



The state of exile is over as the springs of your Life rise out of barren lands. The separation of your tribal branches are healed. The Numbers of your Name and your rites of expansion are joined as Yahúdah and YishARAL, into one Kingdom/Dominion of Illumination. Your dream state of slumbering in your waters is over as you are quicked to rise from the dead.

The Fathers, who sowed your SeedName with tears of Ræchel—the Joys of Understanding, join in your joyous song as your Life bears the fruit of your SeedName. Though you have proceeded into your journey with a seemingly weight of mortality, carrying your sac of Seed, you appear in being quickened from your slumbering, carrying the multiple layers of sheaves from the harvest of your SeedName.

The answer to Life and Death are over. The Seed that has been sown by the Farmer in the Skies now computes with understanding that your body is not a corpse, but fertile soil for the expansion of the Light in your SeedName. Your days are filled with music—the joyous songs of the sages. The harmonic cords of the nations that surround you give their wealth and strength for your to bear your sheaves of grain whereby you have peace inwardly and outwardly. When your 12 SoulHeads are gathered at the end of your journey, you leave the ground for another to possess as you carry the harvest of your SeedName in your bosom through the gates of the gloried City of ALhhim. The Name of Aharuwan sends for the reapers to gather the WordGrains expanded from your Seed to fill the heavens and earth with their Lights.