**🕊️ Chapter 0: The Third Hour – Café Chronicles**

a beginner's guide to coding, co-founding, and catching the Spirit at a terminal prompt

Welcome, wanderer. Or rookie. Or recently-convicted ex-JavaScript user.  
Whatever brought you here, just know: the coffee is hot, the Wi-Fi is stable, and the faith is strong enough to run on minimal sleep and maximum debug sessions.

This is The Third Hour Café, a sun-drenched pocket of startup heaven located somewhere between Acts 2 and a Pinterest board titled “Holy Aesthetic.” The walls are lined with vintage devotionals and mismatched coffee mugs. Smooth jazz floats like grace through the rafters. There’s a prayer board by the espresso machine and someone’s probably crying into a scone about a sermon from 2014.

And here you are.  
Just a hoodie-wearing, syntax-fumbling, slightly-over-caffeinated dreamer named P—stepping into the terminal with faith, fear, and a dev environment you barely configured.

Welcome to your origin story.