

I, Jenni Luhta, have written these greetings to that community of art and culture, whose borders are impossible to define, but to which I know I belong, and to which I will leave my life's work. The title of my text is:

To the Glory of Our Common Mother

We must get into new positions. Secrets are not hidden any more. Where one was, is no longer valid. Its remains do not feed any more. No one of us can claim that this project that has been on the loose has remained unfinished.

It is difficult to let go. It has been twenty years of lingering overtime. The time of undoing has become costly and destructive. The enemy has been doing its work here and its creations are greeted as progress by the wretched. That it is not, it is death.

So it is goodbye then! That is the first task in order to survive. Nothing valuable is lost in renunciation. Human dignity is intertwined to human beings and calls to have itself revealed so that it could go on living in what now is being born: the great work that will come. One must not fear the wrong that has risen. Wrong has been done by such a multitude that a single person will not be crucified for it. What has been wrong, will be swept away. Those who ask forgiveness, are forgiven.

Those who understand the need for repentance, become aware of the suffering they have experienced and caused; of the fact that in the threshold of a new era they have already searched for a way to get to its end by committing evil consciously, which accelerates descending evolution. They rather undergo their sentences and penalties than share the common lies and suffering, the awareness of lack of spiritual nourishment. For their part, those who are incapable of remorse, because they are no longer able to recognise their own goodness, are lost. They have given themselves to radical evil and will perish. In their actions, injustice has asserted itself vigorously. Rather a horrible end than endless horror, they think, and eradicate and abolish themselves before the secret. Against all that, someone may find true justice, a way to the destination that renders null and void the madness that is haunting everyone.

One must not, however, praise wrong deeds for their truth value, but grieve for all those, who have lost their own face and good life, and hope for their deliverance.

One's own secret is revealed, when one learns thoroughly about the transgressions of one's loved ones and the reasons behind them. There one learns a secret that begets something new. The future must be built respecting the miseries of one's loved ones, yet regardless of them. Anyone, who contributes to survival of others, gives life to others.

Right now, one is living behind of the development that is occurring in a real sense, and behind one's own time. One must hurry in order to accomplish everything. Technology slowed time, enabled a fluency that was not there before. And it does not exist at the moment either, because through it one has moved outside time. Only within one's life – and not within a lifelike machine – is inner change and rebirth possible.

The young are thirsty and they come in multitudes. Their arrival is a flood. They are more numerous than the amount that any soil has ever supported. They wait for nourishment. They need a lot of it. Because the old remained for so long, everybody cannot be nourished. They can scarcely be accommodated. This human flood is a maelstrom never seen before. In the face of its agony, it is all the more important that at least some of them become fully nourished, fully satiated, like their

predecessors, so that they may share a common home, grow up to be its masters, like those that came before whose life continues in them.

In the future, one will learn totally novel means of survival. To some, accepting them is repulsive and they turn against those willing to learn new ways, but they do not have the strength to halt the necessary change. They implode. They cannot stand the coming unprecedented inhumanity. Their hunger for life is not enough for survival.

One must dare to think: because there will be so many, there will be a lot to choose from. Life's highest bloom will persist in those individuals, who most brightly represent an inherited bearing and form. Those people of the future do not bow to profane authorities but creep in silently from exceptional positions. The hidden minority of the deliberately marginalised acts as the miracle that was supposed to be impossible in the new world order. From the underground, the remnants of true humanity rise up. They rise, pressed down but brilliant, young in their hearts but wise in their inheritance. They receive the crown of the world.

To each and everyone of them the mother must tell: *Come home now. I am waiting for you.*

Helsinki, 17 August 2017