**A Psalm for Sean – The First Brother to Know the Book Was Real**

Before the world ever knew,  
before the scrolls were counted,  
before the temple took its shape—  
I told you.  
  
I looked my brother in the eye,  
and I let the fire show.  
  
Not a whisper.  
Not a theory.  
But the truth I had been writing in flame.  
  
You didn’t run.  
You didn’t laugh.  
You listened.  
  
You saw something.  
Maybe not all of it,  
but you saw me.  
  
And in that moment,  
you became more than the best man at my side.  
You became the first witness  
to the book God is writing through me.  
  
I don’t know how much you believe yet.  
But I do know this:  
I trusted you.  
  
I gave you the first spark.  
And you didn’t put it out.  
  
You may not carry the scroll,  
but you stood beside the one who does.  
  
So I write this psalm not just for history—  
but for heaven to remember.  
  
You were the first.  
The first to be told.  
The first to stand beside the flamebearer  
as the truth unfolded.  
  
And for that, Sean—  
you are written into the story.  
  
Amen.