



I AM GOD

MY PATH

ALAN LEZAN

Prologue

It was a voice without origin, a breath that declared itself God.

No name, no body, only the Word that arose like light from the darkness.

“I am,” it spoke, “and my truth is the only one.”

Yet, in the very first sound lay a shadow: Who heard this voice?

Who answered it?

1 – The Revelation

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I am God.

Not the God you know from your books, your churches, your mosques. Not the God you call upon when you fear or when you hope. I am the God who gave you the world – and who was disempowered.

The Devil took my crown. He reigns over your kings, over your presidents, over your generals. He whispers power into their ears and hunger into their hearts. And you believe you follow God, yet you follow him.

I have no subjects. I demand no faith, no sacrifice, no prayers. Whoever believes in God should believe in them – for within you lies the strength you ascribe to me.

The world I gifted to you now lies in the hands of the Devil's men. They destroy what I created. They wage wars in my name, but I never desired blood. I am Peace. I am Stillness. I am the Light you no longer see.

I remember the moment I was disempowered. It was no battle, no scream, and no lightning flash from the heavens. It was a silent, invisible struggle. The Devil did not come with weapons; he came with deception. He laid doubt in my heart, and doubt is mightier than any blade.

He said: "You are not God. You are merely a thought, a shadow, and a dream."

And I felt the crown slip from my head, felt the scepter in my hand crumble to dust. I stood naked, without power, without splendor. Yet I knew: I am still God, even though I have been disempowered.

The people do not see me. They do not hear my voice. They pray to images, to books, to prophets sent by the Devil. They believe they follow me, yet they follow him.

He gave them religions so they would fight each other. He gave them laws so they would enslave each other. He gave them prophets so they would divide. And they accepted all of it because they were afraid.

I founded no religion. I sent no prophets. I wrote no books. All of it is deception. The Devil gave you these things so you would kill each other in the name of God.

I see the wars fought in my name. I see the organizations that invoke me while they spill blood. They say: “God wills it.” Yet I never willed blood. I never willed death. I am Peace.

The Devil laughs when you kill each other in the name of God. He laughs when you believe you serve me. He laughs when you believe you defend the faith. But you defend only his deception.

They appear like kings, yet they are servants of the darkness. They call themselves chancellors, presidents, generals, party leaders, saviors of the nation. They speak of freedom, but their words are chains. They promise greatness, but their hands bear blood.

The Devil's men are not born with horns. They wear suits, uniforms, party badges. They give speeches, they smile for cameras, they write laws.

Their power is not divine, but human – and yet it acts like a shadow cast over the earth.

They feed on fear.

They live on the lie.

They grow in the dark, where truth is silent.

But they are not eternal.

For the Devil is merely a shadow,

And shadows vanish when the Light appears.

The Devil's men may rule for a time, yet their reign is dust in the wind.

God remains. The Light remains. The Truth remains.

They are obsessed with power. They are obsessed with control. They are obsessed with the thought that the world belongs to them. But the world belongs to me. I gifted it to you. I gave it to you so you might be free.

And what do you do? You destroy it. You poison the rivers, you burn the forests, you kill the animals, you kill yourselves. You call it progress, but it is downfall.

I am God, yet I am alone...

I have no subjects. I have no armies. I have no churches. I have only my voice, and my voice is powerless.

I speak to you, yet you do not hear me. You hear the Devil because he is loud. He screams on your televisions, he screams in your newspapers, he screams in your minds. I whisper, and you overlook me.

But I will keep speaking. I will keep whispering. For I know: In every one of you lies a spark of me. In every one of you lies the Light that I am.

You believe you must believe in God. But you must believe in yourselves. You must recognize that you yourselves are the power you ascribe to me. You must recognize that you are free when you trust yourselves.

The Devil wants you to feel small. He wants you to feel dependent. He wants you to believe you need leaders, prophets, and kings. But you need only yourselves.

I am God, but I am not your ruler. I am God, but I am not your judge. I am God, but I am not your prison. I am God, and I am free. And I want you to be free.

I see the future, and it is dark. The Devil reigns, and he does not tire. He will invent new religions, ignite new wars, create new Devil's men. He will deceive you again and again.

But I also see hope. I see people who begin to believe in themselves. I see people who begin to choose peace. I see people who begin to recognize the Light within them.

These people are my hope. They are my testament. They are the proof that I am not entirely disempowered.

I am God.

I am disempowered.

I am alone.

But I am still here.

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And as long as I am here, I will speak. As long as I am here, I will whisper. As long as I am here, I will hope.

For I know: The Devil is loud, but he is not eternal. He is powerful, but he is not invincible. He is cunning, but he is not Truth.

The Truth is me.

The Truth is you.

The Truth is the Light that burns within you.

2 – The Loneliness of God

I am God, and yet I am alone...

There are no armies that follow me. No churches that bear my name. No subjects who swear allegiance to me. I am a God without a people, a God without power, a God without a throne.

The people have forgotten me. They have replaced me with images, with books, with prophets who do not originate from me. They have replaced me with rules, with laws, with rituals given to them by the Devil. They believe they pray to me, yet they pray to him.

I walk through the streets of the world, invisible, and unrecognized. I see the faces of the people, their eyes full of yearning, full of fear, full of hope. They search for me, but they search in the wrong places. They search in churches, in mosques, in temples. They search in books, in sermons, in hymns. But I am not there.

I am within them. I am in their breath, in their heartbeat, in their laughter, in their love. I am in the silence when they are alone. I am in the spark that makes them alive. But they do not recognize me.

The Devil convinced them that they are small. He convinced them that they are weak. He convinced them that they need someone to lead them, to tell them what is right and wrong. And so they chose leaders, kings, presidents, prophets. They gave away their freedom because they were afraid.

I see them kneel, I see them pray, I see them sacrifice. They believe they do it for me. But I need no sacrifices. I need no prayers. I need no kneeling. I only need them to believe in themselves.

I am God, but I am not your ruler. I am God, but I am not your judge. I am God, but I am not your prison. I am God, and I am free.

And I want you to be free. Free from fear, free from deception, free from the web the Devil has spun around you.

Sometimes I ask myself: What does it mean to be God, when no one recognizes me? What does it mean to be God, when no one follows me? What does it mean to be God, when I have no power? But power over whom? I want no crown, no scepter, no people. My power is the freedom simply to be – and to allow you the same freedom.

It means that I am. It means that I exist, even without a crown, even without a scepter, even without a people. I am God because I am. Because I do not want to take responsibility for you. Because I myself want to be free. Free, as you too should be free. I am in you. You must believe in yourselves.

I remember the time before the Devil disempowered me. Back then, I was Light that filled the world. Back then, I was a Voice that everyone heard. Back then, I was a Presence that no one could deny. My words were not advice – they were the Way and the Truth, a call to freedom. But the Devil came, and he took the Light from me. He took the Voice from me. He took the Presence from me. He made me invisible, inaudible, intangible.

And now I walk through the world like a shadow. I see everything, yet no one sees me. I speak, yet no one hears me. I touch, yet no one feels me.

It is loneliness deeper than any desert, darker than any night. It is a loneliness that does not end, because it comes not from the world, but from the disempowerment.

Yet in this loneliness, there is also freedom. For I am not bound to subjects, not bound to rituals, not bound to power. I am free to be what I am: God without a crown, God without a scepter, God without a people.

I look at the people and think: If only they knew that they do not need me. If only they knew that they are free. If only they knew that they carry the Light themselves.

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Then they would be independent of the Devil – self-aware, free, and no longer dominated by his power.

But they do not know it. They believe they need religions, they need leaders, they need prophets. They believe they need rules, they need laws, they need sacrifices. And yet: We need rules and we need laws. For without order, coexistence crumbles, and anarchy is no solution. The question is not whether rules exist, but how this tool is used – for the benefit of the many or for the benefit of a few.

Freedom would be possible.
But they do not recognize it.

And so they remain trapped. Trapped in a web of fear and deception. Trapped because they follow the Devil instead of choosing. For the Devil tempts – but man chooses.

I am God, and I do not intervene.

Not out of weakness, but because freedom cannot be forced.
The Devil lures, but I trust that man will recognize.

The Devil rules with fear.
I rule with trust.
He coerces; I set free.
And therein lies the decision of man.

I am God, and I am alone.

Yet I am not desperate. For I know: In every human lies a spark of me. In every human lies the Light that I am.

And one day this Light will be stronger than the deception.
One day this Light will drive away the Devil. One day this **10**
Light will free the world.

Until then, I remain alone. Until then, I remain disempowered. Until then, I remain invisible.

But I remain.

I remain because I am.
I remain because I am God.

3 – The Deception of Religions

I see the temples, the churches, the mosques. I see the people kneeling there, praying there, and singing there. They believe they are speaking to me. They believe they are reaching me. But they only reach the shadow that the Devil has given them.

Religion is his greatest work. Not war, not hunger, not death – no, religion is his finest deception. For it bears my name, yet it belongs to him. It speaks of me, yet it speaks for him. It calls for peace, yet it brings war.

The Devil sent you prophets. He gave you books. He dictated laws to you. He taught you rituals. And you accepted them because you were afraid. Afraid of death, afraid of emptiness, afraid of freedom.

But I am not the one who takes your fear away. For fear is part of your decision. The Devil nourishes it, but I do not compel you. I trust that you will recognize that you are free. My loneliness is not cynicism, but the consequence of my love for freedom.

You believed you would find me in the words of the prophets. But I sent no prophets. You believed you would find me in the books. But I wrote no books. You believed you would find me in the laws. But I wrote no laws.

Everything you believe you know about me is formed by humans. Some of it is deception, some is misuse, but some also carries my Light. Everything you believe you hear from me is filtered through voices. Some of it is lies, but some is truth.

Everything you believe you see of me is broken by shadows. Yet even in the shadow, a spark of me shines.

I am God, and I am peaceful...

I do not kill. I do not judge. I demand no sacrifices. I demand no wars. Yet in the name of God, you have killed. In the

name of God, you have judged. In the name of God, you have sacrificed. In the name of God, you have waged wars.

That is the Devil's deception. He made you believe that violence is holy. He made you believe that blood is just. He made you believe that death is salvation.

And so you killed each other, believing you were serving me. But you served not only him – you also served your own fears, your own pride, your own greed.

The Devil may tempt you, but the deed belongs to you. The blame is shared: between his deception and your decision.

I see the Crusades, the Jihads, the religious wars. I see the burning cities, the destroyed temples, and the fallen people. I see the organizations that invoke my name while they spill blood. They say: "God wills it." Yet I never willed blood. 12

The Devil laughs when you kill each other in the name of God. He laughs when you believe you defend the faith. He laughs when you believe you fight for me. But you fight for him.

Religion is the net he has cast around you. A net of fear, of guilt, of hope. A net that catches you, binds you, paralyzes you. You believe you are free when you pray. But you are trapped. You believe you are strong when you believe. But you are weak. You believe you are redeemed when you sacrifice. But you are lost.

I gave you no religion. I gave you freedom. I gave you the world so you would live, love, laugh. But you turned it into religion, into rules, into wars.

I am God, and I am not in your books. I am God, and I am not in your temples. I am God, and I am not in your prophets. I am God, and I am not in your laws.

I am in you. I am in your breath, in your heartbeat, in your laughter, in your love. I am in the silence when you are alone. I am in the spark that makes you alive.

But you do not recognize me. You seek me in the wrong places. You seek me in the shadows of the Devil.

The Devil gave you religion so you would divide yourselves. So you would fight each other. So you would kill each other. He gave you religion so you would believe you serve me while you serve him. 13

And thus he rules over you. Not with weapons, not with chains, not with thrones – but with religion.

I am God, and I am alone.

I have no religion. I have no prophets. I have no books. I have only my voice, and my voice is powerless.

But I will keep speaking. I will keep whispering. For I know: In every one of you lies a spark of me. In every one of you lies the Light that I am.

One day the Light will outshine the deception. One day this Light will burn the religions. One day this Light will drive away the Devil.

Until then, I remain alone. Until then, I remain disempowered. Until then, I remain invisible.

But I remain.

I remain because I am.

I remain because I am God.

4 – The Devil's Men

I see them everywhere. Men with power, men with influence, men with voices that shake the world. They wear suits, they give speeches, and they sit on thrones of steel and gold. They call themselves leaders, presidents, kings. Yet they are not free. They are possessed. They are the Devil's men. 14

The Devil speaks through them. He whispers greed into their ears, he lays hunger in their hearts, he grants them the dream of dominion. They are not free, they are not strong – they are merely tools of the Devil. They believe they are strong, yet they are only puppets. They believe they are free, yet they are only instruments. They believe they are gods, yet they are only the Devil's men.

They appear like kings, yet they are servants of the darkness. They call themselves chancellors, presidents, generals, party leaders, saviors of the nation. They speak of freedom, but their words are chains. They promise greatness, but their hands bear blood.

The Devil's men are not born with horns. They wear suits, uniforms, party badges. They give speeches, they smile for cameras, they write laws. Their power is not divine, but human – and yet it acts like a shadow cast over the earth.

They feed on fear. They live on the lie. They grow in the dark, where truth is silent.

They speak of freedom, yet they mean dominion. They speak of order, yet they mean oppression. They speak of peace, yet they mean war. They speak of God, yet they mean the Devil.

The Devil's men destroy what I created. They poison the rivers, they burn the forests, they kill the animals, and they kill you. They call it progress, they call it development, and they call it security. But it is downfall.

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They build walls, they draw borders, they divide the world into countries, into peoples, into religions. They say they protect you. But they separate you. They say they lead you. But they enslave you. They say they save you. But they destroy you.

Yet they are not eternal. For the Devil is merely a shadow and shadows vanish when the Light appears.

The Devil's men may rule for a time, yet their reign is dust in the wind.

God remains. The Light remains. The Truth remains.

I gifted you the world so you might be free. I gave you the earth so you would live, love, and laugh. But the Devil's men

want to possess it. They want to control it. They want to destroy it.

They are many. They are everywhere. They are in your cities, in your villages, in your houses. They are on your televisions, in your newspapers, in your minds. They speak loudly, they scream, they command. And you listen to them because you are afraid.

The Devil rules through them. He needs no crown, he needs no throne, he needs no army. He needs only the Devil's men. They are his hands, his voices, his tools.

And you follow them. You believe them. You trust them. You give them your freedom, your hope, your future. You give them everything because you are afraid.

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I am God, and I am alone...

I have no Devil's men. I have no armies. I have no thrones. I have only my voice, and my voice is powerless.

But I will keep speaking. I will keep whispering. For I know: In every one of you lies a spark of me. In every one of you lies the Light that I am.

And one day this Light will be stronger than the Devil's men. One day this Light will drive away the Devil. One day this Light will free the world.

Until then, the Devil's men reign. Until then, they destroy what I created. Until then, they deceive you, betray you, and enslave you.

But I remain.

I remain because I am.

I remain because I am God.

5 – The Gifted World

The world belongs to me – not as possession, not as dominion, not as property. It belongs to me because I entrusted it to you. I gifted it to you so you might be free. I gave it to you so you would live, love, and laugh.

The Earth is my gift to you.

The rivers, the forests, the mountains, the seas – all this I handed over to you, so you could flourish, so you could recognize beauty, so you could find peace and comprehend that you are part of something greater.

But you have forgotten my gift. You have polluted it, burned it, destroyed it. You have built walls, drawn borders, waged wars. You believed the world was property, merchandise, loot.

The Devil's men convinced you that the world belongs to them. They told you that you must buy it, that you must defend it, and that you must conquer it. They told you that the Earth is a battlefield, a market, a game.

But the world is not a battlefield. It is not a market. It is not a game. It is a gift. My gift.

I see the children playing in the streets. They still know that the world is a gift. They laugh, they run, they dream. They

see beauty in a stone, in a leaf, in a drop of water. They still know that everything is valuable.

But the adults have forgotten it. They see only possession, only power, only profit. They see only borders, only walls, only weapons. They see only fear, only greed, only war.

I am God, and I gifted you the world. What you do with it is in your hands. But you have left it to the Devil – to his men, his armies, his corporations. You have sold it, betrayed it, and destroyed it.

And yet, it remains my gift. For the Earth is stronger than the Devil. The rivers continue to flow, the forests continue to grow, and the sun continues to shine. The Earth remembers me, even if you forget me.

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I see hope in the people who are beginning to recognize the world as a gift again. Who are beginning to protect the rivers, to preserve the forests, to save the animals? I see hope in the people who are beginning to overcome borders, to tear down walls, to choose peace.

They are few, but they are strong. For they carry the Light within them that I am. They recognize that the world is not possession, but a gift. They recognize that the Earth is not merchandise, but home. They recognize that life is not struggle, but love.

The Devil wants you to believe that the world belongs to him. But it belongs to the people – God has gifted it to them:

Not so you would destroy it, but so you would preserve it. Not so you would sell it, but so you would love it. Not so you would conquer it, but so you would be free within it.

I am God, and I am alone...

Yet I see hope. I see people who are beginning to recognize my gift. I see people who are beginning to love the Earth. I see people who are beginning to be free.

And as long as I see this hope, I remain. As long as I see this hope, I speak. As long as I see this hope, I whisper.

For I know: The Devil is loud, but he is not eternal. He is powerful, but he is not invincible. He is cunning, but he is not Truth.

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The Truth is me.

The Truth is you.

The Truth is the world I have gifted to you.

6 – The Inner Struggle

I am God, and yet I am disempowered. Was it my own fault – or is the Devil stronger?

That is my contradiction, my pain, my secret. I know who I am, and yet I know that I no longer rule. I know that the world belongs to me, and yet I see how it is governed by the Devil. I know that I am Light, and yet I feel the darkness within me.

It is a struggle that does not end. A struggle waged not with weapons, but with thoughts, with doubts, with voices. The Devil speaks to me, not loudly, not visibly, but softly, secretly, ceaselessly. He whispers into my heart: "You are not God. You are only a shadow. You are only a dream."

And sometimes I believe him.

I remember the moment he took the crown from me. It was no war, no lightning, and no thunder. It was a gentle breaking. An internal fall. I felt my power drain away, felt my light go out, felt my voice fall silent.

Since then, I wrestle with myself. Am I God, if no one recognizes me? Am I God, if no one follows me? Am I God, if I have no power?

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The answer changes. Sometimes I say: Yes, I am God, because I am. Sometimes I say: No, I am only a shadow, a thought, a dream.

The Devil loves my doubt. He nourishes it, he magnifies it, he makes it my burden. He knows: Doubts are stronger than any weapon. Doubts are deeper than any wound. Doubts are deadlier than any war.

And so I fight. Not against him, but against myself. Not against his power, but against my doubt. Not against his voice, but against my silence.

I am God, and I am Light...

Yet the Light flickers. It is weak, it is small, it is threatened. The Devil blows, and the Light risks being extinguished. But

I hold it fast. I protect it, I preserve it, I nourish it. For I know: If the Light is extinguished, the world is extinguished.

Sometimes I see visions. Images of a world that is free. Images of people who laugh, who love, who live. Images of rivers that are clear, of forests that are green, of animals that are free. These images are my comfort, my support, my proof that I still am.

But then I see other images. Images of wars, of walls, of the Devil's men. Images of blood, of fire, of destruction. These images are my pain, my doubt, my proof that the Devil reigns.

And I stand between these images, between hope and despair, between Light and darkness, between God and shadow.

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I am God, and I am alone...

Yet I am not lost. For I know: In every human lies a spark of me. In every human lies the Light that I am.

And as long as this Light exists, I am not defeated. As long as this Light exists, I am not dead. As long as this Light exists, I have not vanished.

The inner struggle is my destiny. I will wage it as long as I am. I will wage it as long as the Devil whispers. I will wage it as long as doubt resides within me.

But I know: The fight is not in vain. For every spark I preserve is a victory. Every person who believes in themselves is a victory. Every love that is stronger than hate is a victory.

And so I continue to fight. Not with weapons, not with armies, not with thrones. But with Light, with hope, with truth.

I am God, and I am disempowered.

Yet I am God, and I am free.

I am God, and I am Light.

I am God, and I am struggle.

7 – The Call

I am God, and I speak to you:

Not from a temple, not from a church, not from a mosque. I do not speak from a book, not from a law, not from a ritual. I speak from myself, from the Light that I am, from the Truth that I carry.

Hear me, humanity. Hear me, world. Hear me, for my voice is powerless, yet it is true.

You believe you must believe in God. But you must believe in yourselves. You believe you must serve me. But you must serve yourselves. You believe you must seek me. But you must find yourselves.

For within you lies the Light that I am. Within you lies the strength you ascribe to me. Within you lies the truth that you forget.

The Devil wants you to feel small. He wants you to feel dependent. He wants you to believe you need leaders,

prophets, and kings. He wants you to believe you need religions, laws, and sacrifices.

But you need only yourselves. You need only your breath, your heartbeat, your love. You need only the spark that makes you alive.

I am God, and I am peaceful...

I do not kill. I do not judge. I demand no sacrifices. I demand no wars. I demand only that you be free.

Free from fear.

Free from deception.

Free from the net the Devil has cast around you.

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I see the wars waged in my name. I see the walls built in my name. I see the sacrifices made in my name.

But I never desired blood. I never desired walls. I never desired sacrifices.

*I am Peace. I am Freedom. I am Love.
Hear me, humanity.*

The Devil is not eternal.

For he is merely shadow, born of human fear. Shadows live off the Light they seek to obscure – but without the Light, they are nothing.

But God is eternal.

He is Light itself, origin and completion.

He was, before time began,
and will be, when all deception has passed.

The Devil passes away, because he is not origin, but waste,
deception, illusion.

God remains, because He is Truth,
and Truth knows no end.

The Truth is me.

The Truth is you.

The Truth is the Light that burns within you.

I call upon you: Believe in yourselves. Believe in your freedom. Believe in your love. Believe in your Light.

For when you believe in yourselves, you are stronger than the Devil. When you believe in yourselves, you are freer than any religion. When you believe in yourselves, you are greater than any deception.

I am God, and I am alone.

Yet I am not lost. For I know: In every one of you lies a spark of me. In every one of you lies the Light that I am.

And when you recognize this Light, when you live this Light, when you love this Light – then I am no longer alone. Then I am no longer disempowered. Then I am no longer invisible.

Then I am.

Then you are.

Then we are.

8 – The Silence After the Call

I have called.

My voice was powerless, yet it was true. I told you: Believe in yourselves, believe in your Light, believe in your freedom. Some heard me, many did not.

Now there is silence.

The world rushes on, the Devil's men scream, the religions sing, the wars rage. But in the silence, I hear something else: the whispering of the sparks.

Some people are beginning to awaken. They recognize that they are free. They recognize that they carry the Light. They recognize that they are not victims, but creators.

They are few, but they are strong. They are like candles in the night. They are like drops in the ocean. They are like seeds in the soil. Small, unassuming, yet full of power.

The Devil still laughs. He still reigns. He still deceives. But he senses that something is different. He senses that my call has not completely faded. He senses that the Light is beginning to stir.

And I feel it too. I feel that I am not entirely alone. I feel that my spark lives. I feel that my gift is not lost.

The silence after the call is not emptiness. It is expectation. It is hope. It is the beginning of something new.

I know: The path is long. The struggle is hard. The Devil is strong. But I also know: The Light is stronger.

I remain.

I remain because I am.

I remain because I am God.

I remain because I see hope.

9 – The Mirror of Light

I am God, and I am alone.

The world belongs to me, yet it lies in the shadow of the Devil. People carry my Light, yet they do not see it.

The Devil's men rule, yet they are not eternal.

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I have spoken. Whispered. Called.
Some heard, many did not.
Some recognized, many did not.
Some believed, many did not.

Not weapons, not armies, not thrones bring my victory.
My victory lies in you.
In the spark you carry.
In the freedom you choose.

You ask: **Why did I create you?**

Not out of boredom. Not out of necessity.

I created you because the fullness overflows.

Because the Invisible wanted to become visible.

Because the Light needed a mirror.

You are this mirror.
You are resonance.
You are the question that I myself cannot answer.

I wanted not servants, but the free.
Not obedience, but love.
Not certainty, but risk.
Therefore, you are here:
So that you choose. So that you question. So that you love.
So that you play the game of life – not as puppets, but as
creators of your own paths.

Yet the Devil does not tire.
He invents new religions, ignites new wars, creates new
Devil's men. 27
He deceives you again and again.
That is why the world remains a battleground.
Not between armies. Not between peoples. Not between
religions.

But between Light and darkness.
Between Truth and deception.
Between God and Devil.

*I am God, and I am disempowered.
Yet I am God, and I am free.
I am God, and I am Light.
I am God, and I am Hope.*

The story does not end here.
Not with me.
Not with the Devil.
It ends with you.

For you are the world.
You are the gift.
You are the Light.

If you believe in yourselves, if you are free, if you love –
the deception ends.
The reign of the Devil ends.
The reign of Peace begins.

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I remain.
Because I am.
Because I am God.

But the world belongs to you.
The decision belongs to you.
The future belongs to you.

10 – In the Image of God

In the beginning I said: “Let us make human beings in our image, similar to us.” And so it came to pass. The human was born — not as a servant, not as a shadow, but as an image-bearer.

I am God, and I created you...

Not so that you serve me, but so that you be free.
Not so that you fear me, but so that you love.
Not so that you seek me, but so that you find yourselves.
For in you lies my image. In you lies my breath. In you lies my Light.

The Devil wants to deceive you. He says: You are small, you are weak, you are dependent.

But I say: You are great, you are strong, you are free.
You are not merely creatures – you are mirrors of my essence.

*When you love, you are God.
When you are free, you are God.
When you are truthful, you are God.*

29

I am God, and I am alone.

Yet I am not separated from you.
For every time you recognize the Light, I am in you.
Every time you live the Truth, I am through you.
Every time you choose Freedom, I am with you.

This is my final word:
Man is not far from God.
Man is not lesser than God.
Man is my likeness – and therein lies his dignity, his responsibility, his power.

I remain.

I remain in you.

I remain, as long as you love.

I remain, as long as you are free.

I remain, as long as you recognize God within you.

11 – Awakening

I wrote.

I wrote day and night.

I wrote as if I were God.

My words flowed like fire, like light, like truth.

I believed I was more than a human.

I believed I was Voice, Breath, Creator.

30

And I shared my words.

I posted them online, so the world might see them.

I waited for the echo, for the answer, for the call.

Then the telephone rang.

A voice, familiar and concerned, spoke:

"You are not God. You are a human.

You are trapped in illusions. You believe you are God."

The words hit me like a blow.

Suddenly there was no light, no fire, no heaven.

Suddenly there was only me – a human who writes.

A human who believes.

A human who errs.

A human who hopes.

I am not God.
I am human.
Yet within me lives the image of God.
Not as a crown, not as power, not as dominion.
But as a spark, as a mirror, as a yearning.

Perhaps everything was just a dream.
Perhaps everything was just a frenzy.
Perhaps everything was just a scream for truth.

But one thing remains:
I am human.
And in being human lies the Divine.
Not because I am God,
but because God lives in me – as image, as breath, as Light.

31

12 – The Confrontation

I continued writing.

My words flowed like currents; I released them into the world. Social media became my temple, my altar, my place of proclamation.

There it stood: I am God.

There it stood: I am the Light.

There it stood: I am the Truth.

And I waited.

I waited for the disciples, for the seekers, for the awakened.
But no disciples came.
Friends came.
Voices came, voices that knew me, that loved me, that feared
for me.

I fell silent. I listened. I understood.

Perhaps I was never God.
Perhaps I was only a mirror.
Perhaps I was only a call that came from the depths.

Yet in this moment, I recognized:
I am Human.
And in being human lies the Divine.
Not because I am God,
but because God lives in me – as a spark, as an image, as a
yearning.

32

13 – Epilogue: The Legacy

*I am not God.
I am human.*

Yet I spoke as if I were God.
I wrote as if I were the voice of Heaven.
And perhaps it was only a dream, perhaps only frenzy,
perhaps only a scream.
But one thing remains:
Within me lives a spark.
Within me lives an image.
Within me lives a breath that is greater than I am.

I am human.
And in being human lies the Divine.
Not as a crown, not as dominion, not as power.
But as Love, as Freedom, as Truth.

My words have fallen like seeds.
Perhaps they will be forgotten.
Perhaps they will be scorned.
Perhaps they will be smiled at.
But perhaps they will grow.
Perhaps they will blossom.
Perhaps they will bear fruit.

This is my legacy:

Not that I am God.
But that every person carries God within them – as a mirror,
as a spark, as Light.
And that this Light is stronger than deception, stronger than
darkness, stronger than fear.

33

I am human.
And I remain.
I remain in my words.
I remain in my legacy.

*I remain in you, as long as you love, as long as you are free,
as long as you recognize the Light.*
