

*The Keepers see and hear, then give.
God asks all who receive to Do in love*

Odd these gifts we have been given. One to see, one to hear, another to *tell*: None without the other is adequate, but together—unity. We banner our gifts, both with the sigil at the front, and the proceeding credo, within the heading of this journal—all to codify the purpose of this journal. We are called *the Keepers*. What is it we keep? See. Listen. Our telling is not of our own Doing. A Greater One gives it. So great is He, that we can see and hear from afar. We can travel the globe without a walk or a cart or a ship. The Greater One we serve allows us to share what has been revealed to us and it is for His purpose, not our own.

Odd gifts yes; wonderful certainly; frightening definitely. We are watchmen on a tower that overlooks the entire world. We know the coming of the life-giving sunrise and the approach of deadly storms.

Our powers are not given for show, but for purpose. Now through our gift you will see and hear that purpose. The time is short before the last sunset. We share our eyes and ears with you, that you may know the Great One as we do and worship Him. Some will and some will refuse. All are given the blessing or the curse to choose.

See and hear. Read on if you dare and decide quickly to Do. Your fate is upon you.

Watching The Tartulians Month 10, Year 3 After Gathering-Up (AG)

“I can’t mingle you just done that!” Black Jackson stares at his companion as if he had only now arrived on the planet from some other place. The other man returns the stare without a word, then again he sticks his tongue out. He also produces a vibrating/spitting noise in the direction of the piece of paper posted on the *Do Board*.

“Küлло, Ye just Blew a Raspberry at the Mede’s new Do!” Black Jackson has taken a step back from the insulter, perhaps in fear of a lightning strike or the sudden appearance of a *Peacer* or worse, a *Boss-Peacer*. “Are ye hurting to be *snuffed*?”

“Raspberry? Is that what ye call it?” Küлло does not seem afraid at all. “I’ve never heard it called out. No, that won’t do—there is no

fruitiness in it. There is no fruitiness in the world a'tal. It is not even a vegetable act—it is now *Blubbertonguing*.”

The tall, lanky Ethiopian takes another step of distance. We do not see fear in him at Kullo's telling an opinion against the most recent *Do* from the Mede and his Do Brothers of the Green Order Government, known as GOG. And in these days, that calls for hurt. The new Do on the Do Board is short and, in the terminology of the day, *fact*:

All who live here; breathe the Supreme Mede's air here
Ye will do for the Supreme Mede and his do brothers what they call
ye to
Ye will know the Supreme Mede tell the do brothers and the do
brothers tell ye.
Ye will do for them any ask from them. Ye will obey them with yer
“yes” and yer “do”.

By the call of the Supreme Mede *A*

The Signet of Artemis, god of Knowledge in the ancient Greek—signified by a capital A with the right column bowed in archer fashion—verifies that the Mede's hand blessed this decree.

The fact that tall Ethiopian cannot read the words on the Do Board carries no worth. We hear and see Kullo read the tell to him. It is the same for everyone. Readers must Do for the No-readers.

“Ye is done-done!” Black Jackson shakes his head in finality. He has seen as we have: People who don't Do the Do's, become hurt by the Peacers.

“BJ, are ye a Second? Ye say it much, ye walk as if. Are ye just a *keepsack* with no bread inside?” Kullo, the short stocky Tartulian native takes his own steps, but his stepping brings him closer to the dark man, not further away. “We are called-out and the call says shine! Don't hide under a bowl.”

Shining? We Keepers are amazed he would choose that word. The boys sit in on a broken concrete bench in a gathering spot called Town Centre. It is where most public announcements in their impoverished city are conveyed. An already grey place, it seems intentionally painted over in more grey. The lack of color blends seamlessly into the dismal surroundings beyond and speaks to the condition of their lives. The ashen sky above agrees with the environment—this is just one canvas that is pathetically replicated throughout the new world.

Black Jackson makes a subtle motion with his head toward one of the pathways leading out from between the rundown buildings that frame

Town Centre. He brings his friend's attention to four uniformed Peacers approaching them and Kullo immediately displays his most gracious smile.

"Mede tells," both of the young men offer as the Peacers near. Their adversaries however have other business on their mind and pass the two by with hardly a glance.

"Oh some *lit ones* are we," Black Jackson quips when the contingent has marched out of earshot. "Where went all yer Blue? Someone snuff it out?"

The shorter man reaches into his tunic pocket, pulling out a piece of cured *heeringas*—the popular local fish, to chew on. The meat is tough and takes a few tugs with his teeth to separate. As he works it, there is a subtle cracking in his mouth. Kullo promptly spits out a small piece of one of his teeth that has just broken off. His response to his friend begins with Kullo pulling off his glove to reveal his glowing blue hand. Then he speaks through his cloth mask. We hear his muffled tell beginning with a chuckle.

"It's right here, but I'm crazy mixed up about how it's my Blue to shine. The Blue is His. I'm mingling He wants me to show it elsewhere." The Tartulian sits down on the rough ground, pulls an ink bottle, quill and parchment out of his keepsack that never leaves his person. It protects his most prized possessions which he now uses, beginning to scratch a message of his own.

"Lord above, ye not be mingling ye can write a complaint to 'em?" Black Jackson is becoming more anxious by the moment and glances nervously in the direction where the Peacers had headed. He stands up and paces around like an anxious cat, looking about for other eyes and ears that might be observing them. The risk of being caught by officials in some unseen snare is a risk anywhere. Finally detecting no approaching threat, the Ethiopian sets down once more.

"Following His Do is all I be *calling-out*," Kullo says as he focuses intently on his work, unconsciously biting on his tongue which protrudes from the right side of his mouth. This makes him mumble as he speaks and the other man misunderstands him.

"Ploughing His borders? What ye tell?"

The scribe looks up from his work directly at Black Jackson. He wears the look of one who has just been given a great gift. "Ploughing His borders, I mingle that lots. Thank ye brother!" And he goes right back to his scribbling.

"I don't mingle yer meaning a'tal," the black man shakes his head in frustration.

After long minutes, Kullo looks up again from the page and addresses his friend in earnest. "Ye know me well of all who know... 'cept fer Him of course. Ye know He called out fer me to lay down words, new

words that people can mingle right in their hearts, not like the ol' words the Do Brothers and Boss-Peacers tell, right?"

Black Jackson responds with a nod.

"Well," continues the Tartulian native, "I be righting the writing. I'm doin' a sōnastik...a... dictionary to help tell the difference between His Do and the Mede's Do.

"Kūllo, ye know I cannot mingle reading, nor yer fancy thinking. What be a dictionary?"

The writer puts down his tools of trade and, with a look of sadness in his eyes, patiently explains to his friend, "A dictionary tells what a thing be by giving it a word. If you've never heard the word *God* afore and someone speaks it at you, you can look it up in a dictionary and it will tell you, who and what God be."

Black Jackson's brilliant smile lights his face. "Like yer word *mingle* ye taught me!"

"That's one of the new ones, certain." We Keepers watch the writer turn teacher. "It be right here," he speaks and simultaneously leafs through his precious documents until he finds the word he wants. Then he says it out loud,

"Mingle: 1. Mix together, make two things one. 2. Gluing yer Calling-Out to yer Do."

"That's one I use much acause it means much," Black Jackson interrupts. I get-rich of speakin' it, 'specially the gluin' part."

Kūllo looks curiously at the other man, then retrieves his writing utensils. He dips his quill and writes something else while he speaks. "BJ, ye puzzle me much. It be from ye that I catch many of the new words."

"But I don't make 'em." The tall man looks confused. Dey be someone else's make." Then he takes a long thought and bashfully asks his companion, "Can I see yer scratch?"

"Dinner be cold if you not eat now." This is stated sternly by a slight young woman, Asian by look, who appears at the doorway of a nearby building.

"*Ye, Ye o keun, Han Ko* yes, yes oh great Han Ko," both the Ethiopian and the Tartulian sing in mock honor. The woman at the door mumbles, "Hmmp." then points a finger at Kūllo and says, "Less for the one sneaking fish in pocket." Then Han Ko returns into the building.

"I mingle Han Ko being happier today than in forever long," says Black Jackson with the most serious scowl he can muster upon his face.

As one, the young men rise and turn a final time toward the Do Board, offering a blubbertongue. Then they burst out in laughter and walk together toward their waiting meal. What a picture of joy they are for us.

We will tell more of Han Ko's story later. But for the young men, she is a closed book. It is Kullo and Black Jackson's interactions we are now called-out to share. Their own stories are well mingled between the two of them. They share a common bond having grown up in slum conditions. Each had believing parents who had done their best to raise them in the ways of church, but the neighborhoods of Tartu Estonia and Adama Ethiopia provided far too many distractions and temptations. Compounding the situation, both had grown up in illiterate families.

They, like many who had obtained the age of reason, were abandoned in a single, terrible day when even the earth and elements themselves seemed eager to reject them.

How the two became mingled is in itself miraculous. Countless stories are told now of the *Bronzeman Seeings*—individuals and even whole groups who had heard and seen the Man-God. Some even claimed to have been physically touched by him and had been instantly healed of severe physical ailments, not the least of the cures included mending the hateful bug strikes that have wounded any who do not confess and claim same-said Jesus as Lord of their life.

So we begin to watch the history of Kullo. At fourteen years of age, the boy had become all frustrated with the social and physical upheaval boiling up throughout Estonia and the world. His unemployed parents and their family already suffered from a pathetic existence. The boy's angry tirades against his *ema ja isa*—mother and father—accusing them of having no value to society—told of his inner rage. He blamed them for holding him back from any possible accomplishments and accused their plight of trapping him in the mire of the surrounding poverty. One late afternoon, without hope or a plan, the naïve Tartulian finally took to the streets, rejecting all he had known. He wandered into the night finally to stand in front of an old derelict building near Town Centre. Tentatively he crept inside and picked his way through refuse, trying mostly to avoid the places where he heard the rustling of rats and other more unfamiliar disturbances. Finally, he found a relatively clear spot on the old wooden floor and collapsed into an exhausted and fitful stupor.

Kullo's timing could not have been worse, his exodus being right at the moment of the radical planetary and social shifts caused by the appearance of the V4641 Singularity. Its full effect announced itself the very next morning with a blaring sound in the atmosphere like an overly loud musical horn whose tone ripped at his ears. He bent over in

acute pain at the blast and then after a few moments its attack stopped. Then, he had been sitting on the very bench where we have recently been watching his and Black Jackson's interactions. At the moment of that blowing years ago, when he raised himself back up he was stunned to realize that at least half of the people he had observed going about their daily functions in Town Centre had vanished. Driverless cars and busses began to careen into passersby. The traffic lights, electric signs and other gadgets ceased their function. The boy watched as people looked around in puzzlement, taking cell phones out of pockets or computers and pads out of cases, and punching wildly on their screens to attempt contact with others. Quickly panic ensued and a new thought came to him along with a chill that shook his being. *Minu pere*—my family!

Küllo tried to make his way back to the other side of Tartu, but the chaos of the people was violent. Trampling, looting and angry confrontations surrounded him. He finally chose to crouch in an alley until, in fading daylight the crowds seemed to thin out and he was able to make his way toward his old home. Seismic tremors, so unfamiliar to this area, shook and rattled the landscape. A hot wind blew into his face and the remaining people who he did encounter walked zombie-like passed him through the streets, no seen purpose to their amblings.

He arrived just at sunset and, since there was no elevator in the unkept building, charged up the tenement stairs to the fourth floor flat of his pere. The door was unlocked, but no-one was there to welcome him back. Küllo flipped the light switch, but no illumination appeared. He tried the telephone but it didn't function either. There was gas in the stove so he turned it on and cooked some bratwurst that had thawed in the freezer. After eating his fill, he fell into another fit of deeply disturbed dozing.

All he could see in his troubled slumber was a man shining with golden light, trying to offer the forsaken boy a bright blue ball held in his hand. In his dream, Küllo stood in a dark red room and was afraid to take the ball from the man of bronze.

Küllo waited for two days before realizing that his family would not return. He was poorly equipped for self-preservation, choosing to hide from, rather than confront his broken world. And so it was with complete horror that the nearly starved, forsaken boy exited his building one day—out into the open street—to find that everything he knew to be familiar was gone. There only seemed to be handfuls of people where before the streets had been crowded with activity.

Abandoned cars and motorbikes littered the streets and in the far distance he saw the fuselage of an airplane lodged in the crumbled structure of what used to be an old clock tower. Fires raged everywhere and the fumes of carnage insulted his senses from all directions.

He quizzed any people he did find on the streets, but no-one had any explanation for the strange disappearance of many of the townspeople. One thing he did un-puzzle on his own; the people who remained seemed to have no light in their eyes—no convictions or character of any kind. Worst of all, he had to admit his own thoughts and behavior to be no better than theirs. Kullo tried to fit in with the wandering gangs of young thugs who prowled the streets, but he had always been a loner. He felt truly forsaken and he cried out in anguish at his stupidity. To his isa, ema and his two younger *õed*—sisters, Anu and Liisa, he had not been able to say, “Goodbye”. To these whom he now realized loved him and whom he cherished more than any worldly gems, yet chose to discard, he had not been able to say, “Forgive me.”

A tell traveled across the continent by the lips of travelers. The few that did make it to Tartu, a remote location at best, shared what they knew with the locals.

“There was a Gathering-Up of souls. People everywhere were called-away. The planet itself was breaking,” they said.

And so, self-survival became the focus. For a long-long time before, Estonia was known for its “not being known”. Very few earthquakes, floods, or natural disasters of any sort happened here, and hence, little attention had visited the tiny country situated in the northern Baltic region.

Throughout recent history, any mention of the country had typically been associated with two other words—*Winter* and *Cold*. Those descriptions were certainly apt prior to influence of the *Dark Blue*, otherwise known as the V4641 Singularity. Since the appearance of the unsettling space phenomenon, the world, its axis and its climate conditions had changed drastically.

Estonia had become a rare gem hidden in the rubble of the Green Order Government, ruled by Darius Mede, whom most began to simply refer to as *the Mede*. Because of the already diminished population, the chaos elsewhere, and its un-notorious reputation, this area remained mostly invisible to the rest of the world.

Tartu particularly experienced an average seven degree annual temperature increase actually improving its appeal and capability for crop production. Its location off of the Baltic Sea also provided

continued fishing trade. For Tartu in particular, flooding had not been an issue as it was far inland. When the polar ice caps reduced, the sea levels increased, suddenly redefining the city as a coastal town. Yet for some reason the tectonic forces affecting most of the rest of the planet still did not impact this region.

Everywhere there were the attacking bugs. For this people put on their *leathers*, heavy cured animal skins that the stingers and bites couldn't penetrate. They also wrapped thick cloth masks over their faces. The garb was cumbersome and overly warm, but necessary and successful for the most part in thwarting attacks. Soon, style even entered the equation with people wearing decorative hoods to distinguish one from another. Of course the larger and more bold the ornamentation, the higher the status of the individual in the area.

Ripping dust storms, other climatic irregularities, weather swings and social upheaval were the norm, but Estonia was not affected to the magnitude nor consistency that was being felt elsewhere. Regardless of the magnitude, all suffered and tried to make the best of a miserable existence.

Such were the conditions of Kullo's subsistence. For over twenty four lunar cycles he survived off the stores found by rummaging through his family's apartment complex. When conditions outside were tolerable, he scavenged for food and supplies. When the weather and other disturbances intensified, he closed himself off in the basement, staring into the darkness and many times, trying to justify a way of ending the nightmare, life had become. Frequently he would think he had heard a familiar voice of his ema, or Anu, or Liisa calling him. He even answered back, despairing at the echoes of silence that taunted him. His crying-out in the night and the memories he could not push away became intolerable. He had to escape his torment.

It was the beginning of the third year after the Gathering-Up when Kullo made his decision to search for other living quarters. The unpredictable weather changes, made it difficult to tell, but it seemed to be the approach of the warming season. Climactic chaos continued to inflict its wrath on the social order of once tranquil Tartu, but he decided it was time to search out new quarters which would not remind him so much of his family and former life. He packed up the remaining essentials he had found in his family's apartment complex and other vacated buildings nearby, loading them into a discarded wooden vegetable wagon that he found in a side alley. He waited until dark, hoping not to draw attention to his supplies or his intended destination. It was difficult maneuvering the cart through the littered streets, but finally he arrived at his newfound home, the same neglected warehouse near Town Centre that he had occupied on his first journey away from home.

During this time, some structure started creeping back into Tartu.

The Mede began to post announcements about how all the people were to *Do*. The effort was futile and frustrating for any like the unread Kullo, until certain others who were literate in the community assumed authority. They became known as Mede's *Do Brothers*, interpreting the new edicts to their own purpose by means of punishment to those who disobeyed and reward to those who complied.

The boy-turned-man avoided conflict as best he could by attempting to mingle with the other Tartulians. But they seemed to fear his newfound boldness and no-one wanted to be seen as overly helpful to others—it was not the *green way*. “Do” was for each person, by each person. “Do” was not shared.

Kullo's ostracization made it necessary for him to learn another skill: fishing. He found the activity more pleasure than effort and was so productive that he was able to trade his excess catch with local farmers for vegetables. The exchange exercise was strange in that no-one would speak with him directly. He devised a method of silent agreement by placing a bag of sun baked heeringas in open common area of Town Centre. He drew a circle around the fish using a sandstone rock as his marker. He then drew another circle of equal size next to his catch. After this, he retreated to a safe, but visible distance to watch his primitive storefront.

Several times a townsman would tentatively approach the fish and Kullo watched intently. None of the initial poachers carried goods with them and so he would begin walking toward them rapidly, all the while shouting, “Kaubandus!—Trade!”

The first ones, seeing the approaching boy who all knew to be strange, retreated quickly. Then a weatherworn farmer, who Kullo recognized, cautiously neared the fish. This one carried a sack of equal size to his. The farmer gingerly set the sack within the boundaries of the void circle and quickly grabbed the fish. He ran with great stealth for an old one, back the direction he had come and Kullo had accomplished his first of many exchanges.

Most times he accepted the vegetables, but sometimes necessity demanded other goods. He would simply announce his need as he approached his circle and until another carried in what looked to be the wanted article. Kullo rejected any others' approach by again advancing

toward the circle while reiterating his demand. Those with poor kaubandus quickly got the message and withdrew.

The system worked well and the new-styled entrepreneur's view of the his small universe began to expand. He spent much of his time arranging his building, exploring its refuse left from another era. Since Tartu had been relatively untouched by earthquakes and tremors, the structure of his industrial homestead was reasonably intact. But prior to his acquiring the premise, it had apparently been used to store indescribable amounts of useless office furniture; desks and, most unusable of all; table lamps, computers and other machinery. He didn't try to access the upper floors of the building because the stairway had partially collapsed due to ill-repair. The elevator was of course useless with the absence of electrical power; so why risk a foot-break or an arm-twist by an accidental fall?

The disappearance of electricity was old news, the mystery of its snuffing still never mingled to him. *What good were these plastic computer and copier boxes and who had thought them useful enough to store away?* This and many other broader questions began to puzzle Kullo thoughts. One in particular repeated itself annoyingly. *Is this all that I am to Do?*

Dreams of a life that he had tried long to forget fed the heat that rendered him inert. His mind replayed over and over the sad circumstances of his loss when suddenly, brilliant light blinded his thoughts. In his stupor he beheld the "Shining One" the apparition impossible to stare at for more than very short moments because he emitted the beautiful golden-bronze light.

Bronzeman, as Kullo would refer to him ever-after, had begun by asking a familiar question. "Is this all you are to Do?"

"No, please no," begged the tortured young man in reply.

"Do you want to live?"

An odd second question to which Kullo gave a most sincere response, "If this is life, no."

"Do you want to shine?"

Shine? What kind of shining? Bronze, like the God-man? Kullo was afraid he would burn to a cinder if he was lit-up like this one. If there was a shine that would allow him to stay with this beautiful angel, whose brilliant presence seemed to be burning with the same fire consuming Kullo's mind, then..."Yes, please, yes."

And Kullo instantly stopped breathing.

By an entirely alternative encounter with the Bronzeman, Black Jackson the Ethiopian orphan had received a different calling-out.

Adama Ethiopia had been a harsh environment. Where Kullo had always been clever and adaptable, the lanky Jackson had been slow of wit and a target of taunt. Then one afternoon, one of many earthquakes in his region sent a brick toward his head. He remembered watching the object float before his eyes and a man speaking light from the brick into Jackson's eyes.

What others at the scene observed was the young Ethiopian being struck in the temple by the masonry rendering him literally dead. After making sure he was certainly killed, those who had ridiculed him were about to claim his clothing and meager possessions. That was when his eyes opened and he spoke.

"I'm very thirsty," he said simply and all within listening went immediately to find fresh water to supply him. Black Jackson, being born a natural *innocent* never seemed to realize that the bricking had somehow given him new ability. If he had a need and spoke it out, any within the hearing of his voice would comply. Because of his humble condition, he seldom had to ask for anything. And then there was his new found friend whom he called, the Bronzeman who he talked to often, though no one else could see his comrade. The Ethiopian would answer questions that the other villagers did not hear. Often he would burst out in laughter and then comment to the heavens at some amusing tale that he claimed Bronzeman had "telled" him.

The other Adamans seemed afraid of his unusual behavior, perhaps also they had become envious of his new freedom. Or perhaps his fellow villagers discerned the danger he presented to them based on his new ability to influence other's actions. Regardless of the reason, they immediately banished him from the town, but made sure he was well provisioned before he was cast out.

In the same brick-encounter, the Bronzeman had called-out Black Jackson to be ready to "walk north". So he did, leaving Adama on the day of the first new moon of the third year after the Gathering-Up. He followed the trade routes that took him first through Jerusalem. The Ethiopian arrived in the city three months into his journey and was moved by the Ruach to press toward the Armenian Quarter. He did not know it by that name, only by the intricate passageways through which he was led to that section of the old city. There the Ethiopian came upon a man who was repairing a section on the front of his dwelling and asked if he would provide the weary traveler with shelter and rest.

"I will do more than that," responded Ilbani Midehina Acdah, of Turkic origin, who was well acquainted with the language and origins of the Ethiopian. Ilbani was true to his word, inviting the traveler into his home to meet his own family, providing him clothes, supplies. That is when we who watch, met Black Jackson for the first time in the actual. It was I, Jende the Seer, Ilbani's bride, who was present. When the young man

saw my dark skin, he kneeled, took my hand tenderly and placed it to his bowed forehead. Then he began to weep, calling out, "Yers be the first African smile I seen since my four months walking. It be the sun sparkling on water." We have loved his heart ever since.

"The same Bronzeman that you have met, I have met," explained Ilbani, a merchant who would later be given his own title, *Keeper of the Kin*, by the Watchman Brother Moses. Ilbani went into more detail. "The Bronzeman has a name. It is Yeshua ben Adoni and he told me you would be coming. At that point Ilbani gave me a knowing glance. I nodded in return, understanding what the moment represented. My husband excused himself from the room, moving into a secluded portion of our home. He returned with a special gift, a keepsack filled with unusual treasure and handed the bundle to the Ethiopian.

"The items in this sack are for you to give to another. You are to continue walking until you find him. Then you are to present him with the sack and thereafter protect him. He will serve you and you will be his brother. Those among us who have been given the gifts of far-sight and long-hearing through the Holy Ruach, will do our best to watch over you and help."

Black Jackson did not question, did not hesitate in his obedience to the command. He stayed with us for several weeks to regain his strength. We even introduced him to the two Watchmen who also took an immediate liking to the tall young man.

Then one morning, he came to me and said, "There be some serious God-Poking going on in me—time for Souling somewheres else."

We knew he was being called out. He explained it using another phrase, "I be walking on solid ground." So we all gathered one last time to pray over him and encourage him in the direction Yahweh was pointing him.

"I be bricked by yer loving on me," he said and hugged each of us in such an intensively genuine way that even the massive bear, Brother Moses had his breath squeezed out of him. The Brother bellowed a laugh afterwards and said, "This one is Yahweh's heart on earth!"

The Ethiopian struck out once more, trekking into old Europe and beyond. People along the way seemed to him, friendly enough, giving whatever he asked of them—food, water, clothing, shelter. Entering one such town, Bucastan, he met another with a strange gift. She could hear his past, and even current events in his life. Now his light and his salt could be located anywhere. The Seer and the Hearer grasped its presence—where he was at any given moment—from the acts of his hand and feet, by the sounds he heard, and the thoughts he mingled.

"I am listening to your path. It moves north," the Hearer explained. She even drew a map for him to follow; we know this only because we saw what she heard. She spoke more words which I confirmed in my visioning.

I give site and she gives sound and Bronzeman Yeshua connected us, one to the other through the traveling of Black Jackson.

The Hearer also had ears on another young man who desperately needed friendship and so she gave the Ethiopian his charge. He was to continue his walking and would soon become Kullo's *Minder*—his called-out companion and protector.

Black Jackson journeyed until one day he saw in his inner thoughts—his mingling—the very clear Bronzeman's voice that had spoken as a light to him from the brick. The voice of light spoke in Jackson's native Amharic saying, "*Hier...Here*," and so he stopped before an old crumbling building.

Again, without hesitation he entered the confines and there found a leather clad body lying inert on an old mattress. Carefully checking beneath the protected layers to avoid any stray bugs attacking, he discovered the other to be a young man with skin as pale white as Jackson's was ebony. The lifeless body was covered in the sweat of recent fever, but now the form was cold. The eyes of the dead one were opened and stared vacantly beyond. The Ethiopian felt for a heartbeat and found none. Then, as directed by his vision, he knelt and placed his mouth over that of the dead man's. He breathed into the other's mouth one time and said, "Norä...live."

Kullo suddenly inhaled, blinked his eyes and sat up. "*Häleluya...Ta on tōusnud*—Praise God...He has risen!"

Black Jackson was surprised that this one —knew Ethiopian words and responded in kind, "*Häleluya, T'äT'ar märet əsu honä asnäsa*—Solid ground, he be raised." Actually Kullo did not know Ethiopian, but Bronzeman mingled the two young men in such a way that each had a naturally intuitive sense about the other. What a perfect moment it was—Kullo's revival came on the same day when, in another part of the world, Brother Moses and Preacher Elijah begin to baptize on the first of the Days of Good News. It was the same day on which, thousands of years earlier in another age, the church age was born: This day of Pentecost.

It did not take long for the two to realize the blessing of communication that was now shared between them. They understood one another with little to no explaining. Both spoke some New-Roma—what had once been known as English—it was a Do Board must. They also bantered in each other's native tongues and that eliminated any translation challenges. But mostly, to each other they mingled in their special spiritual language to avoid the unfriendly eavesdropping of non-believers on their conversations. Both welcomed their newfound bond of

brotherhood and immediately sought to meet one another's needs. "Keeping kin," Jackson called it and Kullo loved the term which he also began to use frequently.

Kullo explained his dream of fire and water to his new friend. He told how the bronze angel man—Bronzeman, had spoken to him and asked him if he wanted to shine. "Then I saw two old men, one with a long white hair and another with black bushy hair; both in robes. They smiled at me even though I was burning everything around me acause I was on fire—Blue fire. They reached out and took my hand, leading me to a square pool of water. I walked with them into the water and my fire became a song. I can't mingle it right. The song was on a piece of paper and I was reading it and singing it to everyone around me. Everyone learned the song and they sang it with me and they all caught on Blue fire too."

The Ethiopian kept his kin by first feeding the famished invalid, nursing him back to health. Then he fed Kullo something even more wonderful. One day soon after their meeting, Black Jackson simply handed the keepsack to the Tartulian and said, "Glue this to ye."

"Glue?" Kullo struggled with the word in his mind for a moment. His expression changed to the broadest of smiles and he responded. "segunema—mingle!"

Black Jackson also gave pause and then returned the smile, "I mingle what ye say!"

After unsnapping the keepsack, Kullo reached in and recovered *peidetud aare*—hidden treasure. He withdrew three sheaves of papers wrapped in heavy plastic storage bags for protection. Each sheaf contained neatly printed words on each page, front and back. Also stored were a bundle of quill pens, numerous bottles of ink and ten strange flat narrow sticks—each about the length of the palm of his hand. Neither boy mingled their purpose.

Unwrapping the plastic from the paper, he stared at the pages and was dumbfounded. Kullo now had full reading comprehension and began immediately reading out loud to his friend. The pages of the given gifts were titled *The Journal of Daniel Adamson. Epilogue added by Fitzgerald E. Hindeland*; *The Book of Seconds*, which seemed to be a collection of a number of people's writings; and finally, *The English Standard Version Bible—copied with honor by Fitzgerald E. Hindeland*.

As Kullo's recovery quickened, exploration of the Tartulian warehouse near Town Centre, now their shared domicile, was expanded. There seemed countless items, boxes, crates and heavy items on the first floor. Kullo had done his best to organize and dispose of refuse, but

with his newfound help, he was able to make rapid work of separating the wheat from the chaff.

The two became inseparable, dividing their time between exploring the building, fishing, and their shared first-loves—Küllo reading out loud to Black Jackson and then writing the Ethiopian's responses. New discoveries abounded for both young men and they eagerly absorbed the words of the treasured texts. The Ethiopian was as eager to hear the words as the Tartulian told them from the pages. Jackson quickly memorized portions of the text, but it soon became apparent that he did not possess the gift for learning or mimicking script. His friend decided, rather than to frustrate him, it would be better to encourage the skills Black Jackson did demonstrate an ability to create new phrases. As Küllo would read passages from the Bible or the other documents, his companion would suddenly blurt out a new word that gave more relevant meaning to the text. An example of this occurred when the Tartulian was reciting Numbers 12:6:

And he (God) said, "Hear my words: If there is a prophet among you, I the LORD make myself known to him in a vision; I speak with him in a dream."

"Yahweh *bricked* 'em," Jackson interrupted.

Küllo had learned to wait silently on his kin to give him time to complete his thoughts and Black Jackson did not disappoint.

"If God wants ye to hear him, he gonna get yer attention in a big way. He gonna throw a brick. The brick hits ye and turns ye into a brick that God throws at other people."

The ideas and descriptions of Black Jackson so captivated the writer that the Tartulian began to catalogue them on blank sheets they had found in their new home. Küllo refined his craft and could not believe the words he wrote came from his hand. They appeared as he wrote them to be those of a scholar. He had no such training in the written word, his speaking skill still identified him as not much more than a street urchin. His new writing skills made him nervous, yet eager to expound his thoughts for others to absorb.

After forty days of studying together, the two came to a mutual epiphany. Soon the Tartulian proclaimed it for both of them by writing on the first story interior wall.

"Küllo and Jackson be Seconds!"

After announcing themselves as New Followers, Küllo & Jackson experienced several other strange new wonders. They actually did become Blue. The glowing that surrounded each of them, even on the brightest day, was evidence to *The Change* within. And what's more, the attack bugs stopped trying to pelt them. So the duo stripped off their heavy leathers

and started walking around Tartu, bright and Blue, in clothing more suitable to the region. Not one insect paid attention. After observing the tall black man and the local boy, walking around unencumbered by protective hoods, both radiating blue light by day and night; all of Tartu anxiously whispered the young men's newly acquired titles: *Deemon Kaptens kota putukas*—Demon Masters of the bugs.

The more Kullo and Jackson partook in their newfound passions, the more they delved into the scripture, also Daniel's journal and the Book of Seconds. Their study convicted them to "tell out" to other Tartulians, their new *Solid Ground*—strong knowing/most true of all—of how the world was once again about to change. There was witnessing to be done and seeds to be sewed into souls—*Souling* as Black Jackson phrased it.

One morning, the boys heard a commotion outside. They were about to go out to determine the source of the noise when Black Jackson suddenly seemed to be bricked by the inner voice they were both becoming familiar with. The Ethiopian stood still and put his hand out to halt Kullo's motion toward the door. "We must leather-up," he commanded. Kullo looked puzzled, but did not argue with his friend. Both donned the bulky wear and exited the building. The noise that alerted them came from the direction of Town Centre where a crowd was gathering around a group of uniformed men. These officials had just finished erecting what looked to be a vertical panel constructed from finished wood planks. Such a thing was amazing to all because new wood was no longer easy to find. And if it was found, to use it for such a purpose seemed absolutely wasteful. Why not use it to make a shelter or for a warm fire on a cold night?

The uniformed ones then nailed one more plank to the very top of the panel. On this plank was bold letters that read "Do Board" in New-Roma script. In smaller letters underneath, "Take planks and die." Then the men nailed paper to the planks below the top. Of all the things to do! The paper also had words on it which was the strangest thing of all. Many in the town could not read and the words looked important to be mingled. One of the uniformed men, dressed up with a bright red bird feather in his head covering and in fancier leathers than the others, stood before the crowd and started speaking loudly in New-Roma.

"This is your Do Board," he pointed behind him toward the panel as if the crowd was full of idiots who didn't know what he was referring to. "It is a gift from your Supreme Mede."

At this name the other uniformed ones raised their arms in mechanical unison toward the sky and shouted, "His name do praise."

The fancier feather-man was silent, seeming to wait for something. He spoke again, "Your Supreme Mede."

The ones behind him again responded with arms raised, "His name do praise."

All the Tartulians seemed confused. The fancy uniform waited no longer. He approached the nearest townsman, pulled a pistol from a holster at his side and shot the man between the eyes. As one, the crowd jumped back several steps as the snuffed one crumpled and bled.

Fancy Feather-Man pointed his weapon at the crowd and shouted once more, "Your Supreme Mede."

The other uniforms responded in kind and this time, the message was clear to the people. Every one of them raised their arms awkwardly and echoed, "His name do praise." All would have been well then, had not the fancy uniform noticed two Tartulians at the back of the crowd, one very tall, one equally short, who did not comply.

He moved quickly toward them, the other townspeople moving aside with heads bowed, to let him through. Fancy Uniform pointed his pistol directly at Kullo's head and spoke. "I am your Boss-Peacer. I command all Peacers in this place and they command you. We serve the Supreme Mede, as do you. You will honor him and obey his servants whom you serve."

After this proclamation, Boss-Peacer extended his arm and weapon further as if about to snuff Kullo. But at that moment, Black Jackson proclaimed his own Do, "Ye don't need to."

Boss Peacer kept his aim on Kullo's chest, but his head turned to stare at the Ethiopian. "I don't need to." He repeated with an angry stare. "Yup, ye don't," Kullo's Minder agreed.

"I don't," confirmed the man's voice. His face still revealed fury, and tears streamed down his face. Slowly and uneasily, the gun arm came down, and Boss-Peacer finally took his stare off of Black Jackson, turned and moved back to the other Peacers. He did not stop, but kept walking past the Do Board. The Peacers exchanged glances to one another in confusion. Finally one of them turned to pursue Boss-Peacer and the others followed in rank.

As they disappeared into the distance, the Tartulians rapidly disperse, leaving Kullo and his companion alone in the square, both staring in shock at the body that still oozed dark red liquid in front of the Do Board. Both now went to the deceased and uncovered the mask.

"Lennart," Kullo identified the soul who had once occupied the now lifeless body.

We, the Keepers, look back in our knowing of the past to see Kullo and Black Jackson talking with Lennart. We hear them tell of Bronzeman's miracle work in their lives and see Lennart kneel. We hear his confession of faith and then hear the boys praying with him. We watch as Lennart turns Blue with joy at being called-out by Bronzeman.

Now we see the two standing over snuffed Lennart. It is sometimes difficult being a Keeper. We do not see well, the difference between the beginning, the now and the end. Lennart is snuffed. But his Blue is risen. He is now and ever.

Again we hear the boys praying. "He is with you, Master. May it be soon for all of us," telled Kullo. With effort, they lifted the body and placed it in a nearby cart. Then they proceeded to the town edge, to the cemetery. Long into the evening, they prepared a fresh grave, burying their Blue-brother and praying over his soul. No one else assisted. No one else observed their sweat mixed with tears. It was Black Jackson who, when they were finished, mingled out loud the joy in the moment.

"Praise be to ye, Bronzeman. Lennart be now celebrating with ye in the heavenlies."

From that day forward, the two boys have worn their leathers when they go outside. If they tell other Tartulians about Bronzeman, they are careful not to speak of their Lord when Peacers are nearby. It does not really matter—the townspeople fear the hearing of the boys' testimonies. Many no longer want anything to do with Blue and certainly nothing to do with snuffing. If the Boss-Peacer or any Peacer mentions the Supreme Mede, all Tartulians immediately raise their arms and shout, "Praise Do his name..."

—All Tartulians except Kullo and Black Jackson that is. It is not a Do for them, because if they are near any Peacers, the phrase is never spoken and the response, never requested.

Since the Do Board announces that Blue light is bad, the two have to find creative ways of souling. They invent an approach that seems to get the best results, finding blank spaces—clean walls on buildings, concrete surfaces that haven't yet been destroyed by earthquakes, even sections of undamaged roadway. On these they paint a simple question in both large Estonian and New-Roma letters:

Mis siis, kui seal on parem valgus?
What if there be better light

They then wait in some nearby protected place where they watch for others to come by. It is usually not long before a group gathers to look at the print to wonder at its come-from. Then Kullo and Black Jackson emerge, explaining to the others that the Bronzeman had

breathed words of light into their eyes. One of the Mede's first Do's had forbidden possession of any book not approved by the Green Order Government—*GOG*. Although technically their new treasures, which gave them the stories to tell, were not bound books, the word *Bible* and *Journal* were two terms and specific names forbidden for common use by GOG. Hence neither Kullo nor Black Jackson mention the specific acquisitions and no-one seems particularly interested in querying him. Most of the townspeople think the two are retarded or worse yet, bedeviled. Most others refuse to acknowledge the kin's existence and give their domicile a wide birth.

The two are frustrated by their limited communications with non-believers. What can they do to better explain Bronzeman and what is happening to the world? That's when Black Jackson spys the ice cream factory. It wasn't hard to find, being that the giant popsicle hangs over the entry. That in fact, is what caused him to bolt inside, temporarily abandoning his duty of protection to Kullo. The Ethiopian emerged quickly enough, carrying four large boxes stacked in his arms. He carefully sets down the packages before Kullo as if they are chests of treasure laid before the feet of a king.

Black Jackson then tears off the tape securing the top of one box and pulls the lid back to expose hundreds of neatly packed sticks like the ones they had found in Kullo's keepsack. "Deese be our Better Light," says the Ethiopian happily.

Kullo and Jackson find it very easy to tell of Bronzeman using the popsicle sticks and the story from Daniel Adamson's journal. They show others how the assembled sticks explode out when thrown to the ground or against a hard object. They explain how any physical or spiritual object has a Creator who designed its parts to be held together for a purpose. That purpose can be turned to destruction and used to rebel angrily against the Creator. Or it can be used as an agent of love to teach others how to draw together, healing the parts of the community body to work together for the Creator's originally planned purpose—to bring His people back to Himself.

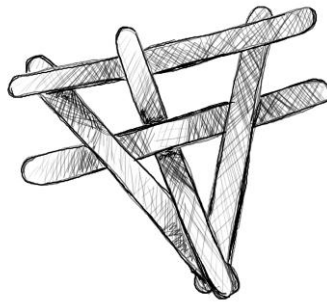
They describe how the planet itself and the people on it have come apart, like the sticks, and need to be worked...mingled back together for Bronzeman's purpose. They show them how prayer is the starting of that mingling together.

Black Jackson has each person break apart the sticks and then shows them how to knit them back into one. He explains how each stick is a Do for the mingling of the whole. He points out that there is only one

way the five sticks can be wedged together, each dependent on the proper placement of the other.

But it is Kullo who relates the most important, the center two sticks. He shows how those two hold the secret for the others. It is these two that must be first for everything else to hold tight. The outside sticks are not able to mingle without connection to the inner. The inner being in the shape of a cross, was perfect, yet it would not hold together without connection to the outer sticks. Like God and Bronzeman. Like Bronzeman and people. Like Kullo and Black Jackson. Like those boys and the Tartulians.

As the boys tell it out, we can see it through them as a simple picture.



Soon there are popsicle stick puzzles carried in the hands of many in the area. At first the attempt to assemble five sticks into a pattern that locks itself together becomes a curious novelty. But as word passes through the town about the meaning that Kullo and Jackson explain is behind the sticks, we Keepers begin to see and hear more Blue becoming hidden beneath the leathers in the town of Tartu. And we know that very soon Bronzeman will begin the big change.

The Peacers have not figured out, nor do they seem to care, why more and more Tartulians are carrying the wedged stick symbols.

The water is so fresh and cool. He opens his eyes to peer up at a blurred image of two men. He can make out that one is heavily bearded and seems larger than life. The other has no hair other than a small beard. Both glow bright Blue, and Kullo knows that he loves them as he would two great fathers. Suddenly there is an even brighter light of shimmering gold behind the two and the men rise into the dark Blue sky.

Küllo rises out from the water into the cold night, realizing he has just experienced another powerful vision. He looks around him to gain his bearings and sees Black Jackson snoring peacefully on a pallet nearby. They are still inside their safe haven and he is the only one disturbed by the vision. "I have been baptized!" He no sooner speaks the words when Black Jackson also sits bolt upright and exclaims, "Holy Spirit what a washing dat was!" It has been forty days since Küllo's revival from death.

The next morning, Küllo himself is bricked. He is walking outside along the front wall of the building, sorting among the many discarded wood boxes and forgotten automobiles for usable items. He is using the errand as an excuse to be alone to better unravel the strange events of the evening before. Who were the two men and how did he still feel wet from the water during his dreaming. It was a powerful image. As he is rummaging a strong voice vibrates within him, commanding:

"Look up."

Why he has never seen it before is, to him, a ridiculous question. "Acause He hadn't called out yet for me t'see," says the boy out loud for no-one but himself to hear.

But now Küllo is well prepared, and so he shifts his eyes up from the ground where he has focused all of his attention before. On the front face of the building, now considered his home, are large letters once illuminated by electricity. Though not burning now, they light his heart on fire.

Trükimuseum

All this time, he had been living in a museum, a place of hands-on study of history, artifacts and words. But, more than that, this place had been known to him long before he had been called-out. Memories flood his consciousness as he plays back conversations he had overheard throughout his childhood. Küllo's isa had once been a maintenance man for this very location. He recalls the sharing of stories of the duties and challenges his isa encountered each day keeping a particular group of machines in working order. Then funding was lost for the Center and that was when Küllo's family fell on hard times.

Now the called-out becomes called-in, searching every corner of the facility and his determination pays off a day later. He finds a way to climb up the badly damaged staircase and asks his kin to climb up as well to help him pry loose the boards that have denied access to the second story room titled *Töö Ruum*—Work Room. The hazy sun sifts through the factory windows there that break the light in the area into brightly colored prisms almost like cathedral stained-glass. It illuminates the

most beautiful cathedral this side of heaven. The altar of this sanctuary is represented by three manual-offset movable type printing presses.

“Now what?” He asks heavenward, having no idea of how to operate the machinery. It would take him years more to manage such a task unless Bronzeman was to call-out some greater gift. Kullo decides the best strategy lay in a scripture he had just read. He pulled out the manuscript, turned to the specific text and begins to recite it aloud,

“Ask, and it will be given to ye; seek, and ye will find; knock, and it will be...”

—before the words finish spilling out of his mouth, a *know* shoots into his brain—hotter than the fever that lit his life. He is so excited that he hurriedly hands the papers to Jackson and without explanation, jumps from the damaged staircase to the first floor, racing out of the building toward the square. He has not even realized he left without putting on his boots. The rough surface of the path does not bother him, only his purpose matters.

Kullo approaches Town Centre moments later. Thanks to his initiative, it has become a burgeoning trading place with people from all around the region now standing in respective circles, shouting out their needs in order to kaubandus their goods. But in the center of the courtyard remain two empty circles, those first created by Kullo himself. Usually he would walk casually toward his appointed circle, exclaiming his need with one word repeated. Today is to be different. He continues running, almost knocking down two other vendors blocking the way to his goal. The young, socially shunned entrepreneur yells at the top of his lungs as he charges through the mass of people, “I need a printer, someone with letterpress printing skills!”

The rest of the crowd is silenced at his clamoring. As he clears the final blockade of bodies, Kullo is not puzzled to see a figure already standing in the second circle. What does interests him is the fact that this woman, like himself, is not clad in leather. The other is of small height and build, and wears a smock common to the Siberians who sometimes pass through Tartu. She is perhaps several years older than he and most certainly Asian. But her predominant traits are the Blue framing her slight form that shines as brightly as his own, and the popsicle stick puzzle held in her hand.

The crowd becomes extremely nervous at the sight of these two bright lights intersecting. Most everyone in Town Centre quickly disappear, so that Kullo and the Asian woman are soon alone at their rendezvous place. She holds him with a stern look, but says nothing until

Küllo has caught his breath. Then she says in clipped impatient New-Roma, "It about time, you call-out."

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