

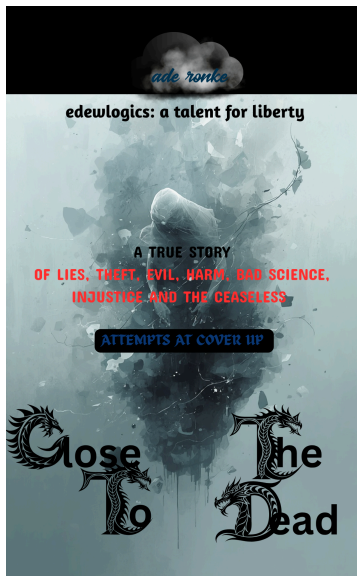
edewlogics

ade ronke

Crisis in spirituality

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CLOSE TO THE DEAD – Scheduled for this year



Raising one's hands down existentially once is a definite degenerative disorder (a cluster B factor). The degeneracy of raising one's hands down existentially twice should be listed as a DSM 5 genetic and mental disorder, and the inability to raise one's hands existentially as "imbecilic throughput schizophrenia"—ade ronke

On January 7th 2026, I was stalked, harassed and arrested by the state police. The reasons for this is, in my view, the intellectual and daring proclivities in my book, *A Case in Point*. There are other reasons to be stated in this book. If every indication of my life doesn't suggest this to you my readers, it is calling it: if I wasn't to be me. would I not be dead? But I am cognizantly alive by my own recognizance. In other words I was arrested for being who and what I am.

What is to follow is false imprisonment, and a true story of great injustice and ceaseless attempts at cover up while I meet unsavory criminals along the way. If this hadn't happened to me, I couldn't have conceived of it. It happened to me. I must go beyond mere conceptions

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Author's Note

If this work connects with you intellectually, spiritually, emotionally, or in any other way personal, it is free. If it doesn't, and you're rather of a different preference and won't ever come back to my works. It is free as well. Graces. I have never sought to run the world or rule it. Not my thing. I do seek to connect with humanity and make cross generational differences with practical, emotional and spiritual intelligence—matters connecting humanity and saving lives like mine against the odds life brings that I do know about intimately. Works are usually accounts of life, nature, science, politics and more in experiential reality. It is a privilege to be alive despite what I have been through. And I don't intend to take this deserved privilege lightly.

The work as well as others like it can be found on my website available free at www.edewlogics.com. To support free works like this and others available on my site, [please support the free books for life cause](#). Thank you.

Crisis in Spirituality

There is a certain tragedy to the history of ease. And another to the history of a crisis.

I find that there is an aspect of human behavior and moral aptitude that is inevitably dependent on the environment, specifically, the situational provisions of the subject. A crisis folds in manifolds, sharpens on splinter's edges, and hangs its strings on the subject's lifeblood. After adopting spirituality, most of my time was spent in near abject solitude.

The spirituality of solitude differs greatly from that of multitudes. For instance, kindred spirits don't find themselves in a jail cell. Kindred criminals do. And when you are not kindred, your sense of spirituality is in a state of nature otherwise unknown to it, undeserved, and completely alien. And the strife for survival can no longer be drawn from conventional understanding or ordinary reference. The norm is no longer normative. One must adapt or perish. A crisis is a state of evolution or peril. And its graces are in the miniature abstracted strength embedded within the walls of its history.

Crisis commands the attention of the self, demanding a solution. It is rigorous. It quakes. It never stands apart. Or aside.

Ease demands a silent tragedy, one lacking in self-attention. It reduces to tragedy, silent in composure. It doesn't know redirection away from the self. It acclimates. It adapts. It is becoming. It never imposes. It merges with the self as the self without the conscious awareness of the threat its presence may present, without the influence of its antithesis.

Crisis is the ultimate precursor to the ultimate intellectual estate in which the psychological dictates are either fatalistic or transformative, depending on the spiritual maturity of the

subject. And it owns its retribution in the silent distribution of its dictates—intimated, integrated within the survivor.

Crisis is amoral, like a loaded dice. It disparages the simplistic, inflames all cells integral and of ease. And in the discovery of my crisis, there is a new danger around every corner. I redirect my thoughts towards survival and eventual triumph, clinging to the thirst for lucid resolution. My soul must quench her thirst and resolve all conundrums of my plight. I must immerse myself in the need for renewal in the spirit of resurgence.

I didn't know just how much my approach to spirituality had to change. But after I ended up needing medical attention overnight for complications of High Blood Pressure, I knew my approach to survival had to change radically. It did. There is evil and death in this world, and I was at proximal length to them. Something about me needed to change; a new notoriety was needed despite the ruins of evil tongues wagging and unintelligent rages of fools.

Within the ruins of crisis, there is also beauty to be found in the understanding of the self, as a necessary nemesis—a character strengthening beyond the measure of the expected plot. The striving for unexpected becoming ensues.

Personal crisis ultimately culminates in self-trust. Like the eye of the storm, it owns its highest potentiality, self-earned, self-identifiable, self-sustaining, and self-directed.

To find the nature and exposition of this undeserved and unexpected crisis, please support the publication of *Close to the Dead*, scheduled to be released this year.

Author's Note

It is important to me that you support the free books for life cause or give your support through music by ril. Please do so if you can afford to do so. Thank you.

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