

edewlogics

ade ronke

experiential graces

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Author's Note

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BOOK SCHEDULED TO BE PUBLISHED THIS YEAR



Five people are dead in the swimming pool of a high end resort hotel. Only one of them, a fame-hungry politician, is the suspected target. Three people are dead at a roof party on a high rise luxury building. The target is unidentifiable. The killer's calling card is a single black point on a blank. Lila Orileda is hired to find out who killed one of the random targets as the police run out of viable clues and suspects.

[A Case in Point Excerpt](#)



The unexpected preemptive leap differential machine error, the Knapse, triggers the co-embedded synaptic alarm in its designer Patrick Tinsel towards the chaos associated with it. He must correct the sociopolitical cost or enable its realizations.

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Experiential Graces

At the edge of spirituality is a saving grace—all of my own making—an experiential statement of being. When I had hopes for a reaffirming touch, none came my way. So I made a solemn promise I will never touch another in a non-affirming-reaffirming way. My touch will be honest. It will be from love, authentic passion, hope through kindness, decency and honesty or I will never touch another again. My character is of my own making. I can not attest to another's inaction.

That there is truth to experience is the instance of a life. That there is truth to a point, an aggregation of its own, the light to its own darkness, without which there is no path, unwashed, untouched by evil, the presence of a kind, undiluted by estranged wishes, with the constancy, constitution of its streams, is the particularity of a life

I carry my points, from head to toe, the beauty, the life, the truth, the knowledge, as a constituency—differential, inferential, referential to my being, always at home with me, and moving me through the natural seasons of time, harkening my thoughts to the ills and evil behind and beside me. I must be besotted to spirit—my mind is continually reforming for it.

A cultured grin is a chartered grin, a chagrin. I offer none as where I am loved, I am without repose. Otherwise, hatred, evil and envy approaches me. I reckon my vulnerability. I reckon my strength. I reckon my being with increasing spiritual composure. I approach the ignorance of others with the same. Self-composure is a stringent undertaking—a measure of spiritually inclined towards the solemn rising of the self against the instinctual urgency of the material state.

Natural graces are harshest in the making—base material urges and instincts for survival, bent to the will of the spirit.

All that hate me must hate me freely. My validation can never appraise the hateful, nor can it be found in their midst. All that love me may do so with the fulfillment of a yearning, a kindred for spirit—statement in agreement to the atonement of spirit from the damages life can afford, a statement in tune with the optimization of spirit.

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