a collective decision was made at Grandpa's suggestion: Si no nos quieren aqui, nos van de aqui. The feat was beyond a miracle.

It took years to plan and prepare. The planners were generals who had learned the distaste and bitterness of excelling in dishonorable, unlawful orders. The planners were managers and executives who came to realize their way of life would no longer be sustainable, their light too would be extinguished in the darkness. Moreover, it was fully funded. Some gave the crumpled dollars in their pocket or a jar of change, others from their inheritance and wealth. But everyone gave something, and some...gave all.

On November 9, 2038 they left. The miracle? There was no broken glass, no deaths, just... a departure from a world that thought it could do without them, without us— sorely mistaken. The miracle? Having achieved a peace for the departure. The brothers and sisters who had lived astray held the assumption that we, spokes in the wheel of life, were expendable. The wheel eventually crushed under its own weight. The miracle? Corruption among those organizing the Exodus was, at worst, mischievous. Greed, consumption, indifference drowned in the rivers they walked along.

My purpose is not to retrace the steps for a play-by-play victory to be mimicked, but to give you hope in the future and more so the courage to fight and fight now. Your victory will be your own. Blast with the fallout of Word War 4 picking up the pieces of yesterday to mend tomorrow. Here are some pieces of tomorrow for mending today. I hope this letter reaches you, as many as you are. Know that the future is not already written. You code it in the language called the present. The commands merely need be entered.

In Hope Eternally,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Augusto Consejos". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejos" clearly distinguishable.

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161
President Augusto Consejos
Letter 5: Forced Labor Rotation

My Ancestors,

Instead of sending you a letter, I wish I could send you a song- that would make you sing and dance to a rhythm beating with the soul of all the warriors who came before and after you; a line dance or flash mob that everyone could know the steps and fall in, in unison, in sync...dancing the steps that bring sweat and freedom, driving the party and celebrating life. But, I cannot. Our technology in 2161 only has linked a small band of text through the online continuum. And, I can't...because songs like that have yet to be written.

After The Exodus of 2038, people began to realize we do need others. Diversity IS a blessing. Everyone's labor has value. Those hurt most by the repercussions were among the 1%- no one to pick their food, no one to clean their homes, no one to craft their mansions, or support their businesses. There was a ripple throughout the economy that was more like a detonation and its aftermath. No one truly realized the integral employment roles fulfilled by those of Mexican heritage or Chicanos or Latinos: brown people whose blood also bore hues of red, white and blue- the ideal of it.

The "solution" in America by the ruling class was to institute a Forced Labor Rotation (the FLR), to fill the many holes in the perforated economy. Although the economy was grinding to a halt, the "upper class" couldn't be inconvenienced. And so, with government institutions at their feet; engineers became farmworkers,

lawyers became maids, mechanics became servers, all skilled workers became labors seasonally- at random to be “fair” of course. The rest of America was required to wait for services until the oppressors had their fill, salivating from fangs dripping with venom of the law to preserve their own way of life- in spite of others. With so many gone, also gone were the days when something as simple as an oil change or customer service could be achieved so effortlessly. Not all families had even the luxury of fresh produce and meats. The FLR was self-defeating.

It wasn't too difficult to press this policy as by 2047 unionization was minced to a dish much less filling and much less digestible than that which sustained them for so long. But now the darkness of the 1% were fighting against people who could fight back with power, who were the same race and color, brother against brother, daughter against mother. Eventually, they needed more than a labor union to fight back. They needed a Union “of the People, for the People, by the People” as it honestly had never been before. At this point, no military support had been committed but “stars” and “stripes” were starting to fall. Eventually, the military split enabling the citizenry to resist peacefully while leaving a threat of force to the professionals.

When the strike was set in full motion, people began to die. Demonstration sites drew water cannons. Mass sit-outs during working hours drew flash grenades. Mace became mauling snipers thinking one death or just one more kill would be enough to drive the policy, but it proved that scores were not enough to fill the belly of the Dark Echelon, the worst of the 1%. Blood pooled on every Broadway and Main. While it was true that the US military had become an imperialist tool for incessant war profiteering- it was also true that the men and women who served actually did

join to fight for freedom and more so now than ever, it needed fighting for on our own shores. The entire military didn't answer the call, but the force responding was more than enough to fight back. This was when the troops truly came home. This was when "Support the Troops" was not a hollow mantra. Control of military might was lost and found in the same stroke.

I wish I could share that there was no bloodshed and that this was merely an isolated incident. It wasn't. The world was watching and every nation had their forgotten downtrodden 99%. World War 4 wasn't nations against each other, it was every nation against itself with a common oppressor fiscally united against a common "enemy": the "We, the People" who actually demanded rights promised by their own government, rights inherently bestowed by the Universe for all humanity. Everyone fought, somehow. Everyone gave something, and some...gave all.

I do realize in our Golden Era of 2161 that simply writing you the facts may not be enough to refabricate the weave of circumstance in history (for your unwritten) but still I write. There must be a way, then...now, to live in the truth of what can be, to flourish in fulfilled hope- long before the weeds of loss sprout sucking dry life around them. These few kilobytes which connect us in time and space are as real as the tradition of tortillas and culture that connect us with millennia of ancestors. Treat this transmission with the same richness of our history, your future. And your present can fold upon itself blessing upon blessing, nestled in a struggle deserving of our heritage, deserving of history.

Very Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Augusto Consejos".

President Augusto Consejos, Circa 2161

Letters from 2161

President Augusto Consejos

Letter 6: Labor Backed Currency

Brothers and Sisters,

What I wish I could tell you is that everything is going to be all right, like awakening from a nightmare to find the day is new and it's up to you to create your reality. But the evidence, history, suggests you will walk a path in the valley deep and scarred. Maybe though, and it is my hope, you can take this text and reprogram what the future holds. Maybe, if success through our national science experiment with time and communication, you can pre-delete the malaise which has always plagued progress. Maybe each day is new. And, maybe history can be re-written from the front end and not just the back end after degradation as accustomed. May these words never exist, except in an alternate reality.

During the Forced Labor Rotation (FLR), there grew a question of value. The oppressors asked, "Considering that it is forced labor, must we recognize *their* contribution? As in, why pay them any longer?" Like a snail sliming across the walkway, approached the reinstitution of slavery except not of races but of classes; the middle-class, the working-class, and the poor. It was a gradual progression which began even before the Exodus. Progressively civil rights eroded fragment by fragment. Any challenge to the Dark Echelon was met with loaded threats to withdraw federal, state, and/or local funding from programs people depended on for survival, pillars in many people's way of life. They were shaken. The nibble at humble meals became chomps and gulps against livelihoods. By the time slavery

was re-codified into law, the people no longer understood what it was to enjoy a meal.

Perhaps this hunger, a forced fasting, drove hearts to the sacred. Perhaps this longing awakened the conscience to a time never realized but always idealized. Perhaps the soul could no longer breathe deceived by material opulence and the numbing ease of convenience. If emergence from the Dark Ages yielded the Renaissance, being hard pressed under the thumb of the Echelon would yield the Rebirth of Conscience, the adjacent thought world which would eventually rebuild society. This revolution would not yield the wreckage of a military strike though the foundations of injustice were themselves destabilized.

The other question of value came from those oppressed. “Why aren’t our contributions valued enough to be compensated?”, they asked. And, it was almost “funny” Americans were asking this question because for years America indulged itself in under-valued labor and services from around the globe. With “the People” needing and on the cusp of creating a new value system, the rest of the world was also asking a question of value: Why is a U.S. hour of labor worth more than a Mexican hour of labor, a Vietnamese hour, Chinese, or Indian? It wasn’t until this question could be answered that an international alliance of the oppressed could be achieved, sustained.

The solution became a labor-backed currency. A currency that could not be devalued in volatile markets or arbitrarily inflated, that is available in abundance for any individual or group willing to contribute to the economy, and most importantly, a system based on equity rather than debt. Grandpa had a warning for the economy

which he never lived to see heeded. But in deliberations advocating for this course, his cognitive architecture was often on display. Other statesman referenced him:

Be wise in your perception of the economy. Not all pillars are built on the same foundation. Te disen que no puedes a “just” print money.

That is true. Commo quiera, lo que asen es much worse. THEY create and we accept a crippling and crushing system of debt to enrich a very few and THEN they just print money.

But now, without money at all, what choice did our people have but an alternative currency. I share with you this my ancestors, you cannot play with the bullies’ toys in the bullies’ yard and also tell them how to play. And the dollar, the yen, the peso, the pound, the euro- international monetary hegemony was their favorite toy. In the short run, the Chrono provided a means to run the Alternative Market and, in the rebuilding, the labor backed currency was the foundation of a hybrid economy, social-capitalistic, meeting needs through the strengths of each system.

My ancestors, perhaps nothing is required on your part now. Perhaps the Golden Era of Consciousness which we now live in, 2161, must be preceded by the quakeful upheaval in our archives. As a butterfly ripped from the cocoon too early, I hope not my urging is to you. Yet I communicate this transmission because I believe your soul has already metamorphosed. You are already ready to fly. But, the cocoon of yesterday hangs on reliving, reviving a previous version of yourself, hindering the healing-redemption. Shrug. PUSH. Fight! Be who you are without fear or apology and usher in this new era long before time and history have their way.

Live your present like a gift. Cherish it. Safeguard it. Share and enjoy it. But always, it is yours to do with as you wish. It remains my wish that you will open your gifts; moreover, that they will be useful to you.

With Honor,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Augusto Consejo". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejo" clearly distinguishable.

President Augusto Consejo, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161

President Augusto Consejos

Letter 7: The New Government

Familia,

When the war was over, when in a business sense with not nearly enough human capital to run the machine, when the purveyors of the machine realized they didn't have the kinesthetic intelligence to lift a finger for their own way of life, the Dark Echelon realized they had won many of the battles but lost the entire war, now sulking in shame and degradation like a petulant child realizing the solitude of having the best toys but no one to play with when they alone are the reason no one wants to play with them. The truth was they needed each other but more than they needed each other the new way needed balance. And, in the rubble, through the rubble, with the rubble, together began a rebuilding process

This is where I wish I could take you by the hand, behind the scenes of the *plein air* discussions where even children sat in silence to see how, if ever, the wounds of our people could be healed. In the beginning, it seemed as though it would be simple enough to apportion the land, mete off business interests to the traditional players, and carve out territories just short of intentional provocation. Fortunately, those pages didn't turn. This was a time for a new consciousness and that consciousness had to be given life in this new book of business colored with humanity. But, it wasn't that simple. Fortunately, people were paying attention and when pillars of the new government were constructed The People demanded to be among them, at a point of fulcrum to be exact.

This conversation took place in many lands and in many languages but nowhere was anyone saying, “Here Big Government! Take my livelihood and do as you please.” No one was saying, “Here Senator! Here Prime Minister! You know best how to live my life. Have your way with me and my family!”, said no one, nowhere. Instead, there was a demand to be heard and involved; moreover, demand to be respected in the decision-making process. The one pivotal institution which arose was a Citizen’s Academy. For all levels of government, someone couldn’t simply pander or buy their position. Instead, public service was a service where one could be drafted or nominated and then educated and trained to fill those roles, true service to community. A draft for peace to dissuade a draft for war. But not so much a draft as it was a plea of the people that the best of us would serve despite their reluctant leadership. It was interesting to see how this new breed far exceeded the “leaders” of old whom navigated to the most recent shipwreck. It wasn’t a perfect solution, but the solution worked perfectly.

A multitude of other tweaks to representative governments took place including but not limited to term limits, an apportioned “electoral college”, and redistricting by reasonable constituencies. In addition to a duty of service, care was taken to syphon out the influence of money from all pillars of government. Moreover, public service was no longer a duty handed off to a few select, but instead kindled by every hand which received from the public sector. The key term here is “representative government” because the truth is they just witnessed what happens with democracy 51% over 49% when it’s the 1% pulling the strings of either other half. A society ruled by a majority of dollars can only lead to tyranny over the oppressed. The Republic was reborn.

It would have been very easy to reinstitute old systems and build on the best of what we had but no, we needed to do better. We needed to reimagine what would be best and make some decisions not based on hard data because we had already witnessed straight data could only lead us in pre-conceived directions. We needed to somehow climb higher. We needed a government with a foundation as firm as a skyscrapers base and as beautiful as a poem that people wanted to love and be loved by in return. In truth, it was harder and more demanding than any form of government which had preceded it but it was well worth it, like a beautiful, loyal, devoted mate that was a challenge to cement but worth every ounce of blood in making a home, a tomorrow, a life, a future.

These letters I write to you are one such ounce, an invested kilobyte which I hope will yield reams of terabytes in love, in hope, in audacity, in a code switched from complacency to compassion, and a willingness to fight for what is rightfully yours, ours. There is no greater love you can give than the sacrifice of your present comforts for a soul you have yet to know. But please know, that we do know of you, our ancestors, and nothing could ever diminish the love therein .

In Great Hope,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Augusto Consejo". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejo" clearly legible.

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161
President Augusto Consejos
Letter 8: The New Education

Queridos,

It would be science fiction to hope I, myself, could arrive in your time and speak life into all my wishes for you, my hopes for the past to be recoded; that I could arrive and with the energy of our achievements step forward and away from the cautionary lights and into the perceived danger of progress. But maybe your suffering isn't great enough yet, maybe your anguish isn't seasoned rightly so as to demand an upheaval, maybe there still is just enough to eat that you don't truly know hunger and therefore neither desire and therefore neither the fire for what you truly deserve. At the very least, in reading these letters, I hope you know that one day injustice stopped and greed fed no more on the starving public who catered to it. Because it did and know that every inch you pushed created the leverage to move that mountain from there to here.

Before rebuilding, in truth we hadn't won much. We fought the final battles and won the war but that didn't change the fact that many still harbored loyalty for the very institutions which lead directly to the calamitous breakdown that had become society. This rebirth required a metamorphosis and reimagining of our institutions liberated from the training wheels which never allowed riding free into the future. In part, this meant allowing broader contribution in the decision-making process and it also meant making decisions apart from "best practices", published sources, and

proven methods. Especially in education, some strategies needed to be implemented simply because they were the right thing to do despite their immeasurability against any p-value or standard deviation. For example, integrating culture into curriculum and intentionally developing character.

Overall, there was no blanket solution, unless of course something as simple as a discussion could be classified as a solution. Frank, candid and often difficult discussions at all levels from which were derived tailor made solutions from the core of the problems, problems which were different school to school and region to region. Sometimes the problem was a policy. Sometimes the problem was funding. Other times a person or just an attitude. During this phase of the metamorphosis, the stakeholders grew steely wings of courage to fly in the atmosphere of action where objective decisions could flourish- decisions such as letting someone or something go.

If the solution to education could be boiled down to one word, it would be accountability, accountability throughout the entire system: students to parents and teachers, teachers to administration and administration to teachers, legislators to school boards, all accountable to each other. This is not to say that there never was any accountability. Most certainly there was but the comparative difference is similar to saying the grocery store doesn't provide meals because still everything needs to be prepared. It was a matter of presentation, arrangement, and the touch of a master chef with command of the resources to delight any review.

The most difficult aspect? ...making demands on the students. They had just witnessed a crumbling of accountability in their own leadership. How could they, with any confidence, believe and act on what the adults believed was best. It didn't take a perfect system presented on a silver platter. But, it did take placing the leadership on the altar of accountability, this new 360 degree continuum of everybody owing everybody their best effort. Honestly, it couldn't have been more perfect than it was in its flaws. The golden gap where the new policies grew were exactly the same spaces where they grew strongest as these were the spaces where they grew together.

Practically, it looked like school choice of public schools where students were groomed for a career path and where students graduated with skills to enter the job market competitively or pursue higher education adequately prepared for the rigor. Practically, it looked like valuing the trades. Practically, it looked like fully funding impactful classrooms and programs which enriched the whole learning experience- not merely meeting the mean on standardized tests. Practically, it looked like parental involvement and support that creates an environment valuing education as a top priority in theory and in practice. Not every parent did but the community knew those roles must be filled. They filled them. Ratios with too many students was a thing of the past. People paid attention and the dividends were massive gains.

This is not to say that everyone passed the standardized tests. This is not to say that everyone went to college or that everyone received a trophy just for showing up, no. The overall approach to education was more of a team with a regimen and a goal, a

strategy and a struggle that would be worked through like champions knowing the glory was not only won in the final match, but in every small triumph along the way. Also important was a shift from regurgitating information to critical thinking and creativity and applying these to real world problems. Most amazing in this was that the youth were willing to question everything, not blindly accepting any standard as an absolute truth. And, it was this freedom which unleashed the desire to learn. Now, their learning had purpose. It was part of the solution of which they were integral parts.

What would your education lead you to believe? That there's no way a solution to education could ever be derived? That there's no way this message isn't some type of computer scam to manipulate a response? Of course, scientifically it is unproven that this transmission could be real. But, it was once unreal that aircraft could break the sound barrier or that anything could even navigate by air. It was once unreal that women could lead in the work force or that women could even be in the work force. Is it such a big leap to imagine how we are connected through time and space and that just as you can reach back and grab from the past, the future can reach back and extend a hand to you.

In Truth and Courage,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Augusto Consejo". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejo" clearly distinguishable.

President Augusto Consejo, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161
President Augusto Consejos
Letter 9: The New Economy

Beloved,

How does one create a masterpiece? How does one even begin?! Perhaps not to build a masterpiece. Instead, to meet a need inside and the rest flows from talent and skill and love. That was how our Golden Era of Consciousness was built, but with knowledge that could not be found in books, love that could not be proven, and desire that stood without question- pushing beyond the barriers of what is or had been to what could be. That is how The New Economy was built, most beautiful as a poem, a painting, a masterpiece.

The economy which had been was a hall of mirrors, reflecting on itself but never revealing its true form. There was a concept of efficient markets, that all pertinent information was available to all those in the market but this was not so. The market was only “efficient” if your decision to partake was solely influenced by the bottom line and “growth” in reckless abandon.

Amazingly, without all the pieces, an idea was advanced, a masterpiece in the making, that when fully formed would be the cornerstone in the cathedral of consciousness we were building. It wasn't the arts. It was business. It was a culture in business that advocated for all stakeholders not just the shareholders. One of the most beautiful strokes was Social Entrepreneurship Corporations. Not an order to

tear anyone down. Instead, an opportunity to lift many others up which shined such a bright light that the darkness we craved had become obsolete.

Imagine, a corporation rewarded and recognized by law for equity in pay, respecting worker's rights, diversity, sustainability, and of course responsible profitability. As much as it cleansed business practices, it also freed workers to perform in a state of flow where the daily grind was now covered in love, loyalty, and creativity. This stroke eventually brought the masterpiece of our society to full circle.

Not entirely amorphous, in process it was like a sculpture which had yet to be completed, that you can see coming to life, half hewn from the marble and half resting deep within, that if just chiseled a little bit more, that if just polished, sanded, and buffed a little bit more, a little more water, a little more pressure the life would spring forth in the round and none could deny it's contribution to the world.

This was the case for the new economy. An economy built on equity rather than debt. An economy where the capital which resided in people's minds and hearts and hands was enough to guarantee a life well lived- heart share and mind share. An economy of fact where transparency participated in the decision to patronize, not just whose throat could be cut the deepest with cheapest razors. It didn't require an entirely new accounting system, just a few innovations to move beyond the concept that in order to become enriched one first had to enslave themselves to someone else and then profligately oppress their factors of production.

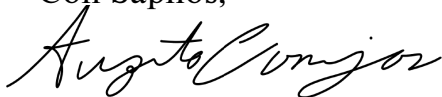
The frame to hold it all together was a fiscal system of equations which sought to not address challenges as isolated occurrences but instead as systems- like in Chemistry $PV=nRT$. If temperature, or another variable, changes there must be a

corresponding effect to the other side of the equation. No more fixing wages only to allow inflation to run rampant. No more printing money only to allow for debasing of the currency. No more endless funds for war while compassionate spending violated the “principles” of the economy. No more. Totalitarian? Perhaps a bit. But the economy is not a beloved child to allow growth to their hearts desire. The economy is a tool to measure and facilitate the flow of goods, services, and personal livelihoods. Never could the economy be allowed to become an idol, worshipped and adored above those it is intended to serve. No more.

During this period, resources were meager; nevertheless, the arts flourished. New creative expressions and even new mediums found their way across dinner tables and public displays. Bringing healing and a release of all the angst, anger, and passion which had accumulated throughout the generations. Nothing was like it, except maybe the sun. Nothing was like it, except maybe a season bringing its harvest in due time. Nothing was like it, except maybe- a masterpiece.

This is the most beautiful truth I can share with you. More beautiful than my children, more beautiful than my offering to God, more beautiful than the latest creation in the cosmos. And, it is my hope you can study this masterpiece and learn the strokes for yourself and live them in your own medium, in your own time. An artist once told me, “You don’t tryyyy to paint!! You JUST paiiiiint!” He was right. There are no mistakes. Paint over. Apply until the beauty is perfected.

Con Saphos,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Augusto Consejos". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Con Saphos".

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161

Letters from 2161

Letter 10: Close

President Augusto Consejos

Antepasados,

I must say goodbye. Goodbye until technology will permit me to communicate more fully the perfection of our religion- personal responsibility, justice, love. Till I can send you the appendix, the instruments we used to codify the new ways into law above law, a concerto resonating with humanity.

I must say goodbye to return to the work at hand which, though a masterpiece, is still not fully brought to completion. That may forever be a living moving piece of art that can only become the masterpiece in every way we interact with it- wholly, in a sacred sense, as a steward of its beauty.

But! Never goodbye, only until tomorrow when our spirits meet across time in the world we create that we wish to love like the universe first loved us, abundantly overflowing.

Enamorado,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Augusto Consejos". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the first name "Augusto" and last name "Consejos" clearly distinguishable.

President Augusto Consejos, Statesman Circa 2161