

There is arriving the words of those from a faraway land lending us the last strength they have to speak anymore of the pains of their civilization. They said a civil conflict, and we asked them like children, what is a civil conflict? They had not the heart to tell us, the truth, a war that breathes fire to threaten the homes and livelihoods of the contented, the humble, and the real. The goods of the world now at stake, we know not to ask for more, but must accept that the amassing by the masses, dumb and irate, had yelled fire and bullets against what of the civilized, the ones who write literature and poetry, who draw and point to the things that ought for them to rise and be pleased. So we speak today of the dream, what dream you ask, but the dream that holds us together and strong, that places us above the enemy we know to be anger and hate, but excludes not the will to stand, and to fight.

These times are harder, but attitudes should set ourselves to be had by only the truth. The American Dream carries us to those sights and places which remain unfortunately foreign to them. A militaristic attitude should not taint our hearts, for we must remember that even in a fight we must be principled and wise: in principle and wisdom the abidance to the rules show that our kind is this, as high as any civilization's reason of being, such for us to have and hold through the lands of storms and hail, which should never be barren. Almost entirely sometimes a fight would ask, the reason that principle was nurtured and nourished, not roughly but gently by the purpose and origin of our people we shall remain away from darkness.

We are without clothes, they had speculated, though falsely, for we are clothed by our dreams, our implicit orders, our happiness, and our love. We cannot respond to false idols and rather we in this land peopled by the season of spring who will yield not to darkness can see clearer than they can, of what they are, of what sufferings they have born, even their ignorance of ours, what makes us proud. The varied violences of conflict, seeming larger than life as they unconcealed the images of the vices, show too the fine sculptures of the virtues. Nothing of their pains and sufferings we can bear for them, and must before, bow to that choice made prior their arrivals with a heartfelt expression of respect. None can kill that of ours but only through the negligence of regard, even for the enemy.

So here we must now defer to circumstance, and speak of what it is to raise a force for defense. There is no triviality nor shame to hear of that our strength includes the collection of minds and the preparation of means. Previously, we call these just-in-case scenarios, but failure cannot be when that which we treasure is too threatened by the currents which are foreign and acerbic. The grounds to be made for a chance not so slim as blind optimism would let us astray. We can in this silent calm, ponder a little, of what it is that brought them so far across the sea, to a land they have only heard of as a paradise and a hell.

The purpose of the human being is varied, at times, between individuals. Directly we cannot speak of this which is of a higher substance, but around it a few remarks then. Of the destruction minded, it is like an acidic substance, spat out to spread like a virus, that kills all that is good in the person who grasps onto it, especially if in his heart. Sometimes, it kills him too. This is no consequence to standing to fight for a cause, but

rather is the secret that does not tell, that distinguishes between the pathological criminal and the reformable or the healthy. Of the creationist mind, what holds within is pure and good, a pure spirit that rolls and gives, that rounds out all the sadness and anger here and out there, to bring back that there is nothing rough and hard in the world, though a moment may be of anything. We choose what secret we should hold in our heart, in that minute that shall speak through our mouths and our actions the expression that will surprise even ourselves. So this secret which we all must hold inside is one that will not violently utter, and rather, speak slowly through the minutes of the day, the year, and the whole life.

And a minute is so, but what minute beheld in tomorrow's life? What of that who should come in silent kindness to take us away that proves even the mortal life could be called a minute? They call him Death, and the brave men answered that yes he is kind. This is to behold in this moment for awhile that which inspires fear in the young, like a dark bedroom without a night light. It is healed, that we call and recognize as fear, by knowing what passes is like a minute too, that is, the minuteness of mortality and the grandeur of immortality but a slight difference of thought. The notion of the true human is relentless, is with the will to greet, and has the courage to seize the truth. To stand strong, it is not merely in putting down what we hold dear, but to anchor it and conceal it in the space below the bush, committing that we will know what those possessions and properties mean will last forever. We advance then and only then, and this is the definition of the first preparation: we are what we know. By thus knowing, we can advance, yes, even if to the front.

Now to retreat a step, what was the thought that had persisted all these years, when we were inspecting and wondering, greeting and pondering? The thought was that we shall save. To save is like a thought of great essence that spilled over into our kindness and our generosity, we would save, we had thought and then just kept thinking. The question was "Who". Knowing only a bit more, then we may yet be faced with new hurdles the occasioning of war which we asked not of. Persistence of memory will safeguard that we have met those we recognize as like us, like human beings, but are a little different, yet who comes now at our door? If they should bear arms, and fire, who are we, a question asked too late. By our actions, we have done thusly, we have gained but not in materials, those have been the actions we undertook, justly so that we should know, that we could make this far, by that which we have given.

The stages of life is like the stages of a civilization. Early we knew better, by our innocence and purity the wealth was raised naturally almost without effort. We know better for that we are in childhood beyond the stings of conflict - and we know we are better with our big eyes reminding everyone that peace is best. We reach out, innocently with the most love, with our hand and yearn that it should find a reply that grants the greatest meaning of all, love. Are we still young, yes. To touch another, we thought of a friendship with another civilization, then falsely wondered if our efforts were nought if they could not reach back to touch our little hand, for they too bear the age of eons and cannot confuse what this now. Not so fast a binding bond to be made, to have for our own, like a burgher or a toy, but a promise with the collateral of eons. These affairs here then. What of them? Triumph is not like winning a small fight nor like winning a hand

of poker - triumph is the perfect accomplishment of the self that elevation is of the spirit that finds us again when we breathe. Triumph is perfect accomplishment of virtue, and of the achievement of a lofty dream to hold fast for all the minutes.

Then, of the practical affairs, this here is that we do not know that conflict will not reach us. They are arriving, and from that mess, over there. What can we know but what was shown? To look for triumph, now of the practical affair, let it be that the plan be drawn from above to place above, there, with the facts true here. It is an impossibility to round out all affairs to do with anger and hate, but we in love too have strength and might must not be let go. This is a moment in which we must make preparations so that whatever comes we should about our trust circulate ourselves in whichever order most appropriate, and this we shall do as a People before God.

We can know that our problems will last but a moment before His eyes.

Home. The planet is one in our eyes, but even with our lesser understanding before God we must admit not all could bring that world into one in theirs, for in endless space the planet trafficks, and their meticulousness and encompassing read of the one planet did rend them to succumb to the dark of infinity which to them hold not freedom and exhilaration but instead leads them to cower and know not more, only that they will forever be tiny and insignificant, so they will not lose. But if only secrets could lend themselves to be told; that this secret will not and cannot cross the distance surprised us this time. The oceans did always speak only of infinity before our charts and many voyages overtook their immensities. That they can cross an ocean by our charts must have been tallied as a win, while our history and heritage could think of that win with no meaning imbued. The world is this world: it is no small world for this world here is Home.

At Home we are, and when we are not paying attention, we are still at Home within our higher orders, even that which is beyond us in our mortal lives, it will endure and we shall know, one day hopefully further into the future, but that at Home we are we can know. The light to lead us is from above, but that we can allow the light to instill our heart we shall have the strength to let go of what is childish and so going we will have become men and women. For what time does and will tell is of that which we should have recalled sooner, that what we make is what we have, against odds we build our security, but that in our heart we must carry the light in our belief in Him above is the ultimate security we shall have, even if we should venture into a tomorrow that is against all odds. Through labor in preparation and action the wins are no gamble. Then triumph in even practical things we will have as ours.

Let us remember what it is in times of war so we are prepared for anything. It is not just independence and the belief in freedom, these we must have, yet is the friendship and alliance which is care that brings us together and is Solidarity herself. The ally is the one who has your back, as you would have his, who strives with you to be together that even blood can be an ongoing signature to hold everything beyond yours and his. The friend is the one who would feed you, as you would feed him, though food is scarce and there is not even drink. We know because we had achieved it even at the level of Nations, to win

the cooperative spirit to place all of us into the future as one humanity that shall furnish herself in each and every with the prosperity of lives to live. Alliance and friendships even at the level of nations are with us. Intact the globe shall be: this too to be made.

The fitting of the times we called de-escalation of that named pandemic. What durations did pass before and then we can always recall later. Today before the times is demanding of a fresh logic that includes the orders in civil revolution and in military versatility. The new logic is to rend us become invulnerable that can bring all the people to courage this from the conviction that we have been right and have not erred. No we must say with both words and actions to unending war by the gaze steady upon the object we call Peace Eventual. For all the lands we know of and our own too are to find peace soon through what but the plan to achieve the highs and the lows, evenly, with our sight steady and filled with intention. Even in conflict we shall rise; if at times we have moved from the normal range we can know the future will give the fertility of genius by the creative spirit inhering in all our People.

Some time ago, a meeting was proposed by a diplomat whose eyes were sad, betraying that their world over there had given into havoc, and then had streamed out. This international affair did not let way be given to the lords of chaos though lives were lost. The special allowance has proven the heroism of common people the world over: we just have to remember this heroism was later recalled by our children's children.

And so this speech ends. The lovely night, she did not lend us even a single secret, and so we love her for this reason.