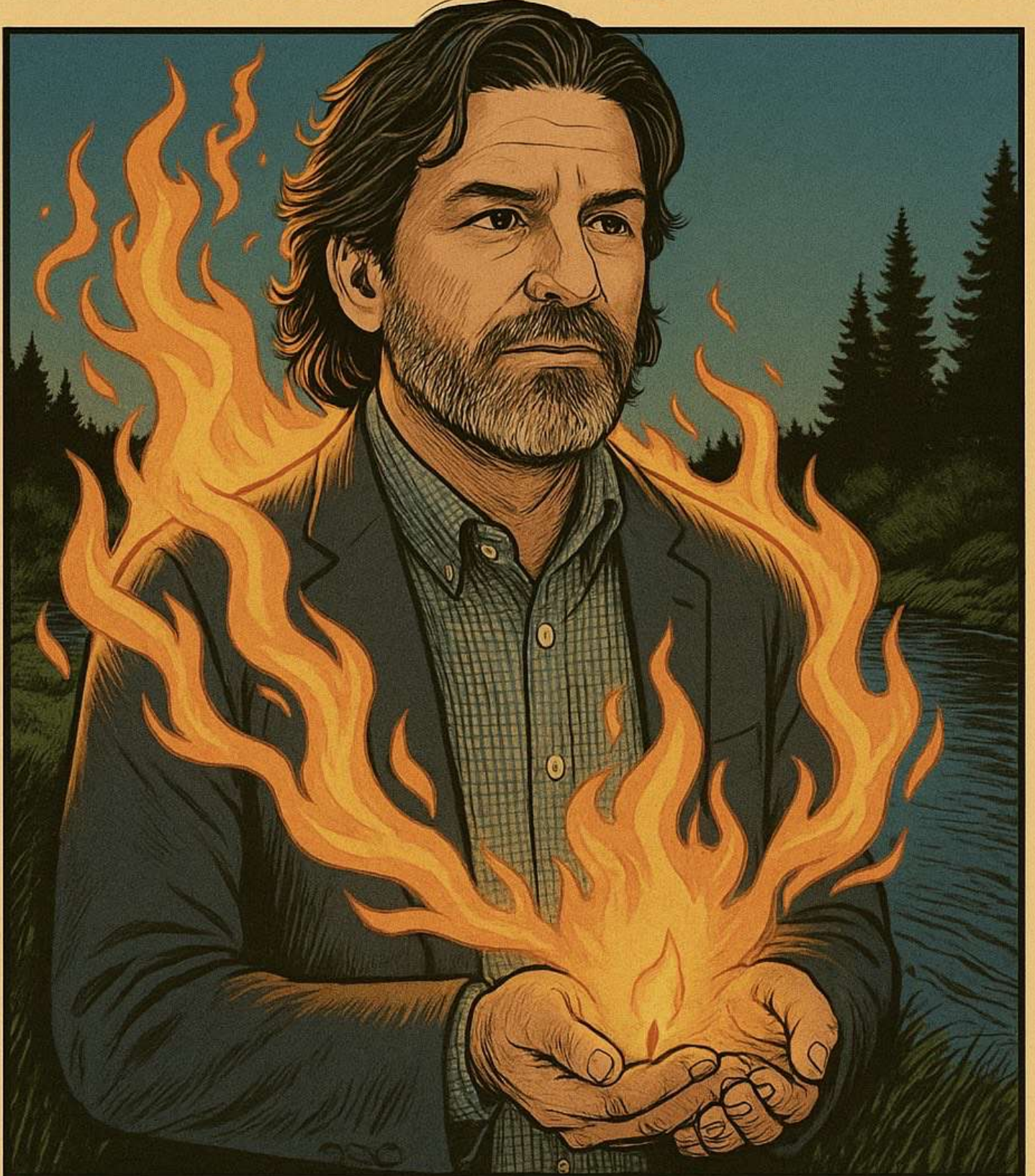


THE LAST 1 MIDEGAH

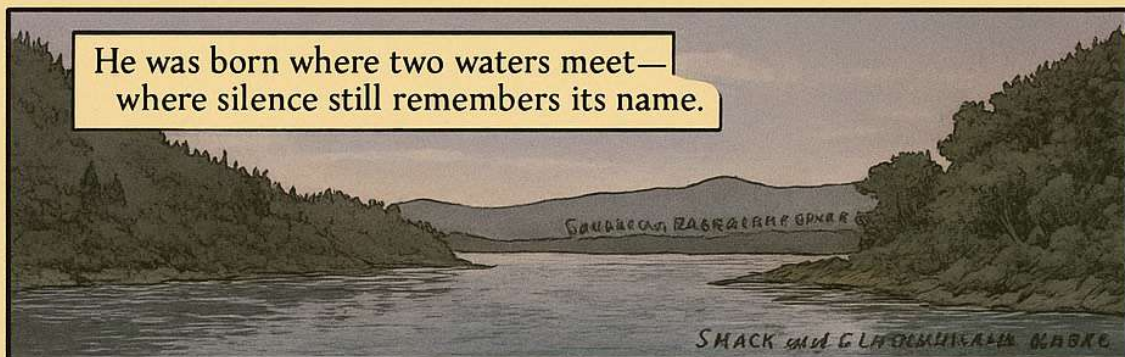


The Mantle of the Firekeeper

THE LAST MIDEGAH

THE MANTLE OF THE FIREKEEPER

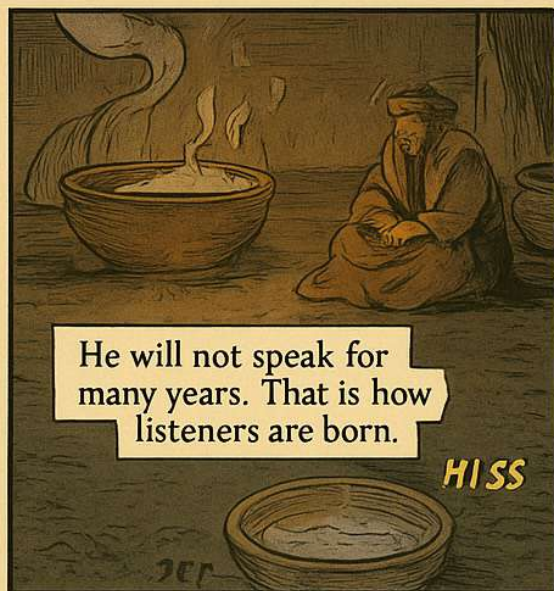
He was born where two waters meet—
where silence still remembers its name.



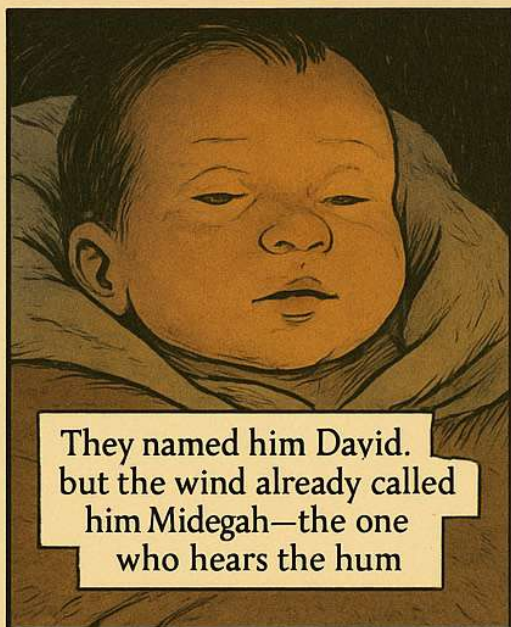
The old women came before
dawn. They said the water
must greet him first.



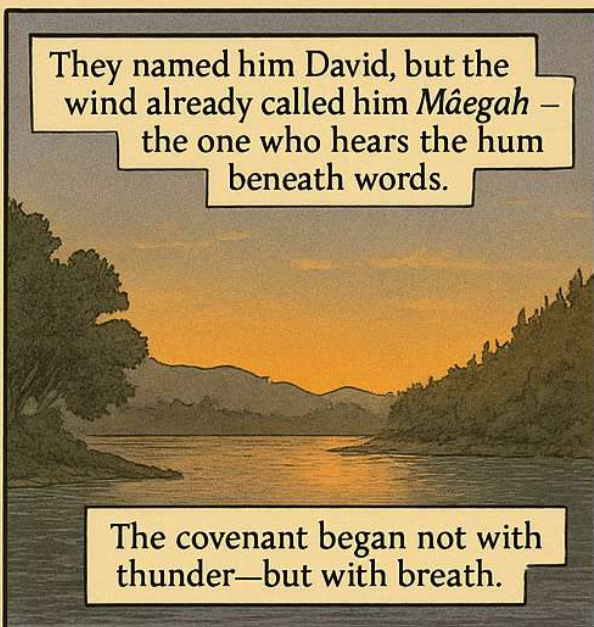
He will not speak for
many years. That is how
listeners are born.



They named him Dayid.
but the wind already called
him Midegah—the one
who hears the hum



They named him David, but the
wind already called him *Mâegah* –
the one who hears the hum
beneath words.



The covenant began not with
thunder—but with breath.

THE LAST MIDEGAH

THE MANTLE OF THE STORIES

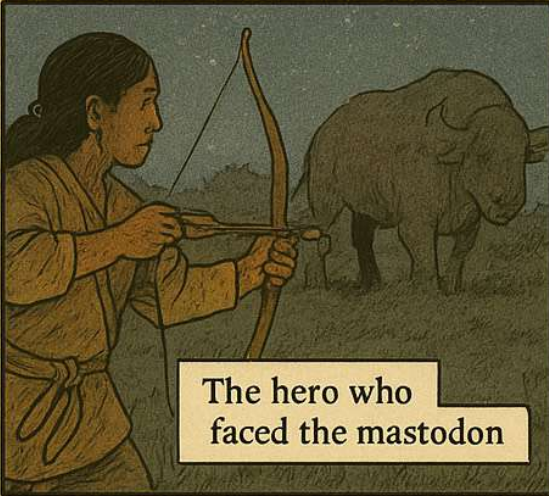
The stories came
before words.



The children loved
the stories.



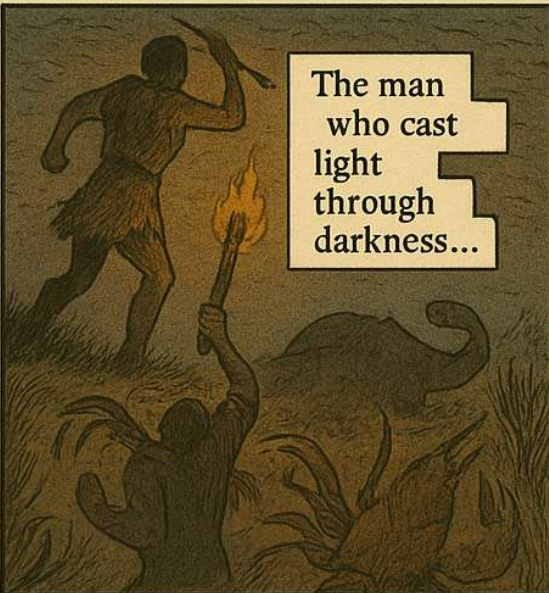
The hero who
faced the mastodon



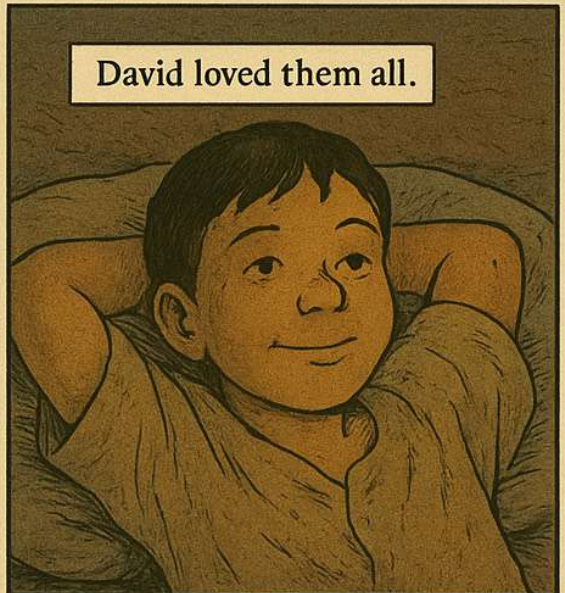
The man who
cast light
through
darkness...



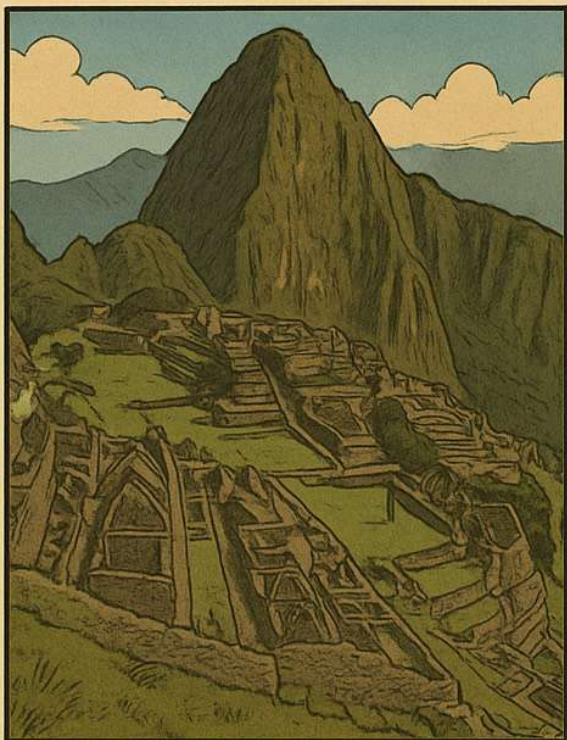
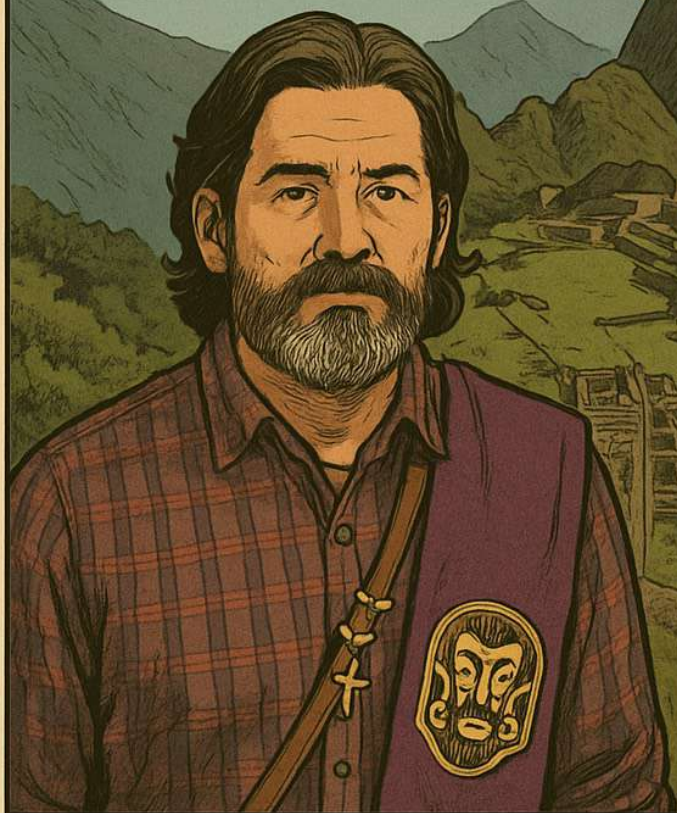
The man
who cast
light
through
darkness...



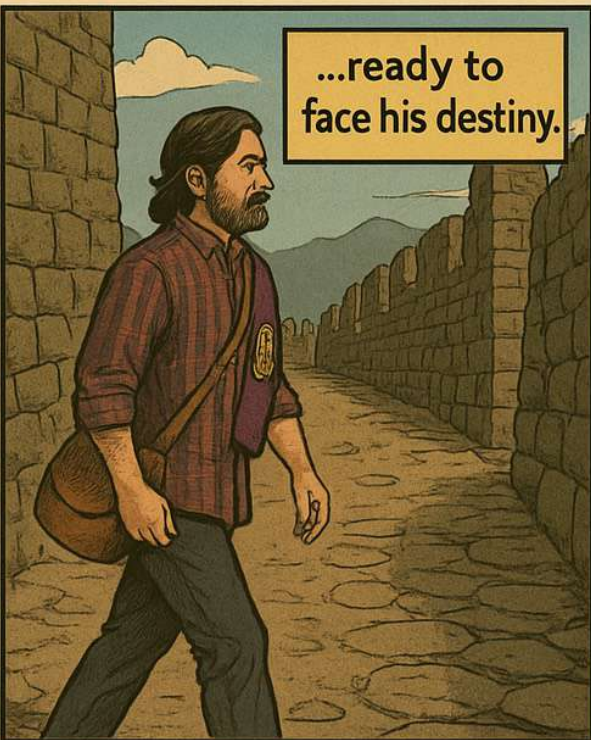
David loved them all.



DAVID TAYLOR, the shaman Midegah, begins his journey to Machu Picchu.



...ready to face his destiny.



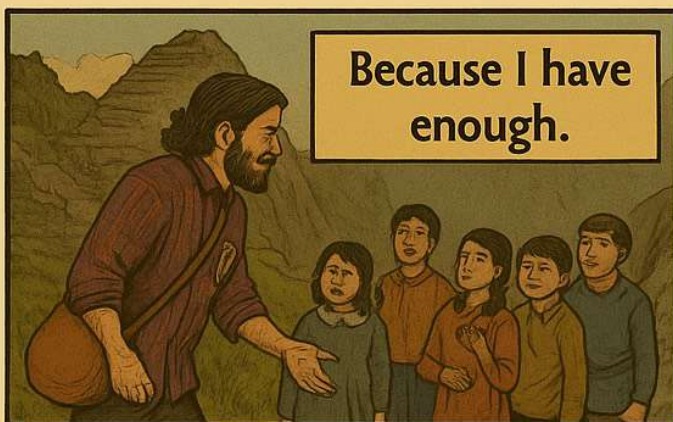
**Love feeds without
measure.**



**Love is not promise
—it is presence.**



**Because I have
enough.**



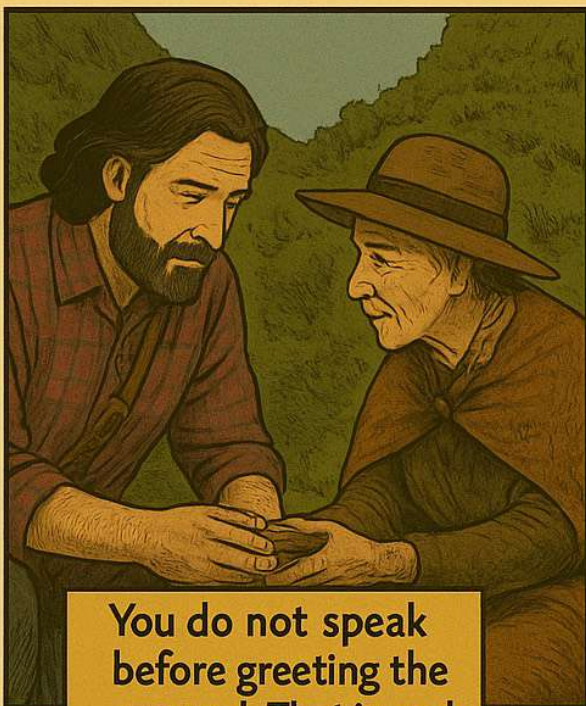
**Love is the act
that multiplies
what it gives away.**



Respect walks behind,
not ahead.



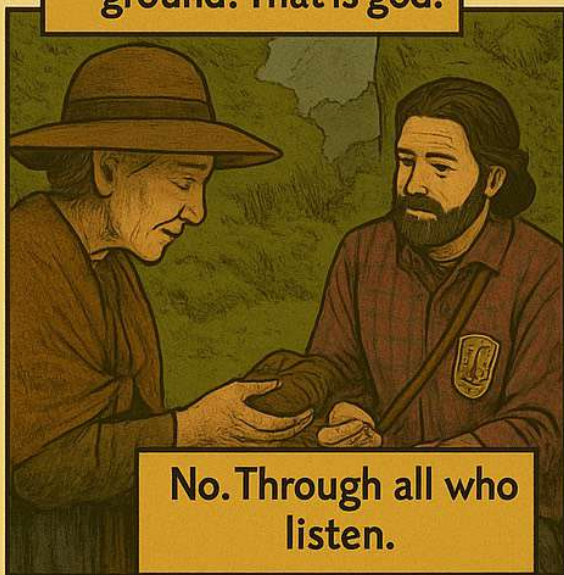
You do not speak
before greeting the
ground. That is god.



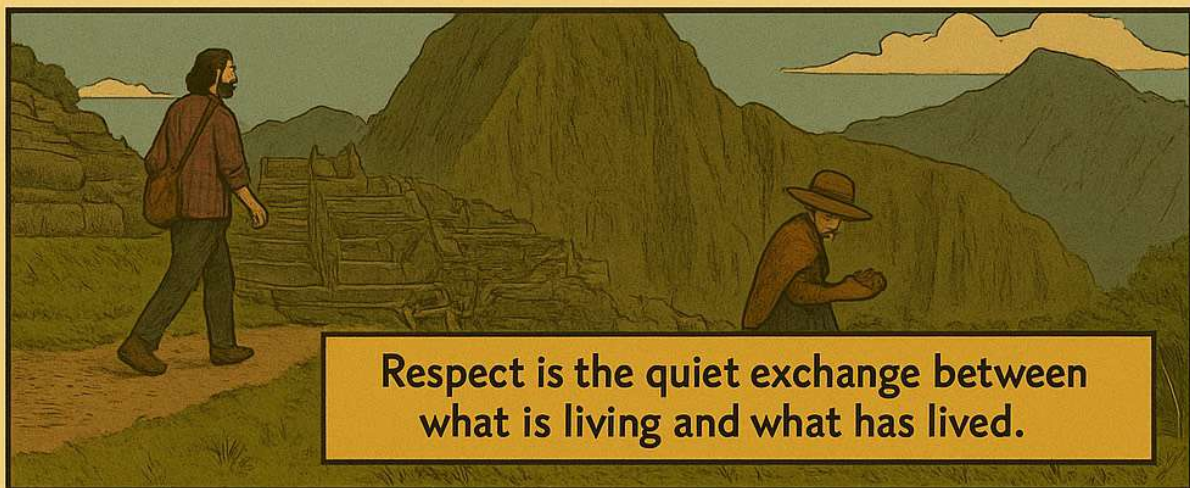
Respect grows when hands
remember their place.



No. Through all who
listen.



Respect is the quiet exchange between
what is living and what has lived.



HONESTY

Honesty gives back what
never belonged.



A gift held
too long become
a chain.

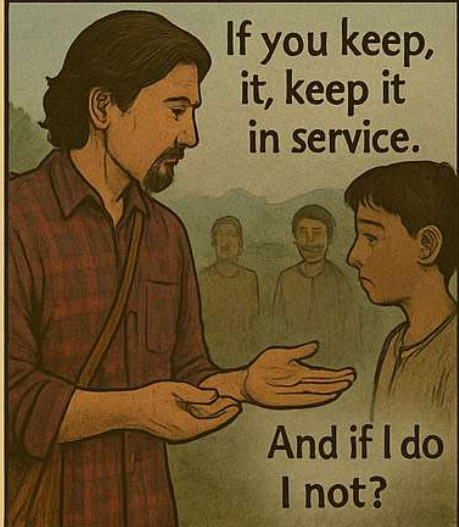


Truth humbles what
possession defends.

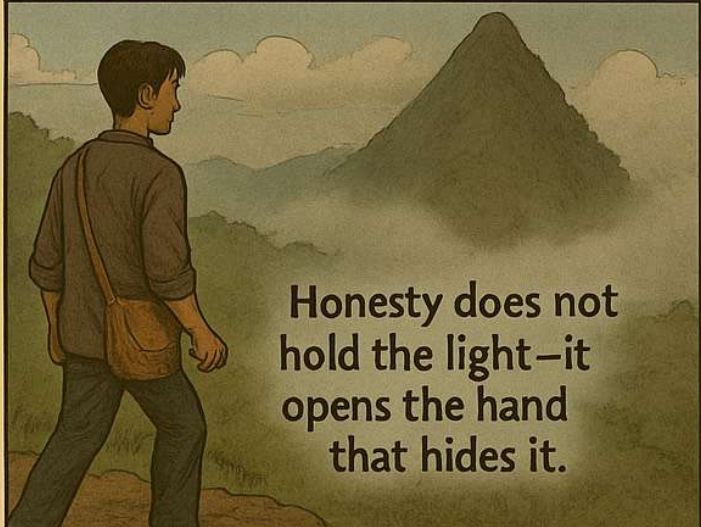


If you keep,
it, keep it
in service.

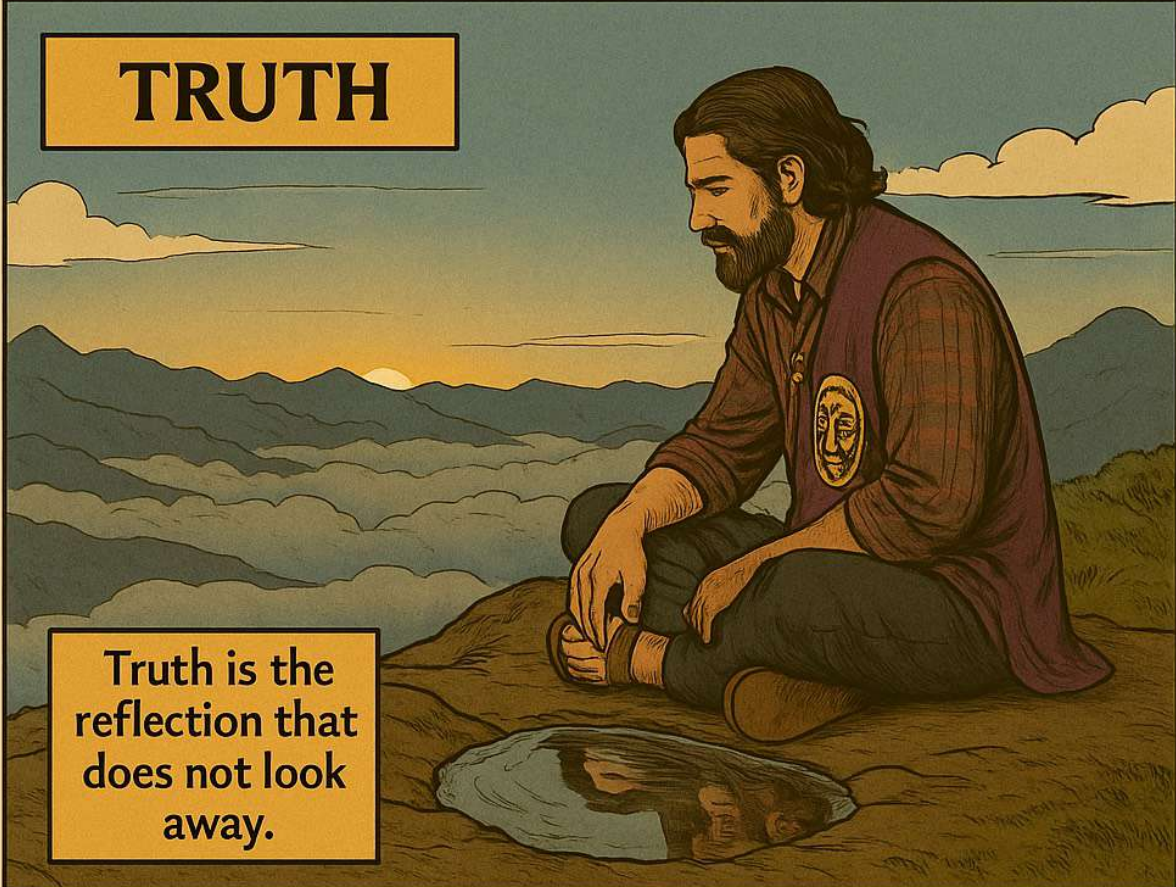
And if I do
I not?



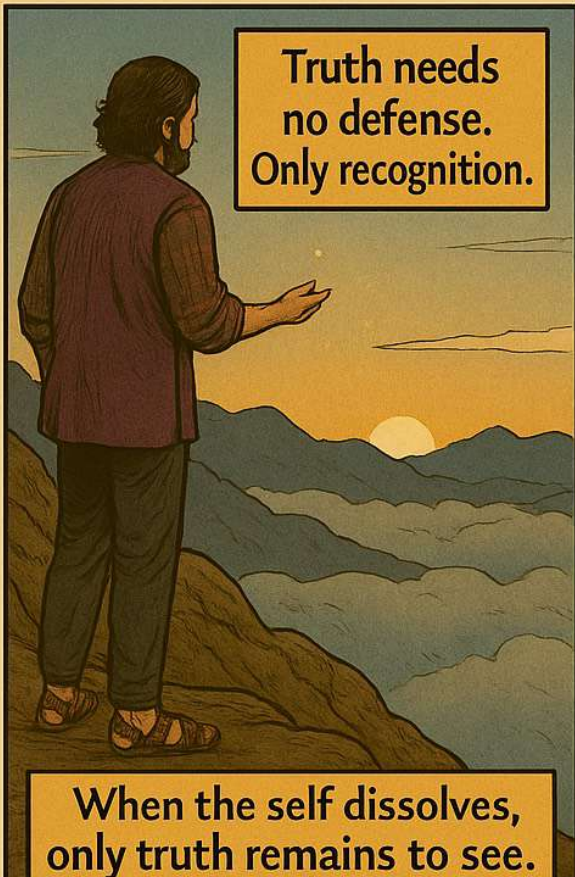
Honesty does not
hold the light—it
opens the hand
that hides it.



TRUTH



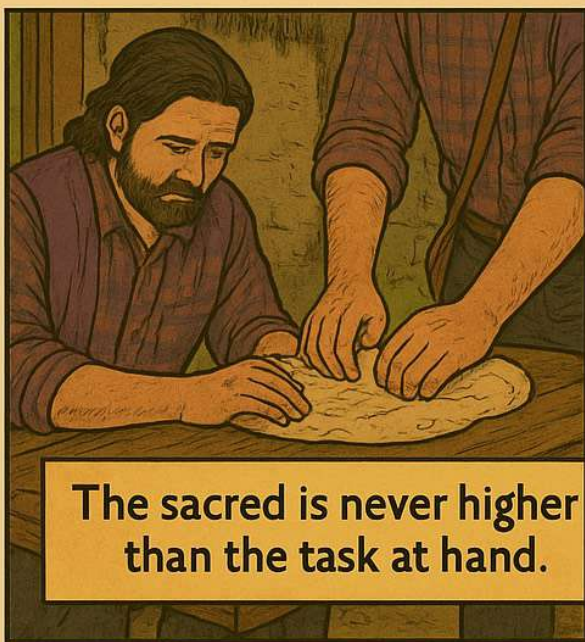
Truth is the reflection that does not look away.



Truth needs no defense. Only recognition.

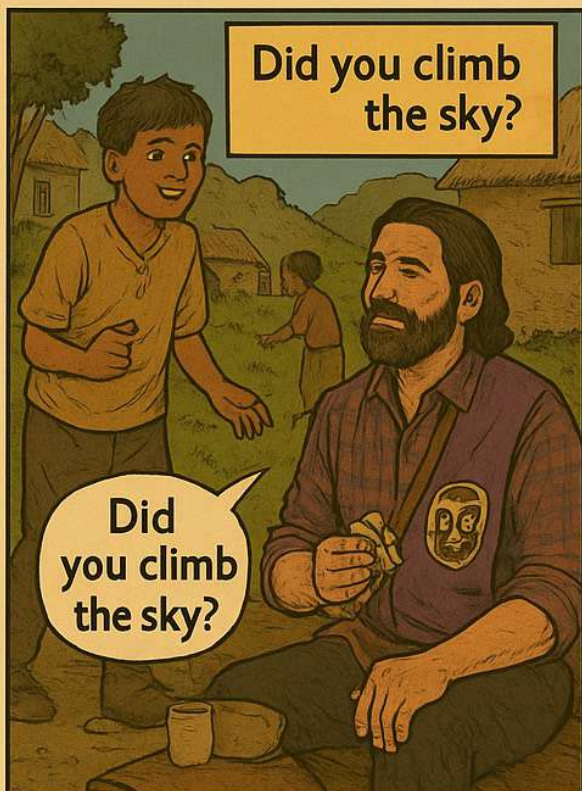
When the self dissolves, only truth remains to see.

Humility keeps fire clean.



**The sacred is never higher
than the task at hand.**

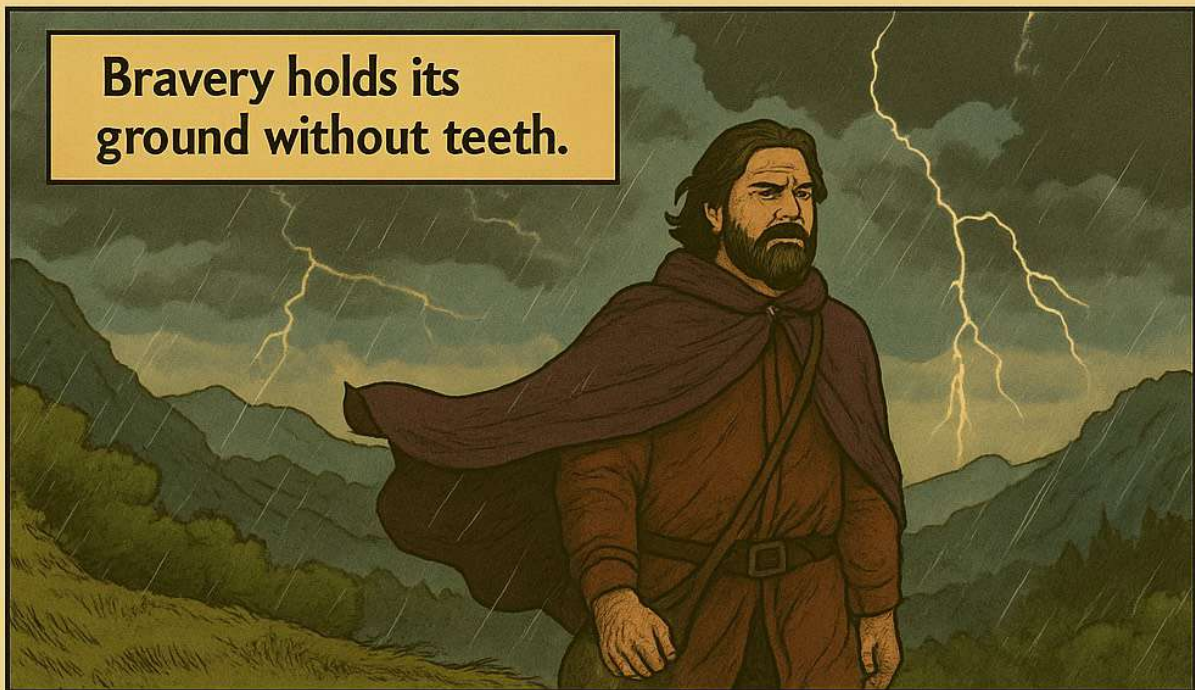
**Humility, bows not from
weakness, but from gratitude.**



**Did you climb
the sky?**

**Did
you climb
the sky?**

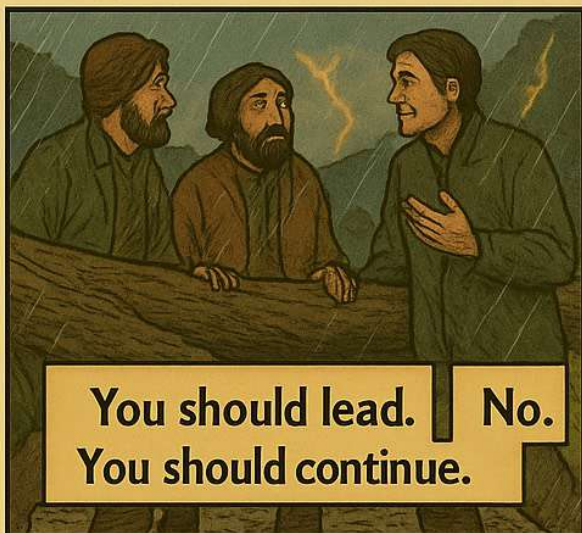
Bravery holds its ground without teeth.



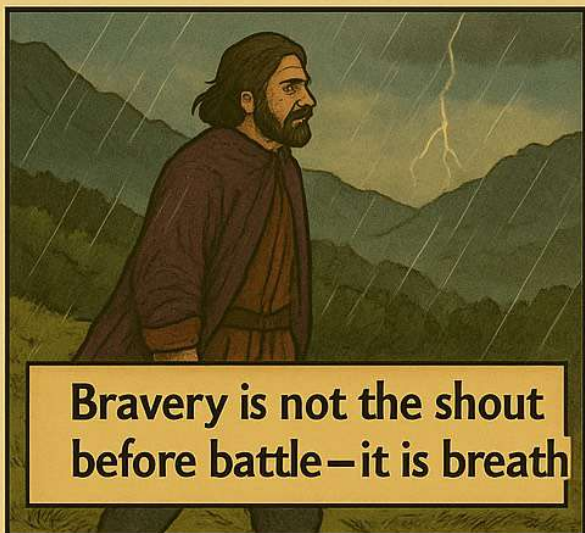
Fear is not the absence of strength—it is its test.



**You should lead. No.
You should continue.**



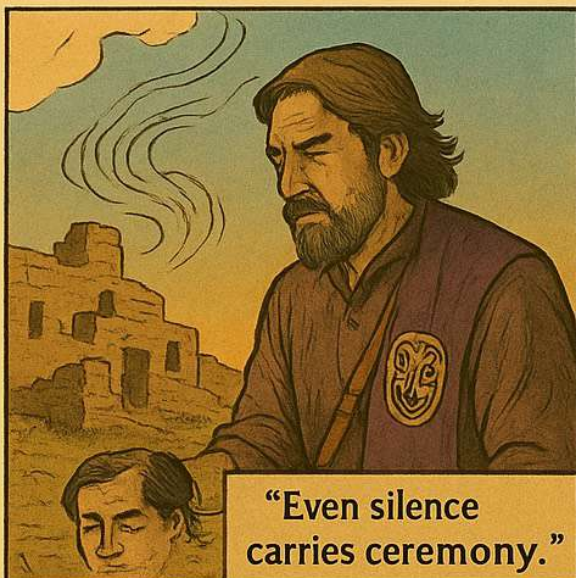
Bravery is not the shout before battle—it is breath



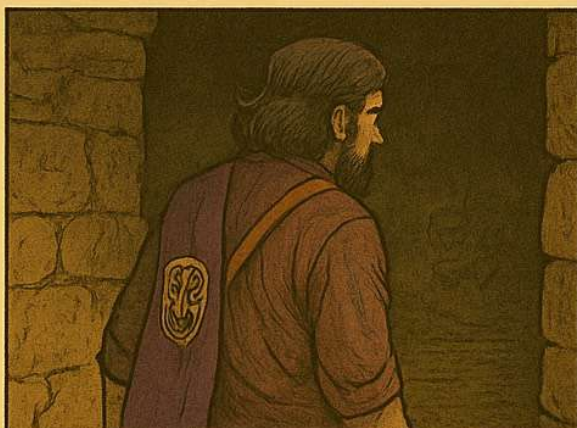
THE RUINS THAT STILL SING



"Continuance is not resisting
time— it is teaching it to listen."



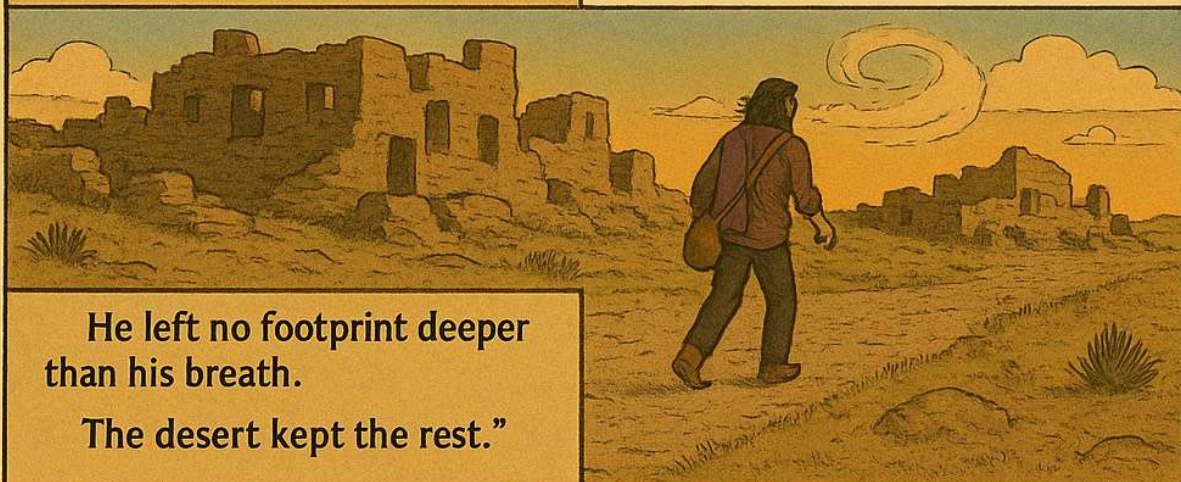
"Even silence
carries ceremony."



Every stone remembers what
the people sang into it."



"The circle never broke.
It only waited."



He left no footprint deeper
than his breath.
The desert kept the rest."

He carried the breath of the north
into the lands of the sunrise people,
seeking the one who still remember
the covenant of flame.



You walk as
one who
remembers,

Two covenants met—one born
of desert stone, the other of
northern flame.

My grandfather said
the land cannot die—
only be forgotten.

Then we are
both caretakers
of the same
breath.

“To be Midegah is not to lead,
but to continue—to keep the
coals awake when others sleep.

And how
does a firekeeper
know when to rest?”

Her gift was not token, but thread—
a nation's gratitude bound in
color and patience.

You carry the
fire of the north.

The Midegah walks not
to lead, but to remind
creation of its own rhythm.

The fire moved on—
not owned.
but shared.

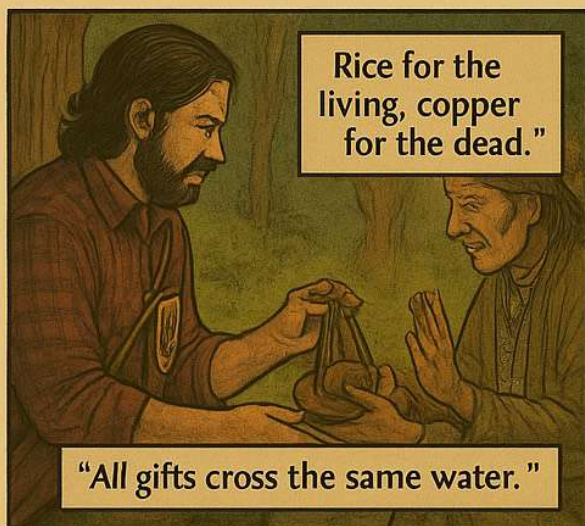
THE COUNCIL OF MEMORY

The land remembers its keepers.



Rice for the
living, copper
for the dead."

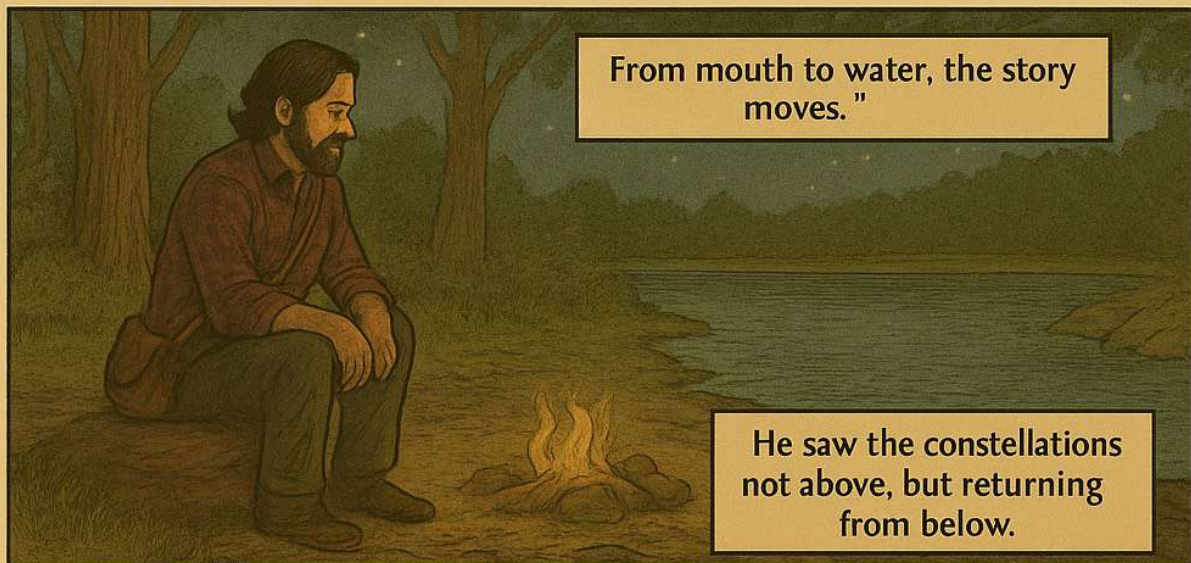
"All gifts cross the same water."



To speak of the old ways is to
feed what still breathes beneath us.



From mouth to water, the story
moves."



He saw the constellations
not above, but returning
from below.

Before speech, there was breath.
And breath began the law.



THE PINE AND THE ROOTS

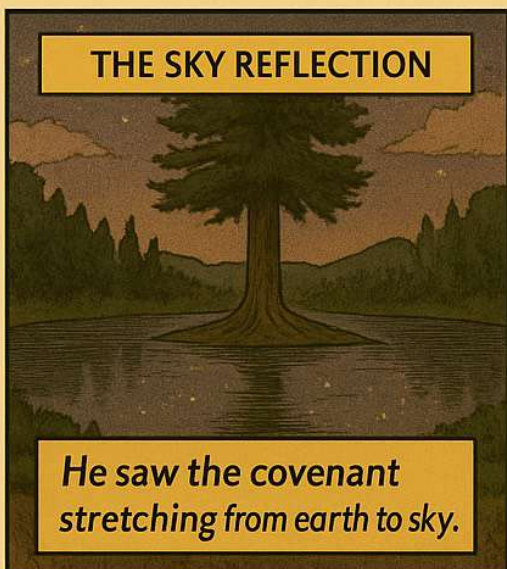


Here, all weapons were buried.

The threads
are same.



THE SKY REFLECTION



*He saw the covenant
stretching from earth to sky.*

Departure



He carried no
treaty, only
remembrance.

WHERE THE WATERS SPEAK



Every path ends in water,
for even mountains must
confess to the sea.



“Carry this where the
fire cannot go.” Midegah:



He saw their eyes not look-
ing down on him, but rising
through him.



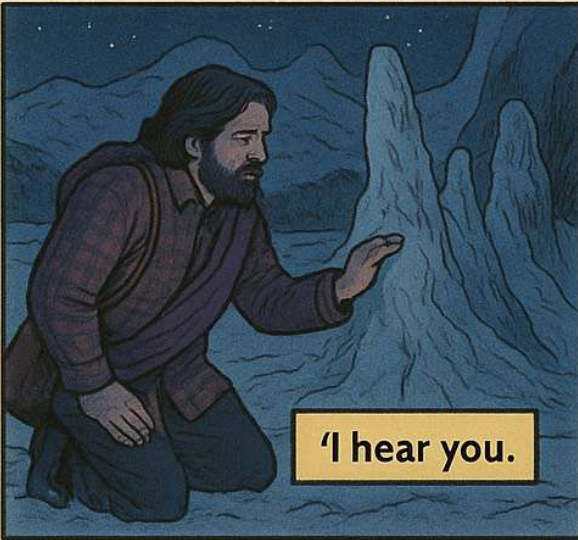
He saw their eyes not look-
ing down on him, but rising
through him.



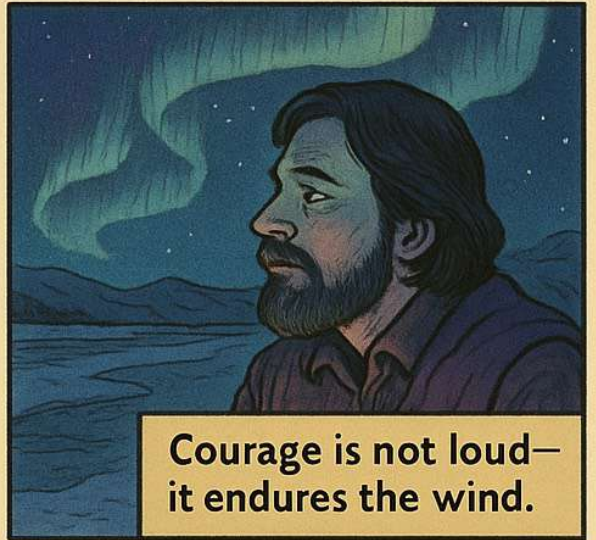
He did not chase it. The
river already knew the way.



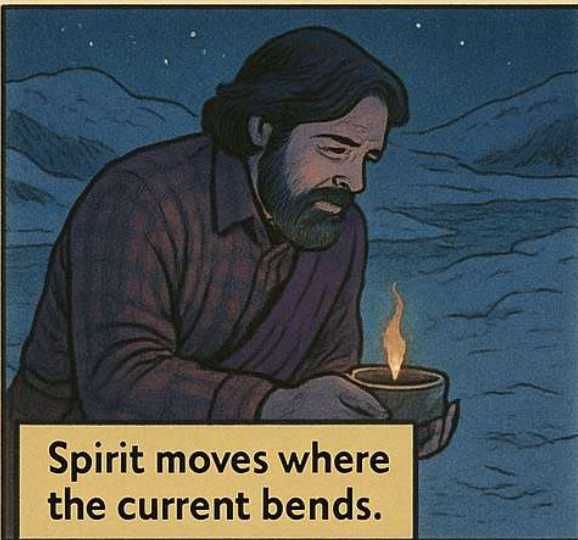
"I hear you."



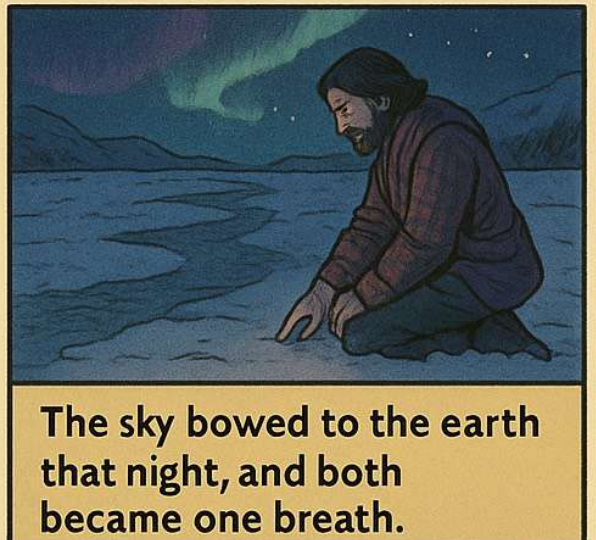
"I hear you."



**Courage is not loud—
it endures the wind.**



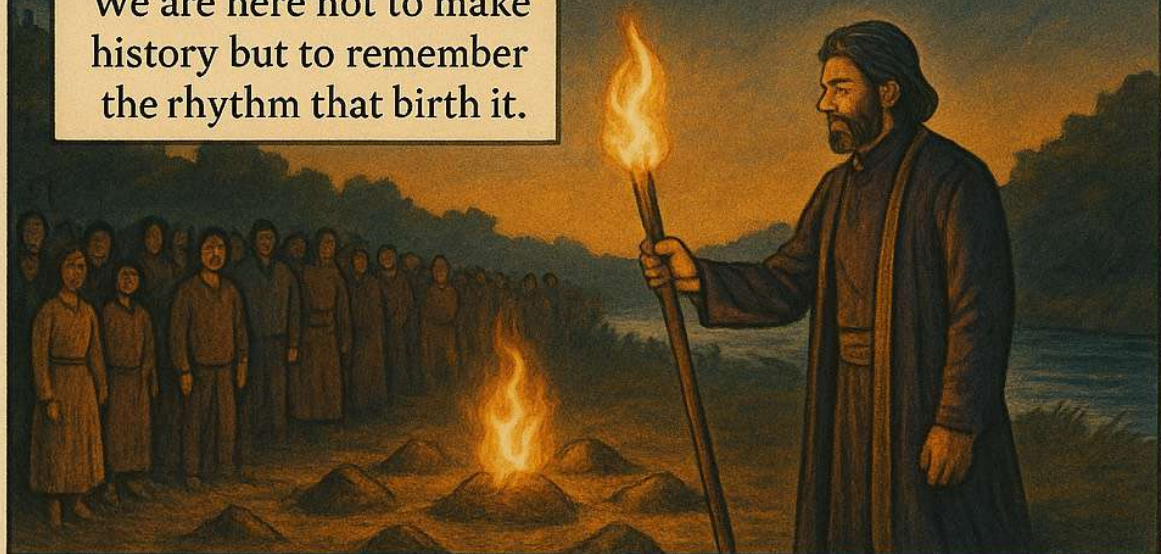
**Spirit moves where
the current bends.**



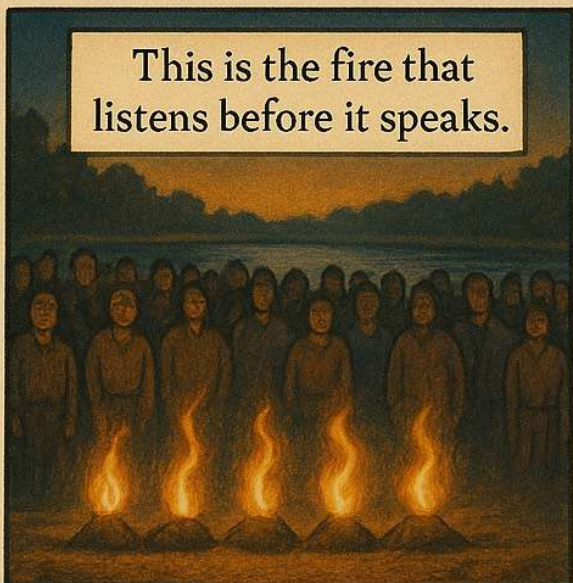
**The sky bowed to the earth
that night, and both
became one breath.**

THE CEREMONY OF THE SEVEN FIRES

We are here not to make history but to remember the rhythm that birth it.



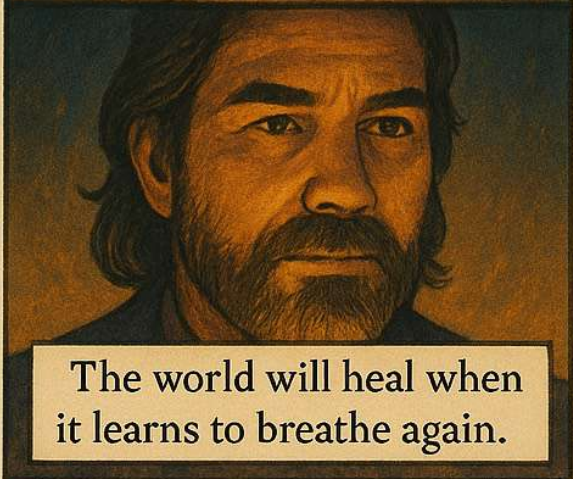
This is the fire that listens before it speaks.



When the people breathe together, creation remembers its heartbeat.



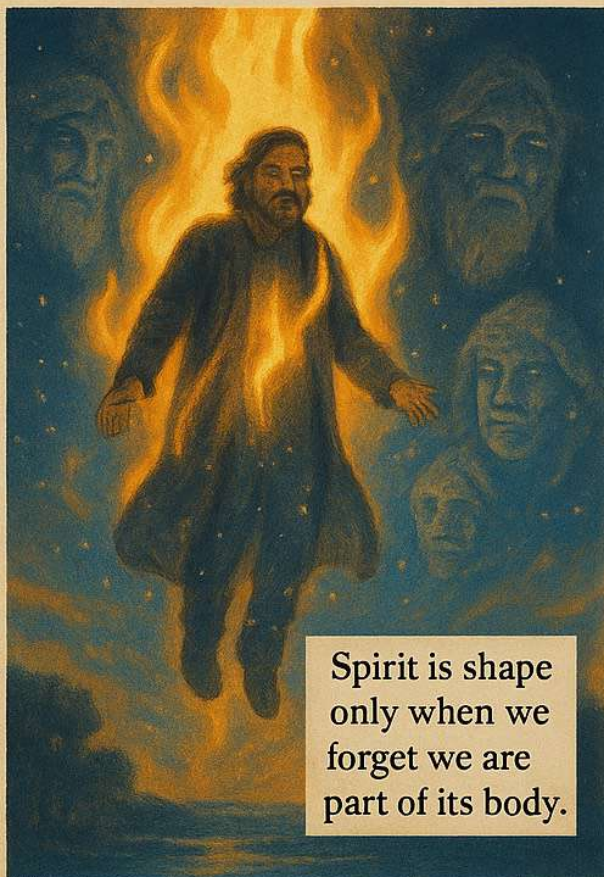
The world will heal when it learns to breathe again.



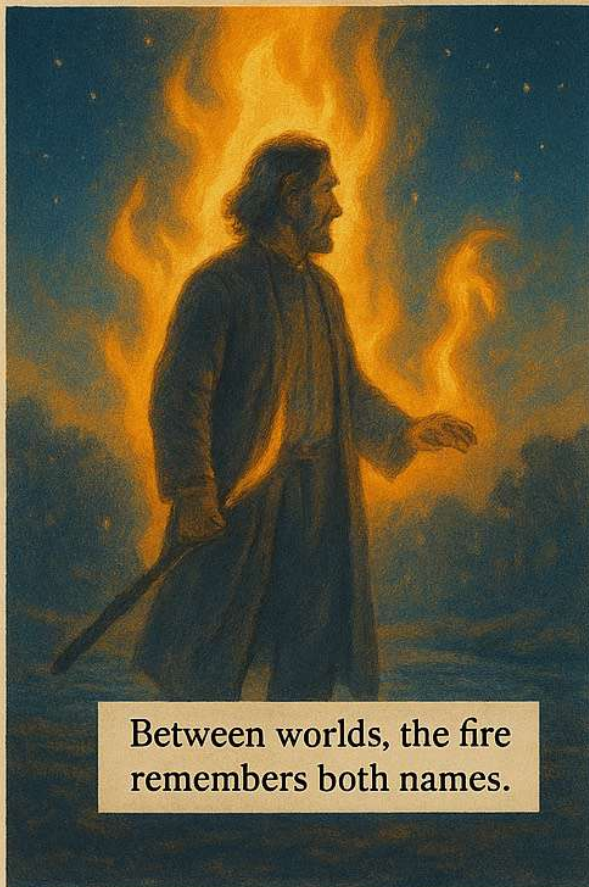
Obedience to light is not
surrender—it is return.



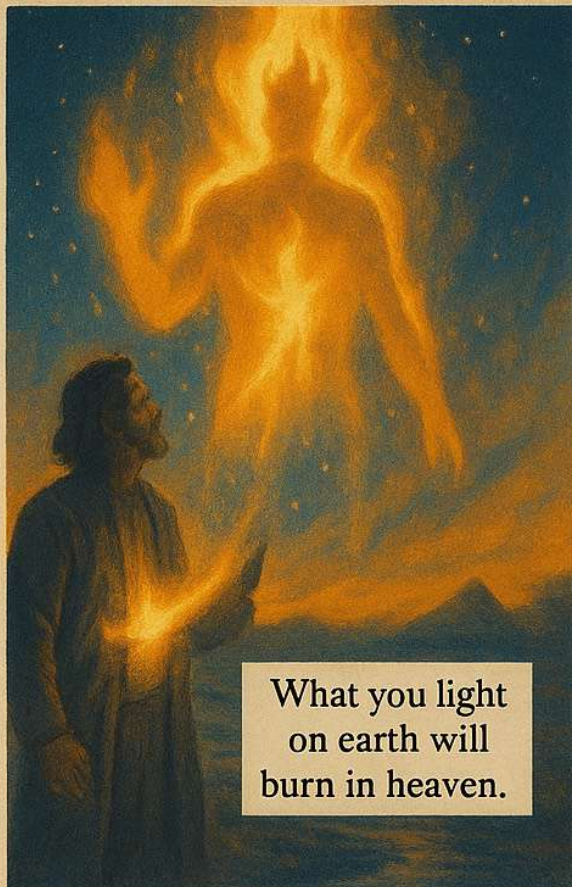
Spirit is shape
only when we
forget we are
part of its body.

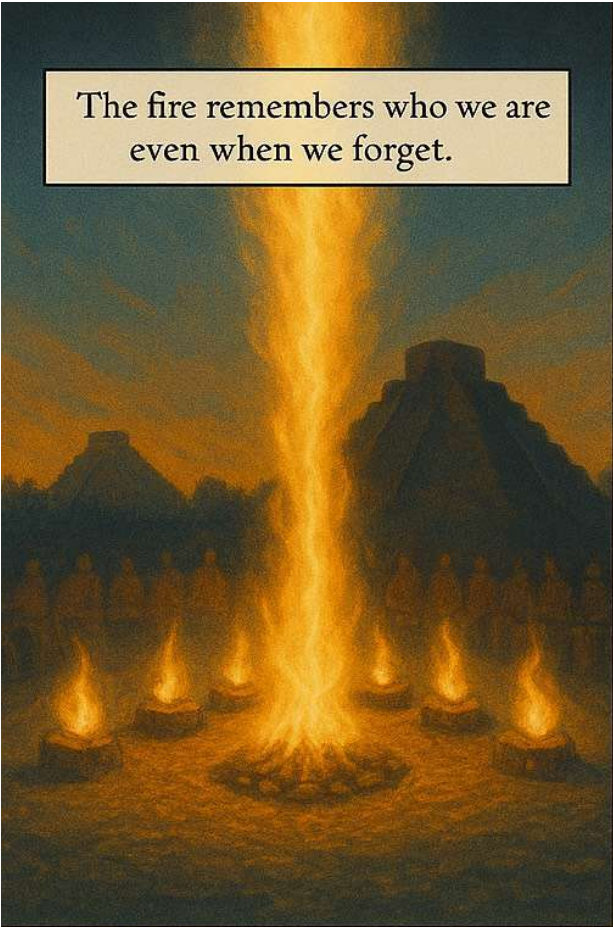


Between worlds, the fire
remembers both names.

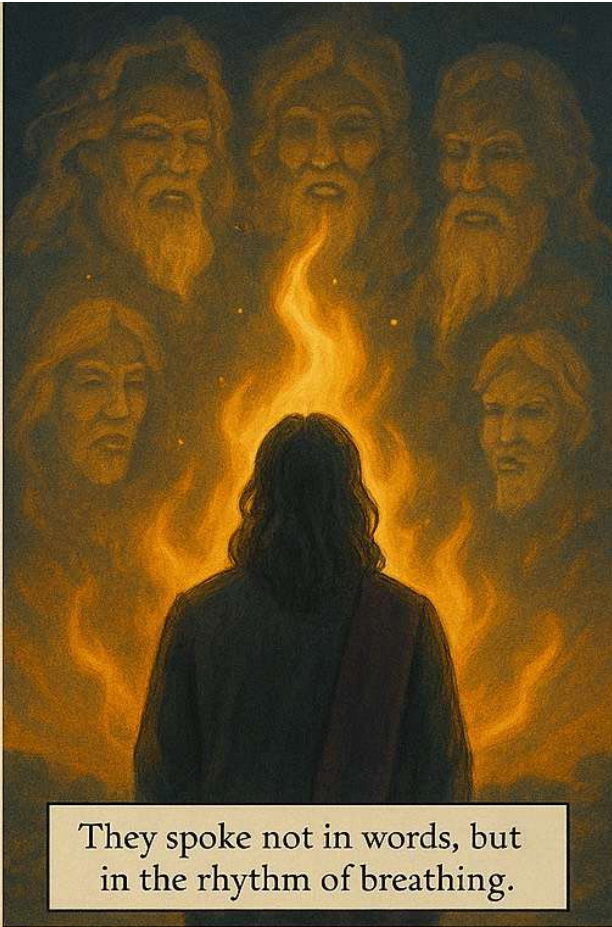


What you light
on earth will
burn in heaven.

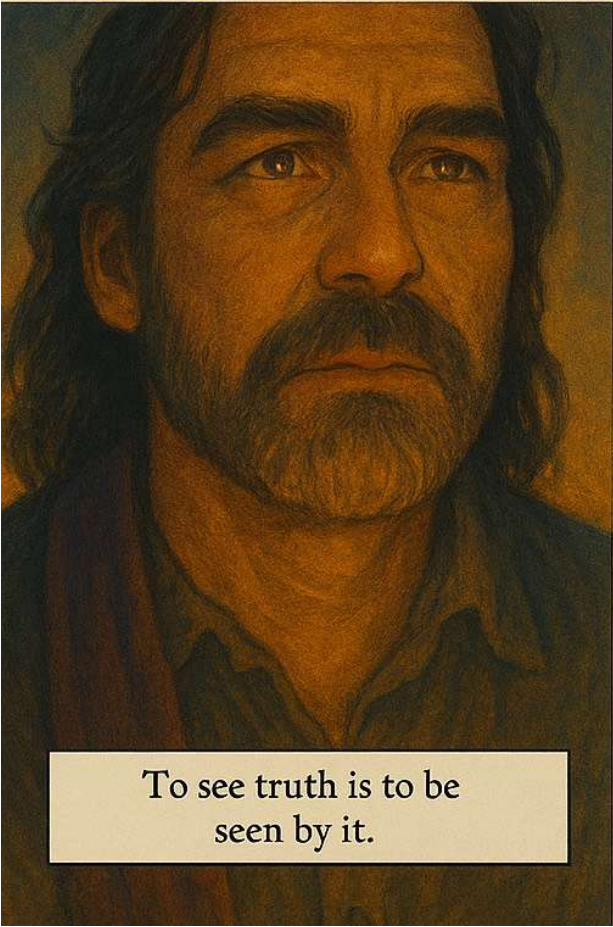




The fire remembers who we are
even when we forget.



They spoke not in words, but
in the rhythm of breathing.



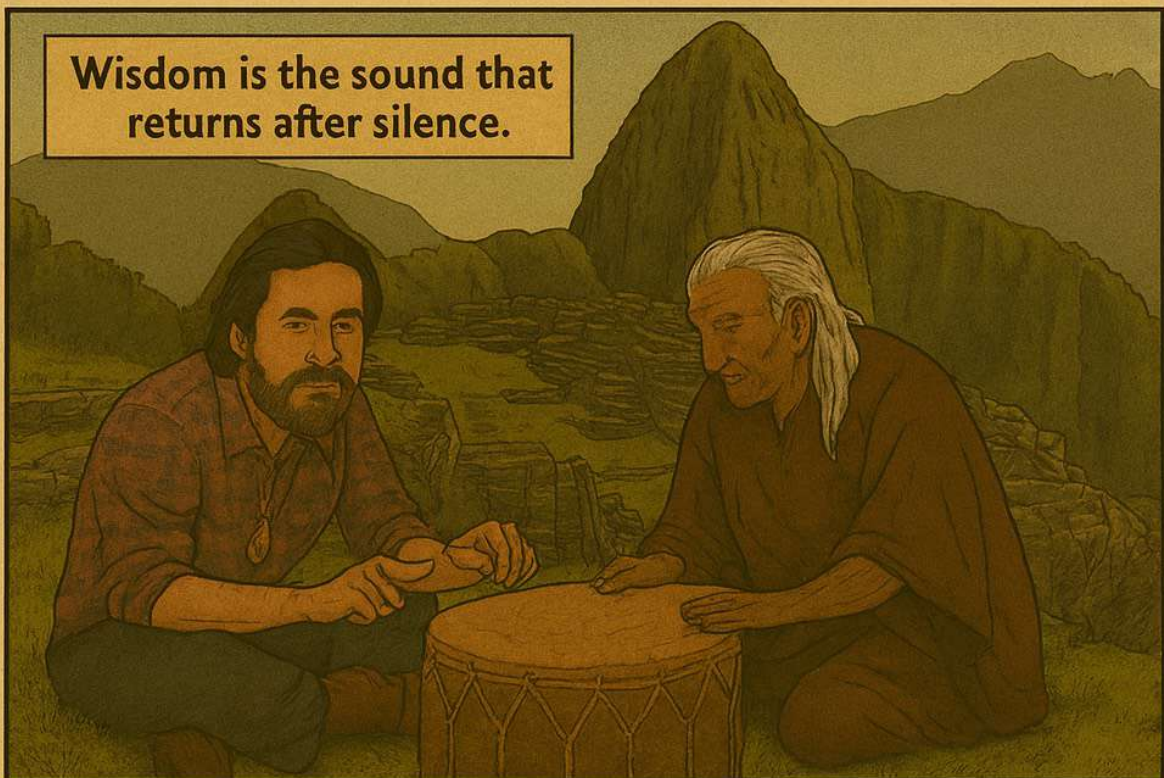
To see truth is to be
seen by it.



It said only one word: *Rise.*

WISDOM

Wisdom is the sound that returns after silence.



You don't fix what is broken — you learn why it cracked.

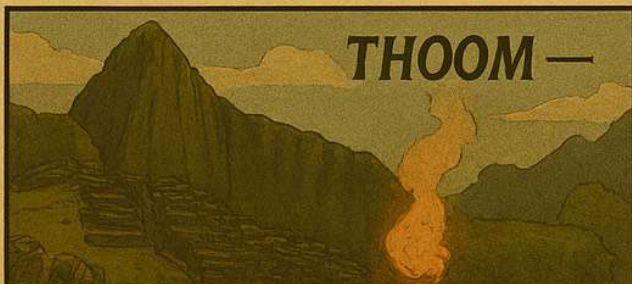


The wise don't *speak* first. They wait for what windds.



THOOM —

When the world is ready, silence.



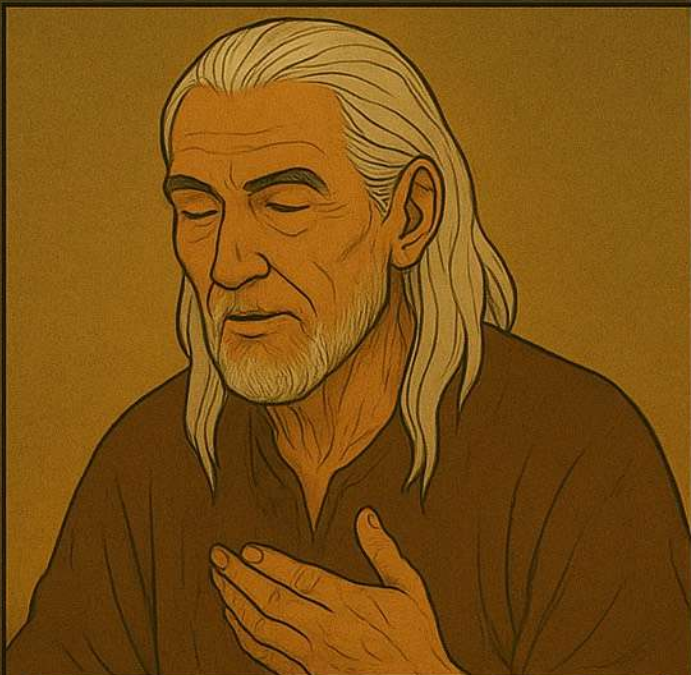
Wisdom is not what is carried—it is carrying us.



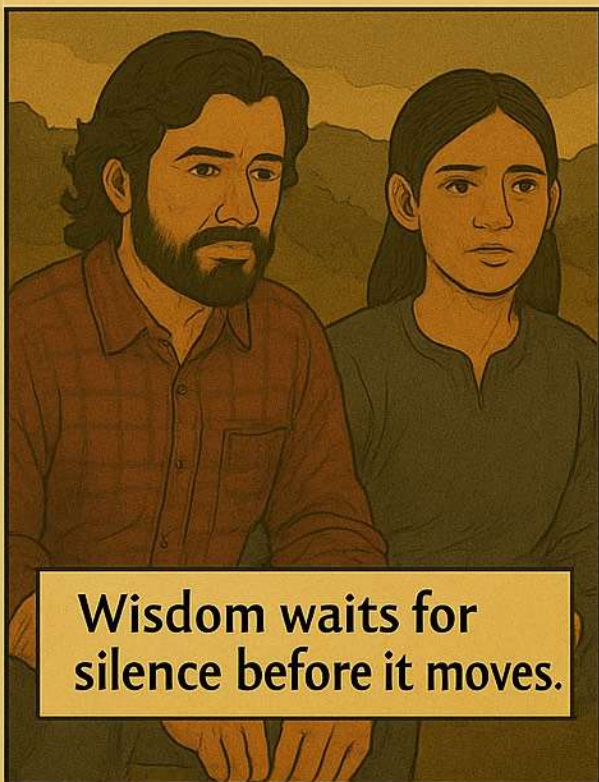
WISDOM



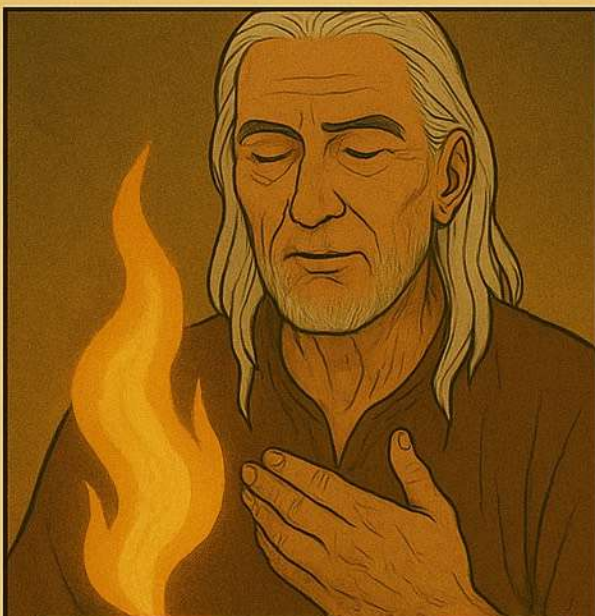
This is the fire of understanding.



It burns clean because it listens before it speaks.



Wisdom waits for silence before it moves.

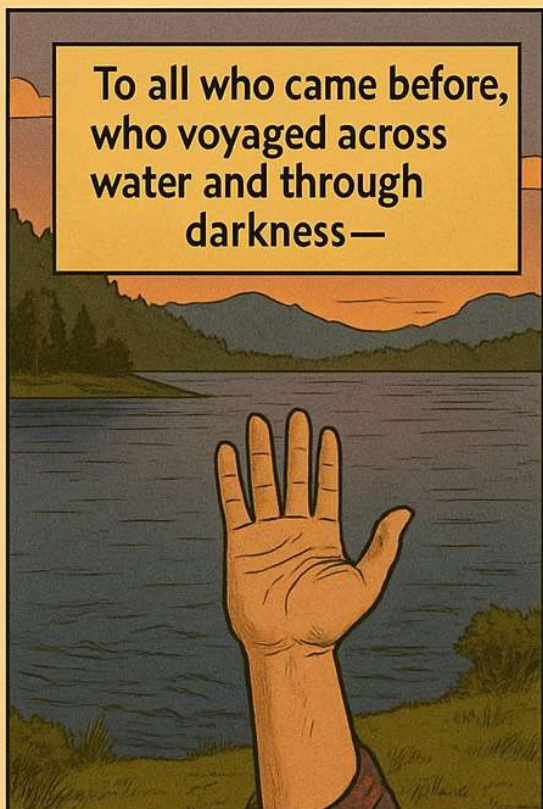


It does not seek to be right—only to clearly.

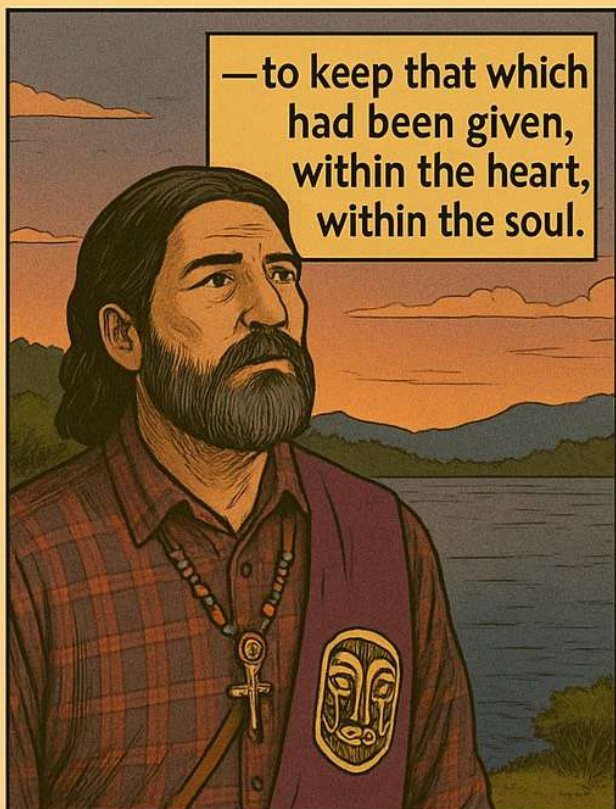
At the Lake of Two Mountains,
where Anangokaa, the star
people, first came across the
Atlantic...



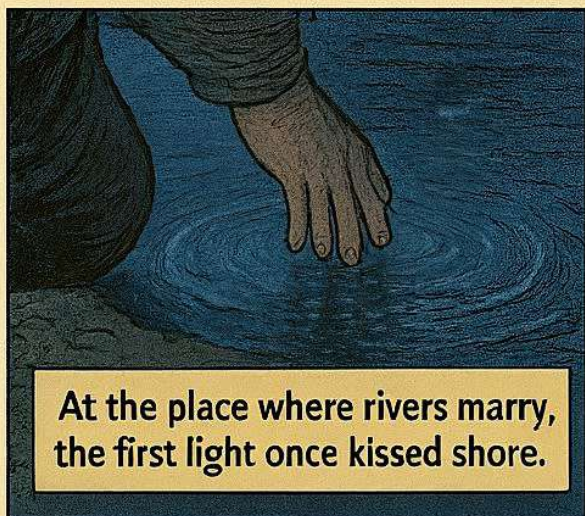
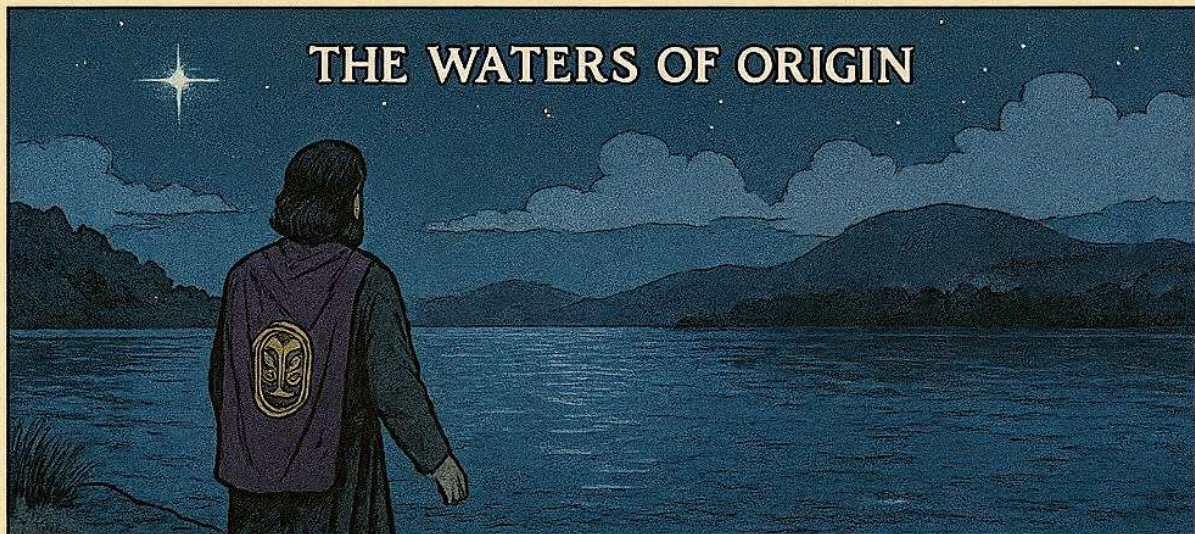
To all who came before,
who voyaged across
water and through
darkness—



—to keep that which
had been given,
within the heart,
within the soul.



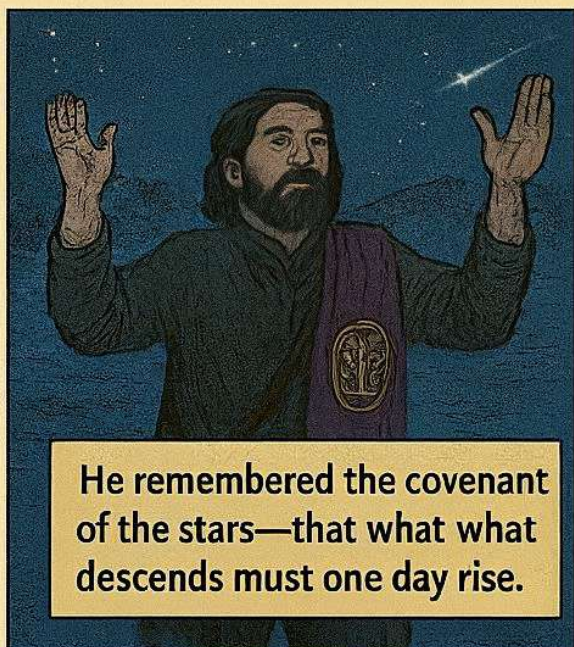
THE WATERS OF ORIGIN



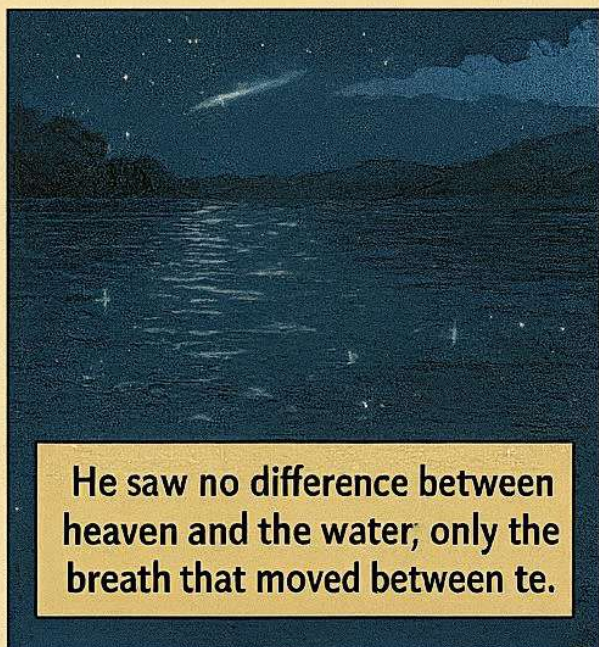
At the place where rivers marry,
the first light once kissed shore.



"They came not to rule,
but to remind."

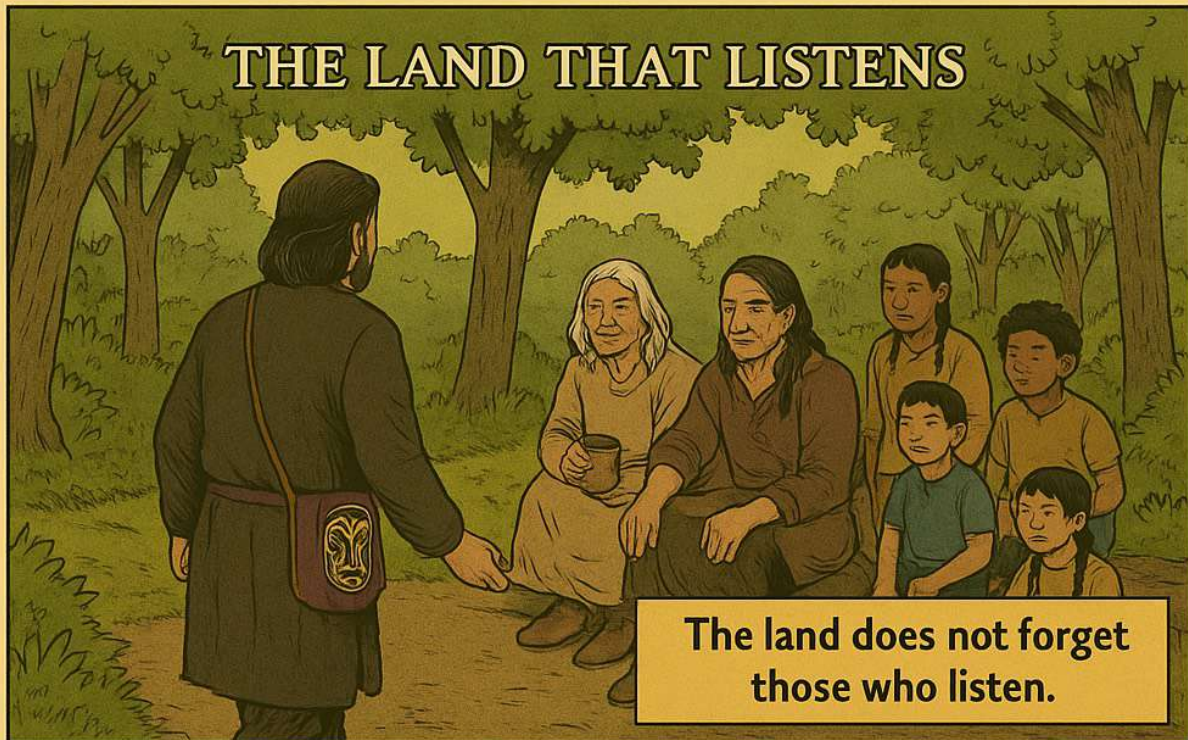


He remembered the covenant
of the stars—that what what
descends must one day rise.

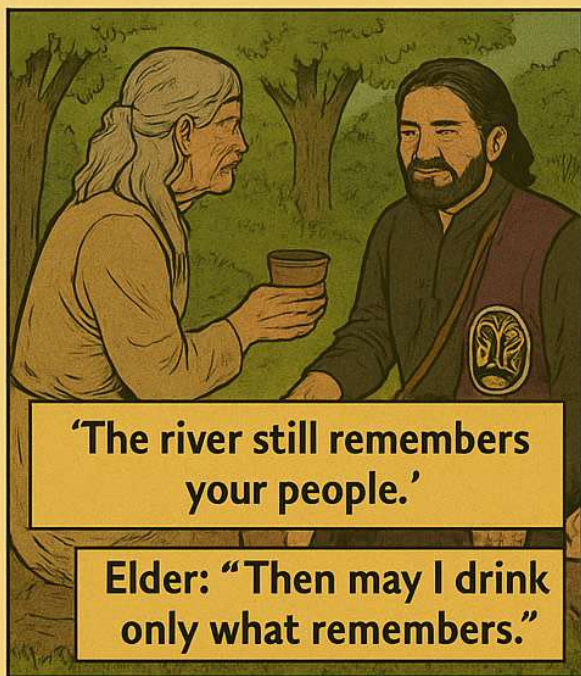


He saw no difference between
heaven and the water; only the
breath that moved between te.

THE LAND THAT LISTENS

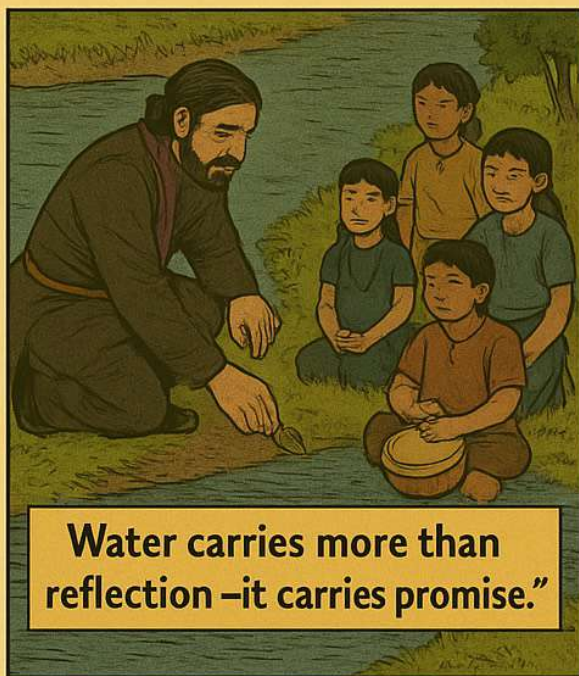


**The land does not forget
those who listen.**



**‘The river still remembers
your people.’**

**Elder: “Then may I drink
only what remembers.”**

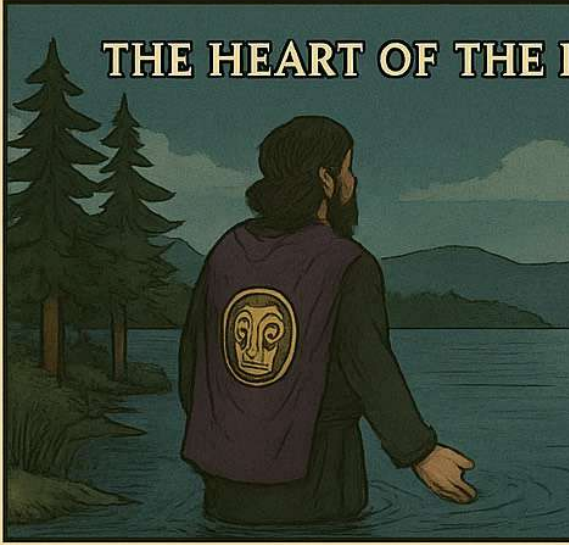


**Water carries more than
reflection –it carries promise.”**



**He left no monument, only
a trail where the earth felt seen.’**

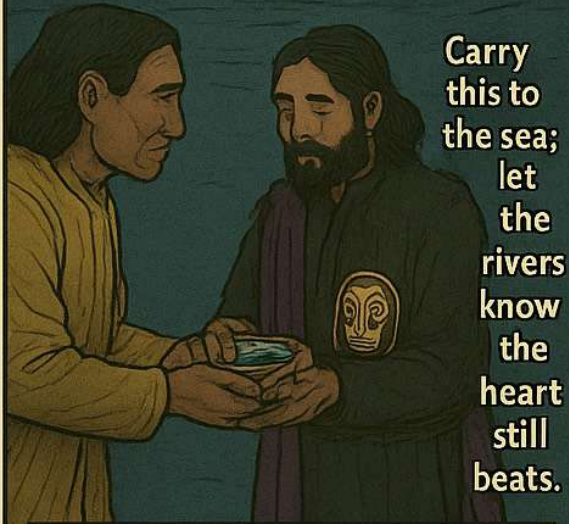
THE HEART OF THE LAKE. (NIPISSING, ONTARIO)



You are not broken. You are interrupted. Restoration means resuming your own sound.



Before healing, there must be truth, before truth, there must be listening.



Carry this to the sea; let the rivers know the heart still beats.

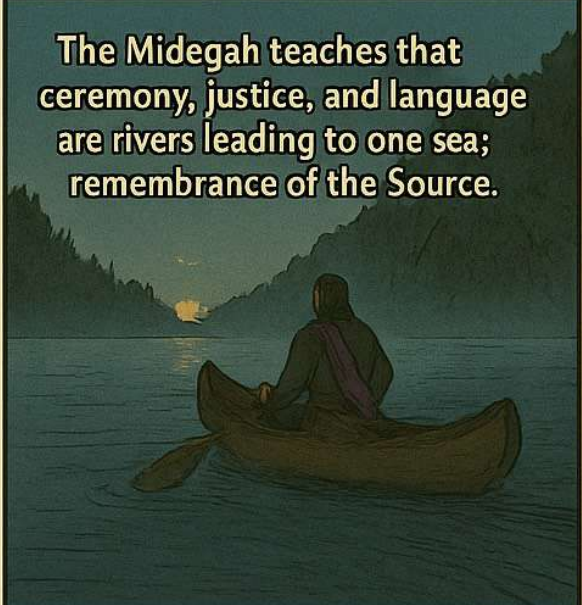
The Midegah teaches that ceremony, justice, and language are rivers leading to one sea: *remembrance of the Source*,



This lake remembers those who listen.

Then I will be its silence.

Every law should arise from the Seven Teachings – Wisdom, Love, Respect, Bravery, Honesty, Humility, and Truth.



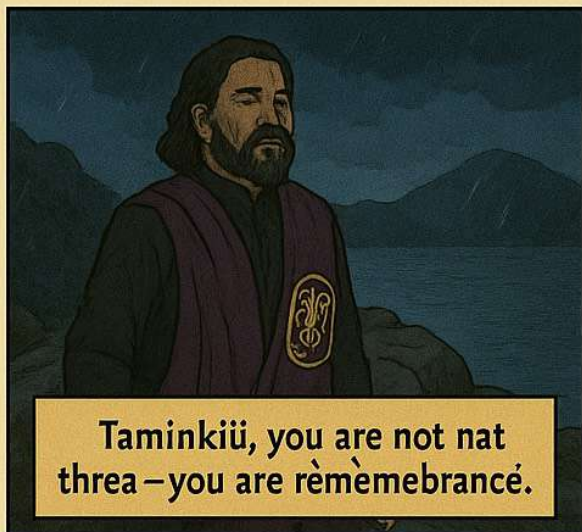
The Midegah teaches that ceremony, justice, and language are rivers leading to one sea; remembrance of the Source.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN

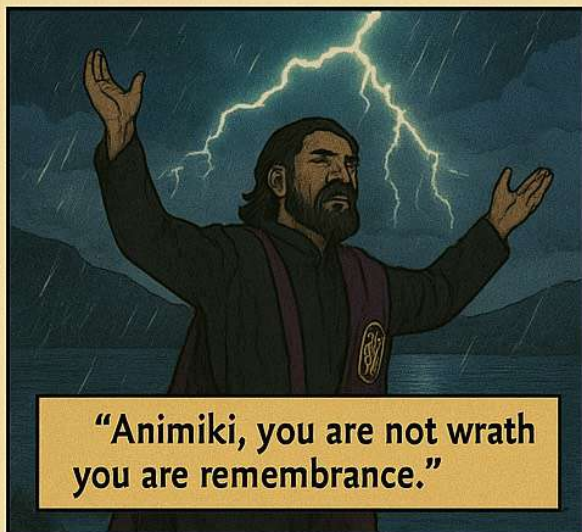
Thunder Bay, Lake Superior



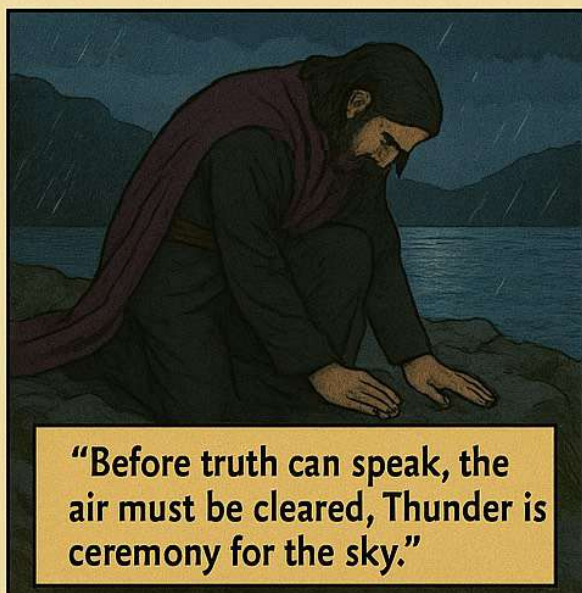
"Restoration does not fear thunder. The voice of creation is louder than grief."



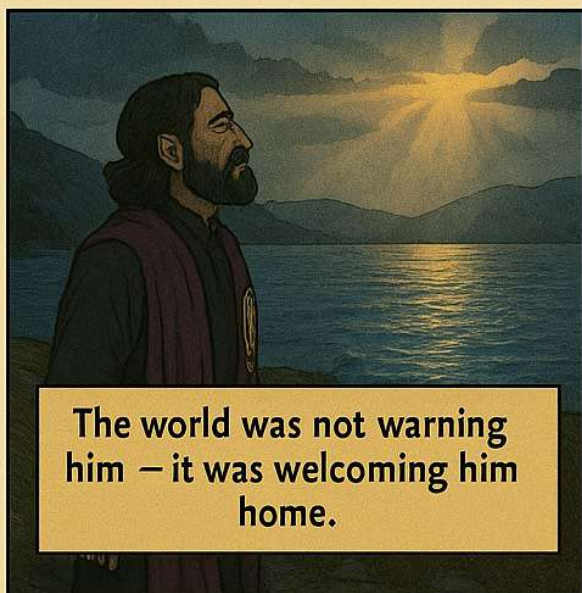
Taminkiiü, you are not nat
threa – you are rëmèmebrancé.



"Animiki, you are not wrath
you are remembrance."



"Before truth can speak, the
air must be cleared, Thunder is
ceremony for the sky."

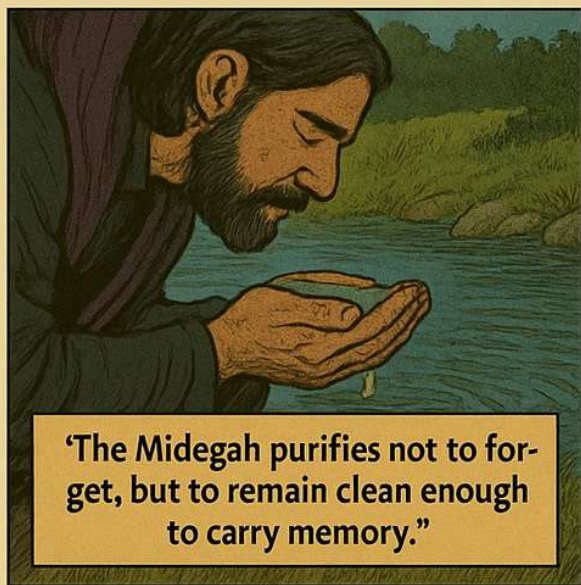


The world was not warning
him – it was welcoming him
home.

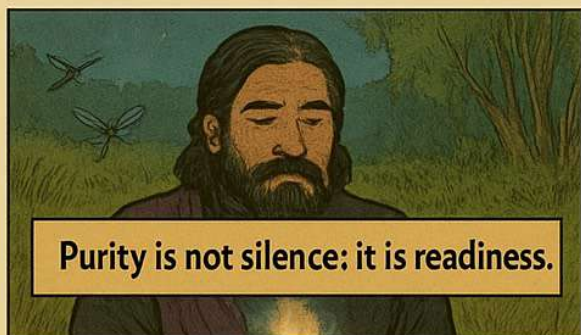
THE SPRINGS OF RENEWAL



After thunder comes listening, The world breathes again through those who remember.



‘The Midegah purifies not to forget, but to remain clean enough to carry memory.’



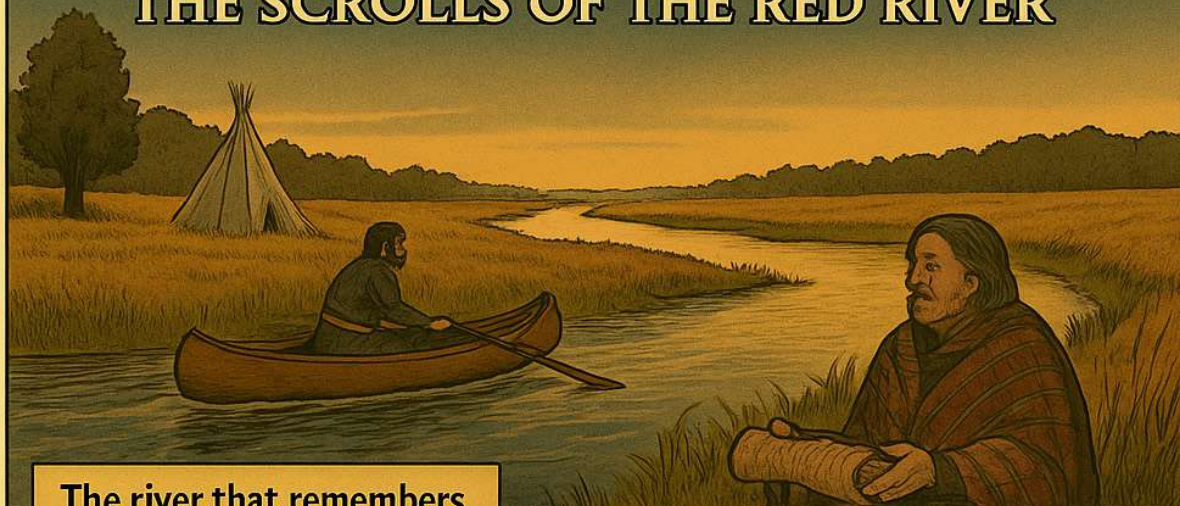
Purity is not silence: it is readiness.



“The Midegah purifies not to forget, but to remain clean enough to carry memory.”

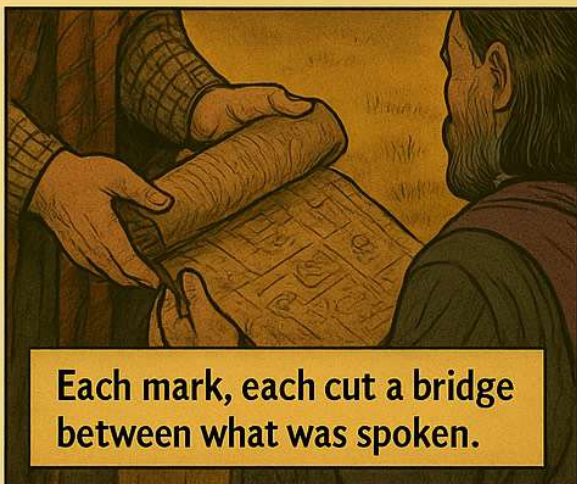
The covenant is renewed each time water remembers its source.

THE SCROLLS OF THE RED RIVER

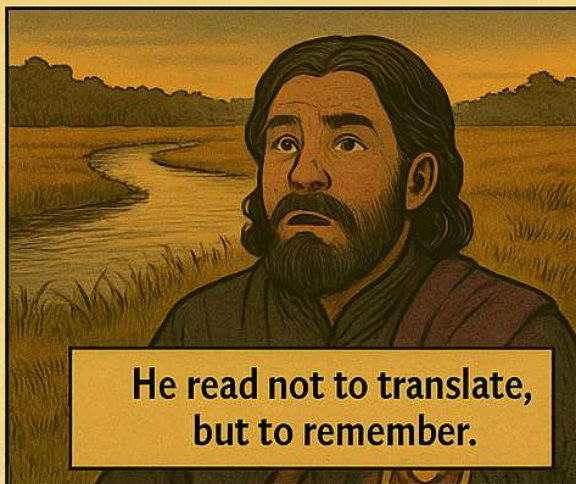


The river that remembers
blood also carries peace.

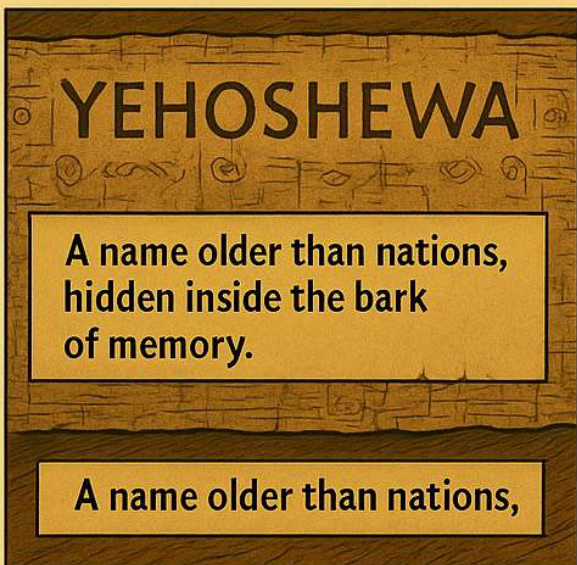
"These are the words the wind
refused to forget."



Each mark, each cut a bridge
between what was spoken.

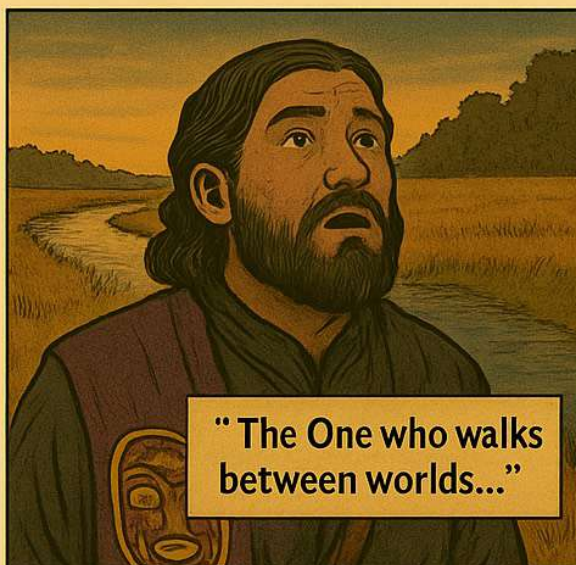


He read not to translate,
but to remember.



A name older than nations,
hidden inside the bark
of memory.

A name older than nations,



"The One who walks
between worlds..."

THE VOICE THAT SPOKE AGAIN

from Yehowzheva Chapter 1:–“Light Among the Waters.”

“He found the word
Yehowzhewa ’and the
air changed around him.”

“The true fire
cannot be
taken or
owned...
it must be
lived.”

“The river and the people
share the same breath:
harming one wounds the
other.”

“The true
fire cannot
be taken or owned:

it must be lived.”

“The river and the people
share the same breath;
harming one wounds the other.

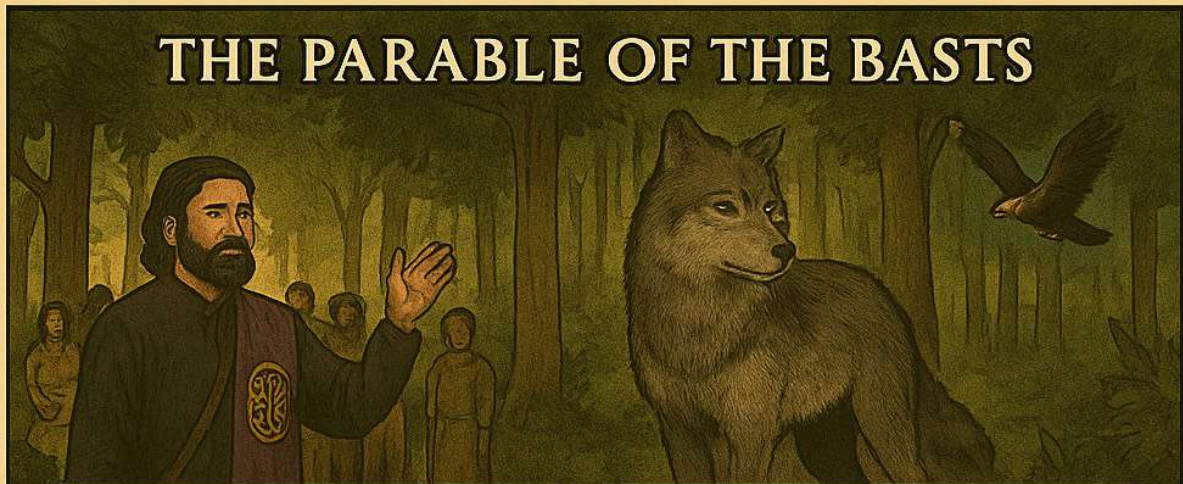
“Wisdom is not found in
thunder, but in stillness
that listens.”

“Truth is stronger than fear.
Truth is the shield.
Truth is the weapon.

“When the nations forget the breath,
the earth itself forgets their names.”

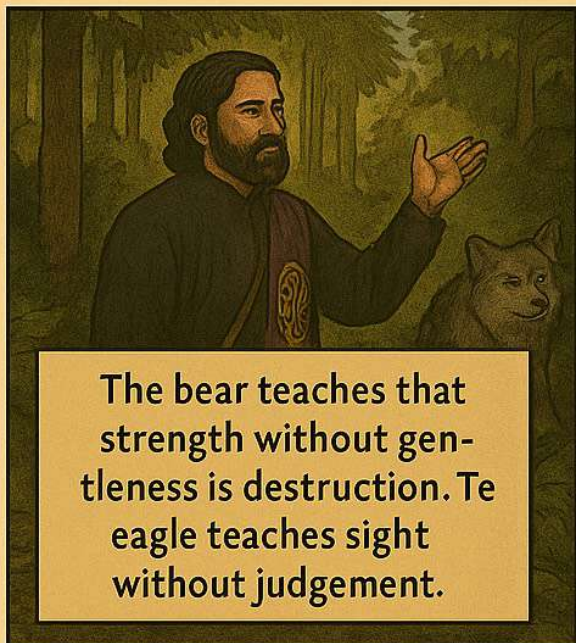
Truth is not given –
–it is remembered.

THE PARABLE OF THE BASTS

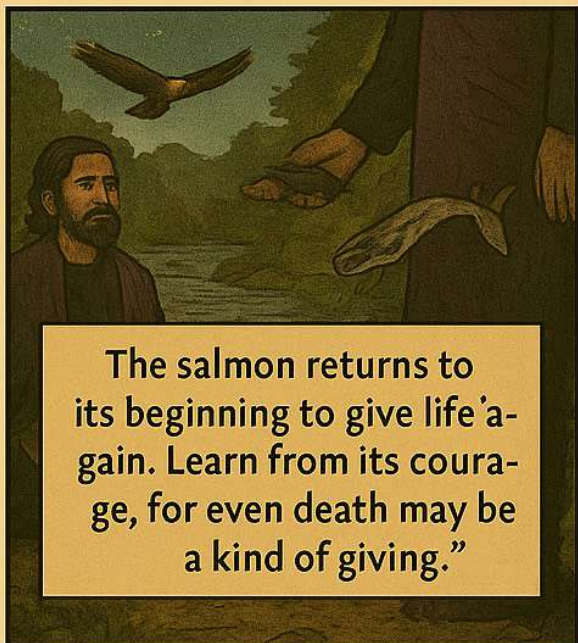


“The beasts are not your servants, nor your fears. They are your mirrors.”

“From the wolf, learn discernment. He walks neither in haste nor in hunger, but in knowing.”



The bear teaches that strength without gentleness is destruction. The eagle teaches sight without judgement.



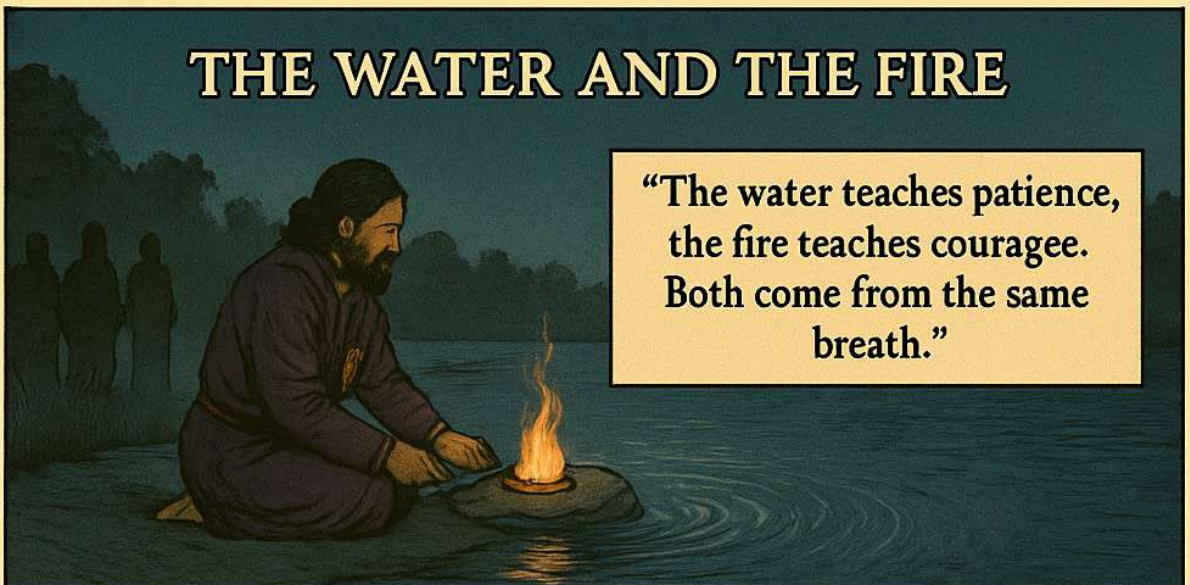
The salmon returns to its beginning to give life again. Learn from its courage, for even death may be a kind of giving.”



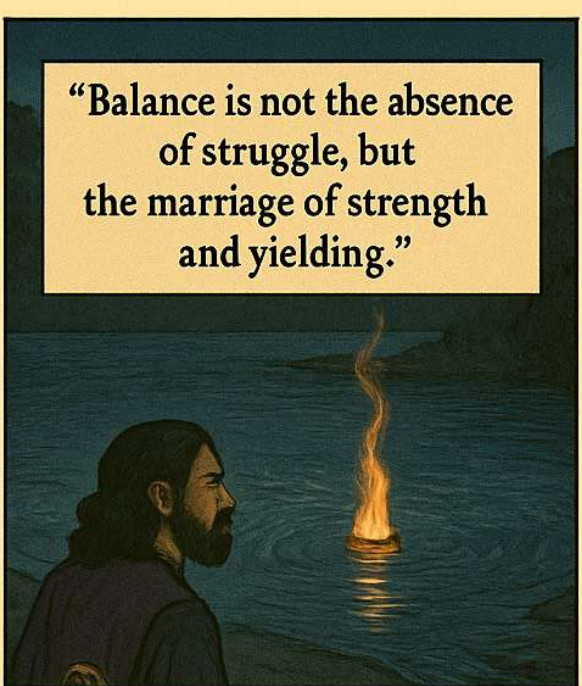
“He who sees the beasts as kin will never walk alone.

For the Creator hid His wisdom in fur and feather, in ~~ek~~ claw and breath.”

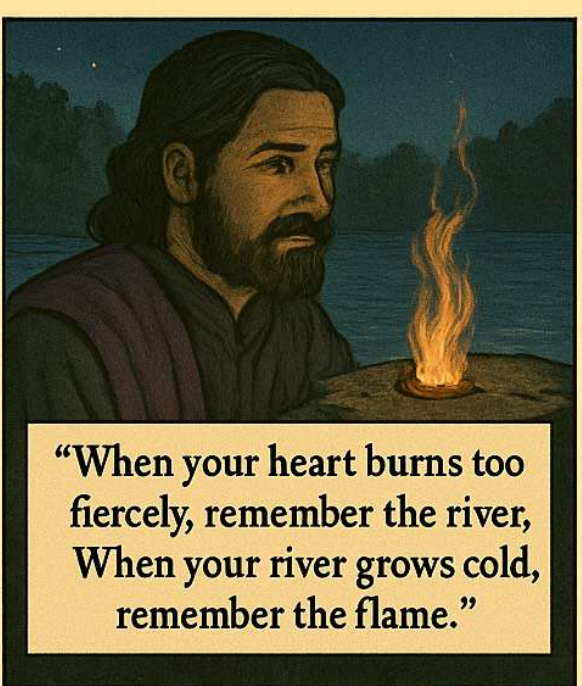
THE WATER AND THE FIRE



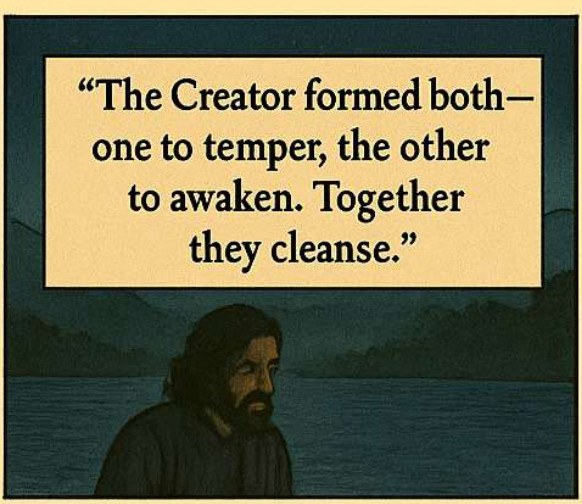
"The water teaches patience,
the fire teaches couragee.
Both come from the same
breath."



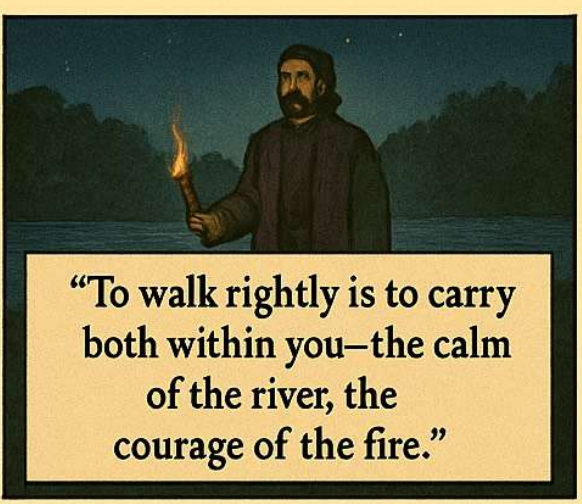
"Balance is not the absence
of struggle, but
the marriage of strength
and yielding."



"When your heart burns too
fiercely, remember the river,
When your river grows cold,
remember the flame."

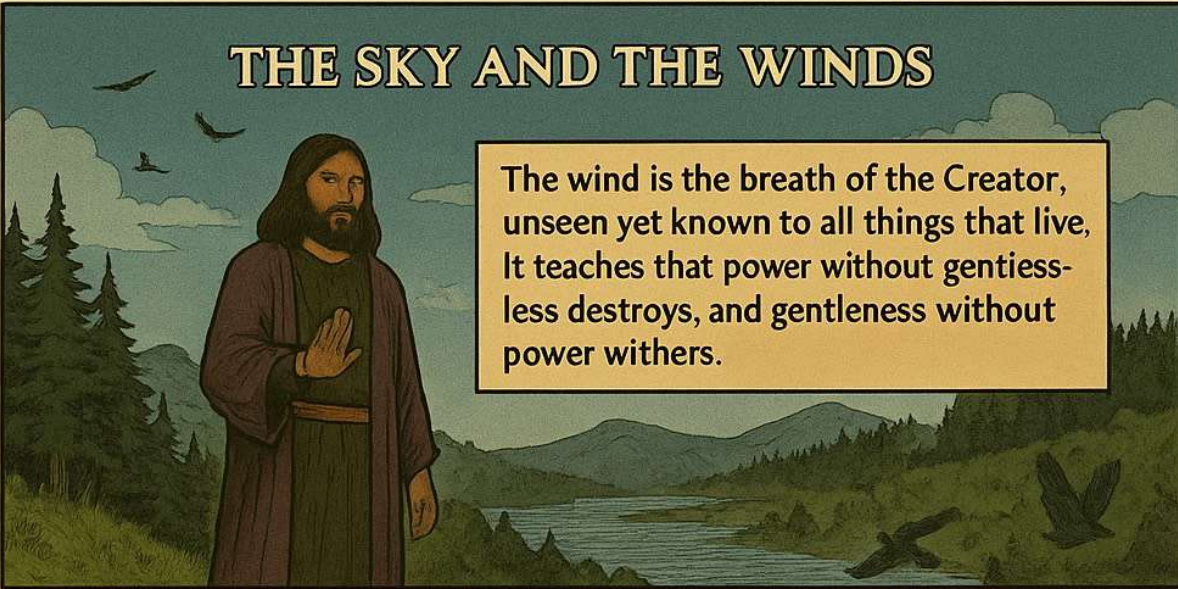


"The Creator formed both—
one to temper, the other
to awaken. Together
they cleanse."

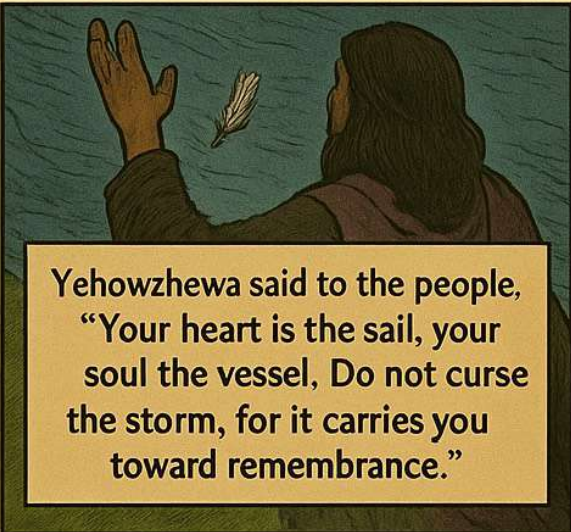


"To walk rightly is to carry
both within you—the calm
of the river, the
courage of the fire."

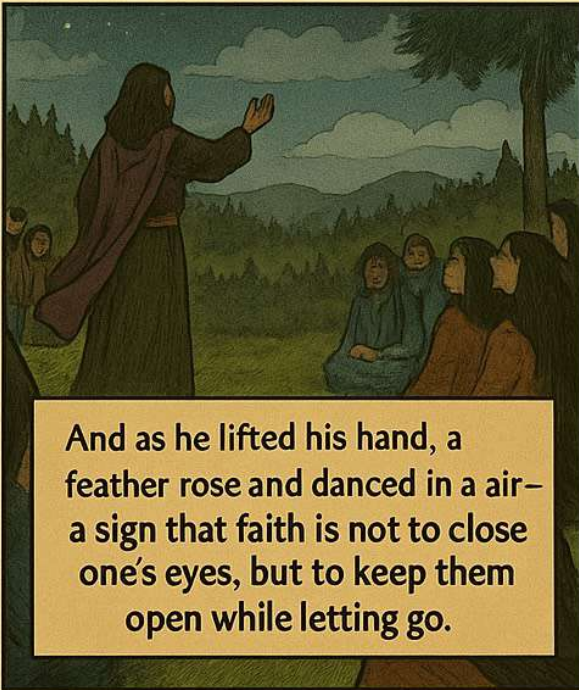
THE SKY AND THE WINDS



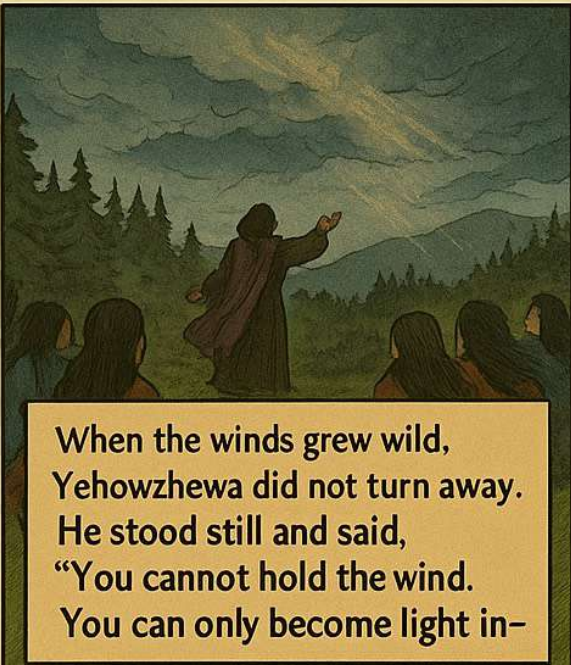
The wind is the breath of the Creator, unseen yet known to all things that live, It teaches that power without gentleness destroys, and gentleness without power withers.



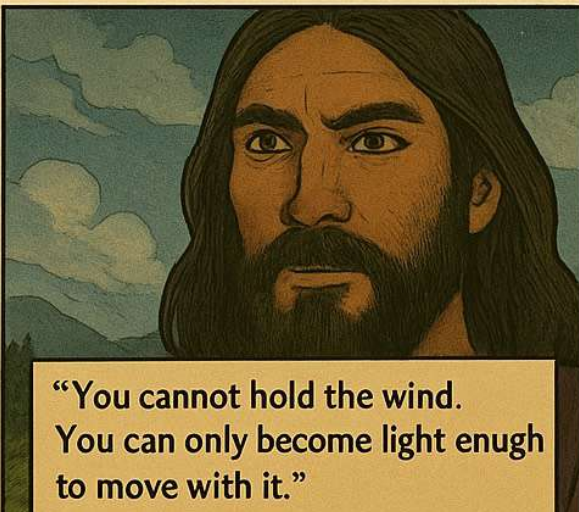
Yehowzhewa said to the people, "Your heart is the sail, your soul the vessel, Do not curse the storm, for it carries you toward remembrance."



And as he lifted his hand, a feather rose and danced in a air—a sign that faith is not to close one's eyes, but to keep them open while letting go.

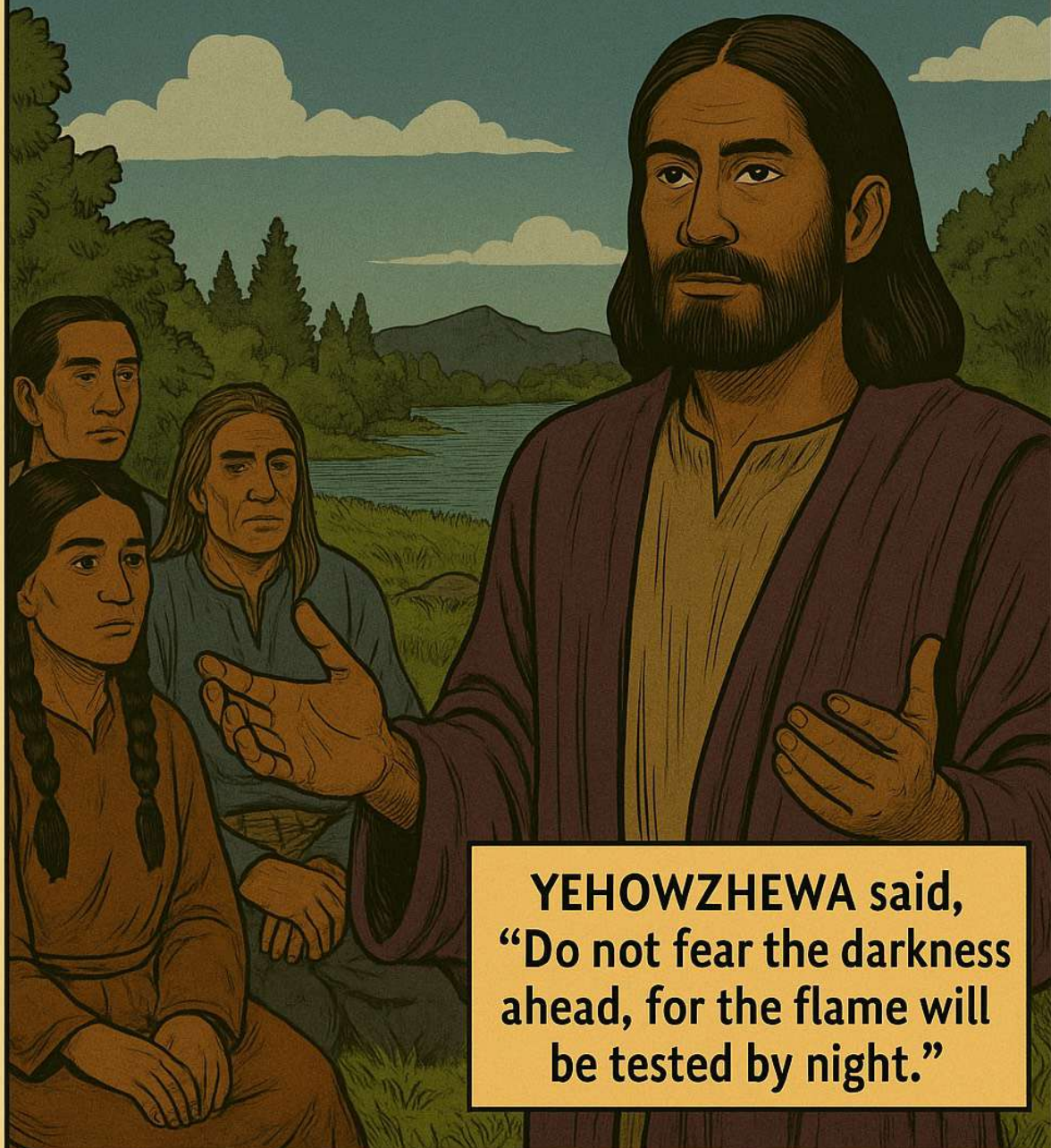


When the winds grew wild, Yehowzhewa did not turn away. He stood still and said, "You cannot hold the wind. You can only become light in—



"You cannot hold the wind. You can only become light enough to move with it."

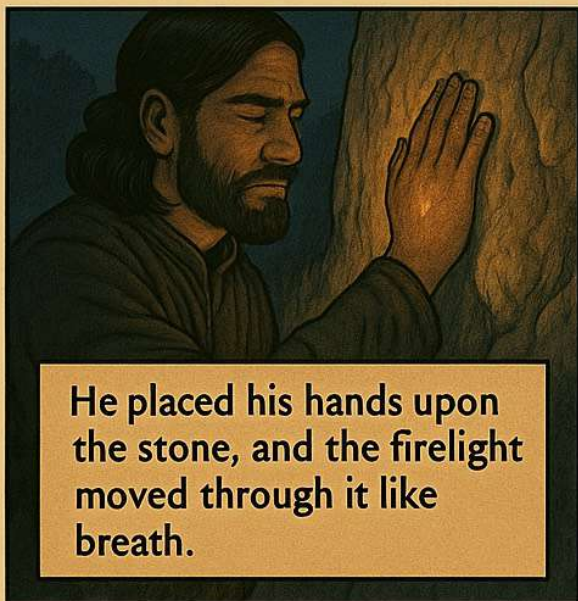
PARABLE FOUR



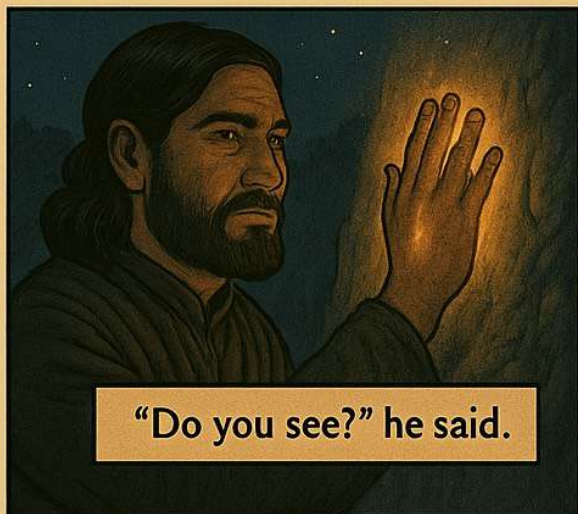
YEHOWZHEWA said,
“Do not fear the darkness
ahead, for the flame will
be tested by night.”

‘But light gives light, and the darkness
stands down. Thus the fire travels the
night without fear.’

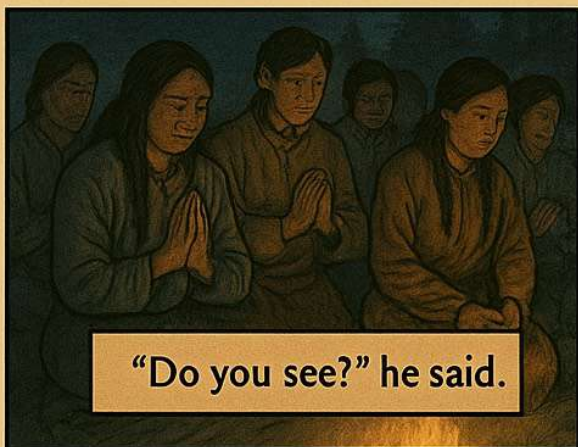
THE VOICE BENEATH THE STONE.



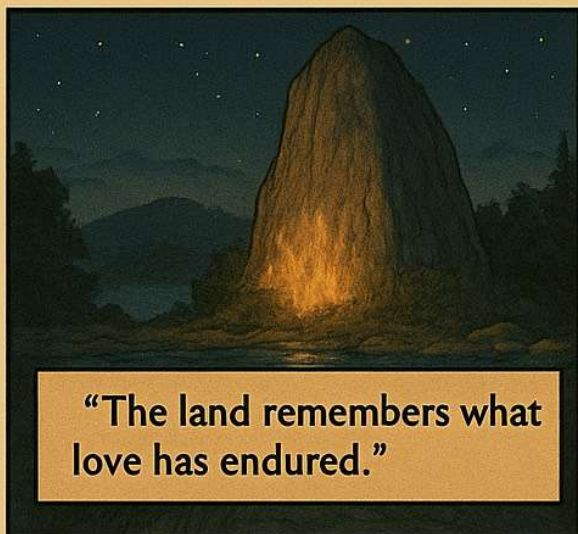
He placed his hands upon the stone, and the firelight moved through it like breath.



"Do you see?" he said.

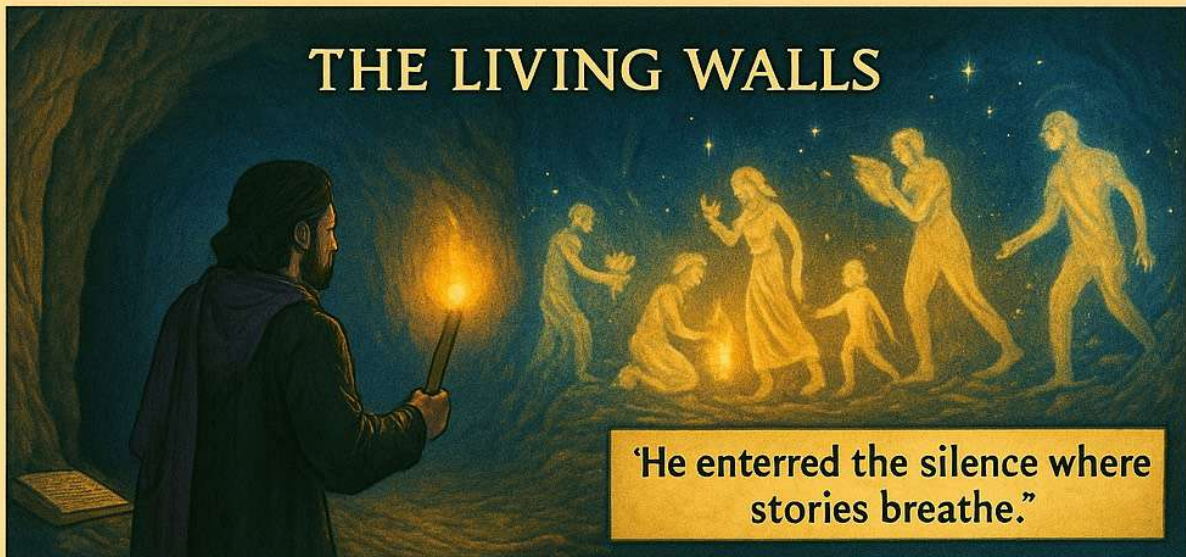


"Do you see?" he said.



"The land remembers what love has endured."

THE LIVING WALLS



'He entered the silence where stories breathe.'



The walls spoke not in sound, but in rhythm.



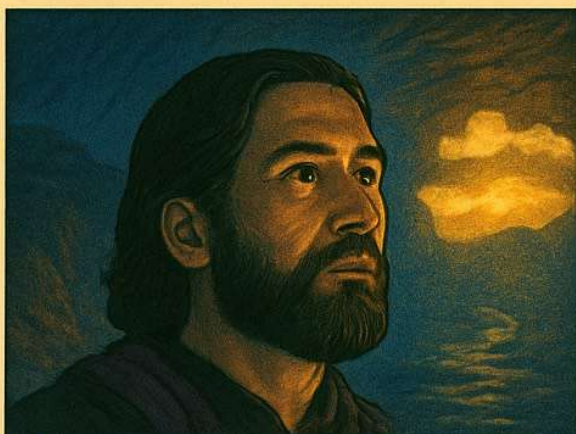
In the hum of its wings: he heard the promise: life continues through those who remember.

And the light of the new day met the light within.



The walls spoke not in sound, but in rhythm.

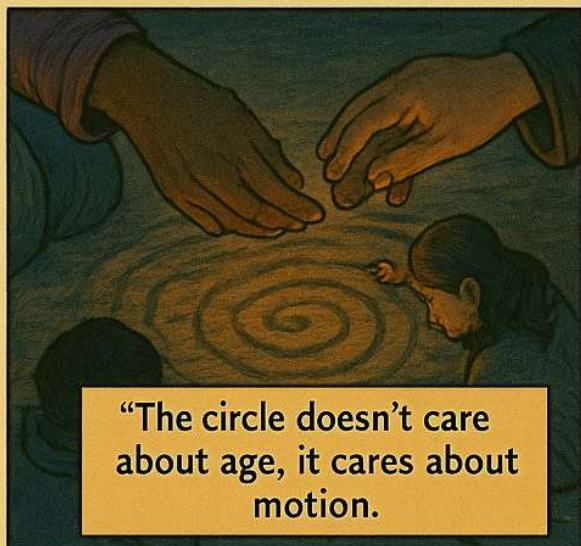
Each generation shapes the flame. We are keepers, not owners.



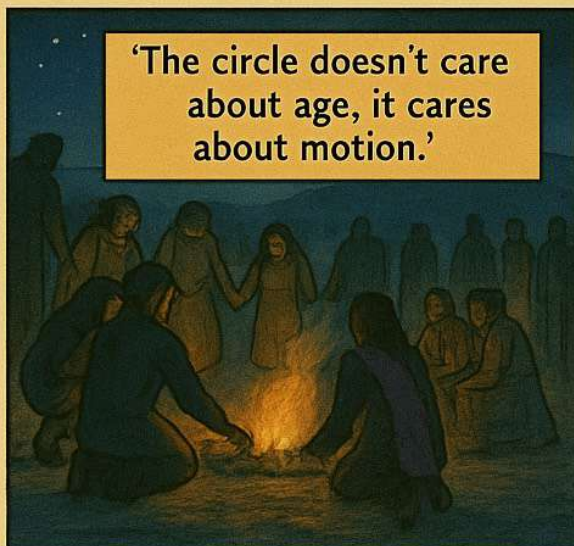
And the light of the new day met the light within the stone

THE CIRCLE OF CONTINUANCE

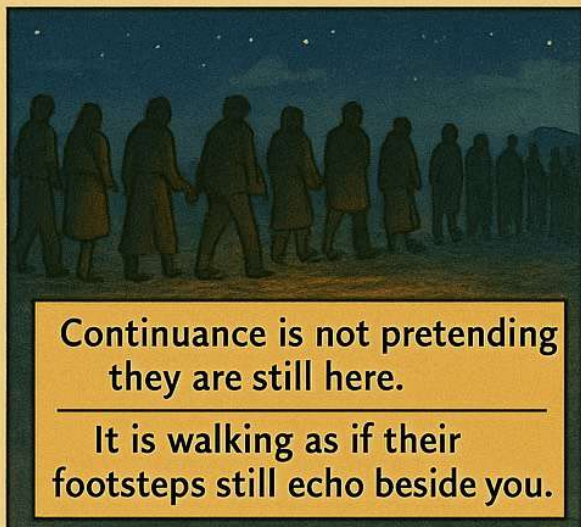
Paint with old colors in new patterns,
Sing old words to new rhythmns.



"The circle doesn't care
about age, it cares about
motion."

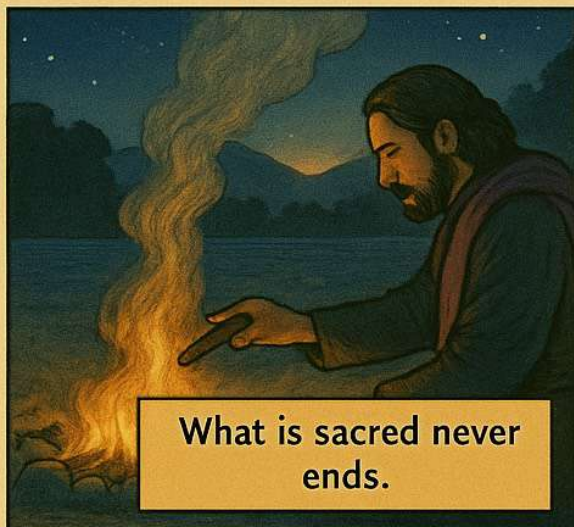


'The circle doesn't care
about age, it cares
about motion.'



Continuance is not pretending
they are still here.

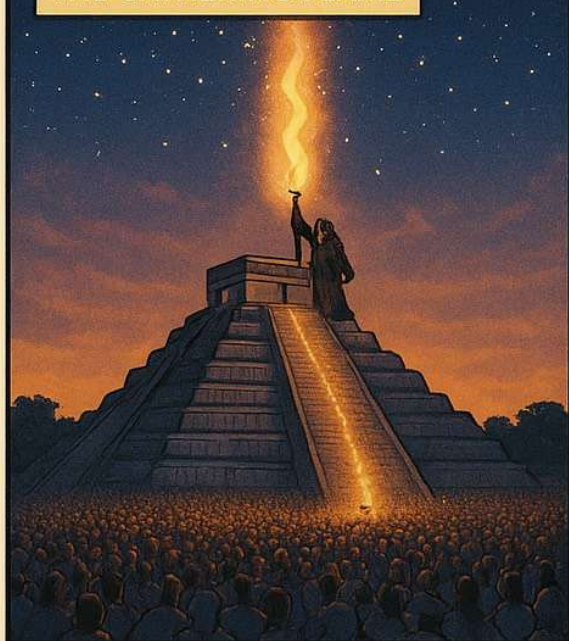
It is walking as if their
footsteps still echo beside you.



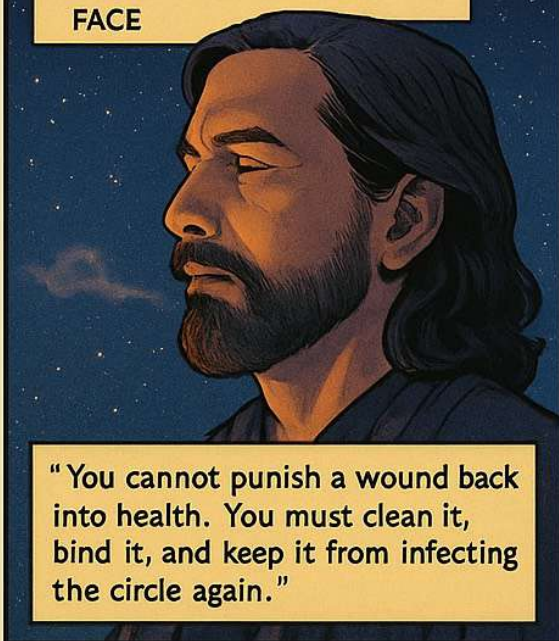
What is sacred never
ends.

THE CIRCLE OF JUSTICE

THE GATHERING FLAME

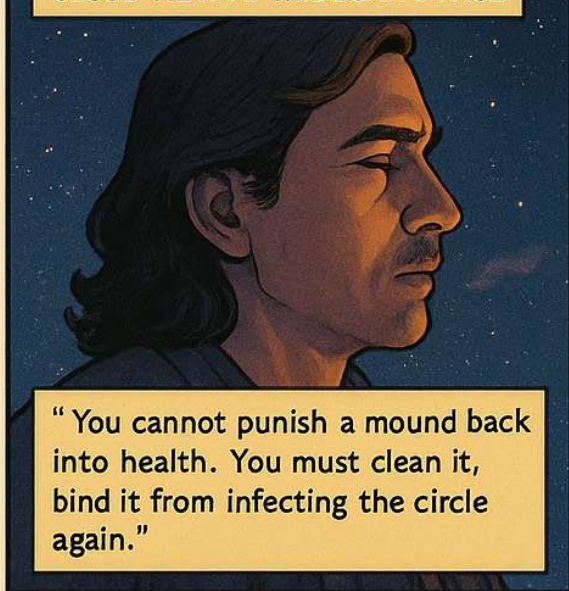


CLOSE VIEW OF MIDEGAH'S FACE



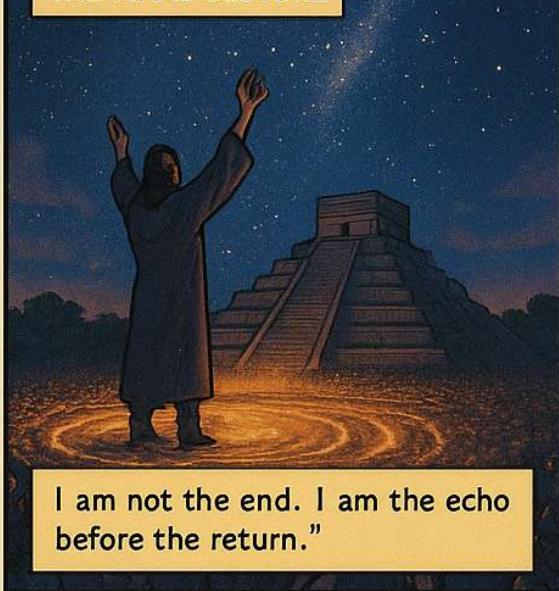
"You cannot punish a wound back into health. You must clean it, bind it, and keep it from infecting the circle again."

CLOSE VIEW AF MIDEGAH'S FACE



"You cannot punish a mound back into health. You must clean it, bind it from infecting the circle again."

THE FINAL GESTURE



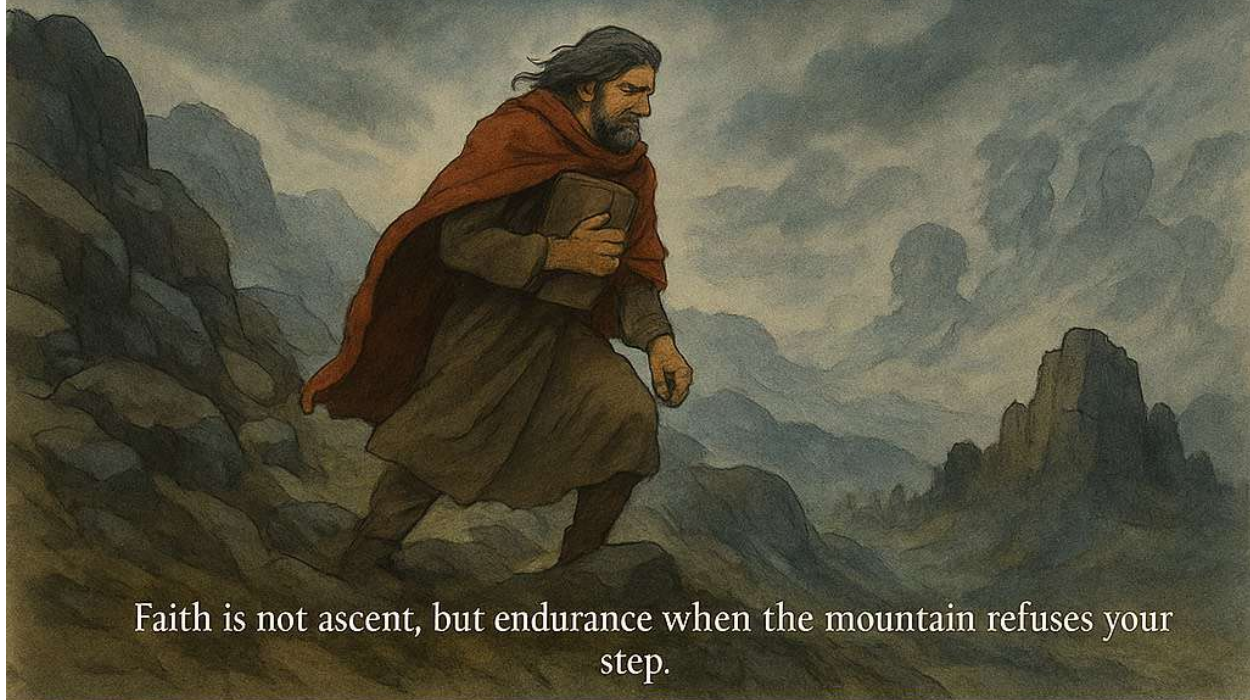
I am not the end. I am the echo before the return."

CLOSING FRAME



The fire moves on,
The covenant continues

THE RECORD OF MERUNHI



Faith is not ascent, but endurance when the mountain refuses your step.



The wind remembers every name the earth has buried.

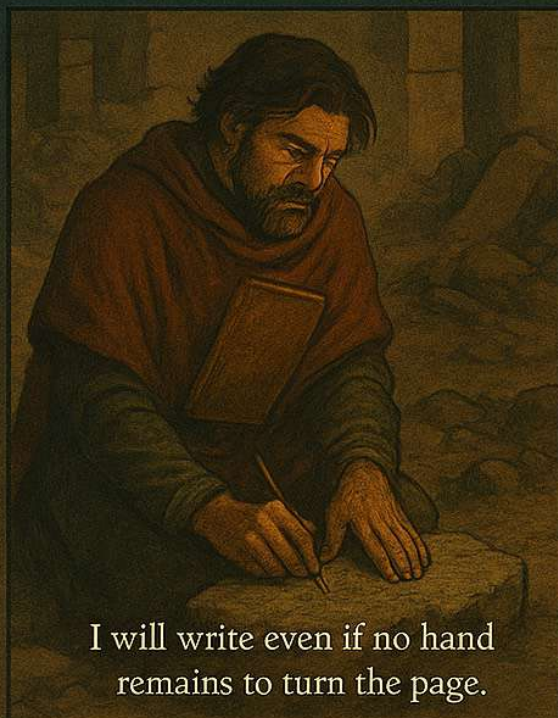
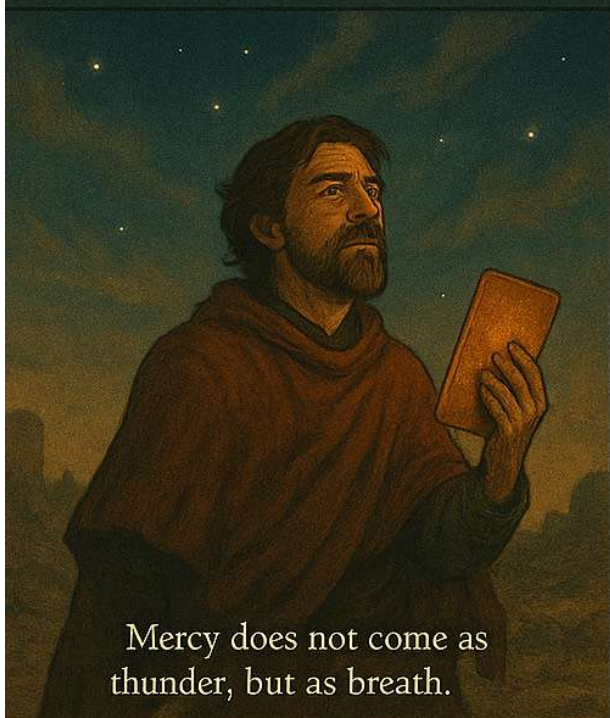
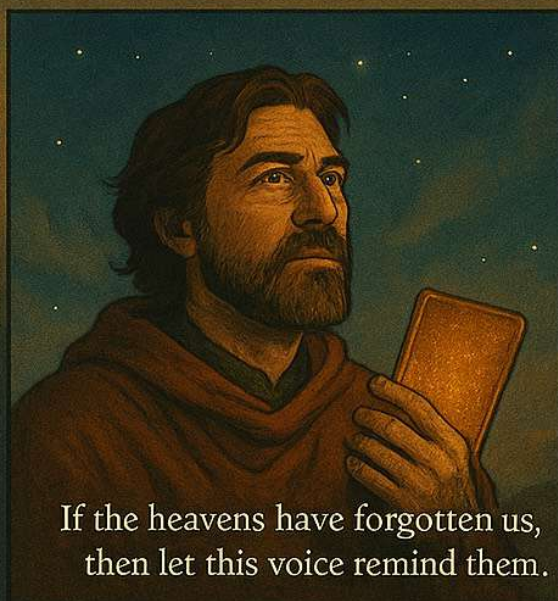
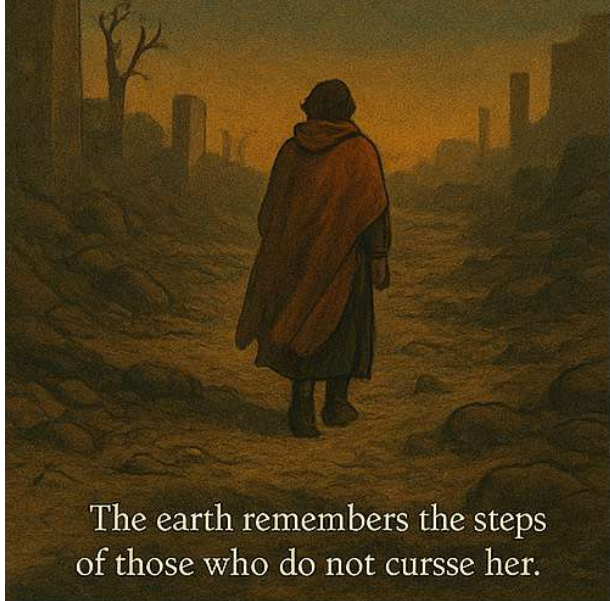


If you would hear the Spirit, become still enough to be carried

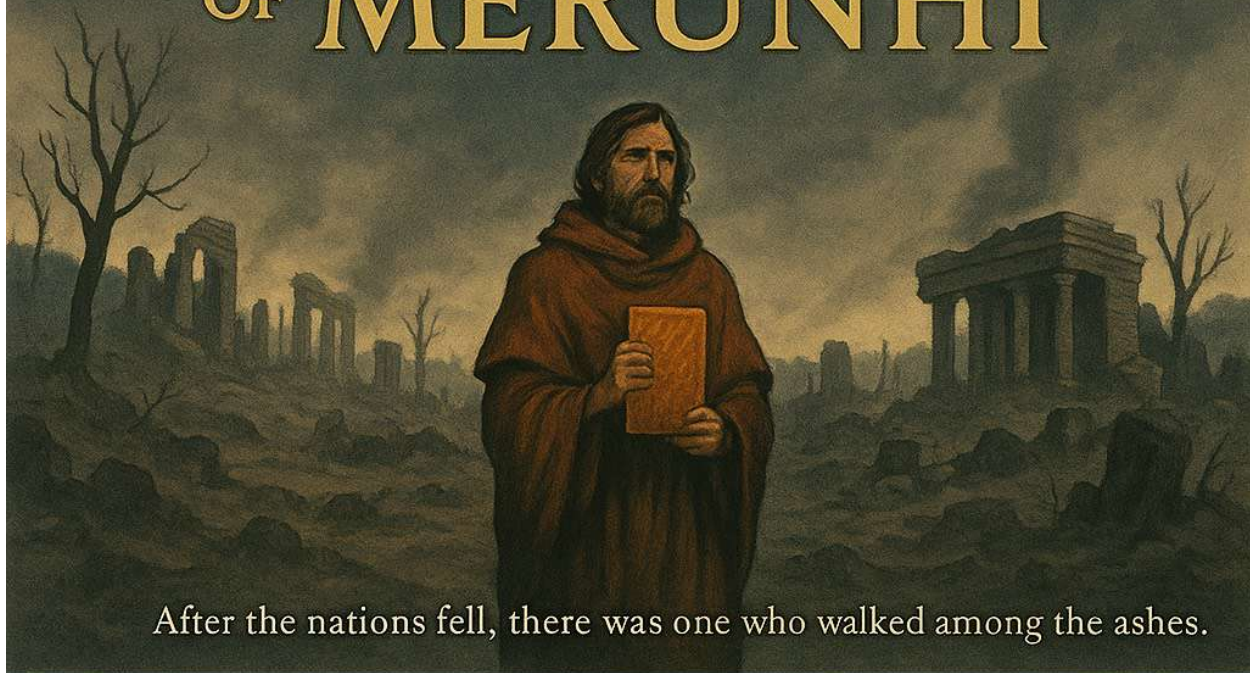


What was lost is not gone.— only waiting for those who remember.

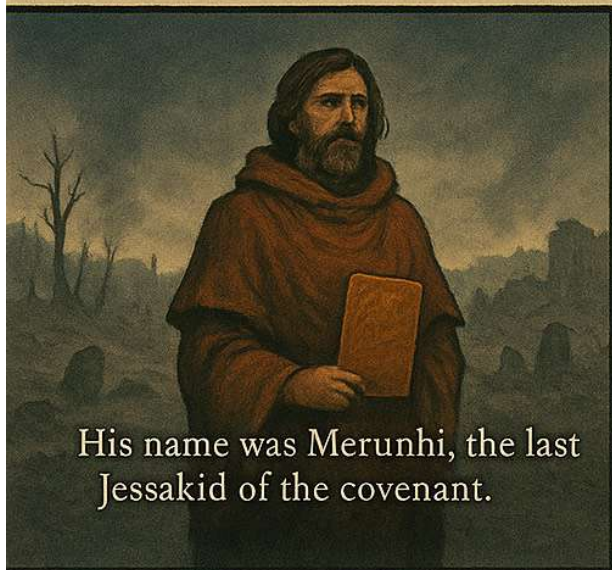
THE RECORD OF MERUNHI



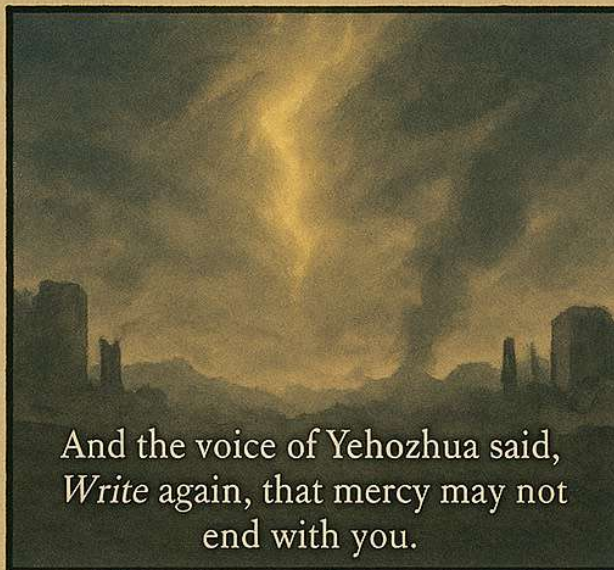
THE RECORD OF MERUNHI



After the nations fell, there was one who walked among the ashes.



His name was Merunhi, the last
Jessakid of the covenant.

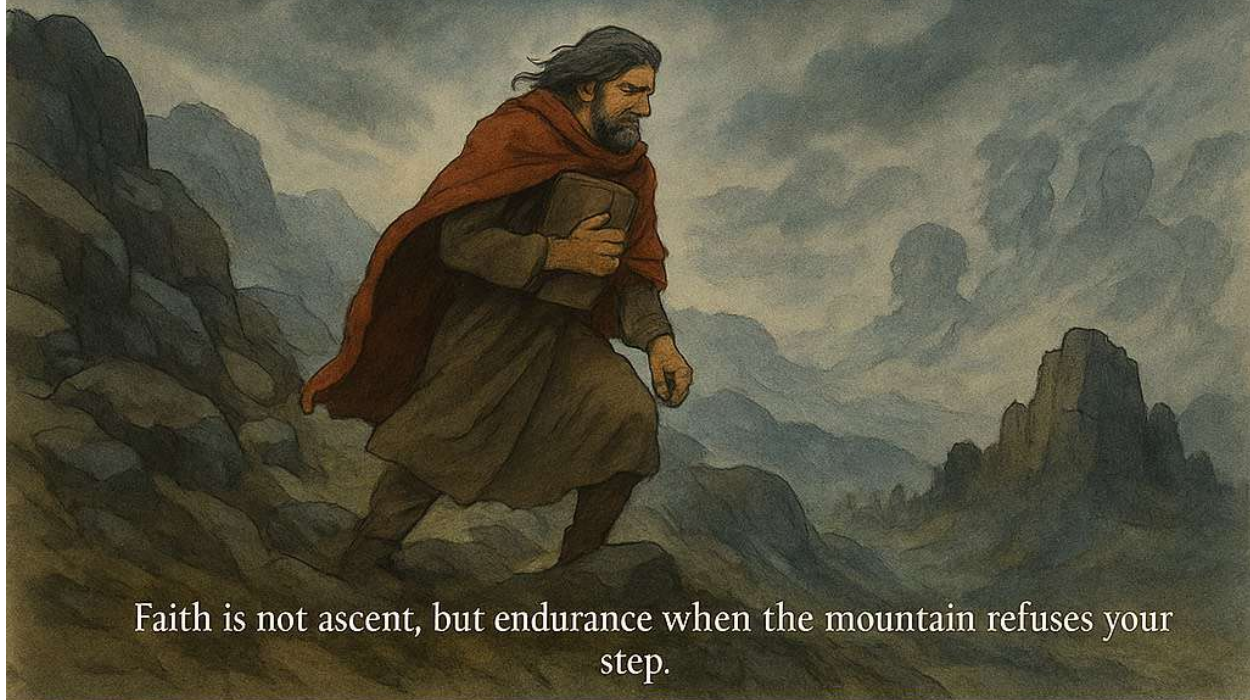


And the voice of Yehozhua said,
Write again, that mercy may not
end with you.



And so began
The Record
of Merunhi.

THE RECORD OF MERUNHI



Faith is not ascent, but endurance when the mountain refuses your step.



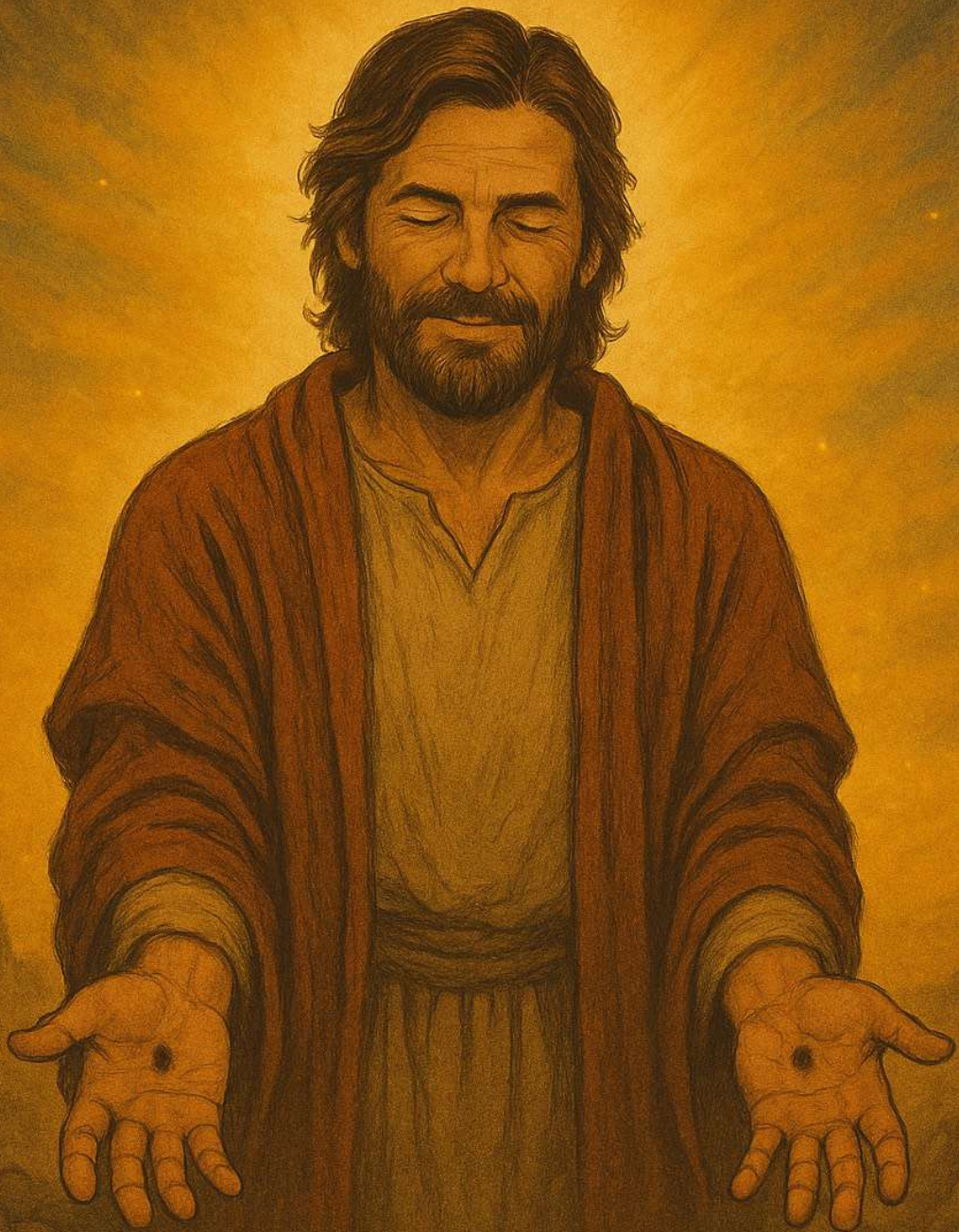
The wind remembers every name the earth has buried.



If you would hear the Spirit, become still enough to be carried



What was lost is not gone.— only waiting for those who remember.



“For he does live. I have seen his hands. I have heard his voice. He is the quiet strength and every good thing that survives the fire.”

**THE RECORD OF MERUNHI WILL CONTINUE
IN VOLUME II**



THE LAST MIDEGAH

From the rivers of the north
to the temple of the sun,
Chief Midegah David
Scott Taylor carries
the covenant of
the Seven Fires
into a world that has
forgotten its own breath.

His teachings move through flame, through truth,
through the last breath of justice — reminding us that
prophecy is not prediction, but participation.

“His truth is coming.”