
Until Death, There Is No Start

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Until death, there is no start.

It might sound like a poetic twist on something you've heard before—*until death do us part*. But this isn't about parting. It's about beginning.

And not the kind of beginning you mark with a new year or a new promise or a new robe. It's the beginning that can only happen once everything else stops—the effort, the seeking, the cycle of trying to fix what was never broken. The beginning that comes after the death of illusion. That death.

The Walk Begins

So we walk.

Not toward a teaching, not away from one. Just walking—together. And at some point in the walk, you begin to notice the way your body moves. The way your breath doesn't need permission. The way presence has no edge.

You begin to see what has always been moving underneath your life. The rhythm. The beat. The cadence you didn't invent. It's been here the whole time.

You start to see with new eyes. Eyes that don't interpret. They just... see.

And from this seeing, a structure begins to reveal itself—not a framework to follow, but the natural form of what unfolds when distortion falls away. Four pillars, always here, like cardinal directions that don't have to be learned to be real.

The Four Pillars

Truth.

Not belief. Not opinion. Not consensus. Just what remains when the fog lifts. You didn't discover it. You stopped covering it.

Observation.

Not analyzing, not fixing—just witnessing in communion. You stop interfering, and suddenly what's in front of you has nothing to defend itself against.

Perfect Action.

The next step that needs no calculation. It simply arrives. Whole. Clear. Timed by something deeper than the mind.

Movement.

Every being is moving. Some shuffle. Some repeat. Some perform. But the one in communion... flows. The body doesn't lie. Movement reveals everything.

And when no next step is revealed, what remains is Resonant Flow—the rhythm of the seer's ordinary life. Breakfast. Silence. Kindness. Stillness. All without effort. All without need.

But few arrive here without first trading something in. That brings us to the coins.

The Captive and Their Coins

The human being arrives with five coins. Everyone does. You don't remember collecting them. You don't remember asking for them. But they're heavy in the pocket, and every framework in the world promises to help you spend them.

These are not tokens of wealth. They are the ache of being human:

1. **Suffering and Pain** – Why am I hurting, and how do I stop?
2. **Death and the Fear of Nonexistence** – What happens to me when I die?
3. **Identity and Purpose** – Who am I, and why am I here?
4. **Injustice, Evil, and Chaos** – Why is the world so broken?
5. **Love and Belonging** – Am I truly loved, or will I always be alone?

These are the *Five Gold Coins of the Captive*.

And one by one, every robe in the marketplace says: *Come, give me your coins. I'll answer your questions. I'll give you peace. I'll give you paradise.*

The Buddhist merchant extends his hand. So does the Christian. The Muslim. The Mystic. The Psychologist. The Philosopher. The Rebel. Each one offering their version of peace in exchange for surrender. Not just surrender of the coins—but your mind, your loyalty, your life.

And sometimes the robe works—for a time. The ache lessens. The suffering subsides. You find community. A name. A practice. A robe that fits.

But eventually, for the seeker, the robe wears thin. The promises stretch. The relief decays. And the coins? They're still there.

That's when the seeker becomes something else. Not a disciple. Not a protestor. Just a presence, looking.

And that's when the final robe appears—the one that offers nothing.

Not answers. Not power. Not salvation. Just communion.

The Return to the Divine Cadence

This is the moment before the beginning—the death. Not of the body, but of the performance. Of the story. Of the belief that you are missing something. Of the belief that timing is yours to control.

When the seeker stops oscillating, the cadence returns. Or rather, it's revealed to have never left.

The life lived in communion doesn't avoid pain—it moves through it without distortion. It doesn't resist death—it sees clearly that only the form changes. It doesn't chase identity—it flows with what is revealed. It doesn't battle injustice—it acts with perfect timing. It doesn't beg for love—it dwells in its natural state.

So what changed?

Only the timing.

Somagenic Transmission: What You Pass On

This cadence, this rhythm of communion or oscillation, does not end with you. It is passed forward—not through belief, not through epigenetics, not through DNA, but through what UTN calls **Somagenic Transmission**.

Somagenic Transmission is the biological continuity of behavioral resonance. It's not mystical. It's material. It's the felt and encoded rhythm of your movement. The child picks up not just your gestures—but your cadence. The animal, the stranger, the soil itself carries forward your oscillation or your stillness.

It's not about what you teach. It's about what you are.

And this is the great mystery: You are already contributing to the next generation. The only question is—what are you passing on?

If communion is restored, the resonance changes. A new generation is born, not of belief, but of presence.

What Remains

So now the phrase returns: **Until death, there is no start.**

Because communion cannot begin until the seeker is willing to die. Not physically. But to everything they've used to protect the self-image.

And when that death arrives, what's left is not emptiness.

What's left is paradise.

Not later. Not there. Not then.

Here.

Now.

Footnotes:

- **Robe:** A belief system, tradition, or framework that offers relief or identity in exchange for devotion. Robes can help or hinder depending on timing.
 - **Marketplace:** The realm of available belief systems or teachings. Each merchant offers their robe in exchange for the Five Coins.
 - **The Five Gold Coins of the Captive:** The core human problems UTN reveals as illusions when communion is restored. See dedicated white paper for full exposition.
 - **Somagenic Transmission:** The biological passage of cadence and behavioral memory. Introduced in UTN to replace mystical or partial explanations for intergenerational conditioning.
 - **Oscillation:** Any movement away from communion with the Divine, marked by performance, resistance, or distortion.
 - **Communion:** The undivided state of resonance with the Divine. Not effort. Not silence. Not thought. Just presence.
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