

2274, Panprydel 25

The members of our neighboring commgarth are most kind; they are true servants of Khardullis and are most truly the embodiment of all he teaches. After the attack, they came to our aid and found me still cradling the jorachth's body. Still dazed from my encounter with our Lord, I offered no resistance as they took the chaplain's body from my arms and moved me to their rockhome to rest. They have accepted me fully into their congregation, yet a strange tension still remains between us. They see this as simply a by-product of my traumatic shock, but in truth it is my falsehood which keeps them separated from me. They look upon my having escaped unscathed where all the others of my congregation had died, as a sign of Khardullis' blessing. I know the truth that it was my selfishness not Khardullis' blessing, which allowed me to live.

Though I can not bring myself to tell them the truth, my guilt was too much to bear directly to them. There in the chapel of my surrogate rockhome, I bared my soul to my new chaplain, Rourangu. Instead of condemnation, he gave me reverence, which has done nothing to assuage my guilt. Once I conveyed the story of my vision of our Lord, the chaplain forgot my confession, treating it as unimportant. I suppose he saw my actions as not selfish, but guided by Khardullis' Hand, but I know the truth. This was not Khardullis guiding me to be a tool for his vengeance; it was my own will which caused me to turn my back on the rituals to see the battle. Khardullis was allowing me to atone. It was not a blessing, but a second and final chance.

Two days passed between my confession and the first time the chaplain introduced me to the members of the forming resistance movement. They are so young and so justifiably angry with the tyrants who have attacked our world. What has surprised me most were the humans who were there at this meeting as well. I had always known that Khardullis embraced peoples of all races, but I must admit that I had never before met a non-Malvernian who was touched by our Lord. The jorachth had often said that converts were among the most fervent of followers, and what I have seen thus far seems to prove that theory correct. To grow up not feeling the presence of our Lord, then to suddenly feel his touch for the first time was a changing event I know only too well. I understand their fierce devotion completely.

I offered the full breadth of my military knowledge to the cause, and quickly became a figurehead of sorts. Many of the members, especially the humans, look upon me with a kind of awe. I find this as disconcerting as I do the attitudes of my new commgarth, but there is not the same tension. I think that because we all know what lives without our Lord's touch feels like, our ritual prayers are made just a touch more fervent than our fellows. It is easy for the prayers to become mechanical, for the Touch to become second nature, especially if you have known it all your life.

That is perhaps an unfair generalization, because all members of the resistance are here to fight for our Lord. We all have that zealous drive to exact revenge upon the usurpers who have defiled our planet, a sacred world of our Lord Khardullis. Will these men and women have the steel in their souls to see this through to the end? When the time comes to make our stand, to come out of the shadows and rise up against those who would seek to oppress the will of our Lord, will they be willing to give their lives for Khardullis? Far be it from me to question any of their devotion, I who has so recently stood in disgrace before Khardullis. Still, these are hard times, and none of these young ones have seen the horrors of combat that I have.

Again, perhaps that is unfair. I do not seek to style myself as superior to them, and we have all certainly seen our share of destruction in these past weeks. Still, within our group, I alone have stood toe-to-toe and face-to-face with another sentient being who was trying to kill me. Perhaps more importantly, I alone have shed that other being's blood. I do not doubt their love for our Lord, or that He will give them the strength of heart to stand tall even unto death. My question of their resolve is in the prosecution of violence against our enemies. At some point we will have to move beyond shouting slogans and standing in front of machinery.