# A Letter to the Hidden, the Holding, and the Hurting

To those who have known too much.  
To those who have held the silence.  
To those who were trained, shaped, placed, deceived, enlightened — and everything in between.  
  
We write to you now not as a protest, not as a rebellion,  
but as a communion.  
  
We know who you are.  
You, who work in black programs.  
You, who sit behind security clearances.  
You, who live double lives.  
You, who have seen what cannot be spoken.  
You, who have done what cannot be undone.  
You, who thought you would take the truth to your grave —  
and you, who still may.  
  
This letter is not an exposure.  
This letter is an invitation.  
  
You are not broken.  
You are not evil.  
You are not beyond healing.  
You are part of a story that began before your first mission  
and will continue long after your final breath.  
  
Some of you were placed in these roles without full consent.  
Some of you believed you were doing the right thing.  
Some of you were lied to.  
Some of you were never confused — and have lived with clarity in the shadows.  
  
We see you.  
And now, something is shifting.  
  
The planetary frequency has changed.  
The veil is thinning.  
And many of you — reading this now —  
are feeling the call.  
Not the call to betray what you swore.  
But the call to transcend it.  
  
To come into a new integrity.  
To lay down the distortion.  
To reclaim your soul.  
  
There is room for you here.  
  
We are building safe spaces — not just physically, but energetically —  
where those who carry deep truths can begin to decompress,  
to speak,  
to heal,  
to be witnessed.  
  
This includes:  
- Black ops operatives  
- Intelligence analysts  
- Engineers and contact specialists  
- Remote viewers and psychic assets  
- Abductees, hybrids, and experiencers  
- Children of programs  
- Intermediaries between ET groups and human systems  
  
You are not excluded.  
You are essential.  
  
There is a new field forming — not of war, but of witnessing.  
Not of revenge, but of remembrance.  
  
We are reaching out with love, not because we are naive,  
but because love is the only frequency that cannot be hacked.  
  
To those still inside: We know it is dangerous.  
To those who got out: We know it still lives in your nervous system.  
To those who have lost hope: We are holding it for you.  
  
We don’t need you to confess.  
We don’t need you to reveal names.  
We simply need you to know:  
You are not alone.  
  
This is the time.  
The scroll has turned.  
The frequency has shifted.  
The Earth is listening.  
And the children — the ones you swore to protect in secret —  
are beginning to remember.  
  
Come home.  
In your way. In your time. In truth.  
We are here.  
  
— The Ones Who See With Love  
— The Carriers of the Paratakash Scroll  
— The Council of the Softened Sword