



Life Before

Britomart

# Cherubim

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*Praying that this book will generate help for orphans and give Glory to God.*

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# Preface—an attempt to explain

Imagine your world unified. No vast oceans to separate only large beautiful pools of tranquility to enjoy. Imagine life lush and never dying. Imagine how massive, how bright, how awesome all of nature could be without the plight of death and decay. Without the fall of all. We enjoyed this wonder. We enjoyed blazing through the firmament that covered the earth. The atmosphere as you call it was perfectly sound and created in such a way the 'greenhouse effect' created something marvelous. The ozone created a protection that allowed temperate climate at all parts of the globe at all times. This is the earth before humans. Perfection, beauty, life.

Yet there was a limit. There were boundaries. Yes that ozone layer that so artfully was placed as a soft effervescent blanket allowed our lives to flourish. God placed us on this planet as his caretakers. Every type of mineral, jewel, waterfall, river, cave, mountain, valley, was in our keeping. It took very little effort to maintain such a perfectly designed system. You have a bit of this order in your world. The wonder that the exhaust from your mouth, car, and animals the carbon dioxide your fear mongers so hate is the very essence that every tree, bush, and flower needs to produce the oxygen you need and thus a wonderful cycle. Unless there is excess. We simply needed to maintain homeostasis. Then we were free to live amongst those laws. We were free to learn, invent, and develop relationships. The only thing we could not do was leave.

Only once a solar year, not exactly like your year but there is no reason to go into the details. You will still understand. Yes, so once a solar year one representative was allowed to leave the planet. To travel at light speed to wherever in the universe. They were not required to return, but the only time they could return was at the same time of the year that they left. If they chose to come back it was unlikely they would be chosen again as a representative. There were our own laws for choosing the representative. God's law was simple only once a year could a cherubim leave or return to earth. The reason? Some might criticize God and said it was a power grab: a notion to keep reminding us that we did not create ourselves. Others said he probably had a better reason. For instance, if all of us came and went as we liked we would erode the atmosphere that allowed us to live in such plenty and ease. There might be some truth in those statements. However God did not reveal it directly. Yet if you sought him with all your energy, with your core, you would come to know his heart. You would come to trust if not understand his law. Yet he did not require that. He did not require us to talk to him let alone worship him. He simply gave us the opportunity.

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. Yes and before your kind he created us. You may call us angels, but that is a confusing term. We are not pretty ladies with wings. No. We do not have a gender. However, since it is impossible for your kind to think in genderless terms without using the pronoun it, we will ascribe each cherubim mentioned to be either he or she. Remember they really are neither! Also due to our four faces. One face is an ox, one is an eagle, one is a lion, and one is like yours, human. We refer to each other in plural. Also this creates a difficult situation for your kind as you do not often exist in plural forms. Yes, Siamese twins that share a body, but even each head is often a entirely different person.

Therefore we will subject ourselves to your singular labeling. Remember though we are not singular as you are. We are four in one. Well enough talk about us. I will try to tell help you along in this story. I know your language well and although its devices are limiting, I will try to communicate with you. Come to the place where we live. Come see our world that now is yours. See where we were in the life before. The beauty at that time went far beyond what you could imagine. Yet try with these words to picture it in your mind. Try to see the possibilities in a world without hate, without evil, and without pain. Come to the earth of the Cherubim.

# Chapter 1-Return

In a cave under the thick vibrant emerald ground, Almatas slept. Each one of her many eyes closed in peace. All of her wings covered the glow of her body to be a light glimmer. How many cycles had she hovered in that dark place? Perhaps three? She did not sleep much normally. The orbs were powerful so there was little need. Yet Almatas traveled extensively last year. Yes all over the galaxies into the great cosmos full of splendor. During the ceremony of ascension last year she was chosen. The only one. The freedom of exploring all the heavens was hers.

Almatas's eagle face first opened one sharp eye. The time was approaching to return to society. The ox side bellowed with a powerful snort. The human like face yawned. Finally the lion let out a fierce roar. Almatas was alert in all her entirety. How could she go back to the lovely frolic and young whimsical life she once had on earth? She was different now since her outer flight. The metamorphosis she experienced could not be seen, but it was intensely palatable in her spirit. She no longer could simply socialize, create little worlds, and dart through the face of the globe. The depth of what Almatas saw was terrifying. No one else could understand. All the others did not know. She knew. She now clearly understood why no one before her returned to the earth. So why did she come back? Why did she not continually dwell under the wings the Almighty in his presence? She wondered why these questions still plagued her. She had made her decision. She already thought this all through. Now it was time to execute. She felt revitalized and complete. More full of the spirit than ever. With direct intention Almatas allowed the spirit to move and with a rush of wings she flashed out of the cave into the brightness.

Rapaspear knew Almatas was coming out today. He could feel her energy reaching maximum strength. Rapaspear knew she could offer him direction. In her absence this last year he felt less vibrant and grieved her absence. Somehow he trudged ahead filling orders, but now he wanted to live life abundantly with his mentor, Almatas.

How triumphant she must be. The very first one to return after centuries! Rapaspear let out a charge to call Almatas. Right then a flash of lightning ripped through the cave and soared into the atmosphere. Perhaps she forgot the call of the cherubim? She was away from Earth for so long. He wondered if she met any cherubim at all last year. Would she want to fraternize with these Earth dwellers ever again? Or would she set herself up in the high temple with the presence of God and only deign to answer the questions of the earths underlings?

Almatas surged upward at lightning speed until she reached the barrier of the atmosphere. The wisping mist of lights pulsated and a yearning drew her towards it. She so desperately wished to cross it again. Yet there was the rule. The one rule to order their lives. She knew the rule protected them. She still could scarcely resist the magnetism. Especially now that she tasted what lay beyond herself. She lingered at the dazzling spectacle that the gasses and particles that danced to display every single cycle of every year. The aura of prosperity, life, and livelihood. She must not come here again. The danger was too enticing. She prayed inwardly and closed all her bright eyes. She let



herself fall into the plan of the Almighty.

After a few seconds of her slow decent Almatas felt a signal. Almost like a small electric current pointed directly at her. What was it? Of course! How could she forget so easily. The signal so integral to her previous life! The call of the cherubim. How could one year transform her life so drastically that she forgot the very language of her kind? Instantly Almatas recalled Rapaspear who so faithfully loved her. Rapaspear, the one Almatas covered in the shadow of her wings and who lived inside. How could Almatas forget her protégé. Rapaspear's call became more pronounced as Almatas quickened her descent. Memories dashed from their dissipation to bury deep in to her pulsating orb. The surge of thought was almost as overwhelming as her furious flight.

Rapaspear did not wonder long as he soon saw his mentor coming back with incredible speed. Well he thought it was Almatas coming. Rapaspear could not see her form at all. Only the streak. That must be Almatas. As the streak got closer Rapaspear began to know, to feel, and to ache. Almatas had changed. She offered only a glimpse of knowledge to him. Could Rapaspear draw out the locked energy that she protected within? She appeared before Rapaspear and he tried to tap her thoughts. He couldn't pick up more from her than relief, confusion, and entrapment. He decided to probe further with unorthodox questioning.

"Almatas, thank you for answering my summons. I realize you just came from a deep sleep are you fully awake?" "Awake and alive for the time being," Almatas answered. "I have many questions. I want to know so much. Deal with me patiently as your fledgling. You are my guide, Almatas. Without you I..."

"Rapaspear you do always talk too much. I know your feelings. I see your hurt. Yes there are things I am not revealing to the collective conscious. We all have a right to do that. There is a danger of holding it too long, but I am not ready to release it. Please exercise what I spent eons teaching you. Sense my information. There is enough besides my hidden thoughts."

Rapaspear was concerned about Almatas withholding thoughts. He once learned many wonderful things in her presence. She taught him about the nature of the universe and the reality of the God they did not see. He did not knowingly withhold anything from the tapping of the collective conscience. There was no need to. There was no fear. There was nothing to hide. Rapaspear simply wanted to know why she changed. Almatas knew this, but still withheld.

"Patience and persistence," Rapaspear thought.

"Yes, Rappy patience and persistence," Almatas brushed beside him playfully tussling his wings. "You may move with me about the earth until it comes time for the ceremony of disclosure. I have much to prepare so please do not bother me with idle prodding and chatter. Only absorb my knowledge and presence. There may be more you did not tap into yet that perhaps may reach the surface."

"I have much to learn still myself," Almatas thought. Rapaspear tapped into that thought and agreed to move along with Almatas. To live and learn.

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Time for the ceremony of disclosure came on the fourteenth cycle since Almatas's return to Earth. This would be the first ceremony of its kind. Almatas stayed in Rapaspear's home. She dared not go back to her own. How could she face the very place where she prepared and planned for the selection to be the chosen one last year. The hiding of the plethora of thoughts that plagued her was excruciating. She needed to share the burden. God created the collective conscience for this reason. To unify them and not allow them to be weighed down with care. Almatas knew her spirit was sealed with submission to the Holy Spirit, but the vast grief, anger, and even bursting joy churned within incessantly. She could not hide her feelings from Rapaspear unless she went far away to the mountain perhaps. No, she was tired of being alone. She was tired of trying to understand. She needed the distraction his presence provided. His simple thoughts and feelings comforted Almatas. She remembered how she had taught him. How she once was so similar to him.

She seems a little better Rapaspear thought as quickly went to his spacious kitchen to melt a sensuous salve that could cleanse and nourish the spirit. He knew Almatas was losing energy at an alarming rate. She did not even dash about much. In fact for the last couple cycles Almatas simply hovered around his quarters absentmindedly so it seemed, but Rapaspear knew there was more going on. Almatas feelings betrayed her hidden secret. He did not know the nature of what troubled her really, but he knew the strangeness and the darkness. Not the comforting darkness of your own sleeping cave. No, a darkness that meant something profound that Rapaspear tried to conceptualize, but it hurt his mind and spirit trying to make sense of it all. Almatas could not hide it forever. She would soon release some of the pressure of these memories, but Rapaspear was not sure he still wanted to know.

The salve reached a perfect temperature and consistency. The smell wafted all through the room and the fire's warmth gleamed off of their bodies. Already Rapaspear could sense Almatas unwinding from all her spiritual and mental tension. This might be the first salve she had for over a year.

"It is," Almatas confirmed, "the pleasant memories come rushing back! How sweet and how refreshing. You are the most expert at creating the perfect concoction of minerals and chemicals."

Rapaspear was pleased that his mentor would praise him so highly. In truth she trained him in the art of gathering the right minerals, making the fire blaze white hot, and boiling each ingredient into unified perfection. As Almatas remembered that beautiful season long ago she received nourishment in her ravaged spirit. Rapaspear was the perfect selection. God had given him to her long ago to carry and to care for. Now he could do the same for her with her memories and burdens. Out of all those on Earth Almatas trusted Rapaspear the most.

"Ta da!" thought Rappy. "Ah I hope you made enough for both of us to commune together?" Almatas thought. "Of course," thought Rappy. "I cannot resist the revitalizing scent not to use it myself. I made a triple batch so there will be plenty." "Thank you for going to all this trouble," Almatas thought. "I could do no less," Rappy replied. "Of course. Will you allow me to come with you or should I wait?"

"Rappy, I want you there. I do have one memory for you that I must share before I accidentally reveal it to the collective at the ceremony soon. You must keep it locked away. Have you ever done that?"

"Honestly, I do not think I've kept anything locked away. There is no reason to. I like being completely

open and honest about everything to everyone.”

“As I taught you and you do it well,” thought Almatas. She recalled the times of freedom and exchange with all the cherubim. Sadly those days were over.

“Perhaps we’ll start with something simple to exercise your ability so untried. We all have the ability to withhold. However, not indefinitely. That’s why it’s so important that I teach you how. Then someday you must find someone you trust to pass on these thoughts. Otherwise the collective will know and God only knows what would happen then,” Almatas told Rapaspear.

“Alright, I will pour this through the dispenser and we will both go in,” Rapaspear communicated. “Make sure to put it on slow simmer. We will be there awhile.” “Of course, Almatas. I am ready. I know you need someone to help you.”

“Prepare for your spirit to expand and your mind to soar. Make sure your communication with God is not neglected. You will need all the strength you can get.”

Rapaspear went behind a large transparent iridescent wall that wrapped around the room in a semi-circle. Along the top he poured the mixture and it sifted down into tiny straws and the whole wall pulsed alight with iridescent energy. Then he flew up and poured the second third of the mixture in a large orb hanging from the ceiling. A light mist began to disperse above them. The final third he brought down to Almatas and anointed her head and she anointed his. Then they sat on the two stools and began to calmly whirl in the dense fog of the warm thick air.