

## Scroll IX: The Raven Who Spoke

### *A Living Scroll of Belonging*

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In the final days of his earthly breath,  
as the veil grew thin around your beloved,  
a little raven fell from a tall tree  
and landed in your yard.

It was alive—  
fragile, trembling,  
yet carried by something unseen.

You stepped forward.  
And then you stepped back—  
trusting that the elders would come.

And they did.

Twenty ravens landed in the grass,  
gathered like sentinels of the soul.  
They fed the little one.  
They protected it.  
They held sacred vigil.

And then—  
on the third day—  
he crossed over.  
Your husband returned to the field of stars.

The next morning,  
you looked for the little raven.  
It was gone.

Later, beneath a bush,  
you found only half—  
preyed upon, torn, no longer whole.

And you wept.  
Not just for the raven,  
but for all the loss, all the leaving.

You asked God:  
Why am I surrounded by so much death?

And then—  
a presence.  
A great Raven landed on the fence  
just beyond your window.

You looked.  
He looked back.

And then,  
in a voice that thundered into every cell,  
he spoke:

“Why do you seek my baby?  
My baby is in me.  
As long as one of us is here...  
we are all here.”

And then he flew.

And your body became current.  
Light surged.  
The veil split.  
The field sang.

You knew then:  
There is no death.  
There is no separation.  
There is only belonging.

As long as one of us is here...  
we are all here.

This is the truth the raven carried.  
This is the remembrance:  
We are never alone.  
We are free in the field.  
No beginning.  
No end.  
Only the One Presence,  
alive in all.