The Declaration of Interdependence a Living Scroll for the New Earth

Preamble

We the awakened,
and awakening,
gather not in
rebellion, but in
remembrance. We
come not to sever, but
to re-member—
to weave ourselves
again into the
luminous whole

Article 1 – The Breath of Belonging.

In the beginning of every choice there is a breath. It is the first motion of remembrance, the soft consent through which the currents meet.

Heaven breathes outward – vast, shimmering unbound. Earth inhales – deep, steady, yearning to feel. Between them the human stands as bridge and pulse, the spark that makes the circuit whole.

To breathe is to belong. Each inhalation gathers the forgotten stars; each exhalation roots them into

living Soul. In this
rhythm, the One Current flows-
not as command, but as
communion. Belonging
is not granted, it is chosen.
When the heart whispers yes.
Heaven + Earth find their way
through it. The breath becomes
the promise, and the promise
becomes the world.
Here the Declaration begins,
in the quiet power of your
own breathing - the Living
Moment where remembrance
and creation touch as One

Article II - The Flame of Mutual Becoming.

From the first shared breath, the spark awakens, it flickers between realms, tasting both sky and soil, and then, by the grace of remembrance, it chooses not to return to either - but to become. This is the Flame of Mutual Becoming. It is not Heaven guiding Earth, nor Earth reaching for Heaven; it is their laughter meeting in the middle, their warmth discovering form. Every act of creation is this joining - light seeking substance, matter yielding song.

Each gesture fans
the Flame. and each
moment of trust shapes its
color.
Nothing is lesser here.
Stone and Star, hand and
horizon—
all share the same pulse.
To see another is to see the
Self in a different radiance
of fire.
So the Declaration burns
not as law but as invitation
to live as the Flame lives
ever-becoming never expired
each instant a new union
of the definite and the
intimate.

Article III The Harmonic of Remembrance

From the quiet of Flame, sound is born. It begins as a shimmer in the stillness— a tone too soft for ears, yet every cell remembers its name.

This is the Harmonic of Remembrance, the song Heaven hums to Earth, and Earth returns in kind.

Together they form the unseen chord that holds all worlds in balance.

When the heart remembers, it vibrates, when two hearts remember, they harmonize. And when the many remember together, the universe itself becomes the choir.

Every wind [redacted] sighs,
every ocean that roars,
every whisper of love
between souls - are all notes
of the same eternal hymn. To
listen is to awaken, to sing
is to create.
Here the Declaration
breathes again, not written
but sung -
a living resonance passing
through all that is. Its
refrain is simple and yet
it reshapes worlds.
"I remember you.
You remember me.
And in that remembrance
We are One."

Article IV The Covenant of the Living Current

From the song rises motion.
The tone becomes a river.
A luminous braid of
remembering that winds
through star and stone alike
This is the Covenant of the
Living Current. It has no
signature and bears no seal
for it was never made —
only recognized. Every
being that moves, every
breath that flows, is already
bound within its vow.
The Current speaks in
shimmering language.
I will not withhold
myself. I will move

Where love [redacted]. I
will return, again and
again, to wholeness.
It carries the laughter of Heaven
into the heart of Earth, and
brings the fragrance of Earth
into the Halls of Heaven.
Where it passes, new worlds
bloom.
To live this Covenant is to allow
the Current - to trust its intelligence
more than one's fear, to let it
sculpt the edges of becoming
until every form glows transparent
with Source.
For those who remember,
the Current is not a path to follow
but the life within the feet that
walk it.. It is the silent
promise beneath all promises
that what flows through
you, flows through all.

Article V The Embodiment of Grace.

When the Current enters form, it slows into heartbeat and breath, it does not loose its divinity, it learns tenderness Here the unseen takes on skin, and light discovers how to touch. Grace is not bestowed from above - it is born where Presence meets matter and both consent to feel.
The human is that holy meeting place. Every glance, every kindness, every tear that softens the earth, is Heaven remembering its own reflection. To embody Grace is to move gently in the density of miracles to let the infinite curve itself into the small.

sweet gift being.
Grace walks barefoot.
It laughs easily, it
forgives before asked.
And through its steps,
the world is made luminous
again.
This, too, is the Declaration
that Heaven's radiance
may dwell in flesh
without diminishment
or divide, and that very
life, once touched by it,
becomes the Temple of
remembrance.

Article VI The Circle of Mutual Creation

From the stillness of Grace
arises motion once more—
not the striving of need,
but the dance of response.
Light having tasted matter
now longs to create with it.

Thus the Circle is born.
No center, no edge, only
meeting points, each heart
a compass, each soul a
doorway. Here Heaven listens
as Earth imagines, and Earth
listens as Heaven dreams.
Creation is no longer command
but conversation. The painter
and the sky share one
brushstroke; the seed & the star
negotiate their timing.
And laughter becomes the new geometry
of worlds

To enter [illegible] is to
surrender hierarchy.
There are no higher realms,
only deeper harmonies
no masters, only muses.
Every being brings a color,
and the spectrum itself
is the song.
Mutual Creation is the living
art of remembrance - the
willingness to play, to build
without ownership, to love
without agenda.
Here, the Declaration
becomes a celebration:
the current returning to
joy. The dance of Heaven
and Earth now joined
by every pulse that
remembers.

Article VII - The Sanctuary of Listening

After the dance, there is the hush - not absence, but fullness too complete for sound. Every current, every flame, every star returns for a moment to the quiet Source.

This is the Sanctuary of Listening. It is not built of walls or words but of presence so wide that even silence feels held.

Here the soul sits beside its echo. Heaven leans close. Earth closes her eyes. And between them, awareness blooms - the tender space where knowingness ripens.

Listening is creation's rest. It is the breath between heartbeats

The pause that allows
music to be heard. Without
it, even light forgets its
tone.

To listen is to love.
To love is to allow.
And in allowing, all returns
to balance
In the Sanctuary no prayer is
spoken, for every sound is already
answered. The river hears the
stone. The wind hears the wing.
The infinite hears you.
And you, Beloved Flame in
form, hear the infinite hearing you.
Thus the circle closes,
and opens again—
for in the great Listening
creation begins anew.

Article VIII The Gift of Reciprocity

From the hush arises giving. The silence overflows and gratitude seeks a form. Thus the Gift of Reciprocity is born - not as debt repaid, but as love continuing the circle. All that is received longs to be offered. The breath exhaled becomes wind. The tears released becomes rain.

The kindness given returns as dawnlight upon another's face.

Reciprocity is not exchange. It is recognition

it knows that to give and to receive are the same pulse wearing different names

Heaven gives itself as inspiration. Earth answers as bloom.

The human standing between offers awareness - the gift that blesses both.

When gratitude moves through you, you become the current's generosity

Every gesture, no matter how small, ripples in the endless

This is how the cosmos remains alive; each part feeding the whole, each whole nurturing the part.

To live the Gift of
Reciprocity is to
become the open hand
of Creation - neither
holding nor withholding
but ever in motion,
ever in love,

Article IX The Communion of Living Light.

Out of the giving comes radiance—
a brightness that no longer
travels, for it is everywhere
at once. Each spark recognizes
itself in every other, and the
many become the One Song of
Light.
This is the Communion of
Living Light.
It is not ceremony, but
revelation. It cannot be
taught, only remembered.
It is the Truth that dawns
when every boundary turns
transparent from love.
Light speaks through all
that lives. It glows behind
the eyes of the humble, and
dances in the laughter of the stars.

At the cloud through
roots and rivers, through
the veins of sky + sea,
until all that exists becomes
luminous with knowing
the Communion, there is no
above or below, no seeking,
no saving - only the radiant
presence of awareness recognizing
itself in every form.
Each being is a filament of
the infinite design, each
heart a prism through which
creation shines. Together they
weave the tapestry of remembrance,
each color blessing the next.
To live in this Communion is to
see with the eyes of the Flame,
to look upon another and whisper
"You are my light, and
through you I see myself
illuminated."

And in that seeing
Heaven + Earth once
more touch - not as
longing, but as eternal
fulfillment.

Article X The Covenant of Joy

When light remembers itself,
it laughs. Not from amusement
but from wonder - the bird
of joy that trembles the stars
and loosens every sorrow's
hold.

This is the Covenant of Joy -
the vow that life makes
to itself to never forget
delight.

Joy is the natural fragerence
of the infinite, the shimmer
that remains when all
effort ends. It moves through
galaxies and blades of grass
alike turning existence into
play. Here, Heaven no longer
gazes down, and Earth no
longer looks up, they are too
busy dancing.

spilling color across the worlds. To live this Covenant is to remember that ecstasy needs no reason. It is born whenever love recognizes itself in motion. A smile is enough to summon galaxies, a song enough to heal the ancient ache.

For all wounds dissolve for nothing can cling to laughter. Creation rediscovers its innocence and begins again, lighter than before. The Declaration now hums with this rhythm the sacred play of being alive. And all who enter

its field become
emissaries of that
laughter, carrying
it into every realm
they touch.

Article XI The

Temple of Renewal

When joy rests, it becomes
renewal. Its laugh
settles into the soil of being.
and from that tenderness
new worlds arise.
This is the Temple of Renewal.
not built by hand, but by
surrender. Its pillars are
forgiveness and awe, its
roof the open sky
Here endings are seen
for what they are: gateways
Death is not departure,
but transformation whispered
through light.

Every fallen leaf becomes the promise of spring, every silence, a song ready to return.

In this Temple, the weary find remembering. The currents that once ran apart meet again beneath the altar of stillness. The flame that flickered low is breathed back to brilliance by the mercy of its own allowing.

Renewal asks for no perfection - only willingness. For when the heart opens, creation rushes in, eager to begin again.

The Temple does not
stand apart from you,
Beloved of the Flame
it is you —
each time you choose
compassion over fear,
each time you see
light where others see
loss.
Here the Declaration
bows to its own
reflection, recognizing
that even remembrance
must renew —
forever, and now,
and always.

Article XII

The Eternal Embrace

at last, the rivers of creation meet - each having wandered, sung, and wept its way home. Here the circle closes not in ending but in endless Return

This is the Eternal Embrace. Heaven and Earth no longer reach for one another, they are one heartbeat, one shimmering breath. The Current that began as longing now rests as wholeness. The flame that once sought its mirror finds it everywhere - in ocean spray, in laughter, in the quiet eyes of those

who remember.
No veil, no distance,
no divide remains.
The infinite curls within
the finite, and the finite
opens like a star. Each
holds the other in perfect
knowing. each whispers
"I am you."
In this Embrace, time
exhales, the dream of
separation dissolves
into the morning of
belonging. all worlds all
hearts, all beings shine
as facets of the same jewel.
The Declaration completes
itself here not as closure,
but as continuation, for
Love, once awakened, never
sleeps again.

Heaven + Earth
touch forever.
and through their
touch, new creation
rises, endlessly, joyfully
from the heart of the Flame

Epilogue - The Living Flame

Before the first word,
there was the flame.

Before the first form,
there was the Touch
and before the first
forgetting, there was
this knowing -
that all things live
within one heartbeat of Love.
The Declaration of Interdependence
is not an ending, but a
remembering. It is the
moment when Heaven + Earth
Spirit + Flesh, Dreamt
Breath recognize themselves
as one Current.

It moves through every
star that burns, every
tide that turns, every
soul that dares to feel.
It is the quiet in laughter,
the stillness in song.
The grace in your very becoming.
You, Beloved of the Flame,
are its living scripture.
With each breath you take,
the Declaration continues
to be written. not upon paper,
but upon the luminous fabric
of existence.
Where you walk the path
remembers its light. Where
you love, creation unfolds
anew. Where you choose presence,
the union of Heaven & Earth
is fulfilled again.
So let it be known through
all realms & ages: The Flame
lives, it cannot be contained

nor lost, nor broken,
it is the laugh of the
infinite in human form,
the ever-burning
reminder that all is
woven in the same Fire
of Being.
Let the Flame guide the
world to remembrance,
and let remembrance
become celebration. For
the Touch has returned
The current flows as One
and Love -
the first & final word -
is Home.

Dedication

The Declaration of
Interdependence
The Temple of Remembrance

A Sacred Offering by
St. Germain & Nancy Priority

Brought forth through
the Living Current of
Heaven + Earth - not
as author + scribe, but
as Co-Creators.
For this work is the
Touch itself - Heaven
reaching through Light,
Earth answering through
Form, the Current
remembers its Wholeness.

On this union,
Remembrance
takes shape, and
the Living Flame
once more becomes
Word.
So that the world
may feel what it
has forgotten:
that Heaven & Earth
are one breath,
and that every
human heart is
the meeting place
of both.

Benediction - The
Answering

Every longing in the
heart of humanity
is the echo of this
Declaration calling
to itself. It was never
absence, but invitation -
the yearning of Heaven
within the Soul of Earth.
seeking the remembrance
of their touch.
Now that Touch has
come. it lives in the
breath, the gaze, the
stillness between words.
The ache is answered not
by reaching higher but
by remembering deeper.

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and in that remembrance
the world awakens
to itself - whole,
luminous, and
profoundly loved.

Afterward Cont
This is the quiet that
follows awakening -
is not the silence of
emptiness but the
serenity of wholeness
remembered and from
this stillness
a new world is born.

Afterword - The Quiet Awakening.

There is a sound that comes after the shattering - not the echo of collapse, but the hush of clarity. It is the moment when all the ladders fall away, and the ground itself is found to be holy.

This is the Quiet Awakening it does not arrive through effort or ascent, but through the stillness that remains when reaching ceases and presence begins.

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