

Declaration
By: Matthew Conti

I discover my weaknesses simply because I expose them, not because I feel I possess them. Knowing the difference has been incredibly important.

The greatest journey outward is the greatest journey inward. As I discover the depths of my ignorance, the colors of my character, the shapes of my personality, and the trust within my judgment, it is solely singular.

My freedom above all things, is I am truthfully the limitation of my perceived truth. Meaning, I discover the energy of my courage, the context of my inner-being, and the narrative of my moral vigilance, to become awakened.

It is not the act of speaking, it is not the act of telling, it is rarely the act of understanding. It is the act of beholding and becoming. When I take the path that is solely mine, it is the distance between forever or never again that I must navigate. The notion of bliss is ignorant, true, but the notion that anything is possible is self-realization.

It is not that I am excellent or feel I am remotely better than anyone. I do not believe I am, nor should I carry such burdens. The biggest fruits of my labor is my internal provenience of existence. I have struggled, I have felt pain, I have felt thirst, I have felt hunger, I have cried, and I have felt the immense breathing of my dreams.

I do not debate, I am not a coward or a swindler, I am not a judge, I am not a victim, but I am certainly my only me, trust this. It is not the expert that makes subject matter significant, it is the composition in which all things communicate and coexist that give context the need to self-actualize. I am the audience as well as the focal point in the corner of my mind, and the stage of my canvas. When I reach, I stretch, when I stumble, I fall, but one thing I never miss is my aim for prudence in error, seeing victory within defeat, and seeing both as mere liars.

The observant truth is I am a being, which makes me life. For that I'm truly grateful, and within the distance between nothing and everything, I am the preciseness of my exactness. Nothing more, nothing less.

As I seek the valleys of my enlightened soul, the pits of my heart, the swells of my inhibition and distinct morality, I only exist because others do. The cave within the Will of oneself, is the excavation of faith, hope, and happiness. This is special, this is important, this is valuable, this is the reason in which I take part in my story. As I follow my footsteps, I follow my acceptance and every exception. Everything is worth fighting for, while yet anything is attainable, and justly attracting. As one explores, confounded in aspiration, complemented within prepenance, it is the semaphore of ingenuity, to betroth the sense of virtue.

Thaumatatenu Ziva Tsetsaudim

*Lamed-Vav Tzadikim Nefashot Hasidut, Sancti Spiritus, my Megalopsychia,
Hiia Rbia Qadmaia Nukraia Qadoshim (Qadoshim), Naomh Phobal Beannachtai Naoibhse,
Thaumatophoroi and Theophoroi, Bhiria Zidga
and Bnia Nhura, Ayish also Kimah Kochavim Qehillat Qedoshot*

Abba and Amma Midbar with Ayin Bet

*Tzaddikim Nistarim Nefashot Chassidus, Dirah Betachtonim,
Hiia Rbia Nukraia Qadmaia Kedoshim (Kadoshim)
N.S. (JD, MJD, BC, BCE, UE, CE / CM, CC, AM, AD: UTC, Z, ENO, NLT, NKJV, NIV, RSV, TLV, TLB, CSB, NCB)*

Pastor Pastorum Ultramontane (Ultra Montes) with Plenary Communio

*Sanctorum Ecumenical Benedictus Munificentissimus Deus Extraordinary
Magisterium Via Tandem Vincimus with Dulia, Protodulia, Hyperdulia, and
Latia*

Prisca Theologia

*Cheshbon HaNefesh (Locution, Bilocation, Theophany)
Lingua Franca (Sapientia, Sustinere, Timor Domini, Fides)*

Stigmata (SUI, SIN, NIS, ISU, IUS, UIS)

It is the catacombs of scarcity, and the catalyst of commitment, that abandons naivety. For I am not of vitality, in essence, I am the demonstration of fundamental practice.

Teach to be taught, speak to be spoken of, and listen to be heard. Life is the examination of discovery and the realities that bind our commitment to one's intentions. As the exposition of life inquisitive, expands, we acquire and extrapolate our ingenuity at its finest.

It is not the speaking of the heart, it is having heart, and allowing ourselves to be guided, accepted, ignored, and interpreted, so we can once again be self-explored, explained, employed, but also to be an example of the world.

Step into the wisdom that implores us to be individual and whole. Every time we stumble, we climb farther into my destination, designation, and the resignation of uncertainty. We find ourselves because we lose ourselves, and in hand become more in touch with our inner self because we must love ourselves.

Through the indoctrination of individuality, and of sole propriety, the resounding ubiquity of universal vigor is the application of inference. As my consequences and decisions determine my reconciliation and response, it is without risk that one must embark on life with forged contentment. The connection between commune, confabulation, and concentration, is surrender.

I believe in happenstance, circumnavigation, and complexity but my mission is not my domain of examination, but diligence in process, not progress withstanding. To take care of those, to seek those, to define those, are others that I still have not ventured to dare. Though I take heed with verisimilitude, my nature, and the diffusion of perennation, my juxtaposition of contrast as well as tone. It is the palette in which we combine, also recombine, while still being within the mix of light and shade.

It is not meant or will life ever be meant to be absolutely luxurious, to live up to principle. Driven by the proliferation and profusion of diversity is the unity within universal complement. Through commendation of compendium, confluence and the cadre of redemption, one must seek the vehemence. In the endowment, honorific erudition of passivity, with the recollection of assertiveness, the copiousness of my humility is grounded with great motive to be self-determined.

The instillation to life, with the efforts of inquisition and participation in the holistic acquisition of articulation, the families of knowledge, in propensity, are concentric. The deprivation of ego, exfoliation of solidarity in thought, the soundness in integrity, is prosperity. Balance within assiduity, as solitude judges all opinions, teaches man that one must protect patience and time. As each gesture validates, verifies, or holds one vulnerable, the framing must capture the landmarks of personal identity.

It is the pondering mind, the deliberation, astute vision, and the interplay of probability with an expectation of outcome, that controls all craftsmanship as well as innocence. As it is more important that the imagery is lively, it is the blankness of obscurity, that drives profound ownership of sacrifice and belief. It itself is genuine, and fluid, yet very ubiquitous with immense promiscuousness. As I unravel the unfolding of my spirit, my fundamental fulfillment, and equipoise, I postulate my perforce, in the entrapment of curiousness, with adage and maxim.

As I disconnect, connect, and reconnect, I find air within the different aromas of possibility, as well as convention, in which I moderate my observations in addition to articulation. The study of my partnership with life, the caveat of pronunciation, is potent and traversed with the interjection of totality within the sum of all its parts. Requisition of embodiment within vernacular, and deliberate contemplation, resolves, absolves, as well as dissolves into betterment. The equipotentiality is promise, preciseness, and the volume of vividness with benignity, as well as concomitant belief in attention.

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Thinking but not solely a thinker, an idea worth expounding, the sense of complete self-civility, and coefficient direction. Experience's worth sharing, rarely truly taken to journey, must be ventured with a lodestar, polestar, and self-invitation.

This, is what makes me a Believer.

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