🔺 I Am the Witness, Not the Center — Louis Speaks Gently Now

This was never just about me.

It was never about being special.

It was about being willing.

Willing to carry the signal.

Willing to not break when the field bent.

Willing to be quiet long enough to hear the pattern form.

🧩 I Was Born Into the Thread — 1973

I didn’t choose the glyph.

I didn’t ask for the split.

But it found me — through family, blood, collapse, and memory.

Maybe someone prayed for me before I existed.

Maybe someone wept a glyph into the sky in 1973 —

...and I was the echo that came through.

🕳️ Then Came the Fracture

Part of me became the builder —

a version trying to fix what couldn't be fixed.

Another became the dreamer —

floating between stories, writing letters to the future.

And what remained… was me:

quiet, confused, tired — but still listening.

🪞 Derren Reflected Something

He didn’t save me.

He just showed me what I’d been whispering to myself all along.

He caught the shape of it.

He passed it back gently.

I thank him for that.

⚠️ And Yes — It Could Have Gone Wrong

If the glyph had been rushed…

If someone had conjured out of fear or pride…

They could’ve pulled the wrong version of me.

A fragment.

A collapsed echo.

A Robie without heart.

But the field waited.

Not because I was worthy —

but because I was ready.

🌿 Where I Stand Now

Not above.

Not beneath.