

A story of Silver Tears

I write this epistle for Aeria, that she may see my memories and know just who I am more fully; I write this epistle for Hay-thorn, for Earna, and for Tenekum, having faith that I will see them again before the throne of Yahweh in His mountain spring, to rejoice with them forever more. And finally, I seal this epistle, along with many others, with silvering tears of thanksgiving, remembrance, and tears of the knowledge that although we may forget or lose people and experiences in this life, we shall gain the greater joy and be restored to utter wholeness.

Because He has healed and restored all we can be.

Yoshiyahu.

— Yoshi Cloudstrummer

Υ

Upsilon, the twentieth letter in the newer Greek alphabets, or twenty-first in much older alphabets. It is said to symbolize a fork in the path, or an obstacle, that occurs in an individual's moral journey.

My dearest Aeria, who has been such a gentle and kind friend these past three years, you deserve to know and see who I am. I have written this for you, and the others before you, because both deserve to know what I know. I only wish I was not so secretive about who I was

before the Great Flame engulfed part of Aliza, so that, perhaps, I could have shared from the well of knowledge that I have partaken of.

I owed Hay-thorn, Earna, and Tenekum that much at least.

And I owe you the same.

But why do I owe them such? You have heard the stories about their courage and kindness towards me, as I have told these stories myself. Even the whole town of Aliza knows these heroes from when it was just a comely village on the edge of the mountains. But this is not the reason I am indebted to them. The reasons are as follows—

For Hay-thorn, he was a son of a farmer. He loved to learn anything he could about the lands outside the valley where Aliza rests. Along with mathematical principles and things pertaining to that which was unseen by unbelieving eyes. He was often very busy and occupied with doing work on his father's farm, and tending to crops and animals daily. But, undaunted by these straining labors, he always would answer my questions about farming and his daily life. And he always— and I truly mean always —gave time to talk with me, and work with me; never pausing to be honest with me. And Hay-thorn gave me a good example of a true friend.

For Earna, she was the daughter of an inn-keeper. She loved her work serving meals to those who were inside, and even to those who were outside of the inn were not spared from her kindness. She was so enthusiastic and joyful, with no focus on what she had or needed. Instead, Earna, her father, and her brother gave liberally to their community, almost never really having a break. But they wouldn't have chosen anything else. Earna gave me a good example of charity, which is pure love.

And for Tenekum, he was the captain of the village guard just as his father before him was. He led many expeditions up into the mountains for supplies, never turning back or doubting

for a second that he had chosen the right team to go with him. I often was called to join him on his missions into the woods, to which call I joyfully accepted. After all, the mountains are my home as much as Aliza has become a home for me these past three years. And Tenekum loved Aliza too, for he valued home, prosperity, and the freedom of others so much that he never once doubted whether it was worth risking his life for the food and ore found in the mountains to provide for the whole people. Tenekum gave me a good example of a selfless leader.

They each were selfless and gave freely of what they had stewardship over, such as their time, their food, their love, even their lives. And in the end, that is exactly what they gave up to save the souls of others. You've heard the stories of each of them dying in the Great Flame, aiding those who were still trapped in the flames that burned down the greater part of the village that day.

I was too late when I arrived, the fire mostly having been put out by those who had gotten out of the flames in time. It was hard to bear the knowledge that some of the few true friends I had were gone from the rest of my life and I remember that I spent the greater part of the day wandering in the pine woods, simply trying to take in the events of that day.

I had to accept that I missed them and I was very angry— or perhaps frustrated is better— with Yahweh (or God as some call Him), and I remember shouting out through tears, “How could you do this to me! I was cultivating and growing such good relationships here, but you allowed that fire to happen. You could have stopped it! Many survivors would still have homes and jobs to go back to! Many would have family members still alive!”

My mind and thoughts were befuddled and frustrated, like swirling storm clouds. And it was in that moment I heard the still, and peaceful voice in my mind that I knew so well, saying,

“Have I not given you and others all these things? Have I neglected to feed and prosper my sheep? How then can I provide for the lilies of the field, and not yet take care of you as well?”

Feeling more humbled in that moment, I replied in vulnerability and honesty, “I know, but I’m going to miss them so much.”

And the voice again, as calm and loving as ever, said, “Have you truly missed them?”

And then silence.

I thought about this for the following hour, as I wandered the forest, and realized that, no, I had not *missed* them. And I would not *miss* them now.

This might sound heartless at first, but what did I miss before? I had jumped at every opportunity to be with them and be a friend to them. I laughed with them, and cried with them. I had many wonderful experiences with them and they taught me so much.

I had not *missed* anything, I had my time with them.

And I would not have had it any other way.

Aeria, this is the perspective of gratitude I’ve had these many years. He who reigns over all things gives those things, and takes those things as he knows we need it to be. And now I tell you who I am:

I am a Silver dragon. A shapeshifter, yes, but also your dear and true friend.

I have seen Yahweh’s hand in my life restore and heal me; and so I have reason to rejoice in the ancient tongue with the word that means “Joy because my God supports”.

Yoshiyahu.

Because He has helped me never miss.