To me, it could be summed into the phrase of the Volume that I have written: Called "Michael," named after my brother Michael and the archangel's message from God to all of the children who ever thought about Michael.

By John Young Lackett, and the spirit of Jehovah.

Will a snake say to its prey, "I'll be your guide?" Could the Tarantula say to the mouse, "Come, eat your crumbs near the spider bed?" — will the Lion say to the Zebra, "There is a gang of Hyenas, come, rest in the warmth of the Dunsai?"

A kiss is below a whistle, a sting is hidden, a good lecture is misundestood, at some times ignored, so let's be brothers again by our first name, let us not be wolves for the little ones.

Let us be men.

Let us digest our food correctly, less as gods from the most high God, we be weakened as children of nihilism for disrespect.

The authorization of our home is the pride of our hands, and if we use them deceitfully, our children will feed with poison.

How could a man be a man, a king be a king, if an odd thing rule his house held and his wife with tears?

I'm persuaded that we all cry for some things, but the tears of comfort are widely spoken for, rather than to influence you into the old thing.
... I've acknowledged that these were the tears
to justify destruction...

So let's be brothers again by our first name,
let us not be wolves for the little ones...
let us be men

By Jack London

... And the
Spirit of Jehovah

UNITY