





I was very young when I first felt strong,  
Indeed, I was young, but I thought I understood. I  
had many abilities, even then, but little wisdom. Better  
to have fewer abilities and much wisdom.

I knew I was doing something great for us, but  
what I did was foolish for me. I thought I was  
reuniting our family, bringing back what joy we once  
had. I almost brought an end to life.

Yet again, it was a friend who came to our aid.

Now I think that most things cannot be returned



to how they were. My brothers were not to be  
releged. But the Maker turned my poor choice to  
some small good, and Achenar was redeemed.

My tears flow as I write these memories, The  
suffering and pain I have caused - and endured.  
And yet I am thankful. I will be powerful like the  
Bahro.

I long to be so strong,

They will sing a song of thankfulness, They will sing  
a song, without regard to their circumstances, They will



stand and take time to sing to the Maker with hearts  
of joy. If only I could have such a heart.







