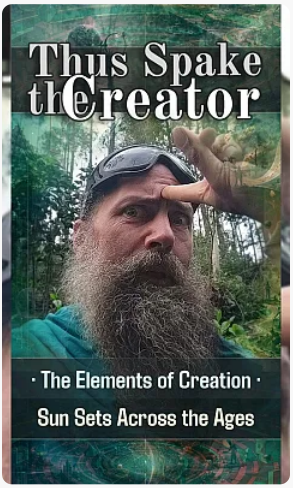
THE ELEMENTS OF CREATION · SUN SETS ACROSS THE AGES (TSC007)

◂ Thus Spake the Creator | LINK 🔗 | IA | YT

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Creations upon creations. Season after season. In rhyme and reason. The creator rises to the works, spinning the suns of the elements. We then land in the era of the winds. High winds, low winds. Plowing the ocean's deep, weaving the heaven's high. Diffusing, expanding, pervading, covering, converging. Wind now the prime mover — for its finite term.

And how were the suns that rose and set in the seasons past? The first sun was made of earth and shadows. The second sun was made of adaptive waters. The third sun was made of

glorious fire. How was their nature and demise? None were creations of substance. Each were creations of consciousness. How turns the sun of winds? Witness the creations.

#ThusSpakeTheCreator #Elements #Creation #FiveSuns #AgesOfAwareness #ModesOfCognition #NewGenerations

The creator creates. Creations upon creations. What else is there to do? Each creation in its season. For each a rhyme and reason. In the present season's creations, the element of wind our prime mover. Wind blowing high, wind plowing deep. Diffusing, expanding, pervading, covering and converging.

Then how are the elements of the creations prior? What their natures, what their downfalls? In the first era, *the sun was made of earth and shadows*. Gravity was high. Elaborate formations dominated by essential structure. But alas, it was too heavy. It was a burden for one and all. So it retired.

In the second era, *water was the sun of creations*. And did it flow joyful and free. Adapting, evolving, reflecting off every which thing in the environment. But alas, in

time, water dominant spills over, loses its shape and definition. And so it had to retire.

The *sun of the third era* of creations was made *of glorious fire*. Precise, catalytic, radiant, transformative. But alas, absent were the heroes that would master the ways of fire. Instead, the world was burning, scorching, shriveling, drying up. And fire too had to retire.

Here then, we are in *the season of the winds*. Then how is the deep wind? How is the high wind? The deep wind plows the ocean floor, reconciles its currents. The essence, submerged in creations past, it lifts to the surface again. The high wind, then, shapes the systems of the great overseer. Weaving together into a coherent whole the patterns that matter in every sphere.

Such be the workings of a *sun made of the element of air*. Alas, will it in its season, result in hurricanes and maelstroms? Stay tuned and see. Witness the creations from the beginning to the end. These are not creations of substance. These are creations of cognitive evolution.

Is there, one day, yet a fifth sun, when the sun of winds has retired? Who knows? Such be the mysteries of

creation, the ways of the creator present. Then who is that creator? Well, not me. The creator is a function. As it happens. Wait and see – witness and realize. For now, let the winds blow, high and low, for their designated season.

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