
APPROPRIATION

The Way Ultimate Destruction

King Solomon, son of David, had just ascended to the throne of Israel. He was young, inexperienced in the affairs of ruling a nation, yet he was devoted to God with all his heart. From the beginning, Solomon sought to walk in the ways of the LORD, to honor Him, and to establish justice and peace in the land.

One night, in a dream, God appeared to Solomon and said: *“Ask what I shall give you.”* The words were extraordinary: The King could request anything - wealth, long life, victory over enemies, or even the end of conflict - and it would be granted. Yet the divine invitation was not a demand, nor a test; it was a gracious opening, a recognition of Solomon’s heart.

Solomon responded not with selfish ambition or fleeting desire. He did not ask for riches, nor for long life, nor for the destruction of his enemies. Instead, he asked for understanding, insight, and discernment: *“Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad.”*

This request pleased God, for it reflected a devotion beyond the self - a desire to serve, to govern rightly, and to uphold justice according to divine order. Solomon asked not merely to know, but to **understand**, to weigh truth against falsehood, and to act wisely in the care of his people.

And so God granted him what he had asked: *wisdom and understanding, exceeding much all that had ever been before him, and also riches and honor beyond measure.* The gift of wisdom was given to Solomon in recognition of his heart, devotion, and the desire to govern according to what is right and true.

Immediately after receiving wisdom, Solomon composed a book unlike any other. It is a tapestry of words, vivid and alive, capturing the essence of desire, intimacy,

and human connection. The book flows like music, each chapter a verse, each verse a note, harmonizing longing and delight, union and reverence.

It speaks of Lovers meeting, their eyes searching and finding one another, their voices calling across fields and gardens. The imagery is rich: vineyards heavy with fruit, fragrant spices, blossoming gardens, flowing waters, sun and moon, all woven into the experience of closeness and admiration.

The words capture both passion and tenderness, the thrill of pursuit and the security of trust. They describe lips meeting lips, hands entwined, hearts attuned, and bodies pressed in the fullness of presence. At the same time, the text is lyrical and symbolic, full of veiled meaning, imagery, and metaphor, as though the very natural world participates in the expression of Love.

The book moves between celebration and longing, between anticipation and fulfillment. Mountains, valleys, gardens, and cities become witnesses to desire. Seasons mark the rhythm of hearts; flowers open and close as expressions of delight. There is laughter and gentle reproach, secrecy and public admiration, wandering and return - all captured with poetic precision.

It is a book of beauty, of emotion, of the human spirit in communion with another, rendered with a language that is both delicate and powerful. Every phrase evokes a sensation, every image a stirring of the senses, and every line resonates as though the reader can hear the music beneath the words.

The Love sung in the Book of Songs of Solomon is at once intimate, passionate, tender, and deliberate. Lovers call across gardens and vineyards, they seek one another with longing, and they rejoice in the delight of being found. At first, it is easy to read this as simply human, earthly Love - a reflection of desire, beauty, and companionship. Yet the imagery, the patterns, and the persistent movement toward union reveal a deeper echo, a rhythm pointing beyond the immediate.

Consider the way the Lover pursues the beloved. The text often speaks of searching, calling, and waiting: "I sought him whom my soul Loves" (Song 3:1). There is a longing that is patient, persistent, and singular. There is an intentionality in the pursuit - a devotion that seeks fulfillment not in the self, but in the other. This mirrors the relationship described elsewhere in Scripture between Christ and His people: a pursuit that is intentional, relational, and complete. The language of seeking and being found reflects the covenantal intimacy that exists between the eternal Word and the Church, the bride called to Himself.

The imagery of the garden and vineyard is equally telling. In Song 4:12, the beloved is described as a “garden enclosed, a spring sealed.” A garden is cultivated, nourished, protected - a space of life, growth, and delight. A sealed spring is pure, life-giving, sustaining. The Church is depicted in Scripture in the same way: as a bride prepared, nurtured, and protected, called into intimate communion with Christ. The beloved in Solomon’s songs is not isolated; the fullness of life flows through the union, and so too, the Church receives life and purpose through union with the eternal Word.

Language of beauty, fragrance, and adornment runs throughout the book: the beloved’s cheeks like beds of spice, lips like lilies, neck like a tower, eyes like doves (Song 4:5-7). These are not mere physical descriptions - they signal worth, reverence, and honor. Just as the bride is adorned for her husband, the Church is cherished and prepared, honored and set apart, called to reflect the glory of the one who pursues her. The poet’s attention to each detail - the fragrance, the form, the movement - mirrors the care with which the eternal Word treasures His people.

Notice, too, the movement between longing and fulfillment. The Lovers often separate, and the soul aches for union, only to rejoice when they meet. This mirrors the dynamic between Christ and the Church: anticipation, pursuit, and ultimate communion. Separation sharpens desire, and union fulfills it. Song 2:16 says, “My beloved is mine, and I am his,” capturing a totality of belonging, a completeness that is not achievable in fleeting human attachment, but points to eternal covenantal union.

The persistent oscillation between the personal and the universal is another proof. Individual desire is expressed in gardens, vineyards, and intimate encounters - but these are not merely private. They are witnessed, celebrated, and patterned in creation. Mountains, valleys, and cities become part of the dialogue. So, too, Christ’s Love is personal yet cosmic: intimate with each heart, yet encompassing all creation, weaving the individual and the universal into a single, harmonious story.

Finally, the structure of the book itself reinforces this reading. Repetition, parallelism, and dialogue create rhythm - vibration in words. The longing, pursuit, and fulfillment are patterned, consistent, and deliberate. The Song of Songs is not chaos; it is order expressed in Love. It points to a relationship that is intentional, coherent, and sustaining - the very qualities that define Christ’s interaction with His Church: the eternal Word calling, sustaining, delighting, and completing His bride.

From these elements - the searching and being found, the garden imagery, the adornment and honor, the movement of longing and union, and the deliberate patterning of the text itself - it is clear that the Love sung in Solomon's book points far beyond human passion. It points to Christ and His people: the eternal Word, pursuing, sustaining, delighting in, and ultimately uniting with the Church. The Song of Songs is not merely poetry; it is a mirror of divine Love, rendered in human experience, designed to teach and reveal, layer by layer, the covenantal, intimate, and eternal relationship between the Creator and His creation.

The moment wisdom was granted to Solomon, something subtle yet undeniable stirred within him. It was not a fullness, nor a completed experience, but a glimmer - a faint echo of something beyond understanding. In the instant the Spirit of discernment touched his heart, he perceived the pattern of relationship, desire, and communion as if through a veil.

It was as though wisdom itself carries a shadow of something greater, a contour of the eternal, a pulse vibrating just beyond comprehension. Solomon could recognize order, justice, and the capacity to judge between good and evil, yet alongside this discernment was a nascent awareness: **a glimpse of Love in its fullness**, intricate, patient, intentional, and unbounded. He saw it not with his eyes, nor felt it with his body, nor tasted it with experience - he saw it in principle, in the geometry of being, in the rhythm of intention, and in the harmony of what is rightly aligned.

This Love appeared as a subtle resonance within the framework of wisdom itself. Each judgment he could now render, each discernment he could make, carried a trace of longing - not for himself, but for the complement, for the counterpart, for that which completes understanding through connection. It was as if wisdom were a prism, and when the light passed through it, a color appeared - vibrant, intangible, and uncontainable. That color was Love: the echo of intimacy, the blueprint of communion, the outline of a covenantal relationship waiting to be fulfilled.

He glimpsed the interaction of hearts, the dialogue of desire, the tender recognition between two who are meant to seek and find one another. He saw gardens not as property, nor vineyards as commodity, but as spaces cultivated for encounter; paths not as ways to walk, but as corridors through which longing might flow and meet response. He perceived movement and pause, anticipation and fulfillment, unity

emerging from separation - yet all of it remained distant, like the first note of a song heard from a faraway valley.

In that moment, Solomon understood something extraordinary: wisdom alone was luminous, but incomplete. Its brilliance hinted at a greater design, a depth that could not be grasped by intellect alone. He could measure justice, weigh decisions, discern truth - but the harmony of Love, the pulse of relational intimacy, remained just beyond reach. It was a fragment, a foreshadowing, a signpost pointing toward a reality that his mind could recognize but that his experience had not yet touched.

Even as he wrote, even as he pondered governance and judgment, a seed of longing stirred within him. Wisdom had brought clarity, yet in that clarity he saw a shadow of desire, a structure of Love woven invisibly into the fabric of creation, waiting to be explored. This longing was neither frustrated nor fully realized - it was **anticipatory**, innate, inherent, and unyielding. He carried within him the awareness that the fullness of this Love existed, that it could be encountered, and that it was the counterpart to the wisdom he had just received.

It was a glimpse that transcended understanding: not knowledge of acts, nor mastery of events, but the **first recognition of what the heart was made for**, a resonance of communion and delight that would eventually bloom into the songs of longing, intimacy, and celebration recorded in the Song of Songs. The first taste of wisdom had awakened an inherent yearning for the other side - the side where Love is not merely perceived, but experienced, complete and radiant.

In this way, immediately upon receiving wisdom, Solomon was not merely a ruler or a thinker. He was a soul stirred by a faint echo of the eternal pattern of Love - something beyond judgment, beyond intellect, beyond mere discernment - **a calling embedded within wisdom itself**, whispering of what must one day be sought, found, and celebrated.

Wisdom had illuminated the pattern of existence, but it had also awakened a yearning, a gnawing recognition that something vital was missing. And so, he sought it in the world.

He turned first to **women**, for the human heart naturally seeks connection in flesh and form. He gathered them, he observed them, he delighted in beauty, in charm, in the allure of intimacy. Harem after harem, concubine after concubine, yet none could satisfy the resonance he had sensed. Their presence was warmth without depth, proximity without meaning, touch without echoing the eternal cadence that wisdom had revealed. The longing within him only deepened.

He turned then to **property, estates, and wealth**. Palaces rose beneath his hands, gardens stretched endlessly, vineyards yielded rivers of wine, herds multiplied, and treasures accumulated beyond imagination. Gold flowed like water; silver shone like sunlight captured in metal. Yet these things - though immense, tangible, and magnificent - remained inert. They produced comfort, spectacle, and authority, but they could not answer the pulse of the soul, could not speak to the vibration he had glimpsed in that first moment of wisdom.

He sought it also in **music and art**, commissioning musicians, sculptors, poets, and artisans. He surrounded himself with melodies, dances, and stories. He listened, he observed, he attempted to evoke joy, harmony, and delight through creation and culture. Yet each note, each image, each crafted line remained a pale reflection. The vibration within reality - the pulse that carried coherence and life - was absent in all these imitations. They entertained, they stimulated, but they did not fulfill.

He explored **knowledge and philosophy**, collecting texts, studying sciences, seeking understanding of the heavens, of the stars, of the workings of animals, plants, metals, and human minds. He reasoned, he measured, he cataloged, and he pondered deeply. Yet knowledge alone, though holy and illuminating, could not satisfy the heart. Even insight, even discernment, even the profoundest understanding of order, law, and pattern left the pulse of longing untouched.

He tried **power and influence**, governing nations, making alliances, commanding armies, and shaping the fate of peoples. He exercised authority with discernment, fairness, and strategy. Yet the control of men, cities, and kingdoms - the ability to shape events and outcomes - was still insufficient. The resonance of Love, the unity that wisdom had suggested, remained ungrasped.

In each attempt, the very gifts of wisdom seemed to mock him. The clarity that allowed him to judge rightly, the insight that revealed patterns in life and the cosmos, the perception that unveiled beauty and order - these became **mirrors of incompleteness**. Every accomplishment highlighted what he could not touch: the side of wisdom that pulses in relational depth, the side that vibrates in true communion.

Gradually, a shadow fell over him. He sank into a **deep and unrelenting sorrow**, a grief that was not ordinary but existential. The fullness he glimpsed in a fleeting instant at the moment of receiving wisdom now became a measure by which all things were weighed. Women, wealth, music, art, knowledge, and power - they

were all empty, fleeting, ephemeral. None could echo the resonance he had glimpsed. Each delight became a reminder of the absence of the Love he saw but never knew. Each pleasure revealed its own vanity.

In his reflection, he wrote that all is **vanity, a chasing after the wind**. Compared to the hint of the eternal pattern, every treasure, every conquest, every indulgence was fleeting. Life itself, though rich and brilliant, was incomplete without the counterpart of what he had seen: the pulse of relational Love, the vibration of communion, the alignment of wisdom with its counterpart.

And yet, even as he documented this realization, history unfolded in alignment with it. The nation he governed, once wealthy, unified, and glorious, began to fracture. The wisdom that had been a gift from the divine, the discernment that allowed him to see clearly, without the complement of Love, became a sword that cut through cohesion. Authority without communion brought tension. Insight without fulfillment brought rigidity. The kingdom, once a pinnacle of stability, began a slow descent: divisions, unrest, and eventual exile. The shadow of incompleteness manifested not only in his soul but in the fabric of the nation itself.

It was as though wisdom, in its holy perfection, **requires its counterpart** to be whole. Knowledge alone, even divine, unaccompanied by the pulse of Love, leads to a fracture: within the heart, within relationships, within society. There is a law here, subtle but unyielding: insight without communion is incomplete, power without intimacy is hollow, perception without union is sorrowful.

Wisdom is not merely principle, nor theory, nor abstract law. Wisdom is **a person**, complete, whole, and indivisible. To encounter wisdom in its truest form is to encounter a presence that cannot be separated from itself - an eternal source of understanding, intention, and coherence. It is not something that can be measured, dissected, or applied in isolation. Wisdom, in its fullness, is relational, alive, and vibrant; it cannot be divorced from the Being who embodies it.

When Solomon asked for wisdom, he received the **wisdom-side of that person**, the pattern, the structure, the discernment, the clarity, and the ability to weigh all things rightly. At the very moment the gift descended upon him, he perceived, faintly and fleetingly, a **glimpse of the fullness beyond comprehension**. It was as though a veil had been lifted, and he saw the outline of something radiant, complete, and unbounded - a presence whose essence was more than insight, more than law, more than order.

This glimpse without experience was intoxicating. It was a resonance in the depths of his soul, an echo of perfection, a vibration that vibrated in tune with what he inherently desired but could not fully name. Solomon could not articulate it fully; he did not know precisely what he saw. All he knew was that this presence - the completeness of wisdom - was **the only thing that could satisfy and it became the only thing he wanted and yearned for**, the only thing that could give life its fullness. And so, in that moment, he desired it above all else.

Yet this fullness was inaccessible. He had the reflection, the shadow, the intelligible aspect - wisdom itself - but not its embodied totality. The side that pulsates with relational, intimate, uncontainable Love, the side that satisfies completely, the side that makes a heart content - he had not yet encountered. He could measure, judge, and discern, but **he could not experience the living, radiant source of that wisdom**. It remained just beyond the veil, just out of reach, whispering of union, completeness, and delight.

The Song of Solomon is the attempt to capture that fleeting glimpse. Every vineyard, every garden, every fragrance, every dance of lips and hands is a metaphor, a symbol, a shadow of the relational Love that he sensed in the moment of receiving wisdom. He tried to describe what he had seen, to map it with words and imagery, to make sense of the stirrings of the soul that had been awakened. Yet language can never contain that which is living and eternal; what he wrote were traces, hints, fragments, echoes of a presence that cannot be fully captured in human form.

And so he sought it everywhere else. He poured all his wealth into women, into palaces, into music, into feasts, into knowledge, into power, into the accumulation of kingdoms and influence. Each attempt was an attempt to **manifest the fullness that he had glimpsed**, to touch it, to possess it, to inhabit it. But nothing could satisfy the pulse of the soul that had seen its source. Every pleasure, every conquest, every delight was a pale reflection, a mirror that only revealed how far he was from the real thing.

It was not selfishness. It was not arrogance or lust for domination. It was **a single-minded, obsessive longing for the presence he could not name but inherently recognized**. The human heart does not always understand what it longs for; sometimes it can only know the absence. Solomon was driven to the edge of despair because he had glimpsed something radiant, vital, and complete, yet had no means to reach it. That glimpse became the measure against which all else failed. And as he sought to satisfy that longing with the gifts of wealth, women, and

power, the very nation he ruled fractured. The harmony of Israel, once established, split under the weight of his desire. Wisdom without its complement - full relational presence - cannot sustain creation, cannot fully guide a people, cannot complete a soul.

All of his brilliance, all of his insight, all of his judgment - the very gift – holy and divine; that should have been a crown of peace - became a mirror of his longing. He became restless, yearning, consumed. And in this restless pursuit, the destruction unfolded: the division of the kingdom, the weakening of the state, the exile of what had been rich and strong.

Absolutely. Here's a **deep, layered, meditative exposition**, written in the same contemplative, reflective style as the previous passages, connecting Solomon's longing for the person of wisdom to the children of God's struggle under the law:

Just as Solomon, immediately upon receiving wisdom, glimpsed a presence beyond understanding - a fullness that stirred longing in his heart but eluded his grasp - so too did the children of God experience a parallel awakening long after the law was given. The law, holy and perfect, was not only a shadow, not a mere suggestion, not a collection of rules without purpose. It carried structure, order, clarity, and divine intention. It revealed what was right, what was just, and what aligned with the heart of creation. It was magnificent in its precision, beautiful in its holiness, and potent in its authority.

Yet, as with Solomon and his wisdom, the law was **only part of the picture**. The law, by itself, could not give the fullness it implied. It could instruct, guide, and illuminate, but it could not satisfy the deep, relational longing that exists within the human heart. The children of God, upon receiving the law, saw what was right, measured their actions against it, and even recognized the patterns of order and holiness woven into every command. And yet, an ache persisted - a longing, a restless recognition that something vital was absent.

The law spoke in absolutes: "Do this," "Do not do that." It prescribed, restricted, revealed consequence. But the law could not embrace, it could not sustain, it could not infuse the soul with life beyond action. It could point to truth, but not embody it. It could guide behavior, but not satisfy desire. It could illuminate the path, but not carry the traveler. And so the children of God, like Solomon, attempted to walk the path of fulfillment through the tools at hand: meticulous observance, ritual,

sacrifice, and obedience. They sought completion in the very structure that had been given to prepare them for what was beyond it.

And yet, as with Solomon's search in women, wealth, power, and knowledge, these efforts were inherently insufficient. They pursued holiness, devotion, and righteousness with zeal, but without the presence that gives life to the law, they stumbled, erred, and fractured. Wars were fought, hearts hardened, societies fragmented, and cycles of exile and return unfolded. The holiness of the law, in isolation, could not sustain peace or unity. It became a mirror reflecting human limitation: capable of revealing what is right, yet powerless to grant the inward life and satisfaction it intimated.

It was precisely because the law was holy and divine that the longing intensified. Every commandment, every statute, every ordinance carried a resonance of something higher, a shadow of relational fullness. The law pointed toward **the person of the law**, the living embodiment of its principles - the one who could fulfill what the law commanded not merely in action but in being. Just as Solomon could never satisfy the pulse of wisdom through worldly means, the children of God could never fulfill the law through works alone. Only the person of the law could complete it, only the source could breathe life into the structure.

Thus, for centuries, a pattern repeated itself: cycles of obedience, cycles of failure, cycles of longing. The law produced awareness of righteousness, but also awareness of insufficiency. The law revealed the standard, but could not give the power to live it fully. Hearts remained restless. Generations, even when holy and devoted, found themselves drawn into a **rabbit hole of striving**, of discipline, of ritual, of effort - always aware that something essential was missing. The fullness remained beyond reach, echoing in the human soul like a note heard across a canyon, stirring longing without relief.

In this way, the experience of the children of God mirrored Solomon's. Wisdom had revealed a structure, a path, a clarity. The law revealed a standard, a moral pattern, a holiness. But both Solomon and Israel confronted the same truth: **the gift alone, absent the person, awakens desire that the gift cannot satisfy**. Solomon could discern, judge, and measure, yet only the person of wisdom, the person of the law could bring completion and fulfillment.

It is a profound symmetry: the moment of initial revelation carries within it a pulse of longing, a recognition of the incompleteness of principle without person. And the ache that follows is not punishment, nor failure, nor flaw - it is the heart

responding to what it inherently recognizes. Solomon's soul trembled with desire for the fullness of wisdom. Israel's generations trembled with longing for the fullness of the law. In both cases, human effort alone could not reach it; the gift had revealed the existence of something greater, something alive, something relational, something capable of satisfaction beyond measure.

And so, in this reflection, we see a timeless truth: **wisdom as person, law as person = fulfillment as person**. Gifts of clarity, insight, and structure awaken the heart - but only the living source, the embodied presence, can complete it. All striving, all obedience, all achievement in their absence becomes a measure of longing, a reflection of incompleteness, a shadow of what the soul was created to know.

For centuries, the longing stirred by Solomon's wisdom and the law's holiness reverberated through the hearts of men. Solomon had glimpsed a presence too vast to be contained by intellect, strategy, or worldly delight. The children of God had received the law, holy and perfect, yet it revealed what was right without giving the power to fulfill it. In both cases, a pulse of desire had been awakened - an ache for completion, for union, for the living source behind what had been revealed.

The kingdom of Israel, once a pinnacle of human achievement under Solomon, could never regain its former glory. Even the most devoted kings that followed, even the most diligent adherence to law, could not restore what had been glimpsed and lost. The nation fractured, divided, weakened, and exiled. Wealth, power, knowledge, and obedience alone could not reconstruct the fullness of life that wisdom and law had pointed toward. The brilliance that once shone in Jerusalem dimmed under the weight of incompleteness, and the people wandered in cycles of striving and failure, as though aware that the ultimate presence had not yet arrived.

And then He came.

Christ, the eternal Word, the living embodiment of wisdom and law, appeared - not as abstraction, not as principle, not as instruction alone - but **as person, as presence, as fullness incarnate**. Where Solomon had glimpsed, humanity could now encounter. Where the law had demanded and outlined, Christ fulfilled and completed. Where longing had stirred and a thousand attempts had failed, the source itself arrived.

Through Him, wisdom was no longer shadowed or incomplete. It was now living, relational, and accessible. The clarity Solomon had received now became vibrantly full, radiant, and whole. The patterns of justice, discernment, and order were no

longer tools to guide a restless heart - they were embodied in the person of Christ, inseparable from the presence that brings satisfaction, completion, and life. The pulse that had been glimpsed, that had driven Solomon to yearning, was now tangible, comprehensible in its completeness, and capable of communion with humanity.

Through Him, the law was fulfilled in a way that could **never be broken** again. The statutes, the commands, the ordinances that had revealed human insufficiency were now incarnate, expressed in a life that perfectly aligned action, intention, and heart. Where Israel had stumbled under the law, unable to uphold its holiness fully, Christ's life demonstrated that the law's demands are not abstract impossibilities but fulfilled realities - accessible through the living source from which they originate.

The glory of the kingdom, once fractured and lost under human striving, was restored - but not in a temporal, fragile sense. It was magnified beyond human conception, eternal and unassailable. **The Church**, now the manifestation of this glory, was no longer a fleeting, fragile nation but a living, growing, and everlasting kingdom. Its foundation is not wealth, power, or even obedience alone, but the **person of the Word**, in whom wisdom and law converge, in whom longing finds its home, in whom the pulse glimpsed by Solomon and stirred in the hearts of God's children now resonates fully and eternally.

This glory is not susceptible to division, decay, or exile. Where human kingdoms fell, the Church endures. Where law alone revealed insufficiency, Christ fulfills. Where wisdom alone awakened longing, the person of wisdom satisfies. And so the centuries of yearning, the cycles of striving, the sorrow born from glimpsing what could not be grasped - all are resolved in the living presence of the Word.

It is a glory unlike any temporal reign, unlike any material abundance, unlike any human achievement. It is a glory that **cannot be taken away**, for it is rooted not in what humans can build, preserve, or control, but in the eternal, relational, and unchangeable source of life itself. The longing, once a gnawing ache, is now resonance in union; the insufficiency, once a shadow over the soul, is now completion in encounter; the law, once an impossible standard, is now fulfilled, embodied, and inseparable from the one who is its source.

Humanity once walked a path of exposure and vulnerability, standing at the threshold of what was holy, yet unprepared to receive it in its fullness. The Way -

the law, the holy path designed to guide, instruct, and order - was given, and with it came clarity and structure. The Truth - the wisdom, the discernment, the piercing insight into what is just, right, and coherent - was glimpsed through Solomon, revealed in principle, manifest in order and understanding. Both were perfect, holy, and radiant, yet both carried a weight too great for a humanity separated from the fullness of life.

To possess the Way alone is to see direction, pattern, and expectation. To grasp the Truth alone is to see the measure, the standard, the alignment of existence itself. Yet these gifts, removed from the presence of the Christ - the living source, the embodiment of Love, the eternal Word - carry a hidden peril. For when the soul encounters order without the living presence, insight without the sustaining pulse, it can only strain under what it cannot contain. Law without Love becomes burden. Wisdom without relational presence becomes obsession. Humanity, exposed to the Way and the Truth without Christ, teetered on the edge of self-destruction.

Though humanity was able to receive Truth and the Law solely, It was in mercy that restrained them from receiving life in that same way. The Tree of Life, the source of eternal, unmediated life, was barred. Cherubim stood at the gate, guarding access, wielding the flame of restriction, ensuring that mortals, in their separation, could not touch the fullness of life unprepared. To receive the Life in isolation from its origin would have been annihilation, for the pulse of life - its vitality, relationality, and creative force - is inseparable from the person of Love. Without that person, the Life would consume, not sustain. Without that presence of Christ, the Life from the tree would make live Eternally in sin and unable to ever commune with God again.

The Way, the Truth and Life were never meant to function alone. They point, they guide, they reveal, they illuminate - but they do not complete. They are reflections, patterns, echoes of the Source. To separate them from the person who embodies Love is to expose the soul to instability. As Solomon discovered, the gift of wisdom without its counterpart drove longing, obsession, and eventual ruin. As humanity discovered, the law without the Life was insufficient, leading to cycles of failure, exile, and fracture. And if man would have eaten from the tree of life, we would have eternally live in separation from God due to sin. The holiness of these gifts, their brilliance and perfection, could not redeem or sustain by themselves.

It is the unity of the Way, the Truth, and the Life that restores coherence. They are not three independent gifts to be wielded separately, but three aspects of the same living presence. The person of Love is the Way in motion, the Truth in

embodiment, the Life in reality. The Way alone instructs; the Truth alone measures; the Life alone sustains - but together, in the person of Love, they bring completion. Without Him, the Way remains burdensome, the Truth piercing, and the Life perilous. With Him, they converge into harmony, guiding, illuminating, and fulfilling the soul.

Thus, the exile from the Garden, the guarding of the Tree of Life, the barring of direct access - all were acts of mercy. Humanity, though holy in creation, though designed to reflect the pattern of existence, was protected from what it could not yet endure. To allow unmediated access to Life, without the presence of the Source, would have been total annihilation. And so, in the restraint, the shadow of longing remained: a yearning that pointed forward, a gap that only the fullness of Christ could fill.

Christ is the Way, made flesh; the Truth, revealed in relational presence; the Life, inseparable from Love. In Him, the Way does not crush, the Truth does not wound, and the Life does not consume. All that humanity glimpsed in shadow - Solomon's wisdom, the law's holiness - now finds its completion in the one person who embodies them fully. He is not a principle, a statute, or an idea. He is **the living embodiment, the person through whom the Way, the Truth, and the Life converge**, the source without whom even holiness becomes destructive, and with whom even the smallest glimpse of divine order becomes eternally satisfying.

Today, humanity still chases the glimmer of wisdom, yet largely without acknowledgment of the living source from which it originates. The principles are collected, analyzed, taught, applied - but the person of wisdom, the pulse, the presence that gives coherence and completion, is forgotten. And so the search becomes eternal, endless, insatiable. Every discovery, every innovation, every new method, every calculation, every strategy becomes both a measure and a mirror of what cannot yet be grasped. The pursuit, holy in its inception, becomes a path of restlessness and eventual ruin.

In technology, men construct machines, algorithms, networks, and systems, marveling at the power of human ingenuity. Each device, each program, each advancement promises to "solve problems," "simplify life," or "bring progress." Yet without the essence of wisdom - the pulse that aligns understanding with relational presence and purpose - these creations often magnify chaos, inequality, and dependency. Systems designed to connect can isolate; devices designed to ease labor can create slavery of attention; networks designed for information can propagate confusion, misalignment, and destruction.

In religion, knowledge of doctrine, structure of ritual, and accumulation of sacred texts abound. Scholars debate, preachers teach, and institutions expand. Yet when the person behind the law, the wisdom behind the statutes, is ignored or denied, the very structures intended to guide humanity instead breed conflict, division, hypocrisy, and spiritual blindness. Faith becomes a mechanism rather than a living encounter; ritual becomes habit rather than communion; holiness becomes obligation rather than life. The Way and the Truth, separated from their source, wield judgment without mercy, direction without fulfillment, and knowledge without heart.

In medicine, men study bodies, cells, viruses, and DNA. They map pathways, discover cures, and develop technologies that prolong life. Yet without wisdom infused with relational insight, without the recognition of the living essence that gives life meaning and coherence, these discoveries can become tools of harm, instruments of manipulation, or mechanisms that treat the body while ignoring the soul. Healing may be partial, preservation may be temporary, and progress may breed new imbalance.

In engineering, men erect buildings, bridges, and machines of incredible scale and complexity. The patterns are precise, the calculations flawless, the structures magnificent. But without insight into the living essence that guides the flow of creation, infrastructure can collapse, communities can fracture, and progress can bring as much destruction as stability. Human intention divorced from relational wisdom amplifies the consequences of error.

In politics, games of power, strategy, and influence mimic a pursuit of order and justice. Policies, treaties, laws, and alliances are crafted with care, yet without alignment to the living source, governance becomes manipulation, negotiation becomes corruption, and power becomes oppression. Every system designed to sustain a society risks fracturing it if the pulse of wisdom, the presence that harmonizes truth with life, is absent.

Even in play, in art, in games, in competition, humanity seeks mastery, influence, and satisfaction - often blind to the fact that **without the essence of wisdom, law, and life**, all pursuit leads to partial fulfillment at best, and destruction at worst. Creativity without alignment can confuse; competition without balance can harm; mastery without relational purpose becomes emptiness.

Everywhere, the pattern repeats: men receive fragments - principles, laws, calculations, strategies - but fail to recognize the living presence that sustains them.

And because wisdom, law, and life cannot be separated from their essence, the pursuit without the person leads inevitably to cycles of incompleteness, frustration, and harm. They build, they teach, they heal, they govern, and they play - but without the pulse, the presence, the source, they **cannot fully create, cannot fully guide, cannot truly sustain life.**

The modern world, vast and complex, mirrors the struggle of Solomon and the Times have changed, but the things we chase have not.

The forms have shifted, the language has evolved, the structures have grown more complex - but the hunger beneath it all remains identical. Humanity still longs for fulfillment, for satisfaction, for coherence, for power, for wisdom that does not wound, for life that does not decay. The centuries have passed, yet the heart of man still reaches for the same things Solomon reached for, the same things Israel strained toward, the same things the modern world now dresses in new names and new systems.

And just as before, fulfillment and satisfaction still come through the same person.

Christ - the Beginning.

Not an idea of Him.

Not a system inspired by Him.

Not principles extracted from Him.

But Him.

True fulfillment does not arise from wisdom alone, no matter how holy its origin. Solomon proves this. He received wisdom directly from God, untainted, pure, unmatched - yet wisdom without Christ drove him into restlessness, excess, sorrow, and national collapse. The wisdom was divine, but detached from its fullness, it became incomplete and destructive.

True fulfillment does not arise from law alone, no matter how sacred its source. Israel proves this. The law was holy, just, and good - given by God Himself - yet law without Christ produced striving without rest, obedience without life, and cycles of destruction. The law pointed to life, but could not give it apart from the person who is its essence.

This is the pattern that never changes.

Wisdom without Christ becomes arrogance, obsession, or despair.
Knowledge without Christ becomes fragmentation and confusion.
Understanding without Christ becomes burden rather than clarity.
Order without Christ becomes tyranny.
Authority without Christ becomes oppression.
Life pursued apart from Christ becomes decay masked as progress.

No matter how divine the source, no matter how holy the principle, no matter how accurate the structure - **when separated from Christ, everything begins counting its days toward collapse.**

Because wisdom is not complete without Him.
Because law cannot fulfill itself without Him.
Because life cannot sustain itself without Him.

Christ is not added to wisdom - He is its fullness.
He is not an improvement to law - He is its completion.
He is not a supplement to life - He is its source.

In Him alone reside the fullness of wisdom, knowledge, and understanding - not as concepts, but as living reality. In Him alone exist true order and rightful authority - authority that governs without destroying, power that rules without corrupting. In Him alone is life, not survival, not prolongation, but life in its fullness - coherent, sustained, and unending.

Everything else, no matter how sacred, no matter how brilliant, no matter how divinely inspired, collapses when severed from Him. The history of Solomon

Across the world, many religions exist - ancient, revered, and profound. Within them are teachings of wisdom that sharpen the mind, moral laws that restrain chaos, disciplines that cultivate self-control, and practices that bring a measure of healing to the body and the soul. They speak of restraint, compassion, order, transcendence, and meaning. In many ways, they are beautiful. In many ways, they are holy in intention.

And yet, holiness of principle is not the same as fullness.

Wisdom, when separated from its source, can guide - but it cannot satisfy. Morality can restrain - but it cannot complete. Law can order behavior - but it cannot give life. Healing can restore function - but it cannot resolve longing. Where Christ is absent, even the most elevated systems eventually lead to an endless cycle of

desire without fulfillment, striving without rest, discipline without intimacy. The hunger remains. The ache persists.

This is not limited to religion alone. The same pattern unfolds in politics, in control, in power. Systems are built on ideals of justice, equality, and progress. Laws are written, institutions erected, authority distributed. Yet when power is pursued apart from Christ - the person who embodies truth, wisdom, and life - governance turns into domination, order into oppression, and unity into coercion. Even the most well-intentioned structures fracture under the weight of human ambition and unmet longing.

The same is true in families, in dreams, in achievement. Marriage, children, legacy, success - these are good, sacred gifts. But when they are treated as ultimate ends, they become burdens rather than blessings. No number of children can fill the void of the soul. No depth of human Love can carry the weight of eternity. No career, no dream fulfilled, no wealth accumulated, no influence gained can quiet the deeper hunger within man. At best, they distract. At worst, they expose the emptiness more sharply.

And so many die full of accomplishments, yet empty of fulfillment. They die having achieved everything they pursued, yet denied the one thing they were made for.

True satisfaction is a person.

Christ is not one source among many - He is the source itself. He is the fulfillment wisdom points toward, the life law anticipates, the rest every religion gestures at but cannot deliver apart from Him. In Him alone does the endless search end. In Him alone does desire find its home. In Him alone does life become whole, coherent, and complete.

Everything else - no matter how noble, how disciplined, how sacred - will eventually exhaust itself, leaving those who rely on it restless and unsatisfied.

By Him we live, move and have our being - The way the truth and the life. Or should I say

In my Way - I live

In my Truth - I move

In my Life - I have my being

“My beloved is mine, and I am his,” Songs of Solomon 2:16

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