

edewlogics

ade ronke

spiritual valor

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Author's Note

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BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



Eleven year old Bami Dele is the experimental boy immune to what scientists get to know as the Femuran invasion. He and the chosen bearer of the only artificially engineered artedermal skin protector must get past every formidable detection of the Time Weavers. They must find the game inside a dead cat by a corner, finish the play, find the location of the secret of secret places, make the journey to get the Polarcapper and turn the wheels against their doomed fate.

[BAMI& THE TIME WEAVERS EXCERPT](#)

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Spiritual Valor

To accept what is apportioned and never question it, is equivalent to slavery. What if God had a conscience? Would he not inadvertently exist? And show us in reverie that this is so?

A building block of intercepting orthogonals is as much a maze as it is deception—a compound misery never cathartic or virtuous. It's atonement knows no valor. As heroism must be the bravado at ease with its charge rather than the appearance or performance of such. Such, here I ditch the "heroism" for "valor". Valor, if I may recommend it to spirituality as I have experienced it in trauma, is a state of mind set against things collapsing, while things, in appearance, are fruitlessly, bottomlessly amiss and untenable.

Spiritual valor is extremely costly. And the price is never what it appears. It derives from a deeply set, deeply seated set of personal trust and instincts. Its premises can never be groundless or unfounded, but rather forged from struggling through the expected and unexpected sets of reactionary attitudes with formidable, refinable, reformable psychological fortress. Its reverence is a slow build of certainty in conditioned suffragette, against the normative and the status quo narrative.

It is the weakest state against the ephemeral, that weakened estate set against the impossible—the blessings I didn't know I was receiving while struggling beyond the thought of survival. But prayed for, oh how I prayed for such with the most fervent sense of hopelessness. Spiritual valor is rooted in the experience of humanizing hopelessness and the natural uprising against it, however that may come from reformative weakness. It is my belief that every aspect of being springs with this reformation. The forging of reformative strength from weakness to weakness is a flighty fortitude, an incorruptible nest of strength beyond all appearances of weaknesses.

The dangers are innumerable, all coming all at once, undifferentiated and uncaring. There is an immutable maintenance aspect of spirituality. I remember how many times in the cold uncomfortable nights I had to train my mind to never stray towards thoughts of self-harm as what was colder than the lack of warmth enveloping my material body was the coldness in the fact that what the world termed "good" happens to cruel evil people. An unfeeling world or an unfeeling world? An indifferent world or a coldly differential one? Coldness after all, is the absence of warmth.

With cold fusion stuck in an hypothetical mode with the perfect impossibility of attaining natural stardom, hypothetical animals craving to be hypothetical humans are feeding insanity-magic to the ignorant masses—as the Germans, struck with an uncaring, unfeeling menace in the times of Hitler unravelled. How easily humans stray downward towards the potential of animalistic brutes? Or, as it may turn out, in endless battles and endless wars these hard destructive lessons may not be learned where they should be felt most effectively. Is there comparisons to be made in kind—that the hardest lessons must be in the unprovoked genocide than that provoked? There is a sharp distinctive difference between war and destruction as calculable limitations must apply to reasonable limits. There is a spirit to the world that must reckon with humanity if humanity is to have any worthwhile pronounced vitality. The unspirited harbor ignorant prejudices stuck in the cold fusion—never made theoretical—never to be made fact from the ill appearing nonfact—which in turn, turn them stuck in an hypothetical mode craving to be hypothetical models of privileged insanity. A potently machined reality.

The dangers are innumerable, all coming all at once, undifferentiated and uncaring. You could easily believe anything you're ignorant about. That's easy. Spirituality as I know it, is a persistent humanistic intellectual challenge and in my case, it entails great material suffering. So how could I have survived those horrible painstakingly unbearable cold nights and days? I could give you a comfortable answer like "hope" or "God" or "fate". But the answer is not rocket science. Absolutely not. It is a rather simple one. Warmth, that enabling mode I was born with, congenital and strong, that inside me, that covering me venated, that outside me, environment, enabling me spirited, animated, invigorated, instantiated, refining, defining, informing, reforming and optimizing. The human spirit is often over celebrated and apportioned when its best traits are in the ill-appearance of its capabilities—that which can survive its environment and be conscious within it, immutable. Whoever,

wherever you are in the world, may the human spirit yours as you may reckon it enabling you in your environment, never forsake you when you need it the most. May it never go cold fusion with unintelligent and insane privileges on you.

There is a great disservice, a great injustice levied against the individual, against the capability of the ordinary, against the human spirit in science, for the sake of privileged power, money, freedom, capability and potentiality. Maybe you and I can change that for good. Support the free books for life cause today or commit to purchasing Bluesies, an album documenting spiritual pain and valor from weakness to weakness for irrefutable strength. Take this journey with me all the way to the festival. Maybe you too can find real joy in its expressions as I did.

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