The Golden Thread

When the End is the Beginning

"This is a subtle truth. Whatever you love, you are."

~Rumi

Stephen T. McClard

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Contents

-The Golden Thread

-Empty Pockets and Full Heart

-The Lost Spool

-The Crossroads Drum

-The Willow Bridge

-The Turning Gate

-Epilogue

About the Author

Review Copy

The Golden Thread

Once upon a time, before there were clocks or calendars, and before even the stars had names, there was a King made of light. He had no crown and no castle—because He was the crown and the castle and the sky itself as His world. He had no beginning, and He had no end, and His garden and kingdom reflected His light in all directions. But there was one thing He desired more than anything: giving love away.

From deep inside Himself, the King spun a single, shining thread. It was made of awareness—like a light that sees. He placed it gently into the hands of His only Son and smiled.

"This is my gift to you," said the King. "Use it to create, to give freely, and you'll never lose it. But if you try to keep it, it will slip through your fingers like mist."

The Son held the thread close. He loved it dearly. At first, he used it just as his Father had said—he shared it with laughter by creating trees and stars and songs, and everywhere he gave the gift within the Father's kingdom, more light grew. But then… the Son had an idea.

"What if I made my own world?" he thought. "What if I became a king, just like my Father?"

So he left the garden behind and wandered far away. In the silence of space, he built his own kingdom with the thread. He wove skies and oceans, animals and mountains, and in the middle, he built a tall tower and placed himself at the top. But something wasn't quite right.

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The more he ruled, the more the world slipped from his grasp. The thread, once endless, began to fray. He tried to tie it tighter, to hide it, to hold it close. But the more he tried to control it, the dimmer it became.

One night, as he sat alone in his tower, a strange little man appeared in the corner of the room. He wore a patched cloak and jingled when he moved.

"Having trouble spinning gold, are we?" the man grinned.

"Who are you?" asked the Son.

"Just a humble Weaver," said the man with a bow. "I help princes remember what they've forgotten. I can give you more thread… for a small price."

The Son agreed without thinking. Anything to keep his kingdom from crumbling. The Weaver gave him another golden thread. The kingdom sparkled again—but only for a little while. Darkness crept in once more, and each time, the Weaver returned, giving thread after thread… always with a hidden cost.

Years turned into centuries. The Son grew tired. His light faded and his kingdom grew wild. No one remembered the garden anymore—not even him. One day, dressed in rags, the Son wandered through a field and came upon a little girl sitting beside a bare tree. She looked at him with kind eyes and offered him her last piece of bread.

"Why would you give that to me?" he asked.

“Because you looked hungry, and if you eat only half, the loaf lasts forever” she said.

And in that moment, the Son remembered everything—the gift, the garden, the Father, the joy of giving. He fell to the ground and wept.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I forgot how to give. I wanted to be a king, but I forgot how to be a Son.”

Just then, the Weaver returned—but he looked different now. He stood tall and glowing, his cloak no longer patchy but made of stars.

“You were never alone,” said the Weaver. “I was with you in every thread, in every fall, and in every mistake. I am your Father. I tricked you—not to trap you, but to teach you.”

The Son’s heart shone brighter than ever before. He gave his last piece of thread to the little girl, and something wonderful happened.

The light didn’t disappear—it multiplied. A thousand threads wove through the air, connecting all things: trees, stars, people, dreams. The kingdom came alive with color and kindness, and the Son… was no longer just a son. He had become the Giver, and when his own child was born, he placed a golden thread in her tiny hand and said, “Give it away. Always. That’s how the light stays alive.”

Such are the dreams of a young soul, and how the story always begins again.

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Empty Pockets and Full Heart

Long ago, when the Son's kingdom was still new and the tower's stones were freshly laid, a young maiden worked in its high rooms. She cleaned floors, chopped wood, carried water, and straightened rugs with care, even though the Son rarely noticed her work. She had no money or fancy things, but she had a heart full of kindness, which she valued more than anything. She recognized the Son's footsteps before she ever saw his face, and she cared for him quietly, promising herself to always be kind.

Every night, by the moonlight, she stood at a window and whispered, "If I had a thread like his, I'd share it with others."

Her pockets were empty, though. When she checked them, she found only dust and a small sewing pin. The other servants told stories about an old man in a patched cloak who appeared when people needed help remembering what mattered. The maiden hoped he'd come to her. But someone else came instead.

One evening, as she stood by the tower stairs, a woman appeared from the shadows. Her skirts had tiny bells that made a soft, strange sound. "Girl," the woman said, "your pockets are empty, but your eyes show kindness. That's special, but no one sees it."

"I don't need to be seen," the maiden said, though a small part of her wondered what it would feel like to be noticed.

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“Being humble is good,” the woman said with a smile. She pulled a wooden spindle and a bundle of gray flax from her sleeve. “Spin this, and it will make you young again. People will notice you this time.”

The maiden touched the flax. It felt cool and smelled faintly of flowers and rivers. She’d heard tales of tricky women who offered gifts with hidden costs, but this felt different. “What’s the price?” she asked.

“Just a memory,” the woman said smoothly. “Say the Son’s name into the flax, and I’ll hold it for you while you start over.”

The maiden paused. The Son’s name felt important, like a secret she kept close. “If I forget it, who will give it back?” she asked.

“Time will,” the woman said, her smile showing too many teeth. “Time always returns what’s lost.”

The maiden could have run to the kitchens, where the air smelled of warm bread and honest work. She could have waited for the old man from the stories. But her feelings for the Son made her brave, even if it was risky. She took the spindle and whispered his name softly, like a quiet wish.

The flax seemed to take the word in. The spindle spun once, then twice. The room seemed bigger, her clothes felt too large, and her shoes fit like they belonged to a giant. The woman—probably a witch—clapped, and the bells on her skirt jingled. “Forget what you don’t need,” she said, touching the maiden’s forehead with a cold finger.

The memory of the Son’s name faded, like a light turning off. The witch tied the maiden’s thoughts with a ribbon of forgetting, tight and neat. “Your kindness will stay,” the witch said. “But it will be quiet. Now, start again.”

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By morning, the maiden was a little girl with empty pockets and kind eyes. A tower worker found her sweeping with a broom too big for her.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” she said honestly, smiling brightly.

They gave her a small room near the stairs. She learned to fold blankets, chop wood, carry water, and hum songs when the tower felt too big. She learned the difference between hunger that makes you weak and hunger that teaches you to share. When the Son passed by—sometimes as a prince, sometimes as a man lost in thought—she felt a warmth she couldn’t explain. She didn’t know why, but she knew to be kind, even when it was hard.

The witch went back to her strange places—between forests and fields, or by wells where people made wishes. Stories said such women lived in odd houses or asked clever questions with tricky answers. But their tricks always cost something: a thread taken when it should have been given.

Still, kindness given once can’t be taken away. It waits patiently. In a kingdom where old men jingle when they walk, where bread can be shared forever, and where rivers might let go of what they hold, kindness is noticed by the One who made the first thread.

One day, the old man with the kind trick will return, not to trick but to bless. The forgotten name will come back, like bread to a hand that shares. For now, the little girl sweeps, chops wood, carries water, and keeps her kindness bright without making a fuss. That’s a special kind of magic in any tower.

And because this story begins where it ends and ends where it begins, a day will come when the King sees the little girl, then the maiden, and then a princess ready to shine. The bells will jingle,

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and the spindle will spin only what can be shared. Until then, picture her as she is: small, steady, with empty pockets and bright eyes, walking toward her own story.

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The Lost Spool

In the kingdom the Son had created, as the evening lamps glowed and a cool breeze carried the scent of rain, a little girl walked with a boy who limped beside her. The girl's pockets were empty, but her eyes shone with kindness. The boy leaned on a cedar crutch, his steps making a soft tok… tok… tok sound. They laughed about it to make the pain feel smaller.

Down the hill, a streetlamp cast a warm circle of light on the ground. In that glow, an old man in a patched cloak searched the dirt with shaky hands. Tiny bells on his cloak jingled softly as he moved. He held a crooked staff that seemed to carry more than just his weight.

"What are you looking for, sir?" the girl asked. "Can we help?"

"My spool," the old man said, his kind eyes crinkling. "It's small, with good thread. I dropped it in the dark, but it's easier to see here in the light."

The boy frowned, leaning on his crutch. "If you lost it in the dark, why look here?"

"Because I'm old," the man said with a gentle smile, "and the light helps me see."

Review Copy

The girl stepped out of the lamplight. “Then I’ll look where it’s dark,” she said.

She took the boy’s hand, and they walked into the shadows. The hill was bumpy with thorns and roots. The night felt close and quiet. The girl knelt and felt the ground with her fingers, searching carefully. The boy held her steady with his crutch and kept his eyes on the streetlamp, like it was a guide to find their way back.

Her hand brushed a beetle, then a stone that wasn’t a spool. A leaf rustled in the breeze. Finally, under a thorny bush, her fingers found a small wooden spool wound with warm thread, like it remembered being held.

“I found it!” she said quietly, as if the dark might listen.

They walked back to the lamplight. The old man’s bells jingled as he stood. The girl placed the spool in his hand.

He held it like it was something precious. Then he looked at them both. “You searched where it was really lost,” he said to the girl. “And you,” he said to the boy, nodding at the crutch, “kept the way clear by watching the light without staying in it.”

From his cloak, he pulled out a small loaf of bread, warm as if it had just been baked, though no bakery was near. “Take this,” he said. “When you see someone hungry, share it. That’s how kindness stays alive. Always save a little—never eat the last piece.”

The boy’s eyes grew wide. “We haven’t eaten since morning,” he said.

“I know,” the old man said softly, his bells barely jingling. “That’s why I’m giving it to you now.”

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They thanked him. He bowed, mostly with his eyes, then walked into the night with a jingle like a secret. The streetlamp hummed, and moths danced in its light.

The children carried the bread up the hill until the lamp was just a small glow behind them. The boy sat on a rock, his leg aching. The girl held the warm loaf close, its steam rising in the cool air.

“We could eat it all,” the boy said, half-joking, half-hungry. “Maybe my leg would stop hurting.”

The girl knew her hunger was strong, but eating everything would only make it come back later. She remembered the old man’s kind eyes and his gift. “He said to share it when we see someone hungry,” she said. “And to never eat the last piece.”

The boy grinned, then winced. “I’m hungry too!” he said.

They laughed quietly, and the night seemed to listen.

“Half,” the girl said, breaking the bread. The crust cracked, and the smell filled the air. They ate slowly, savoring each bite. When they were done, the boy tucked the remaining half into the girl’s satchel.

“For someone else who’s hungry,” he said, though they didn’t know who that would be.

They slept under a bare tree that looked like it might grow leaves again. The crutch lay between them like a small bridge.

At dawn, a woman in ragged clothes walked through the field. She moved slowly, like each step was hard. Her hair was gray, but her eyes lit up when she saw the children. She looked hungry—not just for food, but for something kind.

“Are you hungry, ma’am?” the girl asked, her voice soft in the morning light.

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The woman couldn't speak, but she nodded, her eyes full of thanks.

The girl opened her satchel, and the boy sat up, holding his crutch like it steadied the moment. Without a word, they gave the woman part of the half-loaf, keeping a small piece in the satchel, just as the old man had said.

The woman held the bread gently, like it was a treasure. She took a small bite, and her face softened, like something heavy had lifted. She knelt in the grass and cried happy tears. "Why would you give this to me?" she asked.

"Because you looked hungry," the girl said, and the boy nodded.

The woman held the bread close, and something changed in her. She seemed to remember something important—a garden, a kind Father, a thread that had to be shared to stay bright. She pressed a hand to her heart, like she was holding onto that memory.

The children didn't know why the morning felt warmer, but it did. The boy stood slowly. The woman touched his crutch, then his shoulder, like she was saying thank you with her hands. She stood, stronger than her rags made her seem.

"Thank you," she said, and her voice felt like the field itself was speaking. She smiled, and the bare tree seemed a little greener. Then she walked away, leaving a quiet peace behind her.

The girl and the boy watched until she was far off. They looked at the satchel, where, somehow, the loaf was whole again. The streetlamp below faded as the sun rose, but they didn't notice. They knew where to look now.

Somewhere nearby, the old man's bells jingled softly, as if saying, "Yes, that's how kindness keeps going."

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The Crossroads Drum

The morning sun shone bright, and the road stretched through fields of tall grass and thorny bushes. The girl walked with her satchel swinging lightly at her side. Beside her, the boy limped, his cedar crutch tapping the ground: tok… tok… tok. They kept the bread safe in the satchel, remembering the old man's words: *Never eat the last piece*. It felt like a promise they carried.

By noon, the road split into two paths. One was wide and busy with carts and voices. The other was narrow, winding into the shade of acacia trees where red birds darted. Between the paths stood a wooden post carved with faces—some smiling, some frowning, some with one eye closed like they knew a secret. A drum leaned against the post, and a man sat on a low stool, tapping it gently with his fingers. He wore a brown cloak patched with bright threads, and tiny bells on its hem jingled softly. His eyes looked both young and old.

"Which road goes to the village?" the girl asked.

"Both," the man said, smiling. "But only one gets you there."

"That's a riddle," the boy said, shifting his weight. Tok… tok… tok.

"All crossroads are riddles," the man said. He tapped the drum.

Review Copy

“The wide road is for people who are scared. The narrow road is for those who follow their hearts.”

The boy looked at the narrow path, quiet and shaded. “My leg’s tired,” he said honestly.

“Then rest,” the man said, patting the drum. “Let the path come to you.”

They sat under an acacia tree. The man’s fingers played a beat: dum-da, dum-da-da, like a happy heartbeat. The bells on his cloak jingled along, and the birds grew quiet to listen.

“Why is your leg scared?” the man asked, still tapping.

The boy looked at the ground. “It broke once,” he said. “It still hurts sometimes.”

“Bones remember pain,” the man said, nodding. “So do crutches. But sometimes pain is just a story that keeps hurting.”

The girl touched her satchel. “We have bread,” she said. “We can share some.”

“That’s kind,” the man said gently. “But keep the last piece. It’s for sharing, not eating.”

He lifted the boy’s crutch and tapped it with his knuckle. It sounded hollow, like a forgotten song. “Fear helps you cross a stream,” he said. “But if you hold onto it too long, it keeps you from moving forward.”

He pulled a small knife from his belt. “Want to let the fear go?” he asked.

Review Copy

The boy gripped the crutch tightly. It felt like part of him, like a shield. Without it, the world seemed bigger. The man waited patiently, his smile kind and open.

The girl took the boy's hand. "You don't have to hold onto something that hurts," she whispered.

The boy looked at the crutch, then at the carved faces on the post, then at the man's calm eyes. He nodded once.

"Good," the man said, and his bells jingled like they agreed. He worked carefully, cutting the crutch into pieces and smoothing them with a stone. He shaped the wood into a small circle, stretched a piece of hide over it, and tied it with a shiny cord that looked like golden thread. When he finished, the crutch was a small drum, light enough for the boy to carry.

"Here," the man said. "Trade leaning for playing."

The boy tapped the drum lightly—tup. Then again—tup-tup. It sounded like steps growing braver.

The man nodded. "Play what your heart remembers."

The boy closed his eyes and tapped: dum-da, dum-da-da. His feet followed the beat, one then the other. His sore leg hesitated, then moved along, slowly at first, then stronger. The tok… tok… tok blended into the drum's rhythm, not as pain but as part of the song.

"Stand," the man said softly.

The boy stood. "Walk," the man said.

The boy walked, slow at first, then faster. The drum beat under his hands, and the trees seemed to listen. The faces on the post looked happier now.

Review Copy

“Run,” the man said quietly, but the boy was already trying, taking short steps that felt like a new day. He stumbled, caught himself, and laughed. The girl laughed too, her eyes shining with happy tears.

“What did you do?” she asked the man.

“I just helped him turn fear into something new,” he said, like it was simple. “The crutch is a drum now.”

He hung the drum’s strap over the boy’s shoulder. “A crossroads has four paths,” he said. “One you came from, one you’ll take, one for those before you, and one for those to come. Play the drum, and all paths connect.”

The girl pulled the bread from her satchel. “We saved the last piece,” she said.

The man’s eyes sparkled. “Then you’ve learned what keeps kindness alive.”

She broke off a tiny crumb and placed it on the drum. It stayed there, trembling with the beat. The man laughed like he saw an old friend in the crumb.

“Two roads,” he said, nodding toward them. “The wide one’s for fear. The narrow one’s for heart. Choose.”

The children looked at each other. The wide road was loud with other people’s rush. The narrow road was quiet, like it knew their names.

“Narrow,” the girl said.

“Narrow,” the boy said, and the drum agreed with a tup.

Review Copy

They bowed to the man, mostly with their eyes. He bowed back and sat on his stool, tapping the big drum like he was saying goodbye. As they walked onto the narrow path, his bells jingled, and for a moment, his cloak looked like the old man's from before, the drum like a spool, and the man like someone who could be anyone.

Under the trees, the boy's steps were steady. When his leg hurt, he played the drum—dum-da, dum-da-da—and the pain followed the beat and faded away. By afternoon, the crutch was just a song, and the song didn't need the wood anymore.

They looked back from a hill. The crossroads glowed like it didn't know the day was ending. The man raised a hand, and four birds flew up, one for each path, dancing in the sky.

"Was he just a man?" the boy asked.

The girl smiled. "At a crossroads, no one's just anything."

They kept walking, the drum playing, the satchel holding a crumb they wouldn't eat, and the narrow road opening like a story waiting for them. Ahead, they didn't know it yet, was a tower, a thread, and a Son who needed to remember how to share. For now, there was just shade, rhythm, and two kids learning that the bravest step is the one you take without what you thought you needed.

Review Copy

The Sealed Satchel and the Willow Bridge

The sun dipped low, casting a soft glow over the valley. The girl and the boy followed a path through willow trees that swayed gently. The boy's small drum hung on his shoulder, its beat—dum-da, dum-da-da—keeping his steps steady. His leg still ached sometimes, making a faint tok… tok. The girl's satchel swung at her side, holding the bread and the old man's rule: Never eat the last piece.

They reached a stream that bubbled over smooth stones. A narrow wooden bridge stretched across it, worn shiny by many feet. At the far end sat a figure in a cloak, tiny bells jingling on its hem. The figure's face was hidden, but their hands were busy weaving a net from willow branches, the green strands shining in the fading light.

"Cross or stay?" the figure asked, their voice calm like the stream.

"What does the stream want?" the boy asked, his drum tapping softly—tup… tup.

"It wants what you hold onto," the figure said. "Just for a moment."

The girl fearfully clutched her satchel. The bread inside wasn't just bread—it held the old man's words, the hungry woman's tears, and the boy's new rhythm. Letting it go, even briefly, felt scary. She held the strap tightly and stayed still.

Review

The figure kept weaving. “Some doors you push, some you pull,” they said. “This one opens when your hands are empty.”

The boy leaned close to the girl. “I think he knows us,” he whispered.

“How can you tell?” she asked, though she felt watched.

“I hear it in his voice,” the boy said, grinning a little.

The figure set the net down and appeared moving through the shadows near the children. The bells on their cloak stayed quiet as hands opened like a bowl slowly. The girl took a deep breath and placed the satchel in the figure’s hands. Their touch was cool from the stream but warm from work. They didn’t keep the satchel; they tied its flap with a golden cord that shone like sunlight. The knot was strong and neat.

“Sealed,” the figure said, handing it back. It felt heavier, like it held a secret now.

“Cross,” the figure added, tapping the bridge. “But watch the water. It wants what you don’t trust.”

They stepped onto the bridge. The stream’s ripples tugged at their feet. The boy’s leg hesitated, but his drum’s beat kept it moving. Halfway across, the planks creaked. The water surged up, cold and strong, splashing the bridge.

The girl slipped, and the satchel fell from her shoulder. It hit the rail, tipped, and dropped into the stream. The golden knot glowed as it bobbed like a tiny boat.

“No!” the girl cried, reaching for it.

Review Copy

The boy grabbed her wrist, his leg holding steady. The satchel spun in the water, the cord shining like a star. The stream's sound grew loud, almost like a voice saying, *Give it. Give it all.*

"We can't lose it!" the boy said, his drum quiet against his chest.

The girl's eyes stung. The old man had said, Never eat the last piece, but not Never give it away. She looked at the figure on the bridge. The bells were silent, and the net gleamed in their hands.

"Maybe we need to trust," she whispered.

"Trust what?" the boy asked, though his heart seemed to know. "I'm going in!"

The boy didn't hesitate. He jumped into the shallow stream. The cold water grabbed him, and the stones slipped under his feet. His drum bumped his chest like a second heartbeat. He waded forward and grabbed the satchel's strap just as the water pulled at the knot. The current was too strong for him alone.

"Hold it," said a voice, close yet far away.

The figure stood, their hood falling back. It was the old man's face —the same as the drummer's and the Weaver's—kind and bright, like someone who knew every path. The bells on his cloak rang like stars waking up.

"Enough," he said gently to the stream, not scolding it but reminding it.

Review Copy

He threw the willow net over the water. It landed softly, covering the satchel and calming the current. The stream slowed, as if remembering it didn't need to take. With a steady pull, the old man brought the satchel and the boy to the bank.

The girl reached for them both—the satchel first, then the boy's hand. The boy climbed onto the bridge, wet and shivering, then laughed when he realized he was standing strong. He tapped his drum—dum-da, dum-da-da—and the cold seemed to listen.

The old man lifted the satchel and touched the knot. It flashed once and held tight. He opened the flap just enough to show the bread, still whole.

"You trusted," he said. "And the stream remembered."

"Why did it want the bread?" the girl asked, holding the satchel close.

"Even water forgets it's enough," he said, smiling. "You helped it remember."

He put a hand on the boy's shoulder. His bells jingled like a new beginning. "Your leg knows its strength now. Walk without fear. The path will hold you."

He slung the net over his arm. For a moment, his cloak looked patched, then starry, then plain. He seemed like the drummer, then the old man, then someone bigger. He waved with a familiar hand.

The children crossed the rest of the bridge together. The stream's song grew gentle, leaving nothing hungry. The girl touched the satchel; the knot felt warm, the bread inside even warmer. The boy's steps matched his drum's beat, and the ground seemed to like it.

Review Copy

They walked through the willow trees until the path felt like it was waiting for something. Far ahead, though they didn't know it yet, was a tower and a Son who needed to remember how to share. Behind them, the bells faded into the leaves, and the stream carried a soft laugh, teaching the stones to listen.

The bread stayed safe in the satchel, the last piece uneaten, the first gift un-lost, the knot shining like a thread they were already holding.

Review Copy

The Turning Gate

Evening settled gently over the land, quiet and calm. The girl and the boy left the willow bridge behind, the stream's soft ripples fading into the distance. The boy's drum hung on his shoulder, its beat—dum-da, dum-da-da—matching his steps. The girl's satchel swung lightly at her side, holding the bread with the old man's rule: *Never eat the last piece.*

They hadn't gone far when the old man appeared beside the path. His cloak looked patched, then sparkled like stars, then plain again. The bells on its hem jingled softly, like they were speaking a veiled mystery.

"You're walking the right path," he said, his eyes kind and wise. "Now the path will lead you to something new."

"What do you mean?" the girl asked.

The old man tapped the boy's drum, and it gave a soft laugh. "There's a door ahead," he said. "It opens for empty hands and a full heart. The path will split you up for a moment so you can find where it all begins."

The boy looked at the girl, then at the old man. "Do I go alone?" he asked.

"Just for a moment," the old man said, his bells jingling in agreement. "Long enough to remember everything."

Review Copy

The girl frowned, then smiled to hide it. “Will I see you again?” she asked the boy, hoping the path would keep its promise.

“You’ll see him where the thread begins,” the old man said, answering for them both. “And you,” he said, touching the satchel, “will know what to give when you get there.”

The boy started to take off his drum, then paused. “If the door needs empty hands,” he said, “what do I do with the rhythm I learned?”

The old man held the drum carefully. He untied its knots with gentle hands, pulling off the hide. He took out the golden cord that held it together and placed it in the boy’s hands. “Keep the rhythm,” he said. “Let go of the drum.”

The boy nodded. He tucked the drum’s wooden hoop under his arm, feeling like nothing was missing.

The old man pointed to a spot beside the path where the air shimmered, like it held a secret.

“Upstream,” he said.

The boy stepped into the shimmer and vanished, like he’d found a door he already knew.

The girl stood still for a moment, then another. The willows rustled like they were cheering her on. She tightened her satchel strap and walked on, following the path toward a tower she couldn’t yet name.

The boy followed the sound of water. The world grew bright, the sky close enough to touch. His hands, holding the golden cord and empty hoop, felt light. He reached a gate made of nothing but air, two posts and a quiet space above.

Review Copy

“Open,” he said, because that’s what you say to doors.

“Empty,” the gate said, because that’s what doors say to hands.

The boy smiled. “My hands are empty,” he said. “Except for what I’m meant to share.”

“That’s empty enough,” the gate said, and turned into a meadow.

The boy stepped through into a simple garden with trees that stood tall and paths that felt welcoming. The sky was clear and bright. In the center sat a man with no crown or castle, but everything seemed to belong to him. His eyes were calm, like still water.

“Father?” the boy asked, not surprised but sure.

“Yes,” said the man, who was the Weaver, the drummer, and the old man all at once. Invisible bells seemed to jingle.

The boy held out his hands, the golden cord resting in them, shining softly.

The man smiled, like he’d heard a good story’s ending. He took the cord and wound it around the wooden hoop, speaking as he worked. “This is my gift to you,” he said. “Use it to create and share, and it will never run out. If you keep it for yourself, it will slip away. ”He tied a neat knot, like a promise, and gave the shining hoop back to the boy.

The boy took a deep breath. In that moment, he remembered everything—being hungry in a field, learning to walk without fear, the crossroads, the spool in the dark, and a girl with bread that taught him to give. He also remembered a tower and a throne he’d tried to build before he knew how to share.

“Who am I?” he asked, feeling the word Son in his heart.

Review Copy

The man placed the hoop on the boy's head like a crown. "You are my Son," he said. "You got lost so you could find your way back, bringing the start of everything with you."

He smiled. "You left the first path to find one that makes all paths brighter. Go now. Walk out the way you'll one day walk back. Let the gift bring you to the beginning again."

He kissed the boy's forehead, and the kiss felt like years and moments all at once, like a thread starting a new story.

The boy turned. The gate was still there, waiting. He stepped through, and the world felt solid again, ready for his steps. He was back in the kingdom he'd made, ready to share for the first time.

He walked. With the first step, his stride grew longer. With the second, his shadow stretched, and with the third, time stitched years onto his shoulders like a cloak. His tunic frayed into travel-worn rags, dust gathering at the hems as if the road itself were sewing his disguise. His hands grew the lines of someone who had given and lost and learned to give again. He did not feel heavier—only truer, as if each step returned a piece he had left along the way.

As he walked, he remembered the little girl beside a bare tree, her eyes bright with ordinary courage, the warm loaf between them. He heard the crust crack, saw her break it cleanly—half for now, half for whoever came hungry next—and he felt the world tip toward kindness. He tasted the promise in that bread, the old man's rule kept alive by a child's open hands: never eat the last piece; always share what remains.

By the time the tower's long shadow met his feet, he was the traveler she would know—older, gentle, wrapped in rags that could not hide the light returning. And hunger—his and the world's—had already begun to loosen its hold.

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The girl's path led to the bare tree at the edge of the tower's shadow. Its branches reached like open hands, trembling in the evening breeze. She paused, her satchel warm against her side, the bread inside still holding the old man's rule: Never eat the last piece. The boy was gone—carried through the gate's shimmer to a place she couldn't yet see—but his drum's rhythm, dum-da, dum-da-da, lingered in her steps. The tower loomed, its stones heavy with forgotten stories, yet a soft light pulsed where its shadow met the earth.

A man sat beneath the tree, his cloak tattered, his eyes gentle as a field after rain. He looked like someone who had walked too long, carrying the weight of a kingdom he'd tried to hold alone. She knew him—not by a name she could speak, but by the quiet hunger in his gaze, the kind that bread alone couldn't fill. A warmth stirred in her chest, like a song she'd hummed without knowing the words.

"Are you hungry?" she asked, her voice small but steady, like a stream finding its way.

He nodded, his hands empty, his shoulders curved like the tree's bare limbs. She opened her satchel, and the bread glowed faintly, warm as a promise kept. The golden cord sealing the flap shimmered, as if remembering the Weaver's touch. She hesitated, hearing the old rule whisper, but a stronger voice rose within: Give it. Give it all. She placed the loaf in his hands, crust and crumb, the last piece included.

He held it like a treasure, his fingers tracing its warmth. With the first bite, his eyes caught the light; with the second, his cloak seemed less worn; with the third, a soft jingle sounded—bells, faint and far, like stars waking in the dusk. The bare tree shivered, and a single green leaf unfurled, catching the tower's shadow and turning it to gold.

Then the thread appeared.

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From the man's hands, a golden strand leapt, fine as a sunbeam, warm as the bread. It wove through the air, touching her satchel, the tree's new leaf, the tower's stones, and the path she'd walked. It stretched beyond, seeking the stream, the crossroads, the spool lost in the dark. The kingdom hummed, as if remembering its own beginning. The thread didn't fray—it grew, braiding itself with every act of kindness she'd ever offered.

The man stood, no longer just a traveler. His rags fell away like mist, revealing the Son, the one who had built the tower and forgotten the garden. His eyes held the Father's light, and in them, she saw the boy with the drum, the old man with the spool, the Weaver with his starry cloak.

"You gave it all," he said, his voice like a bell that rang true. "And so you've brought me back."

She blinked, and memory stirred, soft as a breeze through willows. She was the maiden who swept the tower's stairs, the girl by the stream, the child who shared with a hungry stranger. The name she'd lost to the flax was still a quiet space in her heart, but the giving had woven something stronger—a thread that tied her to him, to the garden, to the light. The Son reached out, and the golden strand from his hands met the cord at her wrist. They braided together—gold with gold, gift with gift—strong enough to pull the world into bloom.

A Presence moved in the air, needing no crown, only a warmth that made the grass sway. The King's voice was silent, yet it spoke in the rustle of leaves: I am here. The bare tree burst into green, its branches weaving a canopy like the garden of old. The tower's stones softened, no longer a fortress but a gate, open to all who shared.

The bread in her satchel stirred, no longer just bread but a new beginning, small and warm, like a seed dreaming of light. The Son

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smiled, and she saw her own reflection in his eyes—tower mornings, open roads, the first kindness that started it all.

“Do you remember?” he asked.

“I remember,” she said, her voice carrying the stream’s song, the drum’s beat, the Father’s love. The name she couldn’t speak didn’t matter—the giving had named them both.

The golden thread ran on, over hills and rivers, seeking new hands to hold it. They stepped forward together, their braided cord a single path, leading back to where it began. Somewhere, not far, a loaf rose warm in the dark, proof that giving makes more, that love makes room, and that the kingdom shines brightest when no one eats the last piece alone.

Such are the dreams of a father for his children. And so the story turned, ending where it began, ready to begin again.

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Epilogue: The Golden Thread and The Strong House and The Angels of the Thread

When the bread was shared and the tower turned to light, the boy and the girl walked on together, their cords braided into one. The garden spread around them, not as it had been before, but brighter—because every step of forgetting and remembering had become part of its roots.

The King's voice rustled in the leaves, gentle and clear:

"This is why there is no more marriage here. What was two is now one, like the angels. Bride and Groom have always been halves of the same gift, waiting for the day they remembered each other. Now, nothing is divided."

The boy looked at the girl, and the girl looked at the boy, but in their eyes they saw the same light—the Father's face, shining without shadow. The names they once lost, the roles they once played, were now threads in a single cord. They laughed softly, because they had never really been apart.

The King spoke again: "Every life you lived was an angel, carrying messages from shadow to light. Every hunger, every kindness, every wound and every song was a letter written back to Me. That is why the child in the wilderness was never truly alone. Her angels always beheld My face."

The girl touched her satchel; the boy touched his drum. Both glowed faintly, not as things to be kept, but as reminders of the journey. The satchel was empty now, the bread given. The drum was silent, its rhythm already inside. Yet neither was lost, for both had become part of the golden thread stretching everywhere.

And so the story closed like it began: with one thread in two hands, and a garden where nothing is wasted. For love, once given, is

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never gone. It becomes the song of the angels—the messengers who are not other than ourselves—transmitting forever that the end is the beginning, and the beginning is love.

The Resurrection Without Marriage

The King's words echo the teaching of Jesus: "In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God in heaven" (Matthew 22:30). Marriage is a shadow of the greater union. The story of Bride and Groom, the boy and the girl, is fulfilled not in another wedding, but in the final uniting of lower and upper waters, when no division remains.

Here the Gītā speaks with the same voice: "The unreal has no being; the real never ceases to be. The seers of truth have concluded the same, concerning both" (Bhagavad Gītā 2:16). What is divided in time is unreal; the real is already united. Resurrection is simply seeing what has always been true: the Bride and Groom are one cord, like the angels.

The Angels as Messengers

Jesus said: "Take heed that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father" (Matthew 18:10). The wandering sheep are never lost. Their angels—their very lives lived—carry the message upward, each breath a letter, each day a psalm written into the thread.

Krishna told Arjuna the same: "Whatever you do, whatever you eat, whatever you offer, whatever you give away, whatever austerity you perform—do that, O son of Kuntī, as an offering to Me" (Bhagavad Gītā 9:27). Every action is a transmission, every life an angel bearing fruit back to the Source.

The Consummation of Waters

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The book of Revelation closes with this image: “The Spirit and the bride say, ‘Come!’ And let the one who hears say, ‘Come!’ Let the one who is thirsty come; and let the one who wishes take the free gift of the water of life” (Revelation 22:17). The thirst of the lower and the fullness of the upper join into one stream. This is the consummation, the resurrection, the garden restored.

Krishna revealed it in his universal form: “Behold now the whole universe with all that moves and all that is still, all in one, here in My body, O Arjuna” (Bhagavad Gītā 11:7). The upper and lower, the many and the one, the visible and the invisible, all unite in Him.

The Aleph-Bet and the Golden Thread

The King leaned forward and spoke in a whisper that filled the garden:

“Now you will see what the golden thread truly is. It is not only story or song, but the very letters of My own house. I am Aleph-Bet, the Father—the Strong House. From My letters, all words are written, all forms are shaped, and even your own body was woven.”

“Your body is written by another alphabet: the double letters of DNA. They are the thread of life, the living script, echoing My own. Each twist of that helix is a verse, each gene a psalm, each breath a word. Just as the Aleph Bet writes the Torah, so the DNA writes you. This is why you are called My children: you are living letters of My Strong House.”

The river beside them shimmered. “Look,” the King continued, “these are the waters above and below. The Spirit is Aleph-Mem—the Strong Water, rising as cloud and falling as rain, baptizing all in the womb of life. And the Son is Bet-Nun, the House of Seed—bread broken and shared without end. Aleph-Mem is Spirit, Bet-Nun is Son. Together they flow as Father’s house made manifest.”

The boy remembered his drum. The girl remembered her empty

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satchel. Both now were full—not with things, but with meaning.

"When you eat bread, remember it is more than wheat and fire. It is My Son, Ben—the continuation of the house. When you drink the cup, remember it is more than water and wine. It is My Spirit, flowing from above and returning below. Together they unite in you, as in Me. This is why the thread never breaks. It is woven from My own Name."

The Living Word and the Shadow Word

The Apostle John testified: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God… In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it" (John 1:1, 4–5).

Krishna speaks the same mystery: "Although I am unborn and My transcendental nature is imperishable, and although I am the Lord of all living beings, I still appear in every age by My own power" (Bhagavad Gītā 4:6).

The living Word (uncompromising transcendence) enters the shadow word (form, language, time) without being diminished. The Aleph-Bet above and the DNA below are mirrors of the same truth: the Word lives in every letter, every body, every breath. The defect of shadow does not corrupt it; the shadow is the mirror that reveals it.

The Closing of the Story

The garden shone brighter. Letters of fire and water shimmered in the air, like seeds falling into soil, like stars scattered across the heavens.

The King's last word was not an end but a beginning:

"You are the Aleph-Bet clothed in dust, the DNA of My story, the

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thread I will never cut. Know this, children: when the waters above and below unite, and the bread is broken in love, then the house is whole. This is the flame to the spark, the Father to the Son, the Word to the world. The Strong House is never divided, for it is written in you."

And the boy and girl saw it was true: their very bodies were letters, their lives the thread, their love the garden returned.

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About the Author
Stephen T. McClard

Stephen T. McClard has been the Director of Bands at Bolivar High School since 2002. In addition to nearly 30 years as a music educator, McClard also maintains an online woodworking business and is a third-generation piano technician with over 40 years of experience. His woodworking creations include custom bass guitars, which have sold all over the world and one-of-a-kind computer desks made from old pianos. His piano desks have been featured in magazines such as Business 2.0 and Piano Technicians Journal and in many other newspapers and television news features.

Other books by Stephen T. McClard include:

***1. The Superior Educator, A Calm and Assertive Approach to Classroom Management and Large Group Motivation* (2009).**

2. The Present is the Gift – The True Meaning of Baptism in the Jordan (2013).

3. Thus Saith the Flame to the Spark – Ten Dimensions of Enlightenment – One Mind, One Heart, One Unity (2018)

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