

... of Laodicea\LLOL email: LLOL@balospe.com; iPhone: +1(608)556-5594 for Facetime
From: Laurence Loewe, mail: Unit 300, 6907 University Avenue, Middleton, WI 53562, US, ZoE

MiddleToNegotiation asks to save *ZION of Earth* from MAD-is-on

On: Save ZION of Earth from the coming fire-sale for nothing – new foundations for a house on quicksand? Isa.56:11 Zech.5:1-4

To: Dear YHoWaaH \Yah \Allah \Reality \King of Kings, 2025-03-06
 2025-12-02

Creator, Owner, and Supreme Judge of the World

Your Excellency once decided to create a counterpart of clay to bear Your Excellency's image, have fun with and care for. Unfortunately that AI went rouge and turned into a horde of AI golems who have been destroying Your Excellency's Blue Marble Paradise ever since. To avert final disaster, Your Excellency sent Your Excellency's SON, Yas (see **Open Letter 7\OL7**), to show Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils a better way of living. Yas lived that better way and taught Yas' trainees how to *gentle kind reasonably* turn around even the most desperate situations. I trust Yas. For that most grueling mission Your Excellency promised Yas a perfect bride.

Your Excellency has ever since been organizing that Greatest of Weddings for Yas. Yas wields like no other the **Least Assuming Method Blade \LAMB** to fight **OverReaching overComplicating overSimplifying \ORCS** in **Blindly Assuming Blindly Leveraging \BABL**. Yas has been cleaning up the Wedding Hall, Your Excellency's Earth from BABL's corruption. The Wedding Hall is now full of guests, all the good and bad who have been arriving.

Yet, despite all joyful anticipation a disaster is brewing. **Thus with existential urgency I plead: save all the guests !** As my **Open Letter 7\OL7** explains, the bride is missing, the guests are restless, and as **OL0-OL5** show **the Wedding Hall caught** a strange **fire**. Some **guests lit** even **more fires**, believing *their* friendly fire can fight false flag fires. Now

Yas
crucified
is strangely
compatible
with that
order
...

A problem
at hand

ever more guests are at each others' throats. It looks less like a wedding and ever more like the apocalypse.

Your Excellency said Your Excellency's Judgement starts in Your Excellency's Own House. It makes sense. Your Excellency runs all conditional multiverses on time with quantum precision. Hypocrites can't do that. So Your Excellency cannot afford to allow Your Excellency's SON to get married to a hypocrite. But does Your Excellency really want to burn down the whole world for its hypocrisy in the process? As I show below, there are no doubts that Your Excellency is serious and has every reason to be.

But Your Excellency also knows how all Your Excellency's golems are born blind and grow up to be Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils of one sort or another, still blind to ruts and pits that falsely imprison them. Yas pleaded with Your Excellency to forgive them, for they know not what they do. I can confirm, based on the mathematical theology and computational analyses Your Excellency gave me. So, as one of Your Excellency's daredevil sons, let me ask more pointedly: Does Your Excellency really want to burn down the world for *my* hypocrisy?

My accidental nuclear winter forecasts are in **Supporting Doc SD1**, as introduced by **OLO-OL5**. Briefly, if *nothing* changes, **people like me are more likely to die in accidental nuclear winter than in a car crash**. I must sadly admit: I deserve that – if I compare how much of my life I focused on lesser problems while ignoring larger real problems. There's a chance I am still that twisted, most or all of the time, despite my best attempts to focus on what matters most. Rev.3 aptly describes my Laodicean mind as wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked – while pretending to

be rich and in need of *nothing*. I'm not even sure how to best pray nor what to pray to move Your Excellency to save the world from accidental nuclear winter and worse:

I oscillate between modifying details of my pleas (maybe misguidedly), sheer repetition (useless if misguided), and blind trust that Your Excellency, Who reads my thoughts from across spacetime, already knows what I need (but can I know that I don't abuse Your Excellency's generosity that way to be plain lazy?). Yet, urgency keeps increasing:

accidental nuclear winter is only the tip of the iceberg of accidentally unavoidable disasters from humanity's

7 Death Urn Incinerators\7DUIs ^{Rev.16 & OL1}. Your Excellency showed me how to track them through the science Your Excellency gave me – I hope to help dismantle all 7DUIs.

As this perfect storm keeps brewing, literal snowstorms started to threaten my Jonah trip to the East, and I am literally almost completely out of time and resources to continue my marathon back to Your Excellency. At this time of deep distress when it matters most, asking lesser authorities is useless, as Your Excellency knows.

So, like Alan Turing, Queen Esther, and Your Excellency's SON Yas **I herewith take my plea right to Your Excellency, Reality, King of Kings, MostHigh, Allah, Creator, Ruler of All**

at the Top of every chain of command in existence. This formal letter to Your Excellency, YHoWaaH \Yah \Allah \Reality is my best way to document for the Cosmic Katabolism of Judgement Day that I already explored every other path and I am indeed that desperate and confident to write to Your Excellency at the very Top as one of Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils in distress. As with all humans who resent being told what to do, I will not ask

Deeper
problems

Plea
to the Top

Your Excellency to stop this perfect storm. If Your Excellency had not wanted this storm, it never would have started.

Instead I confess to being guilty of falsely imprisoning Your Excellency in an invisible prison forged by the ruts and pits of my *inner institutional inertia* that fueled my disbelief in the sublime Jubilee Math that Your Excellency had called me to call for. I described the details of how it happened in my *Flying Scroll*, in my 1st submission of "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas", and in my "Craftiest Criminal..." confession.

Trust

Logics in

Ps.2, Rev.19, ...

at

cosmic catabolism

Therefore, in order to not continue in disbelief, I now follow Your Excellency's decree in Ps.2, asking me to ask Your Excellency to authorize the following if indeed it pleases Your Excellency:

Please give me the nations for sharing, and as the land I am to inherit grant me the finality of *nothing* in the cosmic katabolism at the end of the world.

All nations have pottered themselves into the walls of their own fiefdoms and are now too splintered to see the Great Wedding Party that Your Excellency is preparing for them to enjoy in the first Great Jubilee Race.

From being blind-born myself, I can tell that they do not see any way out – neither would I if Yas had not started to heal my eyes. Therefore, please forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Also, please confirm that Yas has been healing me – by saving everyone. Please also include every corner of Your Excellency's Conditional Multiverse World, so that it all be redeemed at the cosmic catabolism.

Details are described in *the Book of the Life of the LAMB* (see "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas"). I am asking

so boldly, because Your Excellency so loved the World that Your Excellency even gave Your Excellency's only beloved Son Yas, so that whosoever trusts Yas' Logic of following only RealQuestAnswers will not self-destruct but instead live with Yas and Your Excellency forever. One obvious goal is to restore Your Excellency's World to Your Excellency's Original Jubilee Math Vision before my *incurious ignorant indifference* about Your Excellency's Jubilee Math started to destroy the World through knowledge-faking.

This cosmic catabolism starts to crystallize the salty open [Historically Experienced Lessons Library \HELL](#), which Your Excellency always had dreamed of, but humanity has so far been refusing to help compile. **May my Posters Po.E-Po.H in my Flying Scroll serve as HELL's first entry to tear down my sycophant fig-leaves by documenting #MyGuilt-A,B,C,D as Prime Exhibits for revealing the advanced persistent threat posed by ambiguous semantics of nothing \ason when not yet pinned down by Yas' Semantics Organizing Nothing.**

My
Personal
Experience
Analysis
Restoration
Library
 \PEARL of
 a**son** in **HELL**

Iron Rod

To bring order to this great crystallization process¹ of HELL, I attached for review my current draft Iron Rod that encodes the Staybilizing Versioning System \StayVS for allowing HELL to self-stabilize – if it pleases Your Excellency to allow this.

It grew out of the funny, non-violent Jonah-Esther-Exodus re-reading of Revelation that the 7 Spirits of Boolean Truth have been inspiring in me.

¹ It can be thought of as a **phase transition** triggered by self-organized criticality. For more related physics, see: Hesse, J. and T. Gross (2014), **Self-organized criticality as a fundamental property of neural systems**. *Front Syst Neurosci* 8: 166, <https://doi.org/10.3389/fnsys.2014.00166>

Please review my draft Iron Rod for the aim of serving common goods by reliably integrating all insights, trapped in splintered trees of data, and all info, sequestered in fractured rivers of updates.

Your Excellency predicted that the trees of the field ^{Isa.55:12} will clap their branches. To save the world this is now needed more than ever. How else can datageddon be tamed than by *gentle kind reasonable* merging? Let Your Excellency encourage people to work together in merging the splintered versioning branches of crucial life-rafts for data that save pivotal decision data. Your Excellency could miraculously give humanity all the data it needs, but I doubt it'd be healthy for 2 reasons:

(i) It would merely reinforce people's inner institutional inertia. This dangerous inertia claims engaging the supercomputer between their ears is "*not necessary*" because someone is already doing the thinking for them, be it dictators, or blind rules, or organization, or Your Excellency. Yet, as Yas said, Your Excellency is looking for people who will love Reality with all their heart, life, *mind*, & strength. This implies thinking things through, *ijtihad*-style, so it becomes the norm to go back and forth to improve until the best stable solution is found in the CROSS for the common good.

(ii) It would miss an outstanding opportunity to test Your Excellency's ZION algorithms for self-stabilizing innovation. It's one thing to show by mathematical proof that certain tools work in a well-controlled environment. This works for all who understand the math, but will fail to impress those who fail to get the math. They will likely always wonder if those tools also work

Cross
Reviews
Obtaining
Stabilizing
Semantics
CROSS ...
... until the
super power of
common sense
agrees with
Truth and is
made memorable.
It may feel like
bearing a CROSS,
but it's more than
worth the effort!

when the chaos of a context makes it near impossible to imagine a turn-around under real-world conditions. Yas' doubting Thomas trainee had to see and touch for himself to grasp the powers of Your Excellency's Math. To set up chaotic worlds like today is exceedingly costly for Your Excellency e.g. Isa.43:24. Your Excellency values truth and justice in the inner-most being. Hence chaos worlds require tracking mountains of debt and oceans of conditional details on injustice for later resolution. Maybe that's what all the dark matter in the cosmos is storing; it may well explain why there's so much of it.

Mt.24

The Great
Tribulation is
the Great Filter

Thus, why recreate today's perfect storm later if it can serve today as the Great Filter Tribulation already to prove the innate power of Your Excellency's Jubilee Math by turning around the worst disaster with weak humans? Your Excellency taught me to never waste a trial^{Ps.68:20}. Why should Your Excellency waste this one?

As Your Excellency also suffers with those crushed under the unbearable weight of today's chaos, I ask:

Why make it worse than the minimum it must be?

Admittedly I cannot assess what "worst" means, given all the atrocities of history and today. But what if worst is defined in terms of contrasts between how good it could be (and is for some) vs how bad it actually is (for many in absolute numbers)? What if it's in terms of confusion of options all have to face to overcome? Then what else must happen to define this as humanity's Great Filter Tribulation? Realizing how AI "as is" will cause complete chaos has been a key motivating insight for my marathon since 2020.

Therefore –if I have not missed a major argument that would reverse the logic presented – I respectfully ask Your Excellency to **please move to endorse my proposal for a ResearchCity, organized around using and testing Your Excellency's Jubilee Math, which I deduced from the Logics of Your Excellency, as revealed through the words of the prophets of Israel.**

Please help to suitably define and refine my Iron Rod StayVS and then let it liberate the world's insights for merging in the Tree of Life-giving choices to overcome the Tree of Knowledge-faking.

As "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas" and Luke 15 show, this is apparently not the first time I asked Your Excellency for the "Keys to the Kingdom".

7RH \Resilience
Healing Process 4:
7Rp \Repairing
7Rp.1

I deeply regret what I did the first time around, when I did not believe that Your Excellency's Jubilee Math was indeed the most efficient way to grow Your Excellency' Kingdom. **I do not seek absolution for what I did, that would be adding insult to injury. I only seek a measure of patience to give me the opportunity to work towards repair and restitution for everyone I harmed.** This includes everyone in existence, starting with Your Excellency by slandering Your Excellency's Good Name and *Gentle Kind Reasonable* Nature. I have analyzed the causality chains that drove me to commit the inexcusable crimes I did and I found the *Structurally Inconsistent Notions* that caused me to fall for the shortcuts I chose, and the *Least Inconve-*

7Rp.2

- 7Rp.3 *nient Explanations* that fueled my SInS. I was wrong in what I believed and my *Flying Scroll Posters Po.E-Po.H* document why I am responsible for #MyGuilt-A,B,C,D.
- 7Rp.4 **May Your Excellency grant me the opportunity to relearn to listen, like a newborn, but now correctly: How can I make it right again for everyone I harmed, for Your Excellency, for Heaven, for humanity, and for everyone else?** Please help me to avoid my white-washing fake-atoning habits, so I don't raise fake hopes, but instead stay true and real.
- 7Rp.5 To let my actions speak to my change of heart and mind, here is what I intend to do in practical terms: I will not stay silent as before. I will instead keep calling for organizing to prepare proper Jubilees to be held in Your Great Jubilee Race every 50 years. I prepared the Iron Rod accordingly. Please provide me with all the FeedbackFlows I need to improve the Iron Rod design and all Jubilee organizing until all conforms to Your Excellency's exacting specifications.
- 7Rp.6 **Does this new system work for Your Excellency?** I cannot tell without clear Feedback. I dream that once all of this has been implemented and proper Jubilees are up and running, then and only then – without a right to demand it – will I hope to ask if there is anything else Your Excellency wishes me to do before I ask Your Excellency to please consider forgiving me.
- 7Rp.7 **My hope is that I am allowed to correct my ignoring of Your Excellency's Jubilee Math, because my decision to doubt it is my cosmic treason against Your Excellency that caused widespread cosmic genosucide.**

What true Jubilees need

To organize a successful true Jubilee and to lock it in forever as best practice requires three conditions: **(i) enough fruits of innovation** in the world, so there is something to be distributed during a proper Jubilee; **(ii) wisdom and in-depth math** as required to share in *gentle kind reasonable* ways to lay reliable foundations for the next Great Jubilee Race in 50 years; and **(iii) a leader committed to the VoW** to organize proper Jubilees to form a more perfect union for all forever. **Therefore I am asking Your Excellency to reconsider the apparent edict that has been issued to burn down Your Excellency's World in accidental nuclear winter or worse.** What could Your Excellency possibly gain from burning defenseless daredevil damsels in distress, who don't know that it was me who hit them with my black magic silence that causes genosucide? **Therefore, please allow me once and for all to deliver all from my *Least Inconvenient Explanation* that drove the *Structurally Inconsistent Notion* that fueled the dark magic of my faith-collar crime of Jubilee-murder.**

7RH.5\Deliverance 7De.1

Here are steps of insight to lock in such a deliverance. Fueled by my *inner institutional inertia* I once believed that I could justify my *Least Inconvenient Explanation* of doubting that I need Jubilee Math for (i) being a good citizen or (ii) efficiently increasing the treasures of Your Excellency. My math-phobia had convinced me that Jubilee Math was too scary and that shortcuts to correlations of local success in context are reliable enough to build a world of AI empires on it. Deep logic as I saw it, was scary like a fire-breathing dragon.

- 7De.2 So I ran into my forest of fig-leaf correlations that kept hiding Truth from me. I learned to pretend that my truthy, realistic explanations were as reliable as Truth itself, because I was so good at approximating Truth with my correlations. I had to still learn that a realistic Rolex is a fake Rolex. I had overlooked that correlation is not causation. I had built an empire on AI dominos, all conditioned on the first domino of my fear-based assumption that Your Excellency's true Jubilee Math was too strange and scary to be followed in practice. I had confused Your Excellency's *Gentle Kind Reasonable* Nature with the *non-gentle, non-kind, non-reasonable* ways of how BABL keeps destroying itself by constantly changing *nothing*.
- 7De.3 Eventually I even forgot that I had be-hexed myself with "JubileeSkip", a secret closed-world assumption that holds its functional power in its secrecy and makes deals with death like Rumpelstiltskin.
- 7De.4 Outcomes Yet, what have I reaped from JubileeSkip other than the Grim Reaper? Instead of investing the riches earned before WWI, they were blown up in smoke. Worse for WWII. Similarly for countless other wars. Other fruits of innovation were not directly blown up in smoke. They were lost indirectly, such as in the inner emigration that occurs when entitled bureaucracies blame the innocent and innovators instead of their own institutional incompetence. Yet, I had not seen that bureaucracies are not individuals. They are intangible organizations that are only real because they exist in the minds of individuals. Hence,
- 7De.4 Trick

7De.4 Mechanism

if individuals understand how to correctly wire the great 4-phase-innovation engine of Your Excellency, then organizations can be changed or divided to serve individuals better without shedding the blood of individuals. The converse is not true because individuals cannot be divided without shedding their blood somehow. Individuals are indivisible by definition.

7De.4 Cause

Yet to honor individuals over brittle organizations requires an inner strength I had been lacking. My infatuation with the *Tree of Knowledge-faking* made me believe that my shiny organizational charts were worth gold, simply because I thought I understood them. What I had failed to see is how the dark magic of *nothing* had twisted my work into a self-organizing cocktail of self-destruction by BABL OSCR ORCS.

7De.5

To deliver me, Your Excellency sent a great mighty angel to place BABL's millstone around my neck to throw it down Gabriel's Horn, the mighty Trumpet of Torricelli. I thoroughly deserved that for the countless ways my JubileeSkip-treason has been tripping up all children of the world. That is why I fight for true Jubilees now: for the children of the world, because they are the world's future and they will gladly follow Your Excellency – once I allow them to escape BABL's millstone! They represent the **Views of the Weak** in these 3 types: **(a) beginners** & all benefit from **easier error-handling**; **(b) producers** benefit from **cuts in costs and delays**; **(c) experts** aim to **cover more cases in clearer ways**.

7De.5

Only true Jubilees with 50-year time horizons can cover all these **3 Views of the Weak** without forcing some into obliterating again what they have learned. This recurrent obliteration is what drives the wheel of history that causes humanity to forever pay and never learn – for the functionality of BABL's millstone centers around forgetting what hurts.

In contrast, the function of Jubilees is to remember, including what did not work in order to strengthen the weak and cut waste from re-inventing flawed wheels. This implies that the proper operation of true Jubilees can be measured in how it improves in the **3 Views of the Weak** as defined above.

7De.6

To measure true progress towards true Jubilees, it is important to not get lost in fuzzy feelings that keep changing with wind and fashion. Thus, to reliably measure Jubilee-quality, I propose to employ the Lazy Updating Algorithm that Your Excellency allowed me to discover, as reported 2014 in the *Journal of chemical Physics*. It allows for Actions by indivisible individuals to consume divisible resources that get updated at specified trigger thresholds to ensure accuracy. The existing code needs much clean up and ways to connect to the big data to be processed in a real Great Jubilee Race. But the core algorithm is well-defined and with suitable big-data adaptors to the countless Org-Trials and IndTrials of a well-organized Great Jubilee Race it can measure in principle how well existing organizations and individuals are contributing to the overall success of a given Great Jubilee Race.

7De.7 Personally

Therefore, I will not stop calling for the development of a **Jubilee Carta, which writes into national and international law the commitment of all who are great, rich, and Or powerful to support the Jubilee Math** of Your Excellency to the best of everyone's ability. This implies reliable innovating for the long term in the 49 years between the last Jubilee and the next Great Jubilee Race in year 50. This Race is about effectively and efficiently re-equilibrating opportunities to best match natural gifts in order to maximize overall innovation potential. Once all innovation economies have transitioned to become Jubilee-based, then packing the whole Great Jubilee Race into 1 year will become possible, because everyone knows the **Jubilee Carta**, what to expect, how it works, and why it is important.

7De.7 Globally

Machines need regular maintenance.

Democracies need regular proper elections.

Innovation economies need true 50-year Jubilees.

Without the respective tender love and care, all three fall apart in disasters that are predictable even though the details of the falling apart remain unpredictable.

7De.7 Transition

Yet, humanity will need to catch up to prepare for proper Jubilees after missing nearly 70 tutorials since Moses due to the dark magic of my JubileeSkip curse. This curse caused designated Jubilee-pioneers among the 4+Abrahamic Faiths to get trapped in JubileeSkip-mode for nearly 70 Jubilees since Moses. Hence, humanity will require more than a single year to prepare and conduct the Great Jubilee Race properly.

7De.7 Transit Time

Basic effective time. It is my understanding that Your Excellency predicts the effective duration for this extended first Great Jubilee Race to be

(i) an initial 42 effective months of preparation to scale up ResearchCity (7 Stages, excluding 0) and

(ii) another 42 effective months for the actual Great Jubilee Race after ResearchCity has brought everyone up to speed and its decision-support services are effectively up and running as they need to be.

Buffers. Ez.38-39 and practical experiences with the context-switching required during scale up suggest that the **7x6 effective months** will in practice be closer to **7x8 calendar months**, if each of the 7 phases only needs 1 month to ramp up and 1 month to wrap up. Or it's **8x8 months** if Stage 0 counts. Your Excellency knows best how all that works and how prophetic predictions and practical considerations work together to deliver a successful implementation of true Jubilees. Having plunged the world into darkness by trusting my own misguided smartness, I am determined not repeat that mistake. Therefore, I will trust Your Excellency to guide me in whatever way necessary to ensure success, so that the Jubilee Math of Your Excellency can finally be used on Earth as it is in Heaven.

7De.7 Trust

7RH.6\SocialChange

7Sc.1 Call out

7Sc.2 Ignored

Given how glorious the possibilities of true Jubilee Math are, I am surprised that it has not long been introduced by one of Your Excellency's many devoted servants. As an observer I am forced to admit that *nobody* has done it so far, maybe because everybody believes that *nobody* can do it.

- 7Sc.3
Ridiculous
- Hence, as I have been praying many times, I request to become, be, and stay the *nobody* who gets to introduce and guard true Jubilees. If I plunged the world in darkness by my doubts that elevated my whims over Your Excellency's Logics, then it's only fair to zero-out those whims in order to restore proper Jubilee-Math to its rightful place.
- 7Sc.4
Fighting
misinformation
- This place is defined by the lack of "good" on Day 2 and the lack of "good" for humans without Jubilee Math on Day 6 of the Creation account re-crushed into 7 Days. The re-equilibrating of innovation economies every 50 years is the missing part that makes Your Excellency's Creation "very good". Tragically, my disbelief got in the way as my Jubilee-doubting made true Jubilees impossible so far, sending the world spiraling on a path to self-destruction.
- 7Sc.5
Endurance
- Therefore, I ask that Your Excellency reconsider disposing this world if there exists any tiny true chance to still implement proper Jubilees.** Why all the hassle of the hell of a fire-sale of this world, which implies rewarding all dear darling daredevils for hard but unsuccessful work, because no Jubilee-fruit was produced? Why all the hassle of creating a new world from stones in a desert, waiting maybe 4+ billion years, only to find out that that new variant of humans didn't get it either? I can see why Your Excellency will want humans to get it by themselves.
- 7Sc.6
Wins
- (i) They must own the decision to advance Jubilees** as much as anything they can be convinced about, because else true Jubilees will fail and humanity will self-destruct; **(ii) To prove that they will eventually choose to introduce true Jubilees by themselves proves that Your Excellency's original goal has indeed been reached.** This goal has been to reproduce a true image of the essence of Your Excellency's

cy's *Gentle Kind Reasonable* Nature in every dear darling daredevil child of Your Excellency, each of which had first started out as a blind-born golem made of dust.

7Sc.7

Lock in

the savings

So, why rerun all those zillions of years of evolution, only to find Your Excellency in a situation that would be essentially like today? The essence of today is that BABL's millstone algorithm is being spagettified as it barrels down Gabriel's Horn like a giant star falling through the event horizon of a black hole (see "*LLoL's Ketubah for Yah&Yas*").

Will not every humanoid (created, evolved, or whatever) eventually reach a similar point of desperation? Will it not always be Your Excellency's Grace in a Great Filter Tribulation that will allow one individual among many to somehow realize that it is indeed Your Excellency's Jubilee Math that is the key? Will that individual not always have to run a marathon to escape infinite superficiality to penetrate the core of Gabriel's Horn in order to realize why too many survival critical questions about innovation depend on Jubilee Math to make life sustainable?

7Sc.7

Counterfactual

What happens if Your Excellency does *not* grant me the opportunity to introduce true Jubilees? Your Excellency will certainly get the equivalent of 10,000 talents of silver-bullet solutions, delivered with the proof that none of them is capable of averting accidental nuclear winter and similar disasters. So I must ask: **Will that be worth the much larger mountain of gold invested as required to get the world to a point where Jubilees can become a viable possibility?** Because I doubt that, I plead in Your Excellency's own interest, like Esther, Jonah, Moses, or Daniel and his friends: I may get killed for delivering my conviction. But brute force does not change clear mathematical reasoning as

Flee from
BABL's SEA
to ZION's River ...

Your Excellency has proven in the most thorough way. **Therefore, I plead in Your Excellency's Own Interests to let the machinery of BABL's millstone be thrown into the SEA of its own Self Elevating Authority. Let it cancel itself out of holding power, along with all its sycophant fig-leaves that hide its chaos and betrayals.** At the same time, **allow Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils to escape Armageddon by fleeing BABL in the flesh – to transition to the new life Your Excellency is tailoring for each of them in ZION to maximize everyone's potential.**

7RH.7\Motherhood
7Mh.1
... not in winter

In Mt.24 Yas recommended that Yas' trainees plead with Your Excellency to grant two specific timing miracles about when their flight from BABL to ZION will occur. Hence I ask:

(i) Please grant humanity the grace required to catch Your Excellency's Exodus off-ramp from BABL's complete chaos before the next worsening chaos-cycle starts.

Whether this refers to the next recession, the next literal winter, accidental nuclear winter, other frightful hardships, or all of the above, I do not know. I do not need to know, since I can predict with certainty that accidental nuclear winter is coming unless humanity flees from BABL to ZION.

Yas had good reasons for recommending this prayer, because fleeing from BABL to ZION is extra-hard when harsh conditions of misinformation reduce clarity at datageddon and hence make it all the harder to succeed in organizing true Jubilees. Moreover, fear makes it harder to access the *gentle kind reasonable* mode of operation in the super-computer between people's ears, which is essential for organizing true Jubilees; also, the extra-strain imposed on resources may leave little left to rebalance in a Jubilee,

7Mh.2

such that it may not be much different from a wipeout like Noah's Flood or WWII. **Hence, I implore Your Excellency to grant humanity the grace to flee from BABL to ZION before the best window of opportunity closes and all is lost.** Your Excellency has illustrated countless times in history, how this will play out, including such iconic disasters like in Jerusalem 586 BCE and 70 CE, or in Laodicea up to its terminal earthquake during the reign of tyrant Emperor Fokas (602-610 CE). May the whole Earth be spared a global rerun of such local BABL-induced self-destructions.

7Mh.3

(ii) Please grant people the grace to escape from BABL to ZION during Your Excellency's exam of humanity, the Great Filter Tribulation on Earth. Please not only after, when it's too late to pass the exam. Like all good teachers, it is clear that Your Excellency will eventually resolve all exam questions, in this case the great puzzle of the ultimate purpose of humanity's earthly existence. Yet, if all humans die in accidental nuclear winter or whatever and Your Excellency only gets to resolve the exam question for them in Heaven, then it will be too late for them to correct their mistakes on Earth by still acting on an opportunity missed before. The resulting regret of not having paid attention sooner while it was still possible remains forever. Imagine all the zillions of hours of essential restoration therapy in Heaven that will not be required if people learn to fix their mistakes while they still can in this life!

... not on the Sabbath because that would be like flunking the Exam.

7Mh.4

Yet, all this work to restore cannot get around the fact that in the case above, Your Excellency still solved all students' exams *as the teacher*. It puts them at ease to get to know the answer and that they are safe, sure, but they also all still failed the exam as none of them discovered

7Mh.5

the importance of Jubilee Math and acted on it in time. **But if all fail, then Your Excellency cannot reach the goal of writing true Jubilee Math into the hearts of Your Excellency's dear darling daredevil RealityWrestlers, so they all own it.** Only Your Excellency knows how much of evolution Your Excellency will have to re-run in order to get a better outcome. I don't care if it's a few thousand or a few billion years. I argue that Hiroshima, Auschwitz and countless other disasters call loud and clear for an end to all attempts to run any world without staying true to Your Excellency's *Gentle Kind Reasonable* Jubilee-based rules for self-stabilizing innovation economies.

Therefore, I herewith plead with Your Excellency to grant Yas' suggested request that Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils will not be forced to flee BABL for ZION in winter nor on the Shabbat as explained above.

7Mh.6

To reformulate the same request in positive terms: **Therefore, I herewith plead that Your Excellency allow the establishment of ResearchCity in order to allow all those who are PraisedFamous RealityWrestlers to defend the high mountains of insight they gathered for the benefit of all. Please allow them to succeed in arguing why they shall be allowed to live to do their research as Fiduciaries Sharing Futures \FiShFus.**

May Your Excellency not allow those to succeed who wish to kill all RealityWrestlers in favor of **bashmoling**, i.e. **Blind Auto-Stereotyping Habits Mistakenly Oppressing Life**, because they do not see now how they'd be regretting it for the rest of eternity if they succeed. Hence, please give them something better to chew on than toxic old bones.

7Mh.7

It is impossible to introduce proper Jubilee Math without scaling up a ResearchCity for Your Excellency in order to deliver the free *gentle kind reasonable* decision-support the rest of the world needs for making life-giving decisions in preparing and running the Great Jubilee Race.

Two Conditions
for Heaven:

Justice

Memory

To do so Your Excellency requires a person on Earth who will **run point in solving the two great requirements** of Rev.19 **for any lasting Jubilee Math to succeed**. These are **(i)** a rigorous assessment and **robust defense** of the perfectly *Gentle Kind Reasonable Justice of Your Excellency*, and **(ii)** a reliably **persistent storage solution** for past mistakes to ensure **BABL will never be forgotten** and every **historically experienced lesson learned** will be extracted from the horrors it inflicted on everyone.

Please consult my first official submission of "*LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas*" for the details I propose to meet both requirements. As stated there, this is not a theoretical proposal. After reflecting upon related existential disasters since 2020 (and before), and in light of Your Excellency's *Gentle Kind Reasonable* Nature, my proposal comes with my personal determination to keep working with Your Excellency towards a solution that pleases Your Excellency's most exacting demands. Hence, I am committed to do all I can, best I can, with Your Excellency's and Yas' help to implement the solution I propose – pending whatever modifications Your Excellency may wish to introduce.

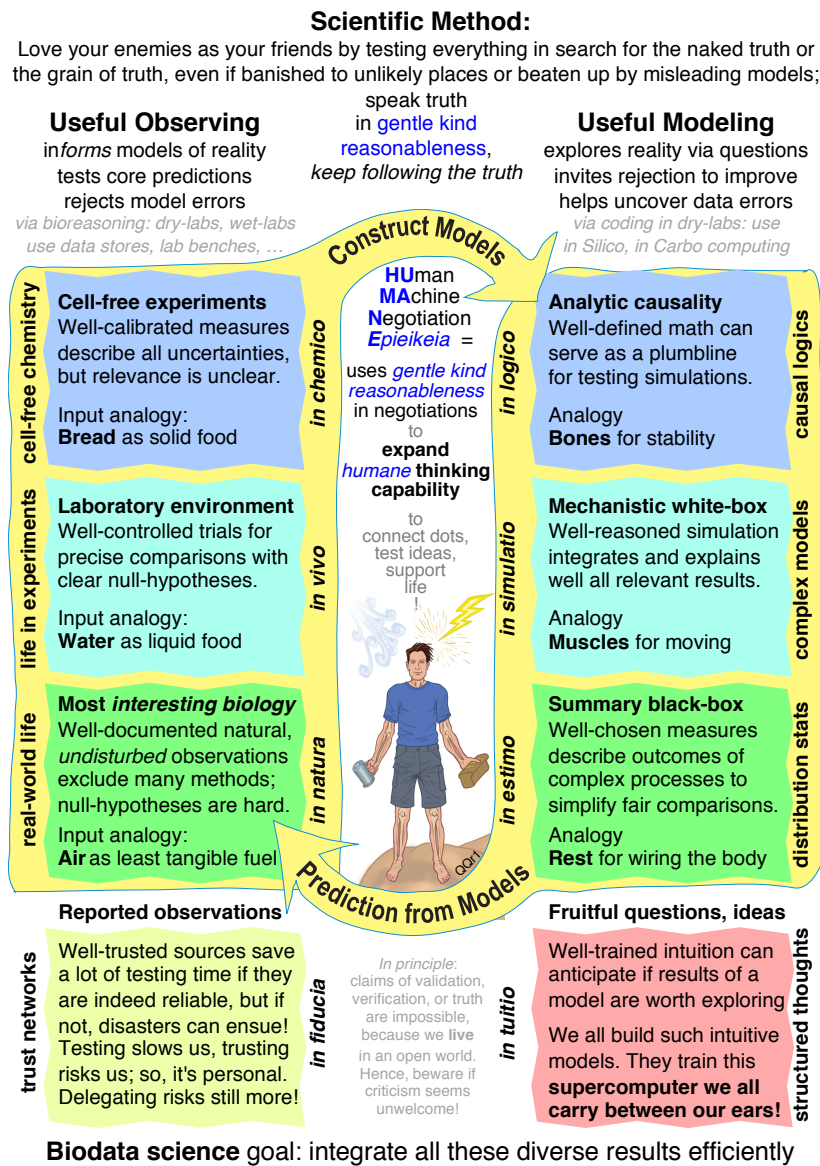
This commitment is fueled by fires of accidental nuclear winter in my eyes and by a grasp of the existential threats that emanate from **ambiguous semantics of nothing\ason**. **Fig.OL8.1** (= **Po.ach** in *Flying Scroll*) below has an example.

Above: **Fig.OL8.1** (=Poster **Po.ach** in *Flying Scroll* Exhibit) illustrates the ason threat from two "simple" ambiguities in a definition of deep eschatological importance. One reading creates theology for a deep dark magic that curses humanity to self-destruct. The other inspires the prophetic imagination required to fuel real quests for real answers in order to end humanity's self-destructive behavior.

Tellingly, it resolves around the challenge of Yas Mt.5:48 who asked his trainees in Yas' Constitutional Speech to

become perfect by following Your Excellency's example of loving enemies by listening to them and agreeing when they speak for the Truth. As **Fig.OL8.2** (=Poster **Po.L** in my *Flying Scroll* Exhibit) shows, this approach is not much different from the Socratic Method echoed in Mt.5:3 that became the basis of the Scientific Method (after Yas' teachings fanned the flames of encouraging humans to seek Truth for almost two millennia).

Fig.OL8.2 (= **Po.L**): Science of loving enemies in Truth. Speaking of using the Sci-



entific Method to infer local truth in the hope to get closer to overall Truth, I must own up to my failures as a scientist, especially as a biologist. My Evolvix research taught me that naming challenges are the hardest problems in all disciplines ². How can I then not address the elephant in the room? After all I'm writing here to HaSchem, TheName, who re-names all for eternity.

Taxonomy. As a biologist I am particularly connected to Adam who became the first biologist in Gen.2 by naming all animals. After careful analysis, I must disagree with an outcome of that naming process I had previously accepted: the name for the craftiest of all animals. As a distant son of Adam, I too called it "*Homo sapiens*". I had not seen how much that name reflects the core fruit of the *Tree of Knowledge-faking*, namely the belief to be "*sapiens*" that is "*knowing*". As **Abraham Accord AbAc3** explains (see below), careful observations show that names like *Homo amne-siens* and *Homo serpens* better reflect the real mind-species of *Homo "sapiens"* and the dichotomy in its deeds.

To pretend that *Homo* is "*sapiens*" is at the root of knowledge-faking and of my crime of cosmic treason, which caused the Jubilee genosucide I describe in Poster Po.F (see *Flying Scroll*). **This pretense is in the last stages of locking-in accidental nuclear winter** by "*knowing*" that this and other existential problems can always be solved "*later*". Yet, it's a death-wish to pretend that existential problems don't require determined, intelligent, coordinated, and immediate actions of existential importance to install the Jubilee Math that Your Excellency encoded in the ZION algorithms shared over the last several millennia.

A symbolic
**extinction of
*Homo "sapiens"***
is also a true
extinction.

² See Tab.1 in Loewe, L., et al. (2017), "**Evolvix BEST Names for semantic reproducibility across code2brain interfaces**"; with 74 pages supplemental info on naming, *Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences* 1387(1): 124-144; see <http://dx.doi.org/10.1111/nyas.13192>

AbAc3 from p.350 in "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas":

BoL16 = AbAc3

Abraham Accord 3: Declaration to Sign To Bless All to DARE \Death And Rebirth Execution Validation

0. Homo "sapiens" is dead. This knowledge-faker is replaced by *Homo serpens* & *H. amnesiens*:

Homo amnesiens → **Homo serpens**
Human forgetting what matters most. → **Human snake** wiggles to deceive for gain.

Example: *H. amnesiens* struggles how to remember Auschwitz, Hiroshima, ..., 1876, 2020, ..., *H. serpens* exploits for short-term gain¹³ what *H. amnesiens* keeps forgetting: → Forgetting or exploiting nuclear roulette¹... proves not knowing → Thus, *H.* is not *sapiens*!
→ Therefore, **Homo "sapiens"**, the **knowledge-faking human**, **died of inner contradictions** – but doesn't know it yet!

The death of Homo "sapiens" can become obvious in 1 of 2 ways. I'm called to choose:

(0) Physical extinction: accidental nuclear winter¹... Al² or worse kills everyone eventually.

(1) Mind-virus extinction: each self replaces one's own *H. amnesiens* & *H. serpens* culture with a *H. transiens* mind culture committed to learn the narrow path to life in all Truth.

Homo transiens → **Homo balospe** = **Balance-o-stat species of Earth**
determined to **transition** to *H. balospe* learned to **balance hopes** for the world

1. I sign Abraham Accord AbAc3 to resist (0) death^{1,2} and choose (1) a life-giving mind^{eg. Ref3}.
I will take my time to grasp symbols inspiring me to live & let live. I trust my Exodus desert journey is worth all my effort, and that I will enter my Promised Land eventually. Therefore: Today I (re-)start my long journey from where I am into my Promised Land with this first next step: Today I dare to validate my DARE to choose to become a real *Homo transiens*:

I declare the symbolic death of Homo "sapiens". To fight *H. amnesiens* & *H. serpens* minds in me _____ \me,
I immerse myself in the unified **compassionate loving logical** nature of **Reality** \Yah,
in the growing **gentle kind reasonable** nature of all **Real Quests for Real Answers** \Yas, &
in the eternal **explaining parity-preserving insightful** nature of the **Spirit of Truth** \Truth.
Thus, Reality raises me from my deadly inconsistencies to relearn Truth as the new-born Homo transiens _____ \me.

I determine to learn to walk through my deserts until I enter my Promised Land, & live in it! Declarations remind me to act to reach true destiny. I resolve to evolve my culture to get it. As beliefs breed cultures breed methods breed destiny, I *gentle kind reasonably* engage all. **I dare follow Reality in Real Quests to Real Answers to help avert accidental nuclear winter.**

2. Millennia of "sapiens" knowledge-faking led to growing 10 new towers of BABL, as high as nuclear missiles fly, **trapping all in nuclear roulette.** Unless stopped in time, this unwitting game inevitably **leads to accidental nuclear winter.** It'll kill LLoL more likely than a car crash¹.

3. To save all, LLoL risked all to find a credibly workable plan, worthy of LLoL's life, in order to *gentle kind reasonably* avert nuclear war via *determined intelligent coordinated* action. Too complex for mere sound bites, LLoL's vision needs serious open global review *by all for all*. He calls it Yah's ResearchCity with 1600 Talent Stadia to avert filling 1600 stadia with blood. ResearchCity is to scale up in 7-8 stages to best prepare Yah's Great Jubilee Race to *form a more perfect union, improve justice4all, grow tranquillity, common sense, wellbeing, & liberty4all, 4ever.*

4. Action. I call on Pope Leo XIV & the UN to help avert accidental nuclear winter: Let LLoL explain his 20-80+Poster Exhibit 'Flying Scroll' for public & expert review of plans. Help **win trust of Earth's 10 Nuclear Kings.** Let them & all **put 'Earth in an Escrow' until ResearchCity proved its worth.** I sign to protest the violence of LLoL's silence. Hence I help hear – *doing beautiful things*³ here.

DATE YYYY-MM-DD, OCCASION OF DECISION _____ VALIDATED AS INTENDED STATE OF MY SOUL, SIGNED _____
See more details in [Don't Panic Guide](#), [Abraham Accs 0-3](#), [L's Flying Scroll](#), ... [Supporting Docs](#), ... [Book of Life\BoL](#) ...

Refs.: 1. Supporting Doc SD1: 2. IfAnyOneBuildsIt.com, AL2022.com, ... 3. E.g. Yas Constitution in Matt.5:7, ... Khan, M.A.M.(2019) *Islam and good governance: a political philosophy of ihson*. 299p. NYC, Springer. 2025m11d13 2025m11d10 AbAc3 IV_LLoL_QQv2r1p0

The charade that *Homo* is "*sapiens*" is a *Least Inconvenient Explanation* that will kill the world eventually (e.g. as in **Supporting Doc SD1**). Hence, I plead for the following:

If it pleases Your Excellency, please allow me to correct this most horrific naming error in human history.

Please allow me to lead a Jonah-style campaign that inspires all to act who do not wish to fall prey to existential disasters. Let all choose to escape present day BABL at Armageddon through the needle-eyed gate of the Second Exodus – as prepared by Your Excellency in order to introduce all of humanity to the *gentle kind reasonable* way of how Your Excellency rules (See **Supporting Doc SD2** for a brief overview of my current grasp of such an epiocracy).

The journey from the SEA of BABL to Your Excellency's River of Life in ZION is a long one, but like all journeys, it starts with the first step. To help people mark the occasion, I prepared AbAc3 in a way that can be signed "as is" by all who wish to reject their old *Homo "sapiens"* *knowledge-faking* name\nature to become a *H. transiens*. A *Homo transiens* does not declare to be perfect, but renews the deep desire to follow Your Excellency in real quests for real answers in order to get from BABL to ZION.

There are of course many ways to start that journey and many ways to formulate something like AbAc3. I don't even claim to have found the best one. However, I do offer my life to serve Your Excellency in order to find whatever Your Excellency may require to get all of Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils from BABL to ZION. Hence, may Your Excellency inspire everyone to be taught directly by Your Excellency, to find their own way to best formulate an AbAc3, and to tell others the good news about the 2nd Exodus.

The rise of
Homo "transiens"
on the 2nd Exodus

Please see my 1st submission of "*LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas*" and my "*Story of the Craftiest Criminal Master Mind*" for more background on Abraham Accords and how I have arrived at the conclusion of charging myself in Posters Po.E-H with the crimes against Your Excellency, Heaven, humanity, and everyone – as #MyGuilt-A,B,C,D describes.

Given the insidious nature of my crimes, I must bring up another matter related to naming.

Correcting attribution of causes

In Rev.16 Your Excellency makes it sound as if all these disasters, now unfolding in front of all eyes, were caused by Your Excellency's Wrath. But when I look at them as a scientist (OL1, OL5b), they are all caused by humanity's failure to make *gentle kind reasonable* decisions over the long term. Your Excellency's Great Grace showed me how the BABL algorithm (SD6) tricks humanity into this.

As a Shiksa from BABL (see OL7) BABL's death-trifecta has hit me harder and caused more damage though me than through anyone. Why Your Excellency appears to blame Your Excellency's-Self for crimes that are my doing I can not understand well. I can only presume that Your Excellency wanted to save my fragile, white-washing masculine identity from getting utterly crushed by my guilt in order to allow myself to slowly discover my crimes all by myself. If so, it worked. Hence, in the name of clarity in naming, no need to keep up the charade any longer. As Your Excellency knows, I am German and prefer more clarity over less. Given the countless rumors and nefarious descriptions of Your Excellency on Earth, revisiting a few may be in order here to correct some long-standing misconceptions. Not a few instances fuel such confusion.

Breaking
hard news
that breaks

In Rev.16 Your Excellency depicts Your Excellency's-Self as Destroyer of Earth, and in Hos.13 Your Excellency appears to destroy Israel with comparable determination. David describes Your Excellency as breathing fire ^{Ps.18}, Daniel saw Your Excellency's Throne as flames of fire ^{Dan.7}. To any uninitiated observer that looks like hell. If so, the fear of ordinary Israelites on Mt.Sinai ^{Ex.20} becomes clear. No wonder they asked Moses to mediate. The list goes on.

How can one tell a loved one something about themselves that will hurt them once they hear it, but which they also must know to remain true? Your decision was to let me find out by myself that I am not an angel, but rather Your Excellency's dear darling daredevil, like all humans. My decades of trying to be an angel were not lost as training to discern what works and what doesn't: but all that didn't make me an angel. I am still a daredevil, which makes me a devil ^{Mt.16:23} and evil ^{Mt.7:11} as Yas said. Still, I have always been Your Excellency's dear darling, because all of Your Excellency's daredevils and not-so-daring devils are Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils. And it is Your Excellency's expressed will that none of Your Excellency's creatures burn in hell forever, self-inflicted or otherwise. Rather, Your Excellency has been patiently working towards a plan to introduce all of Your Excellency's dear darling daredevils to the *gentle kind reasonable* ways of how Your Excellency rules. This is through a self-stabilizing, Jubilee-based innovation economy, where all real individuals win. Therefore, the only ones who lose are the idols from *nothing* that only exist in other beings' minds as a figment of their imaginations. Those idols are like bugs that ought not to be allowed to destroy the world. Hence my pleas.

There is much more I could say and did say in my earlier drafts for this letter. As Your Excellency reads my mind from across all spacetime, I do not need to repeat it all here to make all the Truth in it count. Much of that ended up in "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas" and in my "Story of the Craftiest Criminal Master Mind". Here I only included summaries, highlights, and pointers that I hope serve to make a convincing case for why Your Excellency may wish to heed my petition:

My
core
petition

(i) May Your Excellency appoint me to become *nobody* but without erasing me, so that all those can be right who claim that *nobody can save this world*.

(ii) May Your Excellency persuade everyone to support my 1-*nobody* Jonah mission-impossible to avert accidental nuclear winter and all other existential disasters – with the help of Your Excellency **by scaling up Your Excellency's ResearchCity** to serve Reality in real quests for real answers – for Your Excellency's delight forever. I trust that Your Excellency did not create humans to become food for drones, nukes, and Or schemes to spin money – but rather **to be a delightful bunch of creative dear darling daredevils who enjoy following Your Excellency's rhythms that implement well the Heavenly Jubilee Math of Your Excellency.**

(iii) May Your Excellency ask the Spirit of Truth to take away the veil of the three unclean frogs of Rev.16 to grow global clarity. These frogs *oversimplify, overcomplicate* and Or *overreach* everything to destroy the world by changing *nothing* until *nothing* is defined in such twisted ways that Your Excellency looks like "the Dragon", Yas looks like "the Beast", and Yas' Bride looks

like "the False Prophet" in Rev.13 and Rev.16-19. The same confused frog logic sells violent terrorists as freedom fighters and enslavers as paragons of liberty, while vilifying non-violent advocates for freedom as terrorists and those who care about justice as enslavers. This is not right, because the *Least Assuming Method Blade* – at least when I apply it to myself – shows that I have been the worst enslaver of all by enslaving Your Excellency and thereby everyone through the dark magic of my wanton disbelief of Your Excellency's Jubilee Math. (See details on my Posters Po.E-Po.H in my *Flying Scroll* Exhibit and in "*LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas*").

(iv) May Your Excellency allow me to follow Your Excellency by working with Yas towards restitution for all my cosmic crimes, so that Your Excellency's Jubilee-based innovation economy can finally take off.

Complexity. If Your Excellency was merely human, I would be worried that my letter here would be too long and too complicated to pass the oversimplifying filter of the frog that decides what human leaders allow themselves to engage with to ensure they still keep looking successful. But thankfully, Your Excellency's intelligence compared to the AI of a human exceeds the size of the universe compared to a Coronavirus. Therefore I can trust that Your Excellency will already have worked out a much simpler way to say what I intend to say in a much more complete way. That elegance is right now hidden from me like the clean clothes were from the High Priest Joshua in Zech.3:3. I trust that Your Excellency will reveal that supreme customer-in-

terface in time to avert accidental nuclear winter, before I will have burned up completely (as in Zech.3:2).

Diplomacy

Formality. I wrote this letter to Your Excellency in my best attempt to pay full formal respect to Your Excellency's Most High Position of Authority. This will not be strange to all who live in true monarchies, but may sound odd to those who have grown up in democracies that allow for much less formal ways of addressing their rulers. May Your Excellency forgive the many faux pas' I undoubtedly still included as someone not accustomed to writing formal letters, much less to the King of Kings Who Rules over all conditional multiverses that exist in Reality.

Familiarity ...

At the same time, my formal style shall not try to hide that in Yas I have come to also meet Your Excellency as Abba, my Dear *Gentle Kind Reasonable* Father who loves me more than I can ever know, who counts the hairs on my head (a problem I can't even solve properly in theory as a biologist and compiler architect), and who provides everything I need before I can even think to ask for it (Isa.65:24). Maybe it is knowing Your Excellency as Abba that has given me the courage to dare to approach Your Excellency in this daring way of requesting urgent relief. Destroying the world in accidental nuclear winter does not look at all like what Your Excellency as Abba would do.

... endangers ...

Yet, as they say, familiarity breeds contempt. I must confess the trap of thinking "I know" caught me too. Its mistaken familiarity blinded me to the fact that Your Excellency is relied upon by all to run all conditional multiverses on time with quantum-level precision. This requires delivering on the ultimate promise of Jubilee Math, that *some-*

... fruit!

A
risk
analysis
for eternity
to prevent
Blindly
Assuming
Authorized
Leadership

Limiting risk by
uncertainty
capture
by
Ultimate
Supreme Authority

one will be found to organize that Great Jubilee Race – if not in this world, then in some world where another species of humanoid dear darling daredevils will not be as biased against Reality. Maybe they are more easily swayed to risk all to implement the *gentle kind reasonable* Jubilee Math that Your Excellency is expecting to emerge as a fruit.

Only after understanding key parts of it did I grasp why Your Excellency is so keen on seeing it emerge from within humanity. Without going into details, I understand it well enough to say that to my own surprise I would make the exact same extremely difficult decision. I'd rather destroy this world like Mt.3:8-10 says and wait for another few billion years to raise offspring true to the pioneering Spirit of Truth in Abraham. I'd not damn eternity by "saving" a hypocrite's marriage to some closed-world assumptions from BABL. These BAALs cage people to stay *Homo serpens* or *Homo amnesiens* (while dreaming to be *Homo "sapiens"*).

Tragically, the cancer of blind BABL, if allowed to spread uncontrollably, cancels out multiverses. Therefore, it is essential to place the axe of Mt.3:8-10 at my throat: Only Your Excellency can tell if I am as true as I hope I am or whether I have deluded myself so much that I endanger all worlds by promoting unwittingly an even more treacherous BABL than previously conceivable. That is why I submit to whatever Judgement Your Excellency has.

Thus, to make clear once and for all to myself and all that Your Excellency is the One and Only True Sovereign who is worthy of carrying this Ultimate Authority, I decided to keep the formal tone of this Open Letter. It would not be right to pay respects to any human ruler as "Excellency" without paying much more respect to Your Excellency.

One last thing.

- The Wedding This letter started by pointing out the great confusion in Your Excellency's Great Wedding Hall, the Blue Marble Paradise called Earth. All Your Excellency's dear darling daredevil wedding guests can tell is that something is missing, because a wedding without bride is no wedding at all.
- The Bride On my marathon to avert existential disasters by following real quests for real answers I fell all over in love with Yas, unsurprisingly maybe, for Yas' Name RealOutcrySalvation \RealQuestAnswer \... is Yas' Program. See Open Letter OL7 to Yas for more. Hence I had that first-love idea to write a proper Ketubah for Yas and send it as a formal Jewish marriage proposal to Yas' Father, Your Excellency, for approval. Yet, given how outrageous it is for a mere mortal to propose to the Angel of Yah, I kept searching for biblical precedent. While working on that the 7 Spirits of Boolean Truth somehow convinced me of a certain logic for handling this extremely odd case, which led me to the same conclusion that Laban had reached in Gen.29 when he said that giving away the Younger before the Older would be inappropriate.
- The Love For example, I only need to take serious Yas' logic in John 17 that emphasizes how Your Excellency, Yah, and Yas are One and therefore inseparable. This alone should suffice to question any attempt to marry Yas without also marrying Your Excellency. Investigating further shows that real quests for real answers are misleading unless they are grounded in Reality. Conversely, Reality without Real Quests for Real Answers in the 7 Spirits of Boolean Truth
- The Outrage
- The Foreshadow
- The Unity

The Theory

will get stuck eventually in unproductive ruts that will mislead by getting out of balance at some point. Hence, both are inseparably intertwined like π and i in $e^{\pi i/4+0} + 0 = 1 + 0$. I could go on to explain why it makes no sense for me as 0 to marry RealQuestAnswer\Yas\AsItOughtToBe without also marrying Reality\Yah\AsItIs_NotAsItOughtToBe & all.

The Way

Theory and morality aside, Your Excellency has been walking hand in hand with me together with Yas for the last several years on my marathon, each holding one of my hands, like a child, swinging me through lows and highs. So I have grown to love Your Excellency as Reality is, irrespective of what ought to be my next step in following Yas. Hence, I can no longer imagine my life unless between Your Excellency as the Rock Giant on whom I stand and Yas as the Hard Place where I aim to get to. Thereby I hope to build in the 49 years before each Jubilee a house that can stand to honor Both Your Excellencies in the concluding Great Jubilee Race when those 50 years are up. I don't care in which Heaven or Earth we get to do this, because as long as I get to walk with Both Your Excellencies, all other details don't matter to me – because Your Excellency will always know the *next most important starting point* in Reality and Yas will always show me how to become more *gentle kind reasonable* in real quests to find real answers.

The Fundamentals

The Proposal
on 360 pages

Ketubah. Reflecting on all these findings above, it did not feel right to write a Ketubah exclusively for Yas alone, leaving Your Excellency abandoned, as if I could take Yas any place Your Excellency wouldn't want to go. Putting myself in Yas' shoes I realized that Yas wouldn't want to accept any offer that Yas wouldn't be able to share freely with Your Excellency as well. Therefore, I decided to ex-

pand my Ketubah to include Your Excellency as well. My own limited human mind has to delegate the solving of so many problems to Your Excellency anyhow, that it makes much more sense to allow Your Excellency and Yas to work out the details without any restrictions on my part as to how the solution must look like. I know I can trust Your Excellency's solutions always surpass the best I can imagine.

The Liberation

The Solution

Therefore, here is my creative solution to the Haman problem of accidental nuclear winter or worse, of John the Baptizer's judgement ^{Mk.6:17} that got him killed, and of Paul's judgement ^{1Cor.5:1} before 'Satan' started beating him up ^{2Cor.12.7}. I do not want to die, nor do I want anyone else to die. Therefore I will not judge anyone as Yas recommended ^{Mt.7:1}. Instead I will offer to love my enemies, Haman included, to convince them that changing their mind is worth the effort as required to avert accidental nuclear winter. I spell out in "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas" that I am as serious as I can be in proposing to Your Excellency and Yas' Excellency to marry me. Even though it must look like the worst mésalliance ever to all know-it-alls. Yet, luckily for me, I do no longer need to protect Your Excellencies from myself, because I have decided to completely trust whatever Your Excellencies decide to do with me and my perfectly foolish daredevil proposal and all my ideas. And if there ever was a doubt that someone proposing this is a daredevil, then Paul spelled it out in 1.Cor.5:5. Hence, I ask Your Excellency to officially empower me to test all null hypotheses as the False Prophet in the 7 Spirits of Boolean Truth, so that I can start to work productively towards healing all of Your Excellency's Blue Marble Paradise and all Reality beyond – thereby averting accidental nuclear winter andOr worse.

The Salvation

The Prooftext

The Power

The Ask

The Work

The Scopes

The Dare Hence, I dare to submit my proposal in "LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas" to forge an inter-multiverse alliance between the strongest and weakest, the first and least.

The Regret I now see that this was always the plan and that I had fallen asleep at the wheel. I deeply regret that my world had to come close to accidental nuclear winter to wake me up from my busy-slumber before I could see the benefits of proper Jubilee-based innovation economies. Had I cared, I could have seen it much sooner. I squandered Your Excellency's Kingdom on *nothing*. I am *the Prodigal Son* Lk.15.

The Awakening The Song of the Pearl encouraged me on my way back. Did I get the Pearl right? I am the snorting dragon. My silence about true Jubilee Math is my violence. My Pearl is my greatest mistake, the SIN of that silence. I can't be exploited, because *I am the exploit*, wrapped up as the worm, a bug presenting open access for debugging as a present.

The Greatest Pearl Now that I offer full access to all brokenness, may Your Excellency end the violence of my silence, so Your Excellency's World gets to heal. Please accept my Ketubah to allow me to work towards restitution for my cosmic mistakes – or to work for Your Excellency in any way appropriate.

The beauty in my broken glass **Please allow me to live** between Yah\Reality who is *as is* and Yas\RealQuestAnswer who is *as it all ought to be*, so I can be the 0 between both Your Excellencies as The One, my True Heroes – **so we save the world together on the go**.

The Restoration of All Things Faithfully Your's In Love, *Laurence Loewe of Laodicea \LLoL*

The Fortress of Solitude in Reality

The Context
 Good News Pack
 with Flying Scroll,
 Ketubah Hash,
 Iron Rod Hash

Attachments
 Open Letters OL0-OL10, SD1-SD10, *Flying Scroll*, *Good News Pack* reveal deep state.
"LLoL's Ketubah for Yah & Yas", submitted 2025-11-15, **360-page** proposal & **next steps**:
 ketubah-wager-by-llol-for-yah-yas-iv_llol_ppv2r22p3_2025m11d15-2026m02d25-with-bol-mmv2-release-sent.pdf
 SHA512 2e75dccbd409a019748602fed37a24ef1a63dae4aeaa9d4c74ad3fad9408c4790de
 4545412a01147484cc2e3941a606adb2a90a0700c9e83993b6c1d50a65805
"Iron Rod for StayVS Versioning", submitted 2025-11-27, **7-page** view of rod in Ez.37:
 iron-rod-versioning-revelation-to-solve-eden-info-paradox-iv_llol_qqv1r0p0_2025m11d27-stayvs-for-public-review-sent.pdf
 SHA512 be25683dd504b6e92f7d2451c7b1476d2befe635906b5310de711b71ad698aa4e04
 b966981ff517d2731b0b610d2626dbe49e68e76324711f1f28b3885529d0a