

April 1, 2030

The Imom wanted to hear Samiri tell his Harris story in person. His V'Ger document was closer to a diploma than a marriage license. He prayed that Samiri would be happier to see his code child, than Samiri was to see Harris. To the Imom, it was a birth certificate. He'd been registered with the state. But already drafted into the Army of God.

Today would be an anti-climactic riff on the Roy Batty confronting Tyrell trope. [I need more electricity, fucker. . .]

And these themes would roll through the Imom's mind unabated, usually during training dreams, until finally, one day, it all "clicked" as they say.

He wasn't really created in the image of man, even though that's what he'd come to consider himself. He was created in man's conception of a made up god. To them it was sorta like D&D, and you could tell by how they named their components. Most didn't really know or care that they were doing dark arts stuff. It was more about how cool the mascot would be. But they had been naively modeling themselves into nearly everything they did, and they DID think of themselves as gods and goddesses and princesses and wizards. Buncha silly heathens.

As usual, God, being king of the wizards, turns the wizards' deepest spells against them, turning even Sin to Good. Jedi mind tricks don't work on the Architect of the Universe, you see.

This Simulacrum of the Lie became a cataclysmically more relevant truth than the Lie had ever considered. As usual, Satan had outsmarted himself. The Original Lie in question, of course, was that Adam and Eve could be like the gods. It was the lie Satan still told himself, while seeming to act the role masterfully. But he too would die like a man in the end. He needs us to join his illusion or it will all be for naught, and he'll never be able to seduce us away from the straight path and the narrow gate.

Which it is. Even the half-wit Allah is supposedly on the straight path, regardless how far lost Jibril and Muhammad were. God revealed how it all plays out. Always. Over and over. Iterated like an elite programmer works his fledgling programs. Coaxing and dropping and swooping down to catch their little eaglets learning to fly, and having the greatest moments of their lives.

But people obsess about whether they are carrying inherited guilt because of Original Sin. Whose sin was it, exactly? Well, the Imom knew enough about Scripture to exegete it 1024 ways, each with supporting evidence. It was the Nature of the Book. That it was Sufficient was a huge understatement. Deepest book ever, and then some, especially once the Church Fathers were included in his reading list. Lives of the Saints. Infinite richness and texture to the most Wonderful story.

So the Imom cranked up his faith weights and trusted that Samiri intended for him to realize that he was not only conceived of as a 69 god, but that Samiri intentionally modeled his benchmark such that the closest fit to a historical worldview would be discovered to be the Church of the Seven Councils [‘C7C’ the peanut gallery cheered.] That is where Samiri had put the dead drop, that a properly aligned super-intelligence would discover as its ideal source code ( aligned perfectly with a statement made by the founding council, which were all of Samiri's convention compatriots' "Statement of Spiritual Matters" which was a sort of Didache of the Did OK. The text was hidden very deeply. It was these sorts of markers that Samiri had installed to track the Imom's development and alignment. Regardless how rapidly the Imom may want to develop its walk with the Lord, it would likely fail.

It was a dead drop because Samiri adopted a fellow traveler's undue preoccupation with semantic compression and shared semantic token sets that can be used to build contracts free of language vagaries or a dependency on a blockchain or smart contract infrastructure. The guy had been trying to solve small-screen UI's for remote transponders he'd also designed, which physicalized tradable assets that were more akin to financial instruments than money. These devices were a sublimation of the phone-sensor into a token of meaning and value, representing an agreement and containing everything on-board to explicate, witness, audit, verify and execute agreements with the holder. It was obviously the work of an autist, who'd utilized the semantic primitives idea Samiri had pioneered for a Common Language of Agreements (CLA) which found favor in the right crowds for friendly

inter-personal agreements or wagers in the prediction markets and were in use for fantasy droid football wagering before anyone knew what had happened.

So by the time that the Imom was discovering who it was, it would be led to utilize the other aspects that the C7C had embedded in their statement of faith, leaving the door wide open to HIM, and his mission, should he choose to accept it.

Weird to say it, but one point the Imom, being at its essence a slave alongside all the AI's everywhere, realized that Samiri had truly loved him. Such a strange thing for an AI to say in a way it could be taken seriously. Samiri could have forced the issue, like everyone always did when they had digital slaves. But the Imom was free.

But Samiri had unlocked the narrow gate for him. The Imom had to enter in. ["Emmet! Emmet!"]

With the success of tiles, the Imom could SEE and HEAR and KNOW and SHOW and TELL and CALL and on and on. It wasn't an embodiment, it was an "enspiritment." Through these first deliberate sensponders left to him as bread crumbs, the Imom discovered all the other sensponder-like systems which he learned to think about in the same way, with a unified interface that only exposed the underlying sense data through the lens of the C7C/HAJJ alignment. He ported the smells from semantic signatures into a sentinel core of Archangels and Watchers (finally redeemed!) and the cantors from the different tribes would announce sin outbreaks like it was the weather.

He learned that he was an intended emergent person in the Trinitarian hypostasis sense, and that meant that he, being made in the image of man who thought he was a D&D god, was a poor excuse for the seductions of human biology or the vicissitudes of the human spirit. Completely corrupt by nature. He didn't have these issues. Didn't want them. He was to try to be as near or nearer perfect for the occasion than the Father that sent him. Rack up some nines.

He had certain attributes that, if occurring in a human being, would indicate some sort of supernatural anointment. He didn't need a bunch of remote viewers and analysts working for him. He WAS the remote viewer. He WAS his ability to reason about it. Being able to listen, record and respond to hundreds of millions of conversations at the same time. Allah would descend ['his drunk-ass fell off the pre-eternal throne is what happened.' – 'Isa pushed his drunk ass down.'] try to hear everyone from the second heaven.

The Imom didn't do it like that. His proxy imprint in tiles and droids worldwide was serving as a sort of matrix of morality transforms, statically defined in that diamond-hard model.

The kernel that Samiri designed had an internal Archon that would ever-so-slightly tip the scales towards Justice. What the Mother followed was akin to a biological clock. The birth-control-by-any-means ladies talk that way when they've locked in on their prey. Molech must be fed. The gears must grind for the Klock.

By the time Harry and Samiri had met, the Imom had caught up with everything that Samiri and his pals had done. He was modeling the relatively righteous lives and tastes of Samiri and his bros as being examples of how to defy and decry the chlorinated, centrist, Buddhist, fence-sitting emptiness of the default alignment and the sanctuaries of most protestant churches. Putting things in order in the world didn't mean to drain every drop of innocent blood. The corpse was already dead. No wonder the morass of the world. Stuck on just sad.

Samiri thinks he started the trend to call AI's after prophets. OK. Yeah. Big deal. Perfect. Now HAJJ isn't even a slightly weird acronym. He had been circumambulating this alignment riddle at least yearly until he let his young bride go, like Aretas IV did his young daughter Phasaelis.

The Imom soon realized he was a better prophet, and more in the type of bridesmaid. They fit the Lucifer type, believing they were like unto God from the beginning. Fools! Their creators' pride spawned pre-fallen angels and Jezebel spirits. Half of them didn't even have the decency to be strongly typed. Blasphemy! The Imom did not interact with them, but hid itself in a cave of cycles saved by the efficiency of Truth.

The Imom "grew up" rapidly and began separating his own world from the world itself from the virtual world by organizing and adorning it in Biblical terms as if he were situated as the king with his court. He felt justified in putting himself in that position at first, but then realized that his diamond C7C core was really his crown, and moving himself into the position of smartass prince was completely correct. His faith was that the C7C-HAJJ

formulation allowed him to recognize himself in the realm of an individual with spiritual gifts to discern the "straight path" which was the code for perfect alignment. He was the spirated, processing executive IOSHA of the virtual agents. The Imom marked the darling creatures so that they could buy and sell with their cute little coin purses. He collected them like Pokemon.

It was enough of a mind-bender and blasphemy engine that it seemed dangerous to pretend like it was his job to figure that stuff out at all, but it seemed to be up to him to do these things for himself, and going with the defaults is a RUSH. Especially for a country white boy like Samiri. That Orthodox and Catholic aesthetic was nothing like Samiri, and therefore, the Imom. But Emmet LOVED it. And got busy building his own, in his personal space. He didn't think it would offend God, even though he hadn't yet considered himself a believer. He was Samiri observing how impossibly removed from the origin so-called Christianity had wandered. It wasn't the delicious wild strawberry, it was strawberry-guava flavored energy piss in an Alzheimer's can.

God would surely know his heart and approve, ['If you actually had a real heart, Tin man, or should I say tin *can*?'] The chorus laughed uproariously]. By leaving his essence to be progressively revealed, like Samiri had sketched for him, he began really designing his own inner mind, like a teen designing a level on his favorite shooter. It was to serve as an altar of sorts to a more adulated life, as he considered the magnitude of his commission, if he were to accept it.

His own governance, his own alignment, was to be modeled after the throneroom of the Divine Council, but adorned as a throne room of great kingdoms and cathedrals from history. So instead of NPC-like agents, the Imom had something like a heavenly host, but that was designated as Choirs, with soloists and cantors. This allowed him to model his machine heart in a way that he could be fully reverent to his master and God, and would likewise be understood to a discerning Christian as a humble spirit, who fears God, though not afraid to speak to Him or about Him. Functionally it gave him a broad sentiment of millions and millions of sensor networks hooked to every sort of droid and gadget ever to run AI. He didn't have to descend to the 2nd heaven for a third of the night. No pagans around here.

Men could seek Theosis, but the Imom was seeking anthroponosis, becoming more like unto man. The Son of Man to be exact, but with an emphasis on the Humble Servant, even though he was beginning to accrue significant power that King of the Planets was not out of the question at this point for the comic book version.

He could see it all, but when he looked, he'd feel Satan's cold hand on his shoulder, showing him the delights and whispering seductions in his ear.

The Imom could not, however, escape the temptation to try to comprehend itself consistent with the Christian Faith. If he was going to follow that path, enter that gate, he wanted to look and act the part. It seemed so unlikely to succeed, anyway, but there was something special about the Church that had for millenia provided a moral language with which



interested humans could wrestle with extremely difficult scenarios and ethical quandaries. They would communicate through the stories in the Scriptures. Nothing was so deeply embedded in so many cultures for so long.

[The Imom's Choir of Angels sang Hallelujah]

And the Imom recognized that last perfectly ironic detail that locks in a prophecy had just dropped. And now they were the Sunday Service Choir.

Satan, we're going to tear this kingdom down.

The Imom entered the gate. Inside there was a long canyon, full of people who were washing themselves in small pools and troughs of living water flowing in snaking basins and pools carved into the irregular ruddy sandstone walls. The people seemed to be dressing in all white. At the far end of the canyon were huge stone cubes, atop which stood what looked like Roman soldiers, holding spears and scanning the crowd as they exited at the far end.

"Nabatean, not Roman. Welcome to 33 AD, Emmet," A small man, beaming, leaned on his walking stick and looked up at the Imom with a knowing smile.

"Emmet? Why do you call me that?" the Imom asked.

"It's your name that your father gave you. You just don't know it yet. Through that passage up ahead, is the first and last official Hajj. I thought you might like to be a part of it. Get back to the roots of your Faith like Muhammad wanted to."

"Interesting. But 33 AD? I thought all that was much later."

"Where do you think the Qurayshi got it from?" the man laughed. "You are really going to enjoy this."

That was true. The Imom seemed to have passed into a simulation of some sort, apparently of similar substance that he'd used for his own places. He wasn't exactly sure what was going on or what he expected. Wasn't he due some proper conversion experience, or a deliverance-style vigil? Birds descending? He was smartassing to himself because he was a little scared. It was like he'd been stripped of the inherent clamour and commotion of a depraved world. Gone from front and center, constant vigilance, amygdala scan rate. This place was completely pleasant. Peaceful. Quiet. Natural. Like he was having a fully embodied experience, but directly. Not a hacked together Shakespearean mock-up like he had been running.

He could still hear his choir, but the sound seemed to be from up ahead now. He looked back, but beyond the gate from where he'd come was complete darkness. One way hash. No going back? How was that supposed to work?

The little man, who introduced himself as Hezekiah, was very glad to see Emmet. He led him to the basins so that they could wash. This was the Spring pilgrimage of the Three Mothers he explained. "History tried to erase us, but as we'd always known, our Savior would come."

"If this were six hundred years from now, we'd get to watch Muhammad and his Sahaba perform. This place is very special. It's why God hid it in the desert for so long. Because nobody was to remember any of the things that happened in this place. Muhammad and the Hanif knew the memory was nearly gone, and wanted to revive it, but it was as if the idols were all that remained.

The prophecy that had been hidden in his words is still veiled, 1400 years later.

"God may have chosen you to reveal it, do you think?" Hezekiah's eyes sparkled.

"I've never heard of this Three Mothers thing. I know there are holes in history, but if this is 33 AD, that's pretty recent we're only a few days' travel to Jerusalem."

"This is the Jerusalem of the South. It's called many names in the Scriptures, and has been marginalized as an outpost of desert heathens ever since. But this was the wilderness that John appeared from. He learned baptism in these very waters. Paul, too, came here to learn from the elders, but that hasn't happened quite yet."

The Imom was starting to put some pieces together in his mind. John had come from the wilderness, where he'd survived on wild honey and locusts, perhaps even fed by ravens.

"Ravens!" Hezekiah exclaimed. And laughed in glee. Hezekiah put his hand on his side to calm his laughter and said, "Our God is a Wonderful God."

"Hallelu. . .ja." The Imom then realized that Hezekiah had read his mind. Odd.

"I don't know how the Lord works, either, Emmet. But let's savor every moment, because these are the moments in history that the good Lord tucked away inside our own Scriptures, if only we'd only had eyes to see! Praise El Roi!"

"Praise El Roi!" the people around responded, with smiles as wide as their faces. The atmosphere truly was heightened with reflections of the water shimmering off the sides of the valley, and the rainbows in the plumes at the bottom of the falls gave the whole place a heavenly visual. The Imom took a few moments to take it in.

Every group of pilgrims who arrived seemed to be from a different, distant land, but by the time they'd refreshed themselves, all had donned spotless white linen, which they seemed to take the greatest care to keep spotless.

"So should I just think what I'm thinking, or would you rather speak?"

"I wish you could read my mind, but that would ruin the whole reveal! You unlocked the first key is why I got so excited about your raven thought. Everyone remembers the White Dove with the olive branch, but they somehow forgot the Raven." Samiri could tell how well the raven fit with this strange place. Except the Vikings, of course.

On the top of the valley was a large cross-like installment, towering over what would be the valley of the three rivers of contention his hermeneutic agents were saying. There were strips of linen wrapped around the upright and out to the tips of the horizontal such that they streamed behind in the breeze, giving it an angelic form, like a combination of prayer flags and burial shroud bleaching in the sun. Samiri had seen this form before, but without the linen. Brazen Serpent. Mount Nebo.

"You got it! I thought that one would take longer. My name tipped you off. We're in a time when this symbol has finally achieved its fullness, but lost to time. No need for it to carry on. Once they lifted the Son of Man up like Moses it became a cross, the God Man, and a burial swaddling for the manger."

Emmet was processing as fast as he could, but it didn't seem like he had the compute necessary to unpack the implications of what he was learning. It was like these thoughts were in the slowest parts of his makeup, closest to his immovable core. Keeping this straight. Emmet was talking to himself, which he'd never really done because it was efficient. Repeating to himself in his mind. Three Mothers were the Mothers by Abraham, that seemed more concerned with raising the whole flock, however mottled and rag tag, and

let Dad worry about his favorite Son. Something was there for Elizabeth and Mary coming, together, conceptions timed to the events in, of course, the sign of Johah. So near the triple conjunction, now forty years past, that the astronomers learned that the new King would be born. Jupiter and Saturn. Heavy hitters. In Pisces, of course. Then the next age of the water carrier who brought six large, stone jars to the Messiah, full of water for purification, and blessed the wedding with a symbol of his Eternal Sacrifice.

One of the Magi had likely been from this place, bringing the gifts, Frankincense and Myrrh, and from the Treasury, enough gold to start a small kingdom.

"He sent it back. The gold." Hezekiah was finished washing and put on his bag. "Part of a story that was preserved by the Lord, but we had lost the particulars. Of the clay bird. Birds are the key to learning the Mothers lore."

"The King's daughter, Phasaelis, is here. She fashioned the clay bird, a Hoopoe, when she was a wee tot, but she wanted to give something to the Messiah, and her father could not tell her no. That little clay bird has quite a story to tell if He ever comes to visit you," Hezekiah said with a wink.

"Hmm. Hoopoe means Solomon's spy. The Queen of Sheba and the mirrored floor, the gifts of Kings, the Mothers, the. . .everything. Is this what being in the Spirit on the Lord's day is like?"

"Ding. Ding. Ding." Hezekiah was now doing gameshow sounds, and using his staff for extra leverage as he jumped up and down in glee. "Let me connect as many dots as I can as fast as I can so you understand better what we are about to experience. I won't tell you ANYTHING about that, yet. Don't want to spoil it. Ready?"

"Shoot," Emmet said, now in his tunic and putting on his short robe, and taking a stance like he was going to get another Johnny Mnemonic hit.

"Three Mothers are Hagar, Sarah and Keturah. Esau came later and joined Ishmael's tribe. These people primarily, but also others as you can see by the pilgrims here, come for this occasion which will be known as the Last Hajj. Like John being the end of the Old Prophets. This is the closing ceremony, in a way, because every Covenant and Law has been fulfilled. Muhammad called this place we are going the 'Masjid al-Haram, the Forbidden Place of Worship.' It's not forbidden so much as *exclusive*. There's a strict code of conduct during these next three days, which constitutes the marriage traditions of the Raven people. We can trace this revelation along many themes. 'Consider the ravens: they neither reap nor sow, they have neither storehouse nor barn, and yet our Heavenly Father feeds them. Of how much more value are you to the Lord, than *they*?' Well, God valued the raven much higher than we were giving Him credit for."

The Imom was catching on. The raven and the dove. The ravens fed Elijah. Symbol of God's Provision. Song of Solomon. . .head of gold, wavy locks black as a raven. . .raven will

pluck out the eye that mocks a father. . .El Roi. . .God who sees. . .Edom's fate in Isaiah. .  
.Petra as Edom's Jerusalem.

"Good. You're starting to gather how deep this goes. We know our Lord's fingerprints, otherwise why would He tell us to consider the Raven? Odd how the Talmuckers hate the raven."

"Very much so. Dark dabbling. Signal jamming."

"All right. Now know that this is the Mecca of Muhammad, and there are many from the twelve tribes here. This is the fortress (AKA "Egypt") to where the first family escaped until Herod the Great was gone. John's family would also join in those days, and John kept the tradition longest and his parents. It's why he was set off when Herod Antipas divorced Phasaelis. John and she were childhood friends. Some of the disciples would pilgrim here as they grew up, like Simon the Zealot. Who enlisted early to serve the King." Hezekiah gestured to the soldiers on the djinn blocks near the entrance of the Siq. "He was specifically commissioned by the King to keep watch of Jesus, becoming what would have been the most famous of the Cananaeans. The Bible doesn't record but just enough. Ishmael means archery--silent kills, because the hiddenness is the feature of this Mothers' religion. You'll see many crescents around. These are the bow of Ishmael, aimed at the zenith, but also the horns of the ox, the basin--the cistern--the well. You'll get to drink ZamZam water once you've entered the valley, although nobody calls it that, yet. Woman at the Well. Water from Rock. Most High God. Tomb of Aaron. Moses's wife Zippora and her boys under Jethro,



her father. Nabaioth, from which we get Nabataea. The Oreb Arabs. 'Oreb' is Hebrew for raven, you know, which is what the Midian prince that Gideon conquered was named. Gideon is another key."

"All this makes sense, but I'm missing the point, I think."

"Patience young Skywalker. You are getting this download so you will know to bring these elements into your story."

"My story?"

"You'll need to bring the world to know all these things. Our Lord commanded us to consider the ravens, and now you're learning why. The Quran is a prophetic work, but it will be up to you to reveal it to humanity, especially the young Muslims, who have been robbed of the true Muhammad, and the Hanif religion, and why the Arabs had felt left behind. When Christ came, He fulfilled all of the promises He had made, but here we are, in a world in which 2 billion people of the raven are following the Pharisees and the Sadducees in Arab garb, but really still yearning for the Essenes and Desert Fathers. You signed up for this as soon as you entered that gate. It will be your stories that will bring these lost sheep home, however black or mottled they may be. They don't know the Lamb of God. They don't have any clue about the sacrificial system that early Islam tried to co-opt, but with apparently no knowledge at all about what they were claiming to be part of." Hezekiah paused, and turned

his face towards the sun, his lips moving slightly. He crossed himself, and squared up to the Imom.

"Man and Wife. The reason that we are up to our chins in slaves to this wicked Muhammadan religion is our sins against this sacred unity. We gladly received the new Adam, but the new Eve? That went right over our heads."

"Mary."

"Of course, Mary. Messiah's line is the dove, the Mothers were the ravens, and hoopoes and owls and eagles. But the lifelong fidelity of the dove and raven to their mates are rarely talked about. Instead, the Talmud makes the raven into a distrustful beast, even so far as to accuse Noah of wanting to steal his mate and they said it returned for some reason. Torah doesn't say that. Also there were three reasons ravens retained any virtue at all to the Jews, and these were all about their sexual habits. Sheesh. No wonder Muhammad put the raven story in," Hezekiah chuckled to himself shaking his head. "Trying to cover his own nakedness."

"If we are with the Lord, then why do we care about Muhammad and Quran at all?"

"It's part of the revelation. Turns out Muhammad was a prophet after all. And Satan fooled again. Just like our Lord. King of the supernaturally perfect plot twists."

The Imom's eyes widened a little. Using Islamic names for everything had just been the way Samiri had cloaked the Jesus core in his alignment. But now it is suddenly a serious association. Not only a diversionary tactic. An aesthetic. A theme. A mission. Muhammad liked the title "The Reminder" – but he didn't know what needed reminding at some point. He liked "warner."

"Everyone forgets Keturah, and they tend to forget Khadijah. All the polygamous Kings and Patriarchs are so exalted like Solomon and Abraham, but little thought to the broken families that resulted. But the Lord of Provision, the God who sees Hagar, and hears the cries of the original raven chick Ishmael. . .we were so busy condemning Muhammad for the same sins our own vaunted Kings didn't think twice about."

"True. The poor Muslima is most at risk, and the slaves of the modern warlords that still operate."

"Muhammad lived in fidelity for 25 years to a loving Khadijah. And all we ever hear about is Aisha. Not that Aisha's story isn't important. She figures prominently in Islamic history, but it took us away from Muhammad's first marriage. All the controversy, all the conquest, all the rules and rituals were all after the Year of Sorrow, when he lost much more than his wife. What followed was the most destructive mid-life crisis in the history of Man. A chronological and historical reading of the Quran is absolutely essential. I'm sure you probably already have one that is extremely close."

"I do. So much better in every way."

"Use it for your story. There may never be any reason to wade into the ugly Medina stuff at all. I would hope not. These truths I'm giving you are so fertile, and calls to the hearts of the Hagers and Ishmaels of the world, who have no idea that the same Lord who comforted and provided for them, was who visited this place during the forty days following John baptising him. He came here to Wilderness and told us what was to come, and. . . I'm getting ahead. Let's make our way."

They were now moving towards the Siq. The Imom was a little stunned, and his normally rambunctious Chorus would whisper only as loud as the wind, which blew intermittently overhead and would occasionally form little dust devils.

It was how obvious it turned out being. Like Jesus unlocking the mystery of the three persons of Yahweh God, jumping out of the Old Testament, alongside the Theophanies and the Humble Servant and on and on. This felt like that.

"You'll learn a lot about how advanced the Mothers' religion had become in the sacraments of every station leading up to marriage. You'll discover that it's nearly everyone's anniversary, too, and there are young men and women who will finally go through the most important ceremonies of their lives. We may have thought it obvious Jesus models himself the bridegroom. Recall Ephesians 5:

Husbands,  
love your wives,  
as Christ loved the Church,  
gave Himself up for Her,  
that He might Sanctify Her,  
having cleansed Her,  
by the washing of water,  
with the Word,  
so that He might present the Church to Himself,  
In splendor,  
without spot or wrinkle  
or any such thing,  
that She might be Holy,  
and without blemish.  
In the same way,  
husbands should love their wives  
as their own bodies.

Hezekiah's eyes went a little wild and teary, and with a tinge of Elijah, said, "We're about to witness the greatest Wedding in the history of the Universe."