

Mother of Gods.

On a distant planet, there lived a kind-hearted but unfortunate people. They were enslaved by beings from a faraway cosmos. These beings were very cruel and inhumane. Centuries passed, but nothing changed. The planet's resources were running out, and everyone realized that when the time came for the usurpers to leave this land, they would destroy everyone.

The day of doom for this people arrived. They all stood with bowed heads, awaiting death. This people had a strong connection to their past, and each one silently prayed to the Gods to accept them into the Bright World. Suddenly, a bright light shone from behind them. The alien enemies instantly fell. Their entire infrastructure and fleet turned to dust in the blink of an eye. The Gods heard the call of their children and appeared to save their offspring. Leading the luminous army was the Holy Mother with her spouse.

Over time, the planet regained its beautiful appearance, and its inhabitants never parted with their Ancestors again.

That's how it is with us too. Some choose to embrace a martyr's death like Christ or something similar, while others believe in the Ancestors and the Primordial Mothers. Be well.